THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1904. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 31.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 6, 1904.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.05, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.20, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 3.25, 5.29, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.58, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.20, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.13, 9.49, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.15, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.31, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

9.13 P. M. to Boston in effect June 27, 1804.

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 3 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M ; every half hour to 12.07; then 12 30 P. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
20	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
29	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2 30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Her Lesson

By C. B. LEWIS

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There was but one passenger to alight at Snow Hill, on the Southern Pacific road, and in the cattle and Indian country, and that was Miss Bessie Vaughn of Chicago. Her schoolmate, Nettie Long, whose father owned and managed the big Long ranch and who was now living with him out in the wilds, had written that a person would meet Bessie at Snow Hill with a buckboard and bring her safely to the ranch. The "person" proved to be a young man of twenty-five, dressed as a cowboy, but having rather a distinguished look about him. While he was hastening along the platform and yet thirty feet away the girl acknowledged to herself that his features were good and that his face showed character and ambition. Perhaps it was for these reasons that, while he was covering the other thirty feet, Miss Bessie suddenly decided that he ought to be snubbed.

"This is Miss Vaughn of Chicago, I presume?" he said as he lifted his hat and smiled a welcome.

What right had he to presume? By what right did he smile a welcome and seem ready to shake hands? The girl looked coldly at him and slightly nodded her head, and that was snub No. 1. The young man took it so; but, though he colored up, he did not lose his smile.

"You will give me your checks, please, and I will put your trunks aboard, and we will be off."

There was a touch of authority in his tones that nettled the girl, and she turned away and delivered up the checks with her own hand. She would also have loaded the trunks on the vehicle if she had been strong enough. Snub No. 2 had followed fast on the heels of snub No. 1.

"We have fifteen miles to drive, and the road is rather rough," observed the young man as they got seated.

No reply. Snub No. 3.

"I take it that you have never visited this section before?" was remarked after the silence had lasted for a mile.

"No."

"But I trust you will find novelty and pleasure."

Miss Bessie looked straight ahead and shut her teeth hard. What was it to one of Colonel Long's hired men whether she enjoyed the west or not? The man was presumptuous, and she meant her silence to be another snub. Whether it was so taken or not, it was not more than five minutes before a voice which had a touch of the paternal in it remarked:

"You don't look overwell, and a couple of months of this bracing atmosphere will do you a world of good."

"Sir, are you a practicing physician?" asked Miss Bessie as she turned to look the young man square in the eyes.

"Well, no," he slowly replied.

"Then you need not bother to take charge of my health."

That was what the boys would have called a settler, and it hung the young man up for the next ten minutes. When he spoke again, however, it was as if nothing had happened.

"It was on that hill over there," he quietly said, as he pointed with his whip, "that four of our men were surrounded by fifty Indian warriors two years ago."

Miss Bessie deliberately turned to look in the opposite direction, and she felt that he was smiling as he continued:

"One of the boys was killed, but they killed twelve Indians and held their ground all day."

What was it to her whether one or the whole four cowboys were killed? Indeed she found herself almost wishing that all had been wiped out. She hadn't the slightest interest in the affair—not that day.

"And over there in that valley is where a drove of steers ran over and trampled the life out of two of our men last spring. We didn't even find their boots."

Miss Bessie looked straight ahead and made no reply.

"And you wouldn't believe, would you, that this insignificant creek we are crossing was a mile wide and ten feet deep last May? We lost a thousand head of stock in that flood."

Still no reply. It was snub after snub, and she meant to tire him out. This time the silence lasted for fifteen minutes, and she it was who broke it at last. The horses had shied at a coyote dodging for cover and started away on a tearing gallop. The young man kept them on the trail, but made not the slightest effort to check the pace. On the contrary, he hummed a popular air as they laid down to their work. The visitor stood it as long as she could, and then turned and exclaimed:

"Can't you see that the horses are running away?"

"I have seen it for some time past," he quietly replied.

"Then why don't you stop them?"

"I will if you so wish, but a run of a few miles won't hurt them any."

She did wish it from the bottom of her heart, for the vehicle was jumping like a goat, and it took both hands to hold her hat on her head, but she gritted her teeth and decided to be smashed into jam before she would prefer the request. The horses ran for three or four miles and then sobered down, and the young girl felt that she had snubbed the young man again by not being afraid.

"Who is that man you sent to the depot after me?" she asked of her schoolmate almost before she had taken off her hat.

"Who? Why, that's Tom. I'll formally introduce you some day."

"You needn't mind. I found him rather presumptuous and had to snub him."

"Tom presumptuous? Why, he's the nicest"—

And then she suddenly skipped to some other subject, and Tom was forgotten till the next day, when he was bold enough to approach Miss Bessie as she was alone for a moment and ask:

"What sort of a gait do you prefer in a horse—a trot or a lope? I am to select one for you today."

"Thank you, but you needn't go to any trouble on my account," was the reply, and Tom ought to have felt duly crushed as he walked away.

He was not seen again for four days, duty having called him away. The two girls rode out every day on ponies selected for them, and on the fourth occasion something happened. The pony ridden by Miss Bessie suddenly bolted, and when she found him beyond control she could only cling to the saddle and hope he would tire himself out after running a couple of miles. But he didn't. He kept a straight course and a headlong gallop for mile after mile, and the girl was thinking of throwing herself from the saddle when a cow pony ranged up beside her, a hand grasped her loose rein, and a voice said in her ear:

"Keep your head, Miss Vaughn. I could pull him down and end his run here, but there is need of even more speed."

"W-what is it?" she asked as she turned her head and saw Tom beside her.

"Indians! There are five or six in chase of us, and I am racing for that hill with the rocks on it. Cling tightly, and don't be afraid."

After a terrific race for another mile both animals were suddenly pulled up, and, dismounting and lifting the girl from the saddle, Tom half pulled her up the steep side of the hill to the shelter of the rocks.

"We are all right now," he cheerfully said. "But you keep crouched down till I have a little talk with these noble red men."

The "talk" was his Winchester, and before it was over he had killed one and wounded another. Their loss, together with the alarm of the firing, sent the remaining Indians scurrying away.

At the ranch house, after the story had been told, Miss Bessie asked for the second time:

"Who is this man Tom?"

"Why, he's an old Yale man and belongs to one of the best families in the east. He came out here for his health, you see. Did you have to snub him again today?"

"I—I don't think so."

"But are you going to some other day?"

"No, never again. I'm so sorry and ashamed—and I think—think"—

Well, there's a rumor afloat, and it may be true.

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A Carlyle Letter.

Carlyle's letter declining to give a valedictory address as lord rector of Edinburgh university is in Dundee museum. It is a mournful, kindly letter of little general interest, except perhaps in its somewhat conventional advice to the students:

"Bid them in my name, if they still love me, fight the good fight and quit themselves like men in the warfare to which they are as if conscript and consecrated and which lies ahead. Tell them to consult the eternal oracles (not yet inaudible, nor ever to become so, when worthily inquired of) and to disregard, nearly altogether in comparison, the temporary noises, menacings and deliriums. May they love wisdom, as wisdom if she is to yield her treasures must be loved—piously, valiantly, humbly, beyond life itself or the prizes of life, with all one's heart and all one's soul. In that case (I will say again) and not in any other case it shall be well with them. Adieu, my young friends, a long adieu."

Hunting With Falcons.

Hunting with falcons was revived in Scotland some years ago by Sir Henry Bethune. A writer on field sports says: "The falconers had an old setter dog which hunted till he found a covey of partridges. The falconer then threw off a hawk, which rose in circles till very high, then hovered above the dog. The dog looked up to see if the hawk was ready and then ran in and roused the birds. Swoop went the hawk. If he missed, the birds generally went into a hedge and the hawk soared again and hovered over the birds. The old dog then went off after them and got another point. If the hawk killed its bird, the falconer went gently to it and picked it up; if not, he had to fetch the bird with the lure, a dummy bird with a bit of pigeon on it. He called the hawk 'Killy, killy, Voiyook,' a sort of view halloo, and hurled the lure in the air. The hawk stooped to it and began to eat the pigeon, and he then succeeded in picking it up."

An Empty Invitation.

An Englishwoman traveling in Mesopotamia tells this experience of her party: "The cook came in with a pleasing expression. 'What will you have for supper?' he asked. 'What can we have?' we answered, with the caution arising from long experience of limited possibilities. 'What you wish,' he said, with as much assurance and affability as if he was presenting a huge bill of fare. I knew what one could expect in these places. 'Get a fowl,' I said. 'There is not one left here,' he answered. 'Eggs, then,' I suggested, with the humor of desperation. 'No fowl, how eggs?' he answered, with pitying superiority. 'Well, we will have what there is,' I said faintly. 'There is nothing,' he answered."

A Modern Antique.

A story which Mr. Davenport told of Pistrucci has its point for collectors. Pistrucci was an Italian and chief engraver at the mint. It is, by the way, to him that England is indebted for the fine group of St. George and the dragon on the reverse of the sovereign. He insisted that modern work in cameo could be quite as fine as ancient work. A "potboiler" head of Flora which he engraved and sold to a dealer for £5 was afterward sold as an antique to Richard Payne Knight for £500. Knight took the cameo in triumph to Pistrucci. "Where can you get modern work like that?" he asked. Pistrucci smiled and claimed the antique for his own. Knight would not believe him. "Examine the roses," said the artist, "and you will see that they are modern flowers." The point was admitted by others, but never by Knight, who bequeathed the gem and the rest of his collection to the nation. Mr. Davenport said that but for the roses an expert would undoubtedly pronounce Pistrucci's cameo a fine antique.—Manchester Guardian.

The Habit of Minimizing Difficulties.

You will find that the habit of minimizing annoyances or difficulties, of making the best of everything that comes to you, of magnifying the pleasant and the agreeable and reducing to the least possible importance everything that is disagreeable or unpleasant, will help you wonderfully not only in your work, but also in your attainment of happiness. It transforms the disagreeable into the agreeable, takes the drudgery out of distasteful tasks, eases the jolts of life wonderfully, and it is worth infinitely more than money. You will find yourself growing to be a larger, completer man. The sunny, buoyant, cheerful soul manages, without losing his equilibrium, to glide over difficulties and annoyances which throw others off their balance and make them miserable and disagreeable. By the alchemy of serenity he extracts from the annoying rocks in his path the precious metal which enables him to do something worth while.—Orison Swett Marden in Success.

Women of Muscle.

In the time of Louis XV. there was an actress engaged at the Theatre Francais—Mlle. Gauthier—who could break a coin between the fingers of one hand and roll a silver plate into the form of a cup of conical shape. No one could bear the pressure of her hand, [illegible] only Maurice de Saxe, one [illegible] men of his time, was [illegible] her closed hand.

In the same century there lived in England a woman, Miss Bettie Thompson, who could break chains with her hand.

Miss Kerra, a young mulatto woman, who appeared in most of the capitals in Europe, was, we believe, the first to perform the feat, while hanging with the bend of her knees in a trapeze, of holding a man at his belt with her teeth and turning him rapidly round with her hands.

The Reason.

Scene: Margate beach. First Lady—Oh, here comes a steamer! How high she is out of the water! Second Lady—Yes, dear, but don't you see? It's because the tide's so low.—Punch.

He, She—And Charles Augustus

By F. B. WRIGHT

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Charles Augustus had had a most unpleasant day. It had commenced well enough, but had clouded over soon after he had started on his lessons about the dog and the rat and the active cat. Then Higgins had brought Miss Purvis a letter, and with it something had entered into Charles Augustus' life that he could by no means understand.

You see, Charles Augustus loved his governess greatly. She came next to his father and mother and way above the goat. Charles Augustus had quite decided to marry Miss Purvis when he grew up and had even talked over the details with the young lady herself.

The letter, when she read it, made Miss Purvis' face go all pink and beautiful, and then pale and her eyes fill with tears. Then she put the letter away in the bosom of her gown, and Charles Augustus thought that was the end of it. But it was not, for as often as he looked up from his book or slate he saw Miss Purvis reading the letter, and each time he saw tears in her eyes.

What could it be in those scrawly black marks to make people cry? He cried when he was spanked or shut up in a closet or had to do something he did not want to—but this wasn't like that. Charles Augustus could not understand this silent crying. When he cried he wanted to let the whole world know—and usually succeeded.

Later, when lessons were over, he saw Miss Purvis, through the window, writing a letter, and she was crying over that. Plainly there was something in this writing business which was decidedly unpleasant. Charles Augustus decided then and there that he would never write. Then when she had finished she went off to the village and would not let Charles Augustus go with her.

In that half hour of easy time which came when Charles Augustus had shifted from his day things into the ample lengths of his flannel pyjamas and, cuddled down into the big chair with Miss Purvis, toasted his pink toes before the fire preparatory to going bedward, he came once more across this peculiar thing which he could not understand, for Miss Purvis was strangely silent, only answering a listless yes or no to his observations on life and the curious ways of people and the idiosyncrasies of the goat. She did not take much interest even when he touched upon the many things he would give her when he became a man and they were married—the rings like mamma's and an express wagon and a jar of ginger. Though her arm drew him close when he told her how much he loved her, yet Charles Augustus was not satisfied. He felt as though something invisible were between them.

He put up a hand and turned her face toward him.

"You do love me, don't you?" he said. "And you will wait for me until I am big?"

She kissed him and told him "Yes." She would always be his sweetheart. "But I'm afraid, dear, I'll have to go away. Will you mind?"

Charles Augustus minded very much and said so, and the thought kept him awake long after he had got into his bed. Through the door he could see Miss Purvis and the fire. Then he saw her of a sudden bend forward, her face in her arms, and hear her sob.

Though he wanted to comfort her, something told Charles Augustus that Miss Purvis wanted to be let alone. At last she raised her tear stained face.

"No, it must not be!" Charles Augustus heard her say. "They would think it was for his money. It is better as it is—better for him. I must leave here as soon as I can, and, oh, I don't want to!"

Then Miss Purvis took the letter, kissed it and put it in a box on her dressing table, a box with curious patterns in mother of pearl on it, and with a queer lock that only she and Charles Augustus knew how to open.

Charles Augustus' mind started to work this thing out. This letter was the cause of Miss Purvis' feeling bad. It must be taken away—that was all about it.

The room was quiet; the fire died to a little glow of winking embers; Miss Purvis was asleep. Charles Augustus got up and got the letter. Then he hid it under the mattress and went to sleep with a lighter heart. Now Miss Purvis would be happy again, and she would not go away.

But the next day Miss Purvis was not happy. True, she did not cry, nor did she read the letter which Charles Augustus had craftily tucked inside his blouse, but yet she was not the Miss Purvis of aforetime, who laughed and sang and romped on the lawn with him. It was not the mere possession of the letter then. What was it?

"He must not come." "I must leave here." Charles Augustus remembered those words. Some one was coming then; some one who would carry Miss Purvis, the beloved, away. Charles Augustus thought of giants and gypsies and grew horribly alive to the exigencies of the occasion. His father and mother were away, so he could not go to them for advice.

There was only one man in Charles Augustus' confidence, and he was very big and strong and knew everything. Next to the goat, who was manifestly inadequate under the circumstances, Charles Augustus adored this man. He lived in a house by himself, a long, long way off beyond the most distant trees.

Charles Augustus saw the man that afternoon. He had come to call, but Miss Purvis had excused herself. She had a headache, she said. Now, the man, whose name was Mr. Houghton, was going down the drive with great strides, and so intent on his own thoughts that he did not hear Charles Augustus call to him. It took him a long time to catch up with the man. Indeed it did not happen until the latter had turned off into the woods and Charles Augustus' hat had been lost on the road and his legs much scratched with briers. Then Charles Augustus told his story—about the letter and how she had kissed it and yet cried and was going away.

"And she said 'I can't! I can't!' like that," ended Charles Augustus. "'He mustn't never know,' she said, and 'he mustn't never come here.'"

What wasn't he to know, and who was he, and did Mr. Houghton think it was a giant that was coming to carry Miss Purvis off? Then Charles Augustus took the letter from his blouse—and then the man knew.

"I'm afraid it is a giant," said Mr. Houghton gravely, "and it's lucky I heard of it in time, because I was going away tomorrow. But now"—

"But now?" said Charles Augustus anxiously.

"Now I think I'll go right back to the house with you."

"And you won't let her be tooken—I mean taked—away?" said Charles Augustus.

"No, she isn't going away," the man replied—"at least not very far."

They got out into the road and started back, Charles Augustus' hand in that of his friend and his small shoes plowing through the dust. And then, at a turn in the road, they came suddenly on Miss Purvis, very white and scared looking and carrying Charles Augustus' hat. "Charlie," she cried, "I thought you were lost!"

Charles Augustus plunged toward her. "I tolded him!" he cried triumphantly. "I've told him all about the letter and how you cried because the giant was going to carry you off, and he says the giant shan't and that you are going to live here happily ever after, amen, like people do in fairy stories. And you are, ain't you?"

Miss Purvis looked at the man a second, and then her face came all pink—and then she said "Yes."

It was a very happy walk back home to Charles Augustus, except that he for some reason could not manage to walk between his two friends and hold both their hands at the same time, a thing which Charles Augustus particularly wished.

Tit For Tat.

Mr. A. was a millionaire. He was fifty. He met Miss B. Miss B. was a milliner. She was twenty.

Mr. A. fell in love with Miss B. He asked her to marry him. They were married.

In ten years Mr. A. was sixty. Mrs. A. was then thirty. Mr. A. was still in love with his wife. But he had found out that she was not in love with him, that she never had been in love with him and that she never would be in love with him. He brooded over this. And he died from a broken heart. But he left her all his money.

Mrs. A. was a millionairess. She was forty. She met Mr. C. Mr. C. was a musician. He was twenty-five.

Mrs. A. fell in love with Mr. C. He asked her to marry him. They were married.

In ten years Mrs. C. was fifty. Mr. C. was then thirty-five. Mrs. C. was still in love with her husband. But she had found out that he was not in love with her, that he never had been in love with her and that he never would be in love with her. She brooded over this. And she died from a broken heart. But she left him all her money.—Town Topics.

Skeptic and Pessimist.

Mr. Dolan looked at his visitor with an expression of confirmed opposition, and during the friend's argument he further emphasized his disagreement by an occasional emphatic shake of the head.

"Naw, I don't hold wid loife insurance companies, nor yet wid savings banks," he said stubbornly. "A cousin o' me own, he had his loife insured for the benefit o' his widdy, an' afther all he nivver had one, for 'twas him lived to be eighty, an' her that doied.

"Wid banks it's just the other way," he continued. "For there was me own uncle, he put money in the bank and he kept sticking it in and sticking it in in the hopes that whin old age come he cud take it out gradual loike and enj'y himself, and instid o' that 'twas him that had the widdy befoore he touched sixty-two! They're wurrked on the wrong plan, the both o' thim institutions, man, and it's a wonder to me to hear you sp'aking a good wurrd for 'em."

Opening the Door.

She—Faint heart never won fair lady, you know. He—True. I fear I shall never muster up courage to propose. She—But then ladies are not all fair. I'm a decided brunette.

Knowing Itself.

The chronicles of crime in the newspapers do not show that the world is growing worse, but that it is just learning how bad it is.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A metal roof is said to be positive protection against the building it covers being struck by lightning.

Ayer's
What are your friends saying about you? That your gray hair makes you look old? And yet, you are not forty! Postpone this looking old.
Hair Vigor
Use Ayer's Hair Vigor and restore to your gray hair all the deep, dark, rich color of early life. Then be satisfied.
"Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my gray hair, and I am greatly pleased. It is all you claim for it."
MRS. E. J. VANDECAR, Mechanicsville, N. Y.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Dark Hair

LOOKED LIKE A TRAP.

Clever Oriental Stratagem That Was a Complete Success.

Many a man has failed to guess an easy riddle because the simple solution looked like a trap to him. Here is an instance in which this trait of human nature was cleverly played upon by a Japanese nobleman.

The old lord had been forced to flee with only 300 men before an enemy with 10,000 and barely had time to reach his castle ahead of his foes. There were no re-enforcements near at hand, and he knew that if an attempt was made to storm his defenses he and his men would be dead before help could come.

The enemy's forces advanced rapidly, and scouts rode up near the castle to reconnoiter. To their amazement, they found the gates, doors and windows open and all the appearance of a holiday celebration. They rode hastily back to inform their master that the foe was dancing and that bands were playing music in the castle.

The powerful enemy was too wise a man to put his head into any such trap as that. The defenders of the castle must have some plan to slaughter his forces by wholesale or they would never invite him in that way. He drew back a safe distance and encamped to await developments.

Soon the re-enforcements for the castle came up behind, attacked him suddenly and defeated him, while the garrison which had risked all on its strategem, charged him on the other side.

OLD SUITS OF ARMOR.

They Are Too Short For the Average Englishman of Today.

A walk through the Tower of London will convince any person that the armor clad knights of mediaeval days were puny men compared with the athlete of today.

The experiment of getting into suits of old armor in country houses has often proved that the "legs" are far too short for the average man of the present generation.

A well known anthropologist at the British museum says that undoubtedly the British race is taller than it was several hundred years ago.

"I think, however, that the mediaeval man was deeper chested and broader in the shoulders," he said. "The old armor, if a man of good average height could squeeze into it today, would be found loose fitting in the shoulders and at the chest. The tallest men in the world come from Galloway and Perthshire, and Yorkshire's average is a fine one. Even that of southwest England and south Wales—five feet six inches—is far higher than that of many of the continental nations. The tallest men after the men of Galloway, who have an average of nearly six feet, are the Fulahs of the French Sudan, and the Patagonians are believed to hold a very good average."—London Express.

Wood Pulp Paper.

Despite all man's ingenuity he has not yet been able to use wood pulp newspapers over again. After the daily is read and thrown aside it is useless for the press again. Instead, the junkman carries it off and disposes of it in various ways. Waste paper, for instance, is steamed, washed and pressed into a sort of wood, which is used for floors. By the addition of a little clay the surface can be made smooth enough to resemble metal. Under pressure paper is also turned into car wheels, buckets, plates, penholders, paperweights and statuary. The street fakir who wishes to sell you a Venus de Milo, which he assures you that you can drop and it "won't break any more," holds in his hand the combined product of a half dozen old newspapers.—New York Tribune.

Antiquity of Engraving.

Gems were engraved at a very early period of the world's history. The very oldest specimen of this art in existence is believed to be a square signet of yellow jasper engraved in the year 1450 B. C. and now in the British museum. The engraving upon it is a fair picture of the horse of Amenophis II., and the characters underneath have been deciphered as being the names and titles of that monarch. The earliest instance of an engraved precious stone is the emerald ring of Polycrates, 740 B. C. The Bible tells us that the Judaean high priests wore breastplates with the names of the twelve tribes engraved upon them, but notwithstanding this there is no known Hebrew engraving older than the fifth century.

Explained.

"Here is another example of faulty English," said the teacher of the class in rhetoric. "In this essay you have written 'her sight broke upon a landscape of entrancing loveliness.' How could any one's sight 'break upon' a landscape?"

"She might have dropped her eyes," timidly ventured the young woman who had written the essay.—Chicago Tribune.

Proud of His Title.

"What makes Brown so haughty these days?"

"Why, his secret benevolent association has elected him to an office that has a title seven feet longer than any title there is in Smith's secret society."—Chicago Post.

Just Between Neighbors.

Mrs. Haggard—Do you know, myself and my daughter are often mistaken for sisters. Mrs. Gray—Ah, the dear girl must be studying too hard, don't you think?—Puck.

Poor Papa.

Miss Nearsite—Isn't that a new bonnet on your mother? Miss Wise—Well, I really think it's on papa.—Exchange.

Didn't Work All Night.

Customer—Are my clothes ready? Tailor—Not yet, sir. Customer—But you said you would have them done if you worked all night. Tailor—But I didn't work all night.

An Insinuation.

Miss Trill—I love to hear the birds sing. Jack Downright (warmly)—So do I. They never attempt a piece beyond their ability.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1904

THE CONVENTION.

At the end of a three days session the Republican National convention finished their work and adjourned on Thursday evening, June 23, 1904.

There had never before been one just like it. Roosevelt and Fairbanks were nominated for President and Vice-President on the first ballot without a dissenting vote!

The Democratic and Mugwump press say "everything was cut and dried." And that was true; the People had done the cutting and drying at the caucuses, District and State conventions. The same authority says the delegates had no voice in the matter; neither had the politicians; the common People told them what to do, and they went to the convention and did it.

The platform was simply an official statement of universal Republican sentiment. Any other kind of a platform would have been rejected by the People.

No party ever held a National convention where enthusiasm ran up to so high a pitch as that at Chicago. During the last afternoon it was unbounded, immense, sincere. The Democratic papers didn't like to own up to it, but it was so.

It was a People's cut-and-dried convention, and a great one.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

To enable the delegates to recover from the effects of the 4th of July celebration the Democratic National Committee considerately decided on Wednesday, July 6, as the date for opening their convention at St. Louis. Those of them who are not legally restrained at home will probably arrive on the grounds about that time.

The convention is expected to be a lively one. The large number of Presidential candidates warrants such a belief. A few of them are Judge Parker, Hearst, Grover Cleveland, Bryan, Gorman, Olney, et cetera, each one of whom will have a following large enough to kick up the biggest kind of a row, except Olney, who it now appears, will figure as the runt.

At the present time Parker has the largest number of delegates in leash, but as it will take two-thirds of the convention to make a nomination his prospects for securing it are not brilliant; Hearst, it is said, is not in it; Gorman hopes to win in the "dark horse" role; and it may be that Grover, the Philosopher, whose "fine Italean hand" has been much in evidence of late, may gobble up the persimmon.

☞ Mayor Feeney leaves here next Sunday for the Democratic National convention to open at St. Louis on July 6. He will join the large party of Boston Hearst followers who refuse to ride on the same train with the Olney crowd and arrive in season to take a hand in the first of a vast and varied assortment of rows that are sure to be a prominent feature of the convention.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

The Joy Line—Reader.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.
Business Men's Association—Notice.

— American Flags in great variety at Mrs. Jennings's.

— Miss Eliza A. T. Kendall is visiting at North Grafton.

— During July and August all stores will close at noon on Wednesdays.

— Mrs. James Graydon is visiting friends at Farmington, Maine.

— Helen E. Cummings goes to California for a visit with her father.

— William Beggs, wife and son Sidney, expect to go abroad shortly.

— Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Burnes are to take their outing at Salisbury Beach.

— Mrs. Lucy J. Carswell is at her summer home, Marblehead, for the season.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Evelyn Trull graduated from Smith College Class '04 and received the degree of A. B.

— Miss Lucy A. Woodside of Mt. Pleasant street, is to spend this month at Salisbury Beach.

— Many Woburn Free Masons attended St. John's Day services at Winchester last Sunday.

— Gunner A. G. Ekman plays the violin in the Oakbirch Inn Orchestra at Alton Bay this season.

— Miss Emma F. Hovey, Principal of the Plympton school, is to spend her vacation in Europe.

— Probably the Political Editor of the *Times* never had any personal experience with a real tornado.

— Mrs E. V. Bridgam is visiting a sister and other friends at 487 North Lake street, Aurora, Illinois.

— Innitou Canoe Club will give a party to gentlemen only at their Quarters on Horn Pond tomorrow.

— Miss Katherine Weitzel of Philadelphia is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Seaver of Eaton avenue.

— Clerk Walsh of the Water Dep't resumed work last Monday. He had an agreeable visit to New York.

— Mrs. Mary A. Millett and Mrs. Burdett-Taylor will live at Pembroke a couple of months this summer.

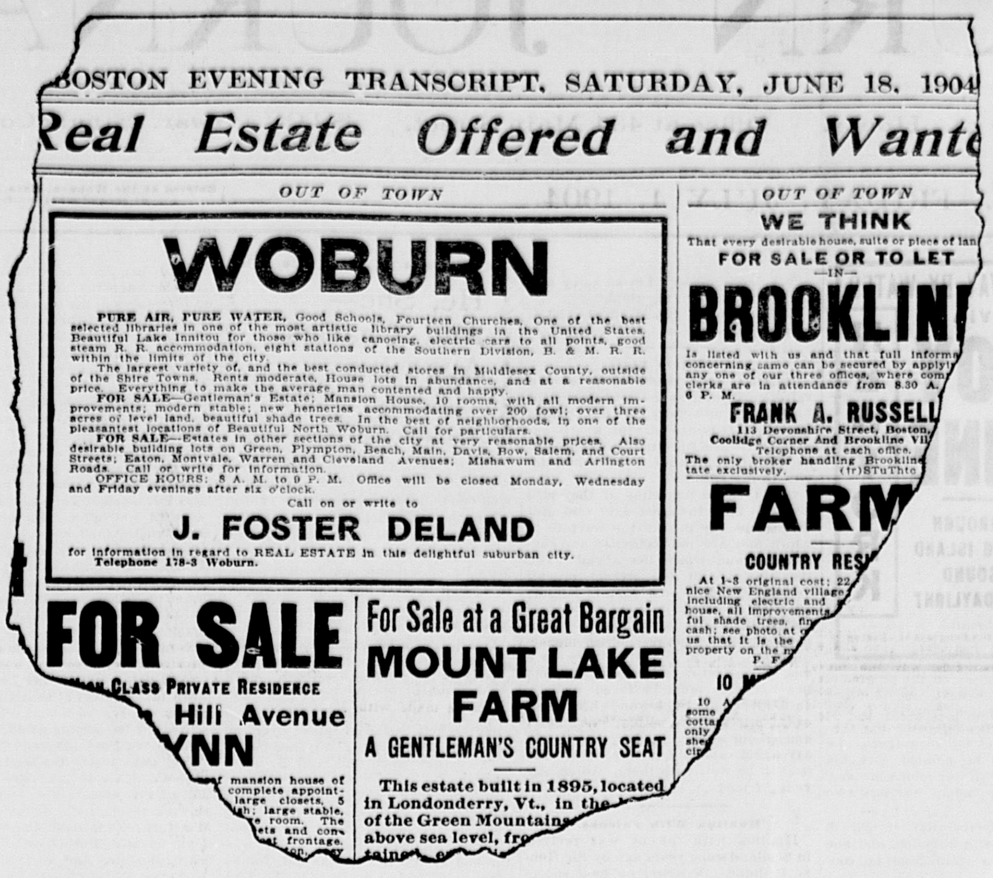
— Mrs. Joseph F. DeLoriea and her boy will make Lake Winnepesaukee their resting place for a few weeks.

— Master Owen of the High School and family are to go to their summer home at Monmouth, Maine, about July 6 or 7.

— Amos Bryenton left Boston last Monday with the Boston *Herald* excursion party of 100 people for the St. Louis Fair.

— Miss Mae Barker has been entertaining her friend Miss Fay Seihern of Cincinnati, Ohio, at her home on Church street.

— Edith Lillian Smith, daughter of C. Willard and Mrs. Smith, has graduated from Mt. Holyoke and received the degree of A. B.



BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1904

Real Estate Offered and Wante

OUT OF TOWN

WOBURN

PURE AIR, PURE WATER, Good Schools, Fourteen Churches, One of the best selected libraries in one of the most artistic library buildings in the United States. Beautiful Lake Innitou for those who like canoeing, electric cars to all points, good steam R. R. accommodation, eight stations of the Southern Division, B. & M. R. R. within the limits of the city.

The largest variety of, and the best conducted stores in Middlesex County, outside of the Shire Towns. Rents moderate, House lots in abundance, and at a reasonable price. Everything to make the average man contented and happy.

FOR SALE—Gentleman's Estate; Mansion House, 10 rooms, with all modern improvements; modern stable; new henneries accommodating over 200 fowl; over three acres of level land, beautiful shade trees. In the best of neighborhoods, in one of the pleasantest locations of Beautiful North Woburn. Call for particulars.

FOR SALE—Estates in other sections of the city at very reasonable prices. Also desirable building lots on Green, Plympton, Beach, Main, Davis, Bow, Salem, and Court Streets; Eaton, Montvale, Warren and Cleveland Avenues; Mishawum and Arlington Roads. Call or write for information.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Office will be closed Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings after six o'clock.

Call on or write to

J. FOSTER DELAND

for information in regard to REAL ESTATE in this delightful suburban city.
Telephone 178-3 Woburn.

FOR SALE

CLASS PRIVATE RESIDENCE

Hill Avenue

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mansion house of
complete appoint-
large closets, 5
h; large stable,
e room. The
ets and con-
frontage.

For Sale at a Great Bargain

MOUNT LAKE FARM

A GENTLEMAN'S COUNTRY SEAT

This estate built in 1895, located
in Londonderry, Vt., in the
of the Green Mountains
above sea level, fro

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concerning same can be secured by applyi
any one of our three offices, where com
clerks are in attendance from 8.30 A.
6 P. M.

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P. F

— Mrs. Gannett of Yarmouth, Me., is visiting friends on Cleveland Ave.

— Many people in the city are suffering from poisoning by the B. and G. moths.

— Another heavy rain yesterday. Too much of a good thing may spoil the strawberry crop.

— Clifford Buchanan and Miss Lydia Daniels are to be married July 2. They will reside at Malden.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

—It is reported that Mr. L. Houghton Allen, our former townsman, is about to take to himself a better half.

— The entertainment given by the young people of First church one evening last week netted $27, a tidy little profit, and no mistake.

— Mr. Harry Morse and wife of New York were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds at their home on Church avenue early this week.

— Miss Grace Hathaway of Bennett street closed her term of teaching at Orange lately and is now at home. She takes the same school next year.

— The good people and children of St. Charles Parish are to go on a grand picnic in Forest Park next Monday, July 4. May the weather favor them.

— People who want to buy genuine canned goods of all kinds and get the real thing and their money's worth should visit the store of Willis J. Buckman. He has them.

— If the reports that come to the JOURNAL are worthy of belief, there is a lack of harmony in the general 4th of July committee which augers ill for the success of the celebration.

— Many Woburn College boys and girls are returning home for the vacation. A goodly number bring diplomas with them, and nearly all graduates from the Woburn High School.

— The Baptist food sale at Burnes's last Saturday was a brilliant business triumph. No better victuals ever tickled the palate of mortal man or woman, and there wasn't a crumb left.

— Miss Carri M. Audruss finished her school in the Berkshire Hills last Friday and returned to her home in this city last Monday. She was engaged for another year at Richmond.

— The B. & M. Station flowerbeds in this city begin to show beauty, and the day is not far in the future when they will shine. Agent Parkins, O'Reiley, and the rest, love flowers and know how to cultivate them.

— Mrs. Margaret F. Towle of Boston, a former Woburn girl, and Assistant Postmaster some years ago, has gone to Waveland, Point Allerton, her summer home, for the season. And may she enjoy the seabreezes there.

— It is the JOURNAL's candid opinion that Mayor Feeney ought to issue a proclamation confining the 4th of July celebration to the hours between 4 a. m. and midnight of that day. All in favor say "aye." The ayes have it.

— Simmons College, Abilene, Texas, at its recent commencement conferred on Rev. Henry B Williams, Pastor of the First Church, of this city, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Doctor Williams delivered the commencement address.

— Copeland & Bowser's dry goods store is loyal to the core. A glance at the American Flags in its show windows is proof of that; they are gay in Stars and Stripes and full 4th of July uniform. Mr. Leon Dorr is a Past-Master at window decorations.

— The South End Social Club held an election of officers last Monday evening. J. Dunnigan was elected President; F. K Doherty, Vice-President; J. Murray, Corresponding Secretary; J. Quigley, Treasurer; Edw. O'Donnell, Recording Secretary.

— A letter from Mr. J. H. Callahan, written at Cork, Ireland, and received at the Church avenue gatehouse last Monday morning, announced that the old gateman is well, growing fat, and handles the shelalah as lively as the best of the natives of the "Old Sod."

— After the severe thunder storm last Saturday evening the streets were liberally strewn with leaves and dead limbs of trees, and the sidewalks were well washed off. The lightning was reported to have struck in several places, but not much damage was done in this city.

— A fine summer rain was cheerfully greeted here last Wednesday.

— Miss M. Evelyn Flagg is taking her vacation at Rockport, on Cape Ann.

— The stores and shops in this city will close at 12 o'clock, noon, every Wednesday during July and August.

— Elwyn G. Preston, wife and boys, started off in the rain last Wednesday morning evidently on a pleasure and fishing excursion.

— Mr. Thomas J. Kenney is personally acquainted with Judge Emmons and says "he is as square a man as ever trod the earth.

— John J. Hern's Orchestra played for a K. of C. lawnparty last evening. They play for the Conn-Stetson wedding next week.

— Miss Emma Fowle, Principal of the Lawrence School, starts for Sonora, Texas, to visit her sister, Mrs. Eliza Bellows, on Monday evening next.

— We are in receipt of a copy of the Lowell Textile School Bulletin for 1904-5, of which institution our respected townsman, Mr. William W. Crosby, is Principal.

— The alarm from box 24 last Saturday evening was for a fire that partly burned the barn of Hans Anderson on Middle street caused by being struck by lightning during the shower on that evening.

— While on his trans-Mississippi trip lately Mr. W. E. Blodgett met his pastor, Rev. Mr. Williams, of the First Baptist church of Woburn, and together they returned to their respective homes in this city late last week. Mr. Blodgett is a respected resident of Court End.

— A remarkable electrical storm struck this city and surrounding country at 7 o'clock last Saturday evening and continued for an hour. It was accompanied by a high wind, but the rainfall was not unusual in quantity. But the thunder and lightning fully made up for the lack of flood.

— The Boston City Council have fixed the time for celebrating the 4th to be from 4 o'clock Monday morning to midnight same day. There seems to be a disposition all along the line to curb the enthusiasm of the people and have things more quiet than has commonly been the case.

— Mr. Angelo Crovo, the fruiterer, is famous for the large and choice stocks of fruit that he carries and sells. He takes great care in selecting goods, and everything he sells is warranted not to "rip, rag, or ravel." He makes large sales to the best of people every day in the week, except Sundays.

— The fireworks that closed the 4th of July celebration 17 years ago next Monday were displayed on Dow Farm. Capt. E. F. Wyer was Chief Marshal of the Day. Hundreds of public and private buildings were elaborately decorated for the celebration, and the American Flag was everywhere in evidence.

— Mrs. Bertha (G. H.) Talyor of 23 Pleasant street left yesterday for Salisbury Beach where she will conduct a summer cottage for guests, as she did, successfully, last season. She was, and will be this year, patronized by many Woburn people, as well as others. She "knows how to run a hotel."

— Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Taylor of Pleasant street went to Franklin Falls, N. H., last Saturday to visit Dr. Staples of that town, a relative of Mrs. Taylor. While there Artist Taylor intends to take another view, or several of them, of the famous "White Birches" near Dr. Staples's home, a fine picture of which he took last year.

— A fair sized crowd turned out for the fishing trip a few days ago which was run by Philip Flaherty of the South End Club. They caught seven, among them a starfish which was hauled in by Neil Doherty better known as Dick. When they arrived home they looked like painted Indians, which showed that the sun got in its good work.

— Theresa L. Doherty deserved a medal with her diploma when she graduated from the Plympton school, Miss Emma F. Hovey, Principal, last Tuesday, for the most excellent reason that during her last six years of schooling she has not once been absent or tardy. That is a great record, and indicates that Theresa will make her mark in the world.

— There should be a drinking fountain at the corner of Main street and Warren avenue.

— Mr. Richard Darmody of New York city has been visiting his father in this city the past week.

— Judge Johnson's family are at Rockport on Cape Ann, a favorite seashore resort for those who like real comfort in hot weather.

— A few days ago Chief of Police McDermott issued an edict that no 9 and 11 inch firecrackers should be sold in this city on the 4th. It was a wise and timely order, and will most likely save a good many fingers, some eyes, and perhaps lives, on that day.

— Maine seashore resorts are rapidly filling up, so the papers say. Passenger traffic on the Boston & Maine Railroad lines, north and eastward, is beginning to boom and in the course of a week or two will be at its height. No RR. running out of Boston begins to compare with the B. & M. for summer travel.

— Last Sunday was the hottest June 26 on record. It was from 90 to 100 in the shade here according to locality, and a day that truly tried men's souls. No peace or comfort could be found anywhere outside of cold storage rooms or refrigerators, and the thousands of people who resorted to the electric cars for cool breezes failed to find their desires gratified. It was no better at the beaches, and everybody suffered.

— Judge Emmons, Chairman of the Boston Board of License Commissioners, was discovered standing on a street corner in this city a few evenings ago and earnestly gazing around. He had a woman with him, who seemed to be earnestly gazing around, too. As soon as Policeman French hove in sight on the street the strenuous Boston official and his companion took a trolley for North Wilmington and made themselves exceedingly scarse in these parts.

— The Unitarian Sunday School, accompanied by parents, guardians, and friends, went on a picnic to Watson camp on Concord River last Saturday. Better weather for a day in the woods it would be difficult to conceive of; it was a real picnic day, minus the customary showers, and a large number of young people and a good sprinkling of the brethren and sisters left the church green in the morning at 8.45, and came back tired, but happy, near sundown.

— Miss Grace W. Heartz of Bennett street, a teacher in Brewster Academy at Wolfboro, N. H., has returned to her home here for the summer vacation. She goes back to the Academy next fall, where, judging from the fact that a promotion and additional salary has been granted her, with another material rise near in sight, she is a successful and popular trainer of pupils in the higher branches of education. Her sister Gertrude M. is a teacher in the Cummings school, this city; and two others graduated from the High school last Wednesday.

— Your Uncle John Maxwell, the "Old Tanner" of Winchester, is a thoroughbred gentleman from the ground up. He spends so much time looking after his property in Alabama that it wouldn't be stretching a point very much to set him down as a Southerner; but we people hereabouts claim him as a "Yank," and the JOURNAL is especially happy to be able to still number him among its best friends. He came around onto our premises last Friday afternoon with nearly a cartload of splendid flowers and delicious fruits and deposited them where he thought they would do the most good, for which he was loth to accept thanks even. Yes, sir, your Uncle John is a gentleman.

— The crayon portrait of the late Thomas Emerson, Superintendent of the Woburn public schools, is a fine one. It was executed by Mr. Albert Thompson who has the reputation of being highly successful in that line of art production, as well as in oil, and this portrait is ample proof that he is worthy of his good name. The picture hangs in the main office of Superintendent Clapp, who feels entirely certain that it is a great improvement on the photograph from which it was worked. Miss Bryant, too, Clerk in the office, endorsed Mr. Clapp's opinion as to its merits. It was bought by contributions from our city teachers, and is to be kept as a memorial of the old Superintendent.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Lawyer Lang writes that the R. R. Commissioners are to give a hearing on the Lex. & B. fares between Woburn and Lexington at 2 p. m. July 5, at 20 Beacon street, Boston. Our business men should attend it in force.

— Mr. Thomas F. Kelley, the blacksmith, is about to move to Wakefield, where he has bought real estate. He has been a citizen of Woburn many years, and is the kind of a man we had rather keep by us and let somebody else go. It is hoped that he will do well and be happy in his new home.

— Mr. Albert H. Munroe, who was crushed and badly injured by a moving car at the South Station in Boston, where he was employed, last Friday, is in a comfortable condition at the Massachusetts General Hospital. He will be obliged to remain there several weeks for the fractures of the pelvis bones to heal.

— Last week Mr. George Buchanan went to Boston to see the "Polly" which had come in with a load of hay, but as she lay out in the stream he failed to get a sight of her. The "Polly" was built at Amesbury in 1804, and the first vessel that Mr. Buchanan ever saw. That was when he was a mere lad. In the War of 1812 she was a privateer and captured a ven English craft on the high seas.

— The first public meeting of the Woburn W. C. T. U. was held in the vestry of the First Baptist church, Rev. Daniel Winn, pastor, on Friday, June 26, 1887. Miss Sarah Speare was President. A choir of children sang, conducted by Mr. E. P. Bancroft, and addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. March, Rev. M. E Wright, and the venerable Rev. Dr. Chickering of Washington. That was just 17 years ago.

— It is supposed that Rev. Dr. Norton sailed from Boston yesterday, June 30, on a voyage across the Atlantic and a European tour. His itinerary includes journeys through England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Italy and Scotland. He expects to leave Liverpool, England, for home on Sept. 22. During his absence there will be preaching at First church by several ministers, among them Rev. Dr. March, Pastor Emeritus, who is to occupy the pulpit on July 3 and every alternate Sunday during Dr. Norton's absence. Dr. March is a wonderfully vigorous man, both mentally and physically, else he would not undertake to do professional work through the hottest part of the year.

— Last Tuesday about 125 boys and girls were graduated from the Grammar Schools of this city and received diplomas. The Cummings, Plympton, Wyman and Rumford took the lead in numbers. At each school literary and musical programmes were rendered by the pupils, all of which were largely attended by parents and others. How many of the graduates will enter the High School next September cannot be stated, but it is safe to say that a considerable share of them will do so. Grammar schools graduating exercises and diplomas are something like a new departure, but they have been in vogue in some other places for years, and will be accepted here as a step forward and of the right kind, at that. They must serve as an additional stimulant to the classes, and in this light prove beneficial. The schools had a good day for their exercises.

— We gather from the Lynn *Daily Item* of June 21, the information that Messrs. C. A. and F. H. Burdett of this city, proprietors and personal conductors of the Burdett College of Boston, have bought a site and are about to erect a fine large building in Lynn for a branch of their Boston educational institution. Contracts have been entered into for the work, which is to be completed by Sept. 1, next. The lot and building will cost about $60,000, the latter to be 60 by 80 feet; 4 stories, built of marble and brick, and to prove ornamental, as well as useful. The *Item* gives nearly a column of type to a full description of it, for which we have not room. This will be the first of several branches of the Burdett Boston College, which is one of the largest and most prosperous in New England. Its patronage comes from all over the country, and some of its smartest pupils are Woburn young men and women.

— Wind and lightning did much damage in this city last Saturday evening. Part of the Boston Ice Co. house was blown against the Leathe house and broke in the side of it, and trees were blown down.

— A neat thing was done by the High School Baseball Team last week, something that Master Owen keenly appreciated, especially so as it was a great surprise to him. It showed that the hearts of the boys are located on the right side of their organic machinery, and also that they are large and juicy hearts. They went to Master Owen's room in the schoolhouse and told him that the team had got into a wrangle over the disposition of some ball suits and asked him to straighten the matter out. Unsuspectingly he followed the messengers into another room, and as soon as they entered one of them, in behalf of the team, presented him with a handsome solid silver cup duly inscribed with his name, etc. and accompanied the same with remarks appropriate to the pleasant and happy occasion. Master Owen expressed his surprise, and accepted the beautiful and valuable present with hearty and honest thanks. Master Owen has given careful attention to the interests of the team, having attended every League game, except two, this season, and has, with sub-Master Clark, been greatly helpful to the boys. It was in appreciation of these things that the cup was presented. By the way, Master Owen, in presenting the League Championship cup to the Reading team last week, gave the players and the people a good many solid facts to put in their pipes and smoke. He wasn't a bit mealy mouthed, either.

Some Woburn Newspaper Men.

With only two exceptions, one of which is the young and hustling proprietor and Editor-in-Chief of the sprightly little *Times*, and another in whose identity the public are not concerned, the members of the Woburn Newspaper Fraternity are well advanced in years. In spite of that fact, however, they are, physically and intellectually, at the meridian of their activity and influence. Still wielding, as of yore, strong and versatile pens, the amount of news and literary pabulum periodically turned out by them would astonish the smartest and most industrious of metropolitan journalists.

The talented Editor of the *News* is Dean of the local Craft, and, consequently, and for his manifold journalistic accomplishments, greatly esteemed, and reverently looked up to by his admiring associates. He has had wide and varied experience with the Editorial and Reportorial quill, and, like all men of genius, and particularly his local brethren, he rides a literary hobby. Just at the present time it is churches and antiquities.

The able Assistant Editor and Political Writer of Haggerty's *Times* shares with the Dean the high regards of his fellow Craftsmen. He is particularly noted for the accuracy of his published statements. Although not quite an octogenarian, his moods are reminiscent; he revels in memories of the distant past. His hobby is Ancient Buildings, Landmarks, and the old Middlesex Canal.

In its long and honorable career the Boston *Globe* has never had a District Reporter better qualified for that important office than the present incumbent, who, likewise, occupies a responsible position in the Guild and is regarded as an oracle on many subjects. As a news gatherer he has no successful rival on this side of Charles River, being built on true reportorial lines and plans. His current eccentricity is Municipal Reform and Obituaries.

The District Reporter and Tennis Editor of the Boston *Herald*, in which dual capacity he shines, is a veteran. He is often quoted as authority on the literature of the gypsy and browntail moth, for which subject he has especial gifts and a strong penchant. Just now his specialty is Athletic Sports and Sunday School Picnics.

As the Associated Press Reporter, and in other literary pursuits, the present Woburn pencilholder has long enjoyed a reputation for dash, speed, and "scoops" second to no other man in the business. He is still on the sunny side of three score years and ten, and as a boulevard writer he has no peer in these parts. He is not riding a hobby this summer, but attending strictly to raising fruits and flowers.

These are the leading lights of the Woburn Newspaper Fraternity, and some of their idiosyncracies.

WASH

"Russian" Suits

for Boys 2½ to 6 years of age, are in great demand $1.50 to $3.00. We sell the best make of Wash Suits and at much less than Boston prices.

For boys 6 to 10 years, Washable Sailor Suits are the proper thing, $1.00 to $3.00.

Drop in and let us show you the latest New York productions.

Hammond & Son,

403 Main St., WOBURN.

Especially Invaluable to the Traveler

Headache Cologne

MELLIER'S

A cooling anodyne that cures Headache, Neuralgia, Faintness, and Car-sickness.
Relieves pain from Bites and Stings of Flies, Mosquitoes and other insects.

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Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

LATEST STYLES, 1904

Spring and Summer Weights. Great Variety of Fabrics. For Gentlemens Wear.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

The Soda and Ice Cream Season.

During these hot days you should refresh yourself occasionally with a dainty College Ice or a Walnut Sundae or a delicious Ice Cream Soda with pure fresh fruit. We make a specialty of supplying fresh fruits for our Soda trade.

We make our own Ice Cream and in such quantities only as insure its being always fresh.

Take home a pint or quart and try it.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

The best of everything at the lowest prices.
Green Stamps. Public Telephone.
Free Messenger service.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Perhaps you like your gray hair; then keep it. Perhaps not; then remember—Hall's Hair Renewer always restores color to gray hair. Stops falling hair, also.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

[On Sunday evening, June 26, 1887, a call was made on the Editor, and the following communication read to him by "Citizen." It appeared in the JOURNAL on Friday, July 1, 1887. On Sunday, July 3, 1887, every minister in town preached on American Independence, and a splendid celebration followed the next day.

On Sunday evening, June 26, 1904, the same "Citizen" called on the Editor of the JOURNAL and brought the old paper with him. His article fits the cause now as well as it did 17 years ago, and we reproduce it in aid of next Monday's celebration.—EDITOR OF JOURNAL.

Citizens of Woburn.

We are called upon to co-operate with the Committee chosen to celebrate the coming anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, the 111th anniversary of the birth of this great and glorious nation. Let there be no faltering on our part, either financially or morally, but give them our earnest aid and support in every way possible, thereby showing to the world that we appreciate the benefits, the blessings and the free and independent government established and vouchsafed to us by the action of those brave, self-sacrificing men, the signers of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776, giving to us free schools, a free press, and for the last twenty years (thanks to President Lincoln and the Boys in Blue) a nation of free men.

I hope there will be no restrictions imposed upon the boys by our town authorities other than in cases of sickness, but let the trumpets sound, the drums beat, and guns bang, from one minute past twelve on the morning of the 4th until midnight.

Although we fire blank cartridges, yet they have their significance. We are told that the shotted gun fired at Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775, was heard around the world, so the guns fired on this anniversary are heard by all nations. It tells them that the spirit of the men of '76 still exists in the children of '87, that a Republican form of government is a success, and we stand ready to-day to defend it with "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

I hope the Committee will make arrangements for the reading of the Declaration of Independence. I look upon that instrument as one that should not be lost sight of, and as the anniversary occurs on Monday, I would like it to be read from the pulpits of the various churches, in town on the 3d, or that it be taken as a text for a sermon on that day; true, it would be rather an extensive text. It seems to me there is a sermon in the signatures of every one of those men. The bold and defiant writing of Hancock, the beautifully curved letters of Carroll of Carrollton, denoting that he was at home to receive company, and the determined will manifested in the signature of Stephen Hopkins, to make the palsied and trembling hand do its duty. Probably some might object to the mixing of religion and patriotism, but I believe in the sentiment expressed by the old parson in Salem, when a messenger rushed into church during Divine service and in a heavy rain storm, bringing news that the British were off Marblehead and would no doubt try and effect a landing, he dismissed the congregation with this benediction: "Trust in God but keep your powder dry."

I hope the citizens will show their patriotism by making a liberal display of the Red, White and Blue. Let the Stars and Stripes float from every house, showing to the world that we are proud of the old Flag, and that it is the only thing truly American that will bear stripes.

A CITIZEN.

School Meeting.

The Board held a meeting last Tuesday evening.

Delia J. Webber was reelected teacher in Cummings school; Margretta Mulkeen, Cedar; Margaret E. Herne, Johnson; Bertha W. Smith to first grade in Goodyear. Dora J. Leathe elected to fill vacancy in Union, and Florence Ferguson in Highland. Miss Beatrice A. Grant was made Latin teacher in High School.

The H. S. Com. recommended Mary S. Small to fill position in Commercial Department, and over this there was hot talk. Selection was postponed.

Miss Hattie Bosworth, Miss Helen E. Brown, teachers, and F. H. Chapman, janitor, resigned. Moses W. True was elected janitor of Plympton and Union schools.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,

Teacher of Pianoforte,

4 Fairmount St.,

WOBURN, - MASS.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—No Services during July and August.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. V. A. Cooper, D. D. (choir of children from Little Wanderers' Home will sing.)
12 M. Sunday School.
7 P. M., pastor will report Epworth League Convention.
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Dr. March. Subject: "America's Mission."
12 M., Sunday School.
6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
7.30 P. M., Evening Service.
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Life."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Married.

In Winchester, June 26, by Rev. H. J. Madden, John William Haley and Elizabeth Frances Sweeney, both of Woburn.

In Malden, June 22, by Rev. John Reid Shannon, John E. Graham of Woburn and Elizabeth B. Hawthorne of Malden.

In Winchester, June 22, by Rev. H. J. Madden, John A. Kelley and Mary E. Lowder, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 27, David, son of John and Margaret Reddy, aged 1 year, 9 days.

In Montvale, June 28, John P. Donovan, aged 44 years.

By Sea to New York.

The advent of warm Summer weather has increased the passenger lists of the Joy Line steamers beyond all expectations of the management and this is the best evidence of public appreciation of the service offered by this line. The "All Water" trip to New York is ideal, affording, as it does, a sniff of "Old Ocean" with a brief respite from the cares of business. The daylight view of the Long Island coast is not the least of the delights of the trip with timely arrival at the metropolis after a journey of about twenty-four hours duration. Steamers are scheduled to sail from Atlas Stores Wharf, 308 Congress St. at five P. M. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Reservations may be made by addressing Mr. B. D. Pitts the agent and those who anticipate using this line should secure accommodations well in advance of their departure.

Fifth Regiment Reunion.

Last Tuesday, June 28, 1904, the Fifth Regiment M. V. Veteran Association held their annual reunion at Peabody. It was attended by about 150 Comrades, and the JOURNAL reporter said it was "a good day, a good dinner, a good time, and a perfect success."

The Veterans present from Woburn were: Capt. E. F. Wyer, Capt. John E. Tidd, Joseph H. Linnell, William T. Kendall, John S. Wheeler, Fort Staples, Clarence Littlefield, Rufus R. Whitten, James H. Knowlton, C. T. Wood. They were accompanied by the Woburn Brass Band, Thomas H. Marrinan, Leader, who furnished the music for the meeting as no other Band can for this Association, for they played for its first reunion and then won their way to the hearts of the old Soldiers.

There were speeches, toasts, songs and sentiments, not the least pleasing of them being the speech and singing of Capt. John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Item*, a tried and true Vet who attended the reunion as the guest of Capt. E. F. Wyer. He was in high spirits, and his music and oratory had the real patriotic ring.

The Woburn Comrades returned home at a seasonable hour, and each declared that it was one of the best reunions of the Association he had ever attended.

Shirt Waist Suits,
House Dresses,
Wrappers,
Wash Skirts

In light weight material suitable for warm weather. These garments are made well, fit well, and wear well.

COPELAND & BOWSER.
WOBURN

In a Diamond Ring

You find much pleasure. Your friends admire it. Your enemies envy you its possession. You enjoy it yourself. If reverses come or if you desire to dispose of it you do so without much loss. Thus it is a safe investment. We have a fine stock now, which we ask you to inspect.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.
Fine Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing.

If You Are Going to Have a
CAMERA
This Summer
GET IT NOW!

In order to become familiar with its workings before vacation.

We can show you a good assortment.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England, especially recommended by physicians for rheumatism, kidney trouble, dyspepsia, and malaria.

C. H. CADWELL, Woburn.

EDWARD K. SCOTT.
MANUFACTURER OF
Umbrellas, Parasols. Canes
REPAIRING.
Recovering, Fine Order Work.
Shades Made Up of Ladies' own material.
493 Washington St., Boston
Near Temple Place.

HAVE YOUR
OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 151 5.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Thomas Connell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John Connell, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of July, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

WINFIELD R. LANG,
LAWYER,
847 Tremont Building, BOSTON.
Residence, 7 Winn St., Woburn.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass. Notary Public

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Bryan Griffin to the Woburn Co-operative Bank dated January 17th, A. D., 1903, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3022, Page 466, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the first lot hereinafter described, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

Saturday, the ninth day of July, A.D., 1904,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Belmont street, being lots numbered "Five" and "Six" on a plan of houselots belonging to Lemuel G. Richardson et als., containing about 16,080 square feet, bounded and described as follows, namely: Beginning at the northerly corner of the premises on said Belmont street and at land of Holton; from thence the line runs southeasterly by land of said Holton one hundred twenty-one and one-half (121½) feet to land of McKittrick; thence southwesterly by land last named about one hundred and thirty-nine (139) feet to a stake at land of Mary Rooney; thence northwesterly by said land now or late of Mary Rooney about one hundred and twenty (120) feet to a stake at said Belmont street; thence northeasterly on and by said Belmont street about one hundred and twenty-nine (129) feet to the point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to said Bryan Griffin by William H. Richardson by deed dated May 8, 1903, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds.

ALSO, one other parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on southerly side of Plympton street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Plympton street; westerly by Flagg street, formerly called Dublin street; southerly by land now or late of one Gibbons, and easterly by land now or late of Heirs of Augustus Plympton; being the same premises conveyed to said Bryan Griffin by John Wyman et. ux., by deed dated May 6th, 1882, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1605, Page 458.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens which may be upon the premises.

A deposit of $100 will be required at the sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgage,
by John C. Buck, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., June 16, 1904.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Asa W. Boutwell to Elizabeth S. Boutwell dated September 2nd, A. D. 1899, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2763, Page 164, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereafter described, situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

Saturday, the thirtieth day of July, A. D., 1904,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the easterly side of New Boston street in said Woburn and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on said New Boston street and land of Abigail Blye; from thence the line runs northerly on and by said New Boston street to land now or formerly of one McGrath; thence easterly by land last named and land now or formerly of one Smith; thence southeasterly by land last named to land of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; thence southerly by land last named to land of Heirs of H. L. Ames; thence westerly by said Ames's land and land of Abigail Blye to the point of beginning.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and outstanding tax titles.

$200.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

ELIZABETH S. BOUTWELL, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., June 29th, 1904.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To the City of Woburn, Franklin J. Perkins, Andrew B. Brooks, Anna J. Dearborn, Oscar D. Vickery, Nellie S. Shaw and Addie M. Downs, of Woburn, John Reardon Sons Corporation and Sarah Woodland, of Cambridge, all in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Job Perkins, of Foxboro, in the County of Norfolk and said Commonwealth, to register and confirm his title in the following described land:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situate on Beach street and Maple Court in said Woburn, bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at a corner of the wall at land belonging to the City of Woburn; from thence the line runs westerly by said wall to land of Andrew B. Brooks; thence southerly by said Brooks land to land of Franklin J. Perkins; thence easterly by land of said Franklin J. Perkins to a stake seventy (70) feet; thence southerly on and by said land of Franklin J. Perkins one hundred (100) feet to Beach street; thence southeasterly by said Beach street to Maple Court; thence northeasterly on and by said Maple Court to land of Sarah Woodland; thence northerly by land of said Sarah Woodland as the wall now stands to the point of beginning. Said lot contains one and one-half acres, be the same more or less.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the eleventh day of July, A.D., 1904, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of June in the year nineteen hundred and four.

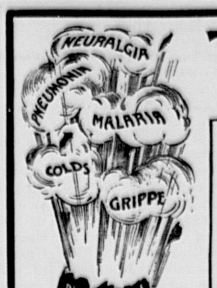
Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL] CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Henry Eustis Smith, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to Ella J. Smith, 508 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

ELLA J. SMITH, Amtx.
Woburn, June 14, 1904.



THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

Graduation of Class 1904, Woburn High School.

The graduating exercises of the Woburn High School, which were held in Lyceum Hall, in the presence of a large gathering of people, last Wednesday evening, passed off in a manner highly creditable to all concerned. The decorations of the Hall were of the conventional type in which no marked change appears from year to year. They, however, presented a pretty and attractive appearance.

Miss Jameson conducted the singing, which was good; and Miss Dora A. Winn performed the part of accompanist admirably.

Miss Anna E. Gage, the Salutatorian, read an excellent essay on "Readiness," and Miss Angie C. Heartz was equally felicitous in pronouncing the Valedictory, her theme being "Thoroughness." In their productions both young ladies showed originality of thought and purity of diction of a quality much above the average.

The Class, numbering 52 members, a few less than last year, made a fine appearance, and Master Owen is authority for the remark that in scholarship they were equal to any that has been under his tuition.

Rev. Elmer H. Capen, D. D., President of Tufts College, delivered an able address, appropriate, and sound of doctrine. It pleased the people present very much indeed. It was different from the hackneyed Commencement Day oration.

The diplomas were delivered by Mayor Feeney in his customary good shape, which to the graduates was the most interesting number on the programme.

Thus, happily and with entire satisfaction, the Woburn High School closed another year of its prosperous and useful existence. The following was the

....PROGRAM....

SONG. Greeting to Spring. *Strauss*
School.
SALUTATORY and ESSAY. Readiness. Anna E. Gage
SONG. Lullaby *From Erminie*
Girls' Glee Club.
ADDRESS. Rev. Elmer H. Capen, D. D.
SONG. Columbia, Beloved! *Donizetti*
School.
ESSAY and VALEDICTORY. Thoroughness. Angie C. Heartz
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.
A SPRING SONG. *Pinsuti*
Class of 1904.

Accompanist, Miss Dora A. Winn.

Graduates Receiving Honors.

Elva Aretta Caldwell
Agnes Emma Cottle
Florence Irene Delano
Anna Elizabeth Gage
Alfred Griffin Place
Angie Crawford Heartz
Sadie Blanche Lane
Eva Amelia Langill
Carrie Ella Legg
Arline Webster Sibley

GRADUATES

Classical Course.

Helen Jane Benner
Amy Gardner Bond
Elva Aretta Caldwell
Agnes Emma Cottle
Elizabeth Catherine O'Connor
Helen Louise Delano
Angie Crawford Heartz
Sadie Blanche Lane
Eva Amelia Langill
Carrie Ella Legg

General Course.

Viola Nichta Barnum
Bessie Waite Buck
Mary Edith Callahan
Florence Irene Delano
Ingrid Elizabeth Ekman
Anna Elizabeth Gage
John Robert Kee
Michael James Mulkeen, Jr.
Alfred Griffin Place
Philip George Porter
Ruth Gage Richardson
Jessie Frances Rollins
Annie Augusta Scanlan
Mary Agnes Shea
Bertha Elizabeth Twining

Three Years' General Course.

Ralph Arthur Burgess
Royal Parkinson Carter
Della Mary Callahan
Katherine Veronica Carroll
William Prior Chute, Jr.
Ruby Wyman Graham
Elsie Chaplin Heartz
Carl Perry Hubbard
Fred McHugh
Arline Webster Sibley
Jessie May Stevenson
Rosa Agatha Nolan
Celia May Richardson

Business Course.

Harry Percy Bowker
William Henry Callahan
William Patrick Callahan
James Henry McCarthy
Mary Catherine McKenna
Sarah Elizabeth Mead
Mary Elizabeth Murray
Stanley Bishop Loomer
John Henry Purtell
Isabelle Walker Ray
William Henry Roche
Rangnar Rictor Rosenquist
Charles Alfred Taylor
Louisa May Turner

Ice Cream
FOR THE
4th

Orders taken for the 4th on or before Saturday July 2d, will be promptly delivered.

Crawford's,
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

4th JULY
ACCIDENTS
CABOT'S
Sulpho-Napthol
TRADE MARK
LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Is an unfailing remedy for quickly healing all injuries resulting from careless use of explosives. Prevents blood poisoning, relieves pain and reduces inflammation. Use strong hot solution.

At all dealers, 10c., 25., 50c., $1.00.
Look for Trade-Mark on all packages.

Business Mens' Association
NOTICE.

The Committee on closing recommend that all stores close on July 4th.

By the Committee.

Best
New
Creamery
BUTTER!
23c. lb.
Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Public Library Notes.

The exhibition of colored photographs of Switzerland displayed at the Public Library a few weeks since attracted much attention and high praise. This week there is on exhibition a fine collection of pictures on Russia: St. Petersburg, with its monastery, the Kremlin at Moscow, the cathedral of the Saviour, and St. Basil, fine views of the Caucasus mountains rising steep and bald.

At the last meeting of the Library Committee it was voted to make the hours of the Library opening from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. through the months of July and August, with the exception of Saturdays when it will be opened till 9 P. M.

It will be noticed that the Library is opened continuously through the day.—P.

4th July Accidents.

So many serious injuries, with permanent results, occur as the result of careless use of explosives on our national day that the knowledge of an unfailing antiseptic healer would be of invaluable aid in the prevention of blood poisoning, as well as for promptly stopping the flow of blood, relieving pain and reducing inflammation. Such an article is Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL, which has received the highest endorsement of the medical profession. It should be in every house-hold for that day, as its prompt use, in strong hot solution, will in many cases save not only heavy doctor's bills, but painful disfigurements.

Grammar School Graduates.

The following named pupils graduated from the Woburn Grammar Schools on Tuesday, June 28, 1904, with appropriate exercises:

CUMMINGS.

Dora Mary Bancroft, Roland Albert Blaisdell, Charles William Carroll, John Francis Dolan, Evelyn Pratt Farris, James Charles Fitzpatrick, Harold Alexander Lloyd Fraser, Thomas Patrick Garvey, May Belle Greenleaf, Ralph Johnson, Charles Edward McIntosh, John Joseph Maguire, William Andrew McLaughlin, William James Quirk, Mary Loretta Rooney, Josephine Park Ray, William Horace Bartlett, Edna Florence Brauer, Edith Frances Cotton, Carl Francis Dunbury, Carl Alvah Cooper Foster, Charles Francis Garvey, Catherine May Gorman, Ruth Johnson, Catherine Elizabeth Maguire, Joseph Martin McGann, Florence Josephine McSheffray, John Stevens Sanborn, Leo Francis Scalley, Mary Jeannette Smith, Mary Catherine Woods, Sarah James Yates, Isabelle Gertrude Bellew, Margaret Rose Cannon, Michael Gilgun, Leah Mildred Mackintosh, Charles Edward McPartlin, Edith Perry Buel, Maida Irene Erving, Owen Joseph Logue, James Patrick McDevitt, John Francis Tobin.

PLYMPTON.

Emma E. Brauer, James Bryenton, Hally A. Carter, Fred L. Clark, Frances M. Collins, Martin J. Connolly, Annie J. Connolly, Gertrude E. Corry, Warren A. Davi, Frank E. Doherty, Theresa L. Doherty, Henry J. Doucette, George H. Driscoll, James S. Fowie, James E. Henchy, Charles F. Hogan, Mary M. Marrinan, Cornelius J. McCarthy, Agnes I. McDevitt, Mary L. McGowan, James B. McKittrick, David S. Moreland, William H. Murray, Clifford S. Parker, Herman P. Peterson, Robert T. Portal, Robert L. Reddy, Catherine A. Reil, Catherine L. Roache, Ethel M. Simonds, Harold M. Stevenson, Catherine E. Walsh, Earle T. West.

GOODYEAR.

Frances G. Donavan, Mary E. Mulranan, Laurence T. Nutting, Thomas A. Kerrigan, Grace D. Fisher, Mary H. Sorenson, Mary E. Quigley, Anna L. Kerrigan.

WYMAN.

John G. Airey, Elvira M. Anderson, Elmer W. Ashbee, Carl S. Brooks, Cora E. Clement, Adelaide W. Emery, James L. Fowle, Lizzie G. Graham, Elsie D. Jones, Charles E. Lawrence, Emanuel Matson, Gertrude Place, Allen A. Prior.

JOHNSON.

Walter H. Aylward, Josephine A. Bradley, Ellen G. Doherty, Annie G. Shea, Christopher B. Mulkeen.

PARKER.

Ellen E. Haverty, John W. Griffin, Gertrude L. Pierce.

RUMFORD.

Mary Brogna, Charlena E. Cleveland, Marion L. Curtis, Mary L. Dorrington, John M. Enwright, Harriet Graham, Grace I. Jackson, Louis Jannino, James H. Kenney, Mary A. Kenney, Louis Palladino, Toney Pattelina, Robert J. Patterson, Elizabeth W. Temple, Daniel D. Towse, Alexander F. Wood, William G. Hickox.

Innitou Canoe Club.

WOBURN, June 27, 1904.

On July 2, at 3 o'clock P. M., the base ball teams representing the Medford Boat Club and the Innitou Canoe Club will play at Manchester Field, Winchester, opposite the railroad station.

On July 2, at 8 o'clock P. M., there will be an informal stag party at the boat house. The Winchester and Medford Boat Clubs will be the guests of Innitou. The E. D. A. C. A. band will perform; all bring instruments.

On July 4, at 3 o'clock P. M., (sharp,) the Annual Regatta will take place. Members may bring guests. Entries for the regatta may be made to the Secretary. The events will be as follows:

1 Trophy race, (single blade.)
2 Novice race, (single blade.)
3 Double blade, (one man.)
4 Tandem, (single blade.)
5 Club Fours, (single blade.)
6 Rescue race.
7 Hand Paddle.
8 Tilting.

Events 1, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 will count for the Record Cup.

In place of the usual entertainment in the evening, a Float will be held later in the season. Due notice will be given when the arrangements are perfected.

WILLIAM W. CROSBY, Commodore.
Willard K. Fowle, Secretary.

Healthy Mothers.

Mothers should always keep in good bodily health. They owe it to their children. Yet it is no unusual sight to see a mother, with babe in arms, coughing violently and exhibiting all the symptoms of a consumptive tendency. And why should this dangerous condition exist, dangerous alike to mother and child, when Dr. Boschee's German Syrup would put a stop to it at once? No mother should be without this old and tried remedy in the house—for its timely use will promptly cure any lung, throat or bronchial trouble in herself or her children. The worst cough or cold can be speedily cured by German Syrup; so can hoarseness and congestion of the bronchial tubes. It makes expectoration easy, and gives instant relief and refreshing rest to the cough-racked consumptive. New trial bottles, 25; large size, 75c. At all druggists.

W. C. T. U.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held in the usual place, Monday afternoon, June 27, at 3 o'clock.

A vote of thanks was extended the Swedish Evangelical Free Church for having so kindly given the use of their church vestry for the meetings of the Loyal Temperance Legion.

It was voted to continue the Flower Mission Work this Summer as usual.

Mrs. Collamore will be in the kitchen of the Congregational church every Friday afternoon from half-past two until four o'clock. Will all who have flowers, please help in this good work, by bringing a few bouquets, or cut flowers.

C. M. WARREN.

THE EARLIEST COMEDY.

It Was Played at Athens by the First Traveling Actors.

The first recorded comedy was played at Athens, B. C. 578, when Susarion and Dolon, the earliest traveling actors, performed a comedy of Susarion's composition on a movable stage mounted upon four wheels. The new form of play was so successful that the actors were rewarded by the grateful populace with a cask of wine and a basket of figs.

Susarion belonged to Megaris, a state of ancient Greece, whose inhabitants were celebrated for their coarse humor, and who, in their villages during the evenings, were wont to hold what they called a comus; really a revel, in which impromptu acting, coupled with buffoonery, played a considerable part. From this word we have our comedy.

In England the old miracle plays degenerated very early into what but for their religious associations were mere farces, but the first purely English comedy was one by Udall, an assistant master at Eton, and subsequently head master of Westminster school. It was entitled "Ralph Roister-Doister" and seems to have been performed in London about 1551, being published in 1566, ten years after its author's death.

Foresight.

De Garry—As you intend to marry her, why did you consent to her riding a bicycle when you are so opposed to it? Merritt—Well, I knew she would have her way in the end, and I calculated that by giving in now her father would have to pay for the bicycle.

Nothing is farther from the earth than heaven; nothing is nearer to heaven than earth.—Hare.

The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it.—Sterne.

A VERSATILE PRODUCT.

Few Things That Grow Capable of So Many Uses as Corn.

Probably few things that grow are capable of so many uses or are as completely used as corn. The grain is used for food both for human beings and cattle, while the stalks are used as cattle feed. The pith of the cornstalks is used in the manufacture of smokeless powder, in the manufacture of high grade varnish and in the manufacture of paper. The woody portions are used in the manufacture of a cheap quality of paper.

As a food corn is supplied in many forms. The most familiar are as meal, hominy and grits. Practically all the starch that is used in the United States is made from corn. Immense quantities are also used in the manufacture of glucose, which, among other things, enters largely into the manufacture of beer as a substitute for malt.

A large quantity of corn is used annually in the manufacture of whisky, and nearly 15,000,000 bushels are used every year in the manufacture of cologne spirits and alcohol. Even in the manufacture of these products nothing is lost. The glutinous and other residues in the manufacture of starch, glucose, whisky and alcohol are used as cattle feed.

THE GLUTEUS MAXIMUS.

It Is the Strongest Muscle In the Human Body.

The strongest muscle in the human body is the gluteus maximus. Hardly a movement of the lower extremities can be made without bringing it into play, but its chief duty is to balance the pelvis on the head of the thigh bone. It assists in carrying the leg forward and outward in walking, and without its aid any movement of the body from the hips would be impossible.

As it is the strongest, so is it also the largest muscle we possess. In the full grown man it can exert a force of 110 pounds to the square inch of its section in the thickest part.

Another strong muscle, which is situated in the calf of the leg, is capable of sustaining seven times the weight of the body. The great tendon which is inserted in the heel bone, called tendon achilles, is also of singular strength. When removed from the body, it has sustained a weight of 2,000 pounds, yet sometimes by the sudden action of the muscles of the calf, to which it belongs, it has been snapped across.

PERMANENT MAGNETS.

The Simplest Way of Magnetizing a Bar of Steel.

The simplest way of magnetizing a bar of steel is that known as "single touch." The bar to be magnetized is laid on the table and the pole of a powerful magnet is rubbed from ten to twenty times along its length, always in the same direction. If the north pole of the magnet is employed the end of the bar first touched will also become a north pole, while the opposite end, at which the magnet is lifted before returning, will be a south pole.

There are other and more complicated methods, known as "divided touch" and "double touch," in which two and even four magnets are employed.

A steel bar can also be magnetized by placing it within a coil of insulated wire, through which a galvanic current is circulating. The magnetism induced in this way, however, is weak compared with that which can be procured if the same strength of current is employed through the intervention of an electro-magnet.

"Hamlet" at Elsinore.

Shakespearean commentators have wondered why the poet placed the scenes of "Hamlet" at Elsinore, in the island of Zealand, whereas the Danish prince lived and died in Jutland. But the municipal authorities at Elsinore discovered in their archives that an English company was acting in their town in 1587 or 1588, and among the names of the actors are several of those who were acting with Shakespeare in London in 1589. Obviously these actors must have talked about their adventures in Denmark, and so Shakespeare became well acquainted with Elsinore and when he wrote "Hamlet" naturally placed the scene in a place which he knew by description rather than in a place of which he knew nothing.

The General Utility Consul.

In those larger towns in Turkey where England is represented by a consul that official is looked upon as a sort of court of appeal by Christians. Armenians, Bulgarians, Macedonians and even Jews, who have probably never heard an English word spoken, will appeal to the British consul when in difficulties, and he rarely refuses his kind offices. In ordinary cases his unofficial backing of the "giaours" is effective.

Curiosity.

"Professor," said Mrs. Noozey to the cranky old professor of archaeology, "what do you consider the most curious thing you ever saw?"

"Woman unquestionably," he replied. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Moonshine.

An old lady, having been told of the theory of the moon being inhabited, remarked, with emphasis: "Nonsense! What becomes of the people when there is nothing but a little streak of it left?"

Appropriate.

A Chicago girl wrote the beauty department of a local paper and asked, "What is good for big feet?" Promptly the reply appeared, "Big shoes."—Houston Post.

When Animals Faint.

The little gray dog tumbled headlong into the area, and the maid who happened to be standing there closed the gate. When the dog saw she was safe from her two legged pursuers she toppled over in a dead faint. At any rate, the maid insisted that she fainted. The boarders, who crowded out into the area to help bring the little animal to, derided the assertion, but the doctor that finally joined the group said there was nothing preposterous about it.

"Of course she fainted," he said. "Lots of animals faint. Cats and dogs and even more stolid animals keel over in moments of fear and exhaustion. In the case of horses the prostration is generally attributed to sunstroke, but quite often they are knocked out by a plain, everyday faint instead of atmospherical excesses. Fowls faint too, and the birds of the air. In fact, it is hard to find any living creature that doesn't topple over in crucial circumstances. If the lioness of the jungle were up on etiquette she would be just as much justified in carrying a camphor bottle as the finest lady in the land."—New York Press.

THE YOLKS OF EGGS.

Those of a Reddish Hue Better Than the Pale Yellow.

There is most probably an important dietetic difference between two eggs the yolk of one of which is a very pale yellow color and that of the other a rich, almost reddish color. It is a notorious fact that the country produced egg may usually be placed under the latter description, while the egg produced by the hen that is under an unhealthy and limited environment shows an anaemic color, generally a very pale yellow. The eggs of wild birds—as, for example, the plover—show a yolk of a rich reddish color.

The substance which contributes color to the yolk of the egg is iron, just as it is iron which gives color to the blood, and there seems to be little doubt that the iron compound in the yolk of the egg is of a similar nature to that of the blood. It is easily assimilated, and eggs are regarded as a suitable food for the anaemic person, as they present a concentrated and generally easily digested form of nutriment rich in iron. The iron compound of the egg has, in fact, been termed a "haematogen," because it is probable that from it the blood of the chick is derived. The amount of iron in the yolk of an egg would appear to increase with the intensity of its color, and there can be little doubt that the maximum is reached in the richly colored yolk of the egg produced by a fowl existing in healthy surroundings, for then its processes of nutrition would be working under very favorable conditions. As an article of diet, therefore, the egg should be judged not by the color of its shell, but of the yolk, which should be of a rich reddish rather than of a pale yellow color.—Lancet.

THE ENGLISH TAILOR.

He Used to Be Humble, but Now He Is a Haughty Vampire.

Of late, be it noted, the tailor has become quite an unreasonable and gratuitous drain on all men's purses.

Formerly you were his patron. He was very civil and gave you unintermittent opportunities for seeing the top of his head and the back of his neck. He rubbed his hands and crawled before you for 5 guineas a suit. If you paid any time before the death of the senior partner in his business he bowed you to your equipage and said in his heart that you were a great gentleman.

Today he is a vampire, he sucks your blood, he walks erect, he chooses cloth for you, you must have what he tells you to have, his terms are cash on delivery, his credit will last you six months, and as often as not he is a member of your friend's club.

He is the person who makes you or mars you. With his bit of soapstone he can turn you out just so or not just so. Be civil to him, I adjure you. You are only a poor, soppy, brainless, driveling rascal of a man. If you be not well dressed you will become a wreck, a hulk, a derelict, a castaway on the misty shores of business and society.—London Gentlewoman.

The Telltale.

That was an embarrassing position in which a fashionable New York woman found herself recently. She was invited to a wedding, but did not think either of her hats was good enough for the occasion. So she visited her milliner's and had an exceedingly costly affair sent home on trial. She wore it at the wedding and the next day drove to the milliner's and returned it, saying it did not suit. It happened that the hatmaker, who quite understood the situation, had been similarly tried several times of late. "Did you not wear this hat at the Blank wedding yesterday?" she asked bluntly. Taken by surprise, the society woman owned up, but asked, "How did you know?" "Oh, it was quite easy. I see several grains of rice in the folds of the lace."

A Grewsome Kaffir Custom.

A writer on the Kaffirs of South Africa says: "A Pondo chief in very olden days on accession to the throne would kill one of his brothers and wash in his blood to strengthen himself and then would keep his medicines in the skull of the dead brother, a practice which raised the power of the medicine to the 'nth,' as mathematicians would say. If a warrior of conspicuous bravery is killed in war his body is made into medicine and administered to the young men to make them brave, a practice which may well have been the basis of cannibalism."

The Dog Whipper.

An old church official in England was the dog whipper, who was employed in driving or removing dogs from the various churches and who is often alluded to in vestry accounts, as, for example, "paid the dog whipper 10 shillings;" "to Widdow Sandys the year's sallery for (dog) whipping 5 shillings." Implements known as dog tongs were also used by these dog whippers, many of them being spiked at the end and capable of giving a cruel grip. They are still preserved in some of the old churches.

The Conclusion.

"What conclusion did your literary and debating society reach last night?"

"Oh," answered Miss Cayenne, "the conclusion was as usual—chicken salad, ice cream and 'Good night.' Had a perfectly lovely time.'"—Washington Star.

Men Who Burn Money.

"There are not many men who smoke cigars at $2 each," said the cigar man in a downtown restaurant much patronized by customers who do not have to worry about the cost of their luncheon, "but we have to keep them in stock. When they are called for, it is usually by a couple of old chums who are lunching together after a long parting who are feeling good and who want a heavy smoke after a liberal meal. As a matter of fact, most men think they are burning money when they pay $1 for a cigar. Sixty cents for one cigar and from that down to three for 50 cents is considered about the right thing. We sell a good many cigars at 35 cents each or three for $1. In fact, they are the standard thing in high priced cigars. Occasionally a customer will buy a box of two dollar cigars or even more expensive than that for a birthday present or to send to some friend going to Europe. These cigars are made only by skilled workmen and represent the highest perfection in cigar making."—New York Times.

Lesson In Modern Finance.

"Pa," said the son of the captain of industry, "what is being recreant to one's trust?"

"Not increasing the capital stock every time the public can be hypnotized into buying a few more shares for the benefit of the people who hold the bonds."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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SAVINGS BANK
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OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

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GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

PRATTS FOOD.
REGISTERED
IMPROVED IMPROVED
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FOR HORSES.
Price per Package 75c.
The most particular people send all their order to us.
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TELEPHONE 104-7.

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Also Hampden Sweet Cream.

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Heating Engineer
—AND—
Contractor.
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Telephone 103—2.

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About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.
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AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
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Furniture and Piano Moving,
Jobbing of all kinds.
Out of town moving a specialty. Storage for furniture. All mail orders promptly attended to.
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Desk Room To Let
at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

MR. EDWIN N. C. BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.
The Vergil Clavier System { A well trained mind.
A hand able to do its bidding.

En Route

By Nellie Cravey Gillmore

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"Good gracious!" cried Dolly, getting to her feet, with very pink cheeks. "I wonder"—

Sanford lifted his hat with one hand and simultaneously held out the other.

"I'm afraid you don't quite remember me, Miss Kensington," he began.

"Remember you? Remember you, Billy? Why, it's only three years since—oh, do say that you have but just come out; that you did not really see"—

"Certainly not," returned he promptly. "After the rain the deck is fearfully slippery. As a matter of fact, I have just succeeded in picking myself up from it."

Dolly laughed softly and plunged five rose tipped fingers through a tumbled heap of sun blond hair.

"You haven't changed at all," she remarked, slipping deftly into the most convenient chair.

Sanford regarded her closely for the space of half a minute, a light that was not unfamiliar there leaping swiftly to his eyes.

"No," he said, quite grave; "not the least bit—not in any respect."

Dolly's lashes, long, blue black, flickered momentarily over the smoke colored eyes. "Not really?" she questioned in a musing tone.

"And you, Dolly," he pursued, alert, tentative—"you have not changed either, I presume?" He took the camp stool opposite her.

A minute's pause, broken only by the rush and swirl of water against the sides of the ship.

Presently Dolly glanced up. "I have not changed, Billy," she replied. Her voice was low, sweet, easy. Her gaze slipped dreamily out to the limitless expanse of quivering, jeweled water.

For some time both were silent, studying the truculent breakers with retrospective eyes.

"And by that I am to infer that you will never"—

"I'm afraid I never shall," responded she.

Sanford smiled, a trifle enigmatically, and looked down at his strong, sea tanned hands.

"Still in the quest of the ideal, I see," he observed after a little, his keen gray eyes shifting transiently along the deck rail.

"So to speak," acquiesced Dolly, following his gaze.

"One might just as well chase rainbows," grumbled Sanford, digging clumsily into his pocket for a cigar. "May I?" he inquired politely.

Dolly nodded, catching her full lower lip under a curved row of milk colored teeth. "To judge by your remark," she commented, with a sudden inflection of ire, "one would think that I was—am—a—that"—

"Not at all," corrected he emphatically. "Very brilliant persons frequently foster illusions. It is an infallible sign of a theosophic mind, though commonly speaking"— He broke off lamely.

"Ye-es?"

"Well, a mistake, I should say."

"People learn by mistakes."

"But scarcely ever profit by them. Experience generally comes too late for—the train."

"I have somewhat modified my ideas," conceded Dolly after a pause.

"As to"—

"Ideals, of course."

"And may I ask—you would not mind telling me whether you are any nearer the—whether you have really"— He looked at her helplessly, a shadow of dwindling hope across his face.

"Not an iota nearer," she cut in, with some abruptness.

Sanford smoked complacently for several seconds. The sun dropped steadily in the west, casting a weird copper glow over the thin, keen, expressive face. Dolly watched him furtively for a little, her gaze gradually shifting to the great plunging emerald columns of sea water, scattering sheets of opal spray and filling the air with salt fragrance.

"What takes you to New York, William?" she asked after awhile, with a sudden assumption of casual interest.

Sanford did not at once reply. A queer little smile developed about the corners of his mouth as he looked at her half averted profile.

A long silence ensued. When Dolly looked toward him again, there were tear traces in her eyes. She held out her hand.

"Let me congratulate you, won't you?" Her voice was studiedly low to hide its meaning. "Who is the—the lucky girl, Billy?"

"The woman I love," he replied sententiously, drawing her fingers into both his hands and holding them close.

Dolly flushed, snatching them away sharply.

"Don't!" she cried. "It's—it's mean of you!"

"By the way, Dolly," asked Sanford, "what are you going to New York for?"

She regarded him narrowly for an instant through contracted lids.

"Why, I'm going to be married, too," she returned, with a wee laugh. "And it's—a—a sort of disgrace, Billy," she hurried on. "I've half a mind to tell you the truth about it."

"Do."

"The man—I—well, it's some one I've been writing to for a long time. I live there now, you know, but I've been away all summer. He—he lives in the south—New Orleans. Perhaps you know him—Ford, Jack Ford, is his name."

"Oh!"

"You do know him, then?"

"I've heard of him," said he circumspectly.

"He's my ideal," explained Dolly, with a charming blush.

"He certainly isn't the sort of fellow you would have married—once."

"How do you know that? You said you had merely heard of him."

"Your requirements were pretty ironclad."

"I told you, did I not, that I had modified them?"

Sanford stared at her quizzically for a moment. "You also told me that you never would; that there was no one"—

"I've changed my mind," snapped Dolly. "That's the prerogative of wise men—and women."

Sanford rose slowly from his chair and stood for a second at the back of hers, looking down at the silk rumple of sun blond hair.

"You haven't exactly set the day yet, dear," he ventured mildly.

"And, pray, how do you know that, Mr. Sanford?"

"At least I have received no letter." He bent his head to the mutinous rose face, then lifted it suddenly.

"What is your ideal, Dolly?" he asked curiously.

"A man who is a real man," said she softly, "one who would do anything, all things, in the great round world to win the girl he loves—who would even go so far as to get some other person to write his letters, forgetting to disguise his little tricks of expression—who"—

"At least," he broke in, "I didn't use a typewriter, an old one with the p and q all out of alignment, just such a one as we used to practice upon ten years ago. Remember when we studied shorthand together that"—

"I don't remember a thing about it," interrupted Dolly, two pink roses slipping softly into her cheeks. "I never even think about those— Do stop, Billy! I'm sure I hear the last call for supper!"

The Habit of Scandal.

Old Mrs. Etheridge had loved gossip all her life, but, although her ears were always ready for it, she schooled her tongue to disapproval.

Nobody minded what she said, for, although she might shake her head and utter her customary mild reproof, her eyes never failed to express interest and a desire for more information.

The one phrase which rose to her lips when the tale was ended had become so habitual that toward the close of her life she occasionally employed it involuntarily.

"Have you heard about Edward?" asked one of the family connection, moving her chair close to the old lady's rocker and leaning over confidentially.

Grandmother Etheridge shook her head and put her hand to her ear.

"They say," announced the relative in strident tones, "that he's making a splendid name for himself, and has been offered a salary of $15,000 by another firm and that he is just as clever as he can be, has hosts of friends there in Chicago and deserves them all!"

The light of pride and joy shone in the old lady's eyes, but custom was too strong for her tongue.

"You shouldn't repeat it, dear," she quavered. "There's a wrong story somewhere!"

A Fairly Intelligent Dog.

They were talking of the sagacity of dogs.

"My Irish setter saved me a curtain lecture by posting a letter for me the other day," said Longbow, going the last speaker "one better."

The others tried to look as though they believed him.

"Fact," he continued. "Wife gave me a letter to post at breakfast; told me it was very important; warned me not to put it in my coat pocket—calls my pocket her dead letter office. Well, I didn't. I left it on the hall stand; remembered it when I got to my office; called up the maid; told her to send Major to the telephone. 'Hello, Maje!' I said. 'Get the letter off the hall stand and give it to the postman.' Maje recognized my voice, barked comprehension of the message, took the letter in his mouth and went and stood by the nearest letter box until the postman came to collect the mail; wife got an answer that night and never suspected I'd forgotten to post it."

Tender and True.

Squire Benson was often consulted in cases of family difficulty resulting from the storm and stress of time or temper, and he derived a good deal of amusement from the tales told in his little office.

"Is it true that you threw something at Mike that caused the swelling over his eye?" the squire asked a little wiry Irishwoman who appeared sobbing at his door one day half an hour after her husband had departed.

"Yis, I did," said the little woman, catching her breath, "but I niver wint to hurt him, an' he knows it well. We'd just come home from me cousin's weddin', an' I was feelin' kind of soft to Mike, an' I axed him if he loved me as much as he did the day we was married, an'—an' he was so slow answerin' me that I up wid the mop an' flung it at him, Squire Benson, for if we poor women don't have love our hearts just breaks inside of us!"

They Knew Him.

A well known literary man who has been spending several weeks at his old home in Vermont tells of a conversation which he overheard between two visitors on the porch of the village store. An acquaintance of theirs had just passed in the street, and the following comment was heard by the visitor:

"Thar goes Si Perkins." Then a meditative pause—"Si ain't the man he used to be."

"Naw—an' he never was."—Harper's Weekly.

Artists' Difficulties In Painting Men.

Artists will tell you it is no easy thing to paint a man in a frock coat so that he shall appeal picturesquely to the casual wayfarer. The modern habiliments affected by the male person do not lend themselves to artistic reproduction on canvas. There are no scintillant colors, no fine lines of form, in a trousered poseur, and to achieve a successful portrait of a man is to spell the artist's capabilities in capital letters. With women models—well, there the story is of a different cast, just as woman herself is so wholly different, so enchantingly complex.—Metropolitan Magazine.

How We Breathe.

Men and women do not breathe alike. In a woman the breathing is from the thorax, or chest, while in a man it is mainly from the diaphragm, which is lower down. This peculiar difference is so marked that it is possible to recognize by it a woman disguised as a man, although the disguise may be faultless in other respects. Most physiologists say that this difference is not due to sex, but owing to artificial conditions, such as the wearing of corsets.

Conscientious.

Weary Walker—No, ma'am; I ain't dirty from choice. I'm bound by honor. I wrote a testimonial for a soapmaker once and promised 'to use no other.' Mrs. Housekeep—Well, why do you not use that? Weary Walker—Because, ma'am, that firm failed about five years ago.

He Didn't Want to Arbitrate.

"The reason I can't get along with my wife is that she wants to submit all our differences to arbitration."

"To arbitration?"

"Yes. She always wants to refer disputes to her mother."

Feeling Better.

She—So your ideal jilted you? He—Yes, but I am somewhat reconciled. I have since learned that she married hers.—Puck.

Half the truth will very often amount to absolute falsehood.—Whately.

MASSAGING THE SCALP.

It Is the Root of All Systems of Stimulating the Hair's Growth.

The massage of the scalp is at the root of all treatment of the hair. By stimulating the flow of blood to the scalp new vigor is given to the hair. Without this massage hair restoratives are of little avail.

Now this massage may be better done by a masseur than by the man or woman who is growing bald, but it is possible for that individual to massage his own scalp well enough to do the hair a great deal of good.

The hands should be half folded and the ends of the fingers made to touch the scalp lightly. Then rub them slowly over the scalp.

It is convenient to begin at the back of the neck and rub the scalp slowly up the center of the head to the forehead. Then the rubbing should be done all over the head from one side of the scalp to the other. It should be repeated several times.

The same glow that the expensive fingers of the masseur produce follows, showing that the circulation in the scalp has been stimulated. The fingers should be pressed on the scalp with sufficient force to cause the blood to tingle.

TIDAL WAVES.

The Forces Which Start These Dangerous Volumes of Water.

The ocean tidal wave—sometimes called the primitive—is formed by the union of two waves, produced by the combined attractions of the sun and the moon. This wave in its most dangerous form sometimes sweeps over ships in the open sea and in its ordinary course produces the tides proper.

Where the outline of the land, as in the bay of Fundy and the Bristol channel, compresses the force of its flood with narrow estuaries it also gives rise to tidal waves, which are termed derivative and are also known colloquially as "bores," or eagres.

Earthquakes are also a cause of tidal waves of two sorts. One is due to shocks which occur on land and cause a retreat and reflux of the sea within the usual tidal limits, but where an earthquake shakes the sea bed a dome shaped mount of water rises over the center of the disturbance and draws the surrounding water into the vortex beneath it. As this dome subsides it sends an immense rolling mass swinging across the ocean, which creates a most formidable tidal wave.

THE SWEETEST ECHO.

It Answers a Call at a Tomb at Agra, In Hindustan.

One of the finest echoes of which we have record is mentioned by Barthius, in his notes on the Thebais of Statius. This was on the banks of the Naha, between Coblenz and Bingen, where an original sound was repeated seventeen times.

At Milan is an echo which reiterates the report of a pistol from fifty to sixty times. In a cave of the Pantheon it is said that the guide, by flapping his coat, makes a noise equal to the report of a twelve pounder. Pliny speaks of a cave in Dalmatia where a stone tossed in would raise a perfect storm.

The sweetest echo in all the world answers a call at the side of the tomb of Nur-Mahal dud Jehanhgir, at Agra. The guide raises the cry, "Great is God, and Mohammed is his prophet—Allah! Allah!" At first three distinct musical notes are heard in the echo, which reverberate round the dome and ascend until they reach the smaller dome, where they reunite and escape from the temple as one tone.

A Feeble Imitator.

Albert Vandam, a French writer, gives this description of one of the leading republicans of Gambetta's time: "Bizoin had a tendency to imitate the great Napoleon. He who had joined Lamartine in his vigorous protest against the removal of Napoleon's ashes from St. Helena to Paris struck Napoleonesque attitudes at the camp of Conlie when reviewing the troops or the undisciplined, woebegone masses, standing knee deep in mud, who were supposed to represent troops. He trudged up and down the lines with his hands behind him, then came to a sudden stop and, nodding his head, whispered (he had no voice), 'Soldiers, I am pleased with you.'"

Singing on Carpet.

Standing upon carpet has a tendency to muffle the voice, since a layer of inelastic and nonconducting material is then interposed between the seat of voice production and the floor, which, when it is not covered, acts as a sound board, taking up the vibrations and giving increased effect and distinctness to them. This can be illustrated by placing a timepiece first upon a rug or carpet and then upon the bare floor. In the latter position the ticking is much louder, because the vibrations of the clock are then much more forcibly communicated to the floor and so to the air of the room and finally to the ear by actual contact between the clock and the floor. A carpet damps or kills these vibrations because it is a bad conductor of sound. The difference, which is so audible in this case, is in some degree to be detected when the voice is heard under similar conditions.

"Tit For Tat."

Professor Skeat in his Etymological dictionary explains the expression as "blow for blow" and says that it is a corruption of tip for tap, where tip is a slight tap. He refers to Bullinger's works, 1., 283 (Parker society), the translation of which is, I believe, dated 1577. May I be permitted to direct attention to the fact that "tit for tat" had already appeared at an earlier date in John Heywood's "Proverbs," 1546?

> Since tit for tat (quoth I) on even hand
> is set,
> Set the hares head agaynst the goose
> jeblet.
>
> Pp. 109, 110, Reprint, 1874.

In a note it is stated that "tit for tat" is simply a corruption for tant pour tant. Halliwell-Phillipps' dictionary has "tint for tant, tit for tat."—Notes and Queries.

A Dangerous Trade.

The dangers of work in a white lead factory are described by a medical authority in a discussion of the causes and effects of lead poisoning. Most of the cases occur among the workers in the department where the preparation of the carbonate of lead is carried on by what is called the "Dutch process," in which the lead, in sheets, is placed on the top of pots filled with acetic acid and converted first into the subacetate and finally decomposed by carbon dioxide emitted by tar. In moving the carbonate clouds of white lead dust are easily caused by careless handling on the part of the workmen, and in spite of the respirators worn by them much of the poison is taken into the system.—Harper's Weekly.

The First Locomotive In Maine.

The first locomotive used in the state of Maine came from England, having been built at the works of Robert Stephenson & Co. in the year 1835, and made its first trip over the Bangor, Oldtown and Milford railroad on Aug. 19, 1837. This road was then generally known as the "Veazie road," and the track was made of wooden rails strapped with iron. The shackles used to connect the engine and cars were made of three thicknesses of sole or belt leather held together by copper rivets and had a hole in each end so as to hook over an upright stationary pin bolted or driven into a rigid beam extending from the end of the car. It is said that for a time the engine was run in opposition to a six ox team employed by a Bangor lumber dealer who was not willing to pay the rates charged on the railroad, and it was not until the management of the line came to what he considered fair charges that he turned his traffic over to it.

In Nature's Wonderland.

There is but one Grand canyon. The name should never have been given to lesser gorges. The very fact that there is a so called Grand canyon in Colorado is misleading. "The Grand canyon of Colorado" does not sound much different from "the Grand canyon of the Colorado." Hence many people confuse them.

The canyon of the Colorado river, which flows through Arizona, forms the boundary line between that territory and California and then empties into the gulf of California.

It is the grandest gorge in the world. In it 3,000 of the wonderful gorges of the state of Colorado could be buried. With its tributaries, many of which have never yet been explored, it would reach, if all the canyons were placed one after another, nearly around the world.—Four Track News.

The Queer Man.

Of all forms of temper there is none more tiresome to deal with than that which is known as "queer." Down comes a bolt from the blue in the midst of apparent sunshine, and a sudden gloom and moroseness hide our friend completely from our view. An injured attitude is assumed, a martyr's halo carefully pinned on, and happy, everyday life becomes an impossibility. People who want to be loved or even liked should never be difficult. Society has not time, even if it had the inclination, to study their idiosyncrasies and play up to all their petty prejudices. The passionate and even the sulky temper is forgiven sooner than the difficult one and is perhaps more possible to cure.—Edith H. Fowler in London Mail.

Lovely Liverpool Lasses.

Can you or your readers give any explanation of the remarkably heavy percentage of splendidly handsome ladies to be seen in Liverpool's city thoroughfares? When I say handsome, I refer not only to facial beauty, but also to symmetry of form and perfect physique. Walk from the Central station via Lord street to, say, the Landing stage, any day in the week, and you will behold a phalanx of superb womanhood. I am a Manchester man by birth and sentiment, but I must confess our city can produce nothing to compare with Liverpool's battalions of tall, lovely girls.—St. James' Gazette.

Effectually Suspended.

Only one dog has ever had the audacity to enter parliament during the proceedings. A hundred years ago the lords were thrown into consternation by a dog's entry. Lord North was addressing the house, and the dog promptly proceeded to bark furiously at him. Lord North, considerably upset, moved that the member who was interrupting him should be suspended. Thereupon the dog was driven out and suspended in such a manner that he never interrupted again.—London Opinion.

The Number Forty In the Bible.

The rain that produced the flood fell for forty days and forty nights, and after it ceased it was forty days before Noah opened the ark. Moses was forty days on the mountain fasting, and the spies spent forty days investigating matters in Canaan before making their report. Elijah fasted forty days in the wilderness, and Jonah gave the people of Nineveh forty days in which to repent. The forty days' fast of Jesus is known to all readers of the New Testament.

Loaded For Them.

"Eddie, do you know what happens to bad little boys?"

"Yes'm; the bears eat 'em up."

"Then why don't you try to be good?"

"Huh! S'pose I am afraid of bears? Say, I got a toy pistol!"—Erie Dispatch.

Starting a Row.

Nell (pining for pleasant words)—Oh, George, I cannot understand it. Why do you lavish this wealth of love on me when there are so many girls more beautiful and more worthy than I am? George—I'm sure I don't know.

Unique Advertising.

Some of the Japanese tradesmen in the smaller towns of Nippon have a curious way of advertising their business. On their right forearms they tattoo figures—the shoemaker a shoe, the woodcutter an ax, the butcher a cleaver. Underneath these emblems are such inscriptions as, "I do my work modestly and cheaply," or "I am as good at my trade as most of my fellows." When they are hunting work they bare their arms and walk about the streets.

His Greatest Sorrow.

Burt—I have no doubt you are sorry about your uncle's death, notwithstanding it brought you into a lot of money. West—Yes; he was doing a good business, you know, and if he had lived a year or two longer he might have left me a good deal more.—Boston Transcript.

Only on the Outside.

"Why, Ethel, you don't mean to tell me you want to marry that baldheaded Professor Wiseman?"

"It is true he is bald," said Ethel, "but think how many young men of today are bald on the inside of their heads."

To please, one must make up his mind to be taught many things which he already knows, by people who do not know them.—Chamfort.

Of course a man could learn to sew on a button if he wanted to, but most men find it easier to get married.—Somerville Journal.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours if he has lost no time.—Bacon.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 3.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings xii, 12-20—Memory Verses, 12-14—Golden Text, Prov. xvi, 18—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Returning to the Old Testament for our next six months' studies, we are still studying in the same book, for the whole Bible is one book, all written by the Holy Spirit, that we may know God and serve Him, resist the devil and overcome him. The great topic in the Old Testament is Israel, a kingdom unto God, Jehovah their King, Jerusalem the throne of the Lord, that all the people of the earth may know that the Lord is God and that they may fear Him (Ex. xix, 5, 6; I Sam. viii, 7; I Chron. xxviii, 5; xxix, 23; I Kings viii, 43, 60).

At the time of our lesson three kings had each reigned forty years over all Israel, but Solomon had so turned away from the Lord God to the worship of idols that the Lord had determined to rend the kingdom and give ten tribes to Jeroboam, son of Nebat. Read the full record in chapter xi.

Rehoboam, son of Solomon, reigned in his father's stead (xi, 43). Jeroboam and all the congregation came to him to request him to lighten the heavy yoke which his father had put upon them. He asked them to give him three days to consider it and then come again to him (xii, 1-12). The third day has come, and they wait upon the king for his reply. But it is a dark day for Israel. They are to hear no comforting words; their yoke is to be made heavier instead of lighter. Yet this man was supposed to be the Lord's representative (I Chron. xxix, 23). How he belied his God and proved himself a representative of the great oppressor whom he served!

Rehoboam did not ask counsel of God, but of the old men and the young men, and decided to follow the advice of the latter, so he spake roughly to Jeroboam and the people, the Lord overruling, for He had determined to divide the kingdom (verses 13-15). "Roughly" is the same word that in verse 4 is translated "grievous." Joseph also spoke roughly to his brethren (Gen. xlii, 7, 30), but in his case it was only outward roughness, yet well deserved.

Jesus Christ, the true King of Israel, always had compassion upon the people and only spoke roughly to self righteous hypocrites, who richly deserved it. It is to be feared that some speak even the truth roughly instead of in love (Eph. iv, 15). If we are Spirit filled children of God, we shall not unnecessarily speak roughly. Wicked counselors are, for the time being at least, in the service of the first of the kind, who led Adam and Eve astray, yet even mothers have been known to counsel their own sons to do wickedly (Gen. xxvii, 13; II Chron. xxii, 3). Meditation upon the word of God will deliver from the counsel of the ungodly, and Rehoboam had plain written instructions in this matter (Deut. xvii, 18-20; Ps. i, 1, 2).

Having received the king's answer, they departed from him, turning their backs upon the house of David, and made Jeroboam their king, as the Lord had purposed. Only the tribes of Judah and Benjamin remained with Rehoboam, and when he would have fought with Israel to bring them back to him Shemaiah, the man of God, was sent to him with this message from the Lord: "Ye shall not go up nor fight against your brethren, the children of Israel. Return every man to his house, for this thing is from me" (verses 21-24).

But listen to these words: "Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the nations whither they be gone and will gather them on every side and bring them into their own land. And I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel, and one king shall be king to them all, and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all" (Ezek. xxxvii, 21, 22).

We shall see as we go on in our studies that the revolting tribes grew worse and worse, wandering farther and farther from God until after more than 200 years of God's forbearance with them their iniquity came to a head and they went into captivity, from which they have not yet returned. Yet it is written, "Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations, and declare it in the isles afar off and say, He that scattered Israel will gather him and keep him as a shepherd doth his flock" (Jer. xxxi, 10).

A portion of the kingdom was left with Rehoboam, not for his sake nor for Solomon's sake, but, as the Lord said, "For David my servant's sake and for Jerusalem's sake, which I have chosen; * * * that David my servant may have a light alway before me in Jerusalem, the city which I have chosen me to put my name there" (xi, 13, 32, 36). When He shall restore and save Israel and make her the head of all nations upon earth it will not be for Israel's sake, but for His own holy name's sake (Ez. xxxvi, 22).

There are comparatively few among believers today who really believe the plain words of prophecy we have quoted, but the majority turn away from the word of God to the opinions of men. They know not the thoughts of the Lord, neither understand they His counsel (Mic. iv, 12). Will it not be worse for them than for unbelieving Israel, for our light is so much greater than Israel's? In Israel's darkest days there were such as Ahijah and Shemaiah (xi, 29; xii, 22), and when Elijah thought that he stood alone the Lord had 7,000.

Little Luxuries the Best.

After all, it is a wide question whether the little luxuries enjoyed by the poorer classes and which consume their scant fortunes do not, in the long run, contribute more to the happiness of the human race than do the untold millions of the earth's money kings.—Philadelphia Press.

The Foxy Daughter.

Ethel—Do you spend all of your allowance? Grace—No, I always save a little. The thrift of it pleases father so much that he always gives me something extra at the end of the month!—Detroit Free Press.

A Shady Tree.

Patience—Does she ever speak of her family tree? Patrice—No; I think it was one of the shady sort of trees.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Same Thing.

MacBristle—Have you seen Dauber's latest color studies? The Critic—No, but I had the delirium tremens once.—Chicago Journal.

THE READING CURE.

Books as a Medicine In Cases of Mental Distress.

One could wish that the doctor of medicine occasionally called in the doctor of letters in cases of mental distress. There is a tonic quality in books, properly chosen, which is as beneficent to the mind as change of scene or doses of flat water. People do not realize that the shortest way from the quagmire of the modern unrest is a total forgetfulness of self, and few know that the healthiest nepenthe is to be found in reading. The word disease signifies the negation of ease, and most forms of neurotic sickness are a deliberate effort on the part of the invalid to make himself uneasy. If doctors were to prescribe a course of Cervantes or Moliere or Balzac or Sterne or Dickens or even Shakespeare and as strictly enjoin thoroughness in this course as they would if the treatment were a matter of diet or medicine, many of their patients would begin to mend from the first moment that these magicians had given them a forgetfulness of self. It is true that Poe declares in the "Raven" "vainly I had sought to borrow from my books surcease of sorrow," but the opinion of the world is overwhelmingly against him. Good reading is a forgetfulness of cares, and, by the same token, it is an education in all those qualities which make life sweet and greatly to be desired. It is the valetudinarian who most constantly tells one, petulantly enough, that he never reads books.—London Globe.

BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

Two Legends of the Origin of This Beautiful Flower.

There are two traditions as to the origin of the rose. According to Sir John Mandeville, a Jewish maid of Bethlehem (whom Southey names Zillah) was beloved by a brutish sot named Hammel. The maiden rejected this suitor, and he, in revenge, accused Zillah of offenses for which she was condemned to be burned alive. When brought to the stake the flames refused to hurt Zillah, but burned Hammel to a cinder. There she stood in a garden of roses, for the brands which had been kindled became red roses, and those which had not caught fire white ones. These, according to the tradition, were the first roses that bloomed on earth since the loss of paradise.

Then, according to a Mussulman tradition, the rose is thus accounted for: When Mohammed took his journey to heaven the sweat which fell on the earth from the prophet's forehead produced white roses, and that which fell from the animal he rode upon, named Al Borak, produced yellow ones. At the present day the sellers of roses in eastern towns cry aloud in the streets, "The rose was a thorn, and the sweat of the prophet Mohammed dropping upon it formed it into a rose."

THE MANNA TREE.

It Is a Species of Ash Which Is Tapped For Its Gum.

Few know that manna is a species of gum which exudes from the ash. The true manna ash is the Fraxinus ornus. It is a beautiful tree and has much handsomer flowers than any other ash. In some parts of Sicily trees are planted especially for these substances which they yield, just as in some parts of our country the sugar maple is planted for its sugar. The ash trees are tapped when about ten years old. A transverse cut is made about one-third of the circumference of the tree, a number of these transverse cuts being made one above the other. As many as forty-five cuts are frequently made in one large trunk.

In some countries where manna is collected it is done by inserting tubes, just as is the case of collecting the maple sugar, but where these cuts are made the gum runs down the trunk and hardens. The following season cuts are made just above those of the previous year. After this has been three years in progress the stems are cut down and the new crop of shoots left to get matured. Sometimes, however, the stems are left standing four years before being finally cut away.

INSECT ARCHITECTURE.

The Way Carpenter Bees Build Their Nests In Wood.

Mr. Rennie in his "Insect Architecture" describes the work of a carpenter bee. First she chiseled a channel in a piece of wood with her powerful jaws and deposited each morsel at a distance. Then she made repeated journeys to bring in pollen and clay until she had collected enough to serve as food for the future grubs and to bar the entrance.

Cutting open the post, he found a nest of six cells separated by partitions of clay as thin as cardboard and with sides as smooth as any joiner could have contrived.

Reaumur tells us how the violet carpenter bee bores into wood obliquely for an inch and then perpendicularly for a foot, scooping out three or four such passages. At the bottom she lays an egg, covers it with a paste of pollen and honey and a protection of gnawings from the wood. This is repeated until the nest is filled, and a side door at the bottom enables the young bees to come out in due time.—Pearson's Weekly.

An Early Memorial System.

The primitive Indo-European numerical system was a mixture of the decimal and the sexagesimal. The first large number was the "shock"—that is, 60—and the next large number was the "hund," or "hundred"—that is, 120. Between 60 and 120 there were no numbers like our 70, etc., being "a shock and 10," and 80 being "a shock and 20." The introduction of our present numbers between 60 and 120 arose out of the introduction of the decimal hund or hundred—that is, 100—in distinction from which the old hundred (120) was called the duodecimal hundred, or the "great hundred," which is still used in Iceland and parts of England.

Workers In Bohemia.

In Bohemia every wageworker, of whatever sex or age, must have a work book, which contains his personal description and history and his employer's indorsements. Permission to travel in search of work must be indorsed by the local authorities. In changing locations a certificate from original place of residence must be secured and filed at the new location.

Why He Changed Weapons.

"Here you is in trouble ag'in," said the colored deacon. "Didn't I tell you ter fight yo' way only wid de sword er de Sperrit?"

"Yes, suh," replied the penitent, "but de razor wuz so handy."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Some of the Extraordinary Gifts of This Silent Insect.

The extraordinary gifts of the butterfly race have always excited the wonder not only of naturalists, but of the most ignorant observers—their silent and unseen changes, the instinct by which they distinguish their favorite plant food—as, for instance, even among the scarcely differing species of the complex race of asters, where they show themselves, as Professor Asa Gray said, "better botanists than many of us;" their skill in depositing their eggs unerringly on or near the precise plant on which the forthcoming caterpillars are fitted to feed, although they as butterflies have never tasted it. To these should be added their luxurious spread of wings, giving opportunities for those likenesses and variations of color which protect them during the few days of their winged state; the brief time when, if ever, their eggs must be laid and the continuance of the race made sure. The whole realm of animal "mimicry," as it is now termed, reaches its highest point in them and leads to some extreme cases, as in the fact that, while butterflies are ordinarily monogamous, there is yet one species in Africa which has departed so widely from thus rule that the male has not one mate only, but actually three different wives, each so utterly unlike him in appearance as to have long been taken for wholly different species.—T. W. Higginson in Atlantic.

A LOST ISLAND.

Old West Indian Legend That Dates Back to Columbus' Time.

There is an old legend in the West Indies which has been handed down from the time of Columbus to the effect that somewhere among the numerous cays of the Caribbean sea there exists an island inhabited only by women.

The aboriginal Caribs and Ararwaks found it inconvenient to have women around in times of war. Usually when the enemy conquered a number of the tribe's fairest maidens were carried off. So goes the story.

The deplorable possibility of losing all the women of the tribe was averted, however, by the prompt action of the chiefs, who ordered all of the remaining female element to this unknown island in the Caribbean. According to the legend, the place is copiously watered by ideal streams, overshadowed by breadfruit, mango, plantain and all the necessaries to life and poetry. The husbands and lovers were allowed to visit the island paradise not more than twice a year in times of peace.

But it is further handed down that all the men of the tribe were eventually wiped out in an Indian war and that all trace of the isle of women was lost. According to Washington Irving, even Columbus made vain efforts to find it.

The Wren.

It is to be noted that if more than a year old wrens come directly to their nesting site of the preceding summer. If it is still intact, all's well. There is no loitering in the neighborhood, nor has it ever happened, so far as my observation extends, that a single bird appears and a mate subsequently comes upon the scene. The pair arrive together. This is unquestionably true of my doorstep wrens of the past seven summers and suggests that the marital tie is not voluntarily broken, whatever the birds' careers from August to April. The male may lose his mate, but he soon finds another, and the widowed bird may lose her lord, but she promptly mates again, and so one or the other keeps the old summer home in mind, and it is never forsaken. It becomes a fixed feature of their lives.—Dr. Charles C. Abbott in Lippincott's.

Governor Giles and Patrick Henry.

Chief Justice Marshall used to narrate with great glee a correspondence on a point of honor between Governor Giles of Virginia and Patrick Henry:

> Sir—I understand you have called me a bobtailed politician. I wish to know if it be true and, if true, your meaning.
>
> W. R. GILES.

To which Patrick Henry replied:

> Sir—I do not recollect having called you a bobtailed politician at any time, but think it probable I have. I can't say what I did mean, but if you will tell me what you think I mean I will tell you whether you are correct or not.
>
> PATRICK HENRY.

Fatal Curiosity.

"Pygmalion, dear," asked Galatea one day, "where did you find a piece of ivory thick enough to carve into a statue of my size?"

Pygmalion smote his forehead with his fist.

"Woman," he exclaimed, with a terrible voice, "another question like that will upset the entire fabric of legendary history."

Nothing but fear kept Galatea from telling the neighbors and exploding the whole story.—Chicago Tribune.

Ignorance.

A Scottish minister was asked to pray for rain. He did so, and the rain came down in floods and destroyed the crops. Irritated at the result, one elder confided to another that "this comes o' intristin' sic a request to a meenister wha isna acquent wi' agriculture."

Not at Home.

A little girl on being told by her mother that when a child died an angel came and took her up to heaven thought deeply for a moment, then said, "Ma, if an angel comes asking for me say I am not in!"—New Yorker.

A Futile Plea.

"Prisoner, the jury has declared you guilty."

"Oh, that's all right, judge. You're too intelligent a man, I think, to be influenced by what they say."

Whelks as Money.

Dewarra, a currency of New Britain, is an instance of how the spoils of the chase may be turned to account as the outward and visible sign of wealth. Dewarra is made by stringing the shells of a dog whelk upon the ribs of palm leaves. These strings may be retailed at so much a fathom—usually the price is equivalent to about three shillings a fathom length—or they may be made into various articles of personal adornment to be worn on great occasions. In New Britain the dewarra hoarded up by a rich man is produced at his funeral and divided among his heirs in much the same kind of way as personal property is divided among us.

Of More Interest.

Nell—Jack is always talking to me about the depth of his love. Belle—The depth wouldn't interest me so much as the length.—Philadelphia Record.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Benjamin Franklin.

Business Cards.

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STRANGE RAT TRAPS.

The Way Ostrich Eggs Are Utilized In Coptic Churches.

Ostrich eggs are regarded by the Copts as the natural emblem of watchfulness, and practical effect is given to this idea among these people by the very curious use to which they put them in their public buildings, particularly in those devoted to the celebration of divine worship. Whoever enters a Coptic church cannot fail to notice the numerous ostrich eggs which hang above and around him.

The explanation is simple. The churches are much infested by rats, and these animals, as experience has shown, have been in the habit of crawling down the cords by which the lamps are suspended, for the purpose of getting at the oil and drinking it. To hinder these four footed thieves the cord belonging to each lamp is passed through the shell of an ostrich egg, which is thus fixed at a moderate distance above the lamp. The smooth polished surface of the shell offers an impassable barrier to the wily and adventurous rodents, so that they invariably slide off and tumble to the ground if they attempt a passage.

TRUE BLUE.

First Used as a Political Term by Scotch Presbyterians.

Blue is an emblem of fidelity and in Britain for several centuries it has been so esteemed. Coventry was formerly famous for a blue dye that would neither change its color nor wash out, and thence the epithets "Coventry blue" and "true blue" were figuratively used to signify persons who would not change their party or principles on any consideration.

"True blue" is said to have been first used as a political term by the Presbyterians of Scotland against the Episcopalian church. Butler, in "Hudibras," speaking of his hero, says:

> For he was of that stubborn crew,
> Hight Presbyterian true blue.

Fox, we are told, wore in the house of commons a blue frock coat, and the expression "a true blue Whig" was in common use in his time, though, as one writer puts it, "blue must not be set down as emblematic of fidelity because this color was formerly adopted by the Whigs."—London Telegraph.

Why Englishmen Like Punch.

Mr. Sydney Brooks, writing in Harper's Weekly, gives some of the reasons why Punch has so strong a hold on the affections of the British public and why it fails to appeal to Americans. The great virtue of Punch, he says, is its seriousness, in which opinion there will be many on this side of the water to agree with him. The great fault of the American comic papers, it appears, is that they are not serious enough. They are always making jokes. Punch, on the other hand, evades these mistakes, "because it is really not a humorous, but a critical journal. The American comic paper is like the professional funny man at a party. You listen and laugh for a while and then you want to murder him."

A Stanley Story.

Stanley used to relate the following funny story: One day while he was conversing with a friendly tribe during his travels one of the chiefs present inquired how many wives he possessed. Upon Stanley replying that he had none, all those present stood up like one man and unanimously exclaimed, "What a splendid liar!" They intensely admired the apparent calmness with which he had, as they thought, tried to pass off on them a wondrous traveler's tale.

Sure Sign.

Watts—Tebson must be awfully afraid of his wife. He is always telling us how she will give him fits if he doesn't hurry home. Potts—That's the best sign in the world that he is not afraid of her at all. The man who is bossed by his wife never says a word about it.

Settled.

Younger Sister (peeping through keyhole)—Mr. Spoonamore is going to propose to Bertha tonight. Johnny—How do you know? Younger Sister—I can tell by the determined look on Bertha's face.—Chicago Tribune.

In the United States the sparrow has six broods a year; in Britain seldom more than three.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 6, 1904.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21 9.02, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21 2.56 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M.
RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M.
SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, [illegible], A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.05, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, [illegible] P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.20, A. M. [illegible] 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 [illegible] 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 3.25, 5.29, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 9.58, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 [illegible], A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., [illegible] 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, [illegible] 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05 P. M.
Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 [illegible] 8.13, 9.49, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, [illegible] 4.15, 4.33, 5.08, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, [illegible] 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., [illegible] 2.41, 4.31, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

[illegible] P. M. to Boston in effect June 27, 1804.

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15 a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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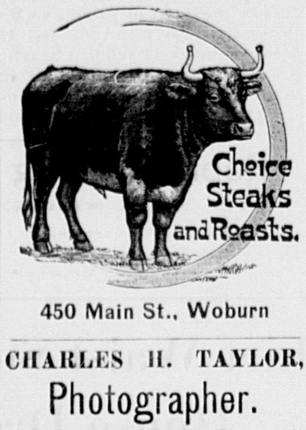

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Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after June 27, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.07, 6.22, every 15 minutes until 9.52 A. M then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.52 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 11.07 A. M then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M then every 15 minutes until 9.07 P. M and then every 30 minutes 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 8.37; then every 15 minutes 9 37 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.07, P. M Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 10 07 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour until then 12.37 A. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
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EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

TANGLED THREADS

By F. B. WRIGHT

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"And that was three years ago, wasn't it?" Miss Travers said. "It doesn't seem like it."

"No," he replied; "it seems—thirty."

"Thanks! Have I really aged so much since then?"

"I mean until I saw you it seemed thirty," he explained.

"Three years—it goes very quickly. You haven't changed much."

"I? I haven't changed at all."

She regarded him critically. "No, you haven't—in looks."

"I haven't in any way," he replied earnestly and with an undertone of intention in his voice. "And you—you are all I imagined."

"I imagined? Then I was not a reality three years ago. I was a mere figment of your brain. What do you mean?"

"I mean—why—that in all these years I have been imagining you—in all sorts of ways, you know."

"Oh! Sometimes as fair haired, I suppose, and sometimes as dark haired, sometimes with a hump and sometimes cross eyed."

"Nonsense!"

"Well, it's what you said, 'all sorts of ways,' and yet—do you remember the silly speech you made me when you went away?"

"Of course—only it wasn't silly. It was the frozen truth."

"It didn't seem very frozen then, but perhaps it does now, however, at this distance. You haven't answered my question yet, though. What was it you said?"

"Why—that—what's the use of my telling you over again if your memory is so good?"

"It's your memory that's in question, not mine. Confess you don't remember."

"But I do, of course. It was that I wouldn't forget," he said triumphantly.

Miss Travers dropped her eyes, raised them again for a brief fluttering moment and again dropped them with a pensive little smile.

"And you remember what it was I said to you then?" he asked impressively, leaning nearer and looking down at the bent head.

"You said—of course, you were just saying it—but you said you would remember every word I had said to you, every look of my eyes, every tone of my voice. You were quite sentimental that night."

"It was meant, every word of it. No man could forget. I know it now."

"Now? Didn't you know it then? What do you mean? You talk as though you were not the same man you were. Aren't you?"

"Well, every man changes, you know, every seven years. Scientific fact, I believe."

"But it hasn't been seven—only three."

"Oh, of course, not really change. I was joking. What I meant was that knowing you, having your image before me these years, has made a changed man of me—changed the whole course of my life," he said earnestly.

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"Ah, and you have that photograph of me yet?"

"Of course. As if I wouldn't! It has never been out of my keeping since I stole it from"—

"I thought I gave it to you myself?" she said, with some surprise in her voice. "Have you forgotten how you begged it from me that night?"

"Of course I haven't forgotten," he replied heartily. "I know you gave it to me." But she was not listening. Her eyes were looking off into the distance beyond the dark glass of the conservatory.

"How beautiful the moonlight was on the water that night, and far off some boating party was singing! It was perfect!"

"Yes, perfect, at least to me."

"Do you remember when we glided into that stretch of lily pads and I lifted them dripping from the water, each drop like a diamond, and you said"—

"And I said I wished they were real so that I could give them to you," he said boldly.

"Did you? I thought it was that the drops would spoil my gown—the gown you admired so much."

"I did admire it. I have always seen you in that gown—and your face luminous in half shadow, the glint of your hair and your arms gleaming in the moonlight as you trailed your fingers in the water and made silvery ripples over the polished black mirror of the—er—river."

He drew a long breath when he finished, as one who felt relieved.

"And it was as we neared home, wasn't it, that you told me that you wanted my picture?"

"Yes."

The corners of her mouth twitched a little. "What a splendid memory you have," she said, "a marvelous memory I call it. I wish I had one like it, though it's not what I would call accurate—if that's a sample—because, you see, you didn't ask me for my photograph that night. It was fall when you left, and it rained hard that afternoon, and we could not go out, but instead sat in the drawing room by the fire. Except for these little details, your recollection of what happened is wonderfully clear."

"But you said yourself"—

"Yes; I did. I just wanted to test you. Now I commence to doubt that you really still have my picture."

"I can show it to you."

"Are you certain it's not some other girl that you've mistaken for me? One is liable to mistake one person for another unless there's a special reason."

"No danger. There's not another girl in the world like you. I knew you the moment I saw you."

"Knew me?"

"Yes, across the ballroom."

"You had forgotten me, then?"

"I mean," he exclaimed slowly, like one who picks his way, "that I knew you—for the one girl I cared about."

"Oh-h! But was it at a ball we first met? I remember your telling me that three years ago, but I didn't think it was at a ball that that knowledge came to you. We met first—let's see—where was it?"

"At—at—it's idiotic, but for the life of me I can't remember for the moment. You were the important matter, all else"—

"It's hardly to be expected you should recollect," she said, compassionating his confusion. "It was at the Thorntons'."

"Of course, the Thorntons. I knew, but I couldn't think of the name. I remember Harry telling"—

"Harry? What Harry?"

"Er—Harry—Harry Thornton, of course."

"Oh, I never knew there was a brother. And he told you"—

"That he wanted me to meet you. He said, 'Phil, there's a' "—

"Why, I thought your name was Harry, but possibly that's changed in three years too. You used to be called Harry."

"A man may have two names, mayn't he?"

"It seems like it."

"I mean he may have more than one name. My name is Henry Philip Morton. All my old chums at college called me Phil."

"I might have understood—so stupid of me. So Mr. Thornton was a chum of yours at college?"

"Yes. Great friends we were."

"And that's how you came to know his sisters? Charming girls, weren't they?"

"Very, very charming, only I don't want to talk about them now. It's such a waste!"

"Why, have you quarreled?"

"No, not exactly."

"I thought perhaps you had, because Clara Thornton just passed, and neither of you spoke. I thought it curious."

"Yes. Of course I saw her—but—it's rather a painful subject with me, and so if you don't mind let's get off it."

He looked off sadly, with a perturbed expression of countenance, due naturally to the pain he was feeling. There was silence for a moment or so, and then, hearing a little sobbing sound, he turned toward her.

She was bending over, her face buried in her hands. Like a flash it came over him what was the matter. She cared for him and thought he cared for the Thornton girl.

"Margaret," he said, "Margaret, dear! It was nothing of that kind. I've never cared for any other woman but you—honestly."

Suddenly she lifted her face. There were traces of tears in her eyes.

"Oh, you fraud!" she cried. "You utter fraud!"

"I tell you"—

"You impostor! And you fancied I believed you?"

She drew a folded letter from the folds of her gown and found a place in it.

"Read that, Mr. Philip Morton, and then"—

Morton read the part she indicated.

—"And now the greatest news! Of course, you sly puss, I know of your flirtation with Harry Morton three years ago and that you gave him your photograph. Well, my dear, it seems that Harry's twin brother, Phil, saw the picture and rescued it when Harry was burning his scalps just before his marriage. Phil's kept it on his mantel for three years. Now he is going west, and what do you think? He proposes to stop off at Glendale and pretend he's Harry, stay at the Johnstons and pick up the ends of the affair with you right where he dropped them. Isn't that impudence? He has made a bet with Harry that he can do this, and he should be taught a lesson. He is exactly like Harry, as good looking and nicer, and I'm afraid"—

"You needn't read the rest," Miss Travers interrupted. "It's nothing to do with you." She turned a severe countenance toward the culprit. "It is a very nice trick to try and play on a girl, isn't it? So gentlemanly!"

"I suppose it wasn't fair, but"—

"But what? I want to be just."

"Well, it wasn't all a lie. The picture was all I said to me, and I have known ever since I met you that I cared for you, but I suppose you are awfully offended, and it's all over."

"It should be, shouldn't it, as a punishment? There ought to be some punishment surely."

"I shall lose my bet. Isn't that enough unless you'll let me win it?"

"Why, how can I?"

"The threads, you know. Let me pick 'em up where Harry dropped them. Then I'll win. You said you were going walking, weren't you, that day, and you couldn't because of the rain? I fancy tomorrow will be a fine day. The stars are very bright. Look up through the palms there. Mayn't I come tomorrow for you?"

"You don't deserve it, and I won't promise, but I shall be home at 3 and—Your waltz, Mr. Ackerly? Yes, so it is. Too bad you had such a hunt for me. I was just going in."

Miss Travers' hand fumbled for a moment adjusting her roses, then she moved away to the ballroom, leaving behind her on the floor a bud just opening to the world.

Morton picked it up and put it in his buttonhole.

"I am quite sure tomorrow will be a pleasant day," said he.

Human Ear a Deformity.

"While the ears of animals," said a naturalist, "are erect and comely, the human ear is crumpled, crushed and flattened. It is man's intelligence that is responsible for this deformity of his ear. Man's brain, you see, has made his head top heavy. An animal's neck alone furnishes enough support in sleep, but man's neck is too weak to sustain his brain weighed skull, which in consequence must be laid, with the ear underneath, upon a pillow. Man, I have no doubt, had an erect, smooth, shapely ear in the beginning, but his head, with its developing brain, outgrew his neck's power to support it. Thence came the headrest or pillow with its consequent crushing and crumpling of the ear, and thence came the ear of today—a deformity which, being universal, is not deemed a deformity at all."

A Silver Library.

There is in the royal library of Konigsberg a silver library consisting of a collection of twenty books, mostly theological, bound in pure silver and having a rich, symbolical ornamentation partly in gold. The library has been in possession of this treasure since 1611. These books were made by order of Albert, the first duke of Prussia, in the latter half of the sixteenth century. It is supposed that they were made at Nuremberg, where Albert was stationed for three years. Through the efforts of Ostander and afterward Luther, Duke Albert became a friend of the reformation. Copies of the silver library are made accessible to students by taking heliographic copies of the same.

A Painter's Retort.

Shortly after Franz Lenbach had painted the portrait of Emperor Wilhelm I. a privy councilor called on him to express the emperor's satisfaction. There was only one criticism to make—would the professor be so kind as to paint more distinctly the buttons on the uniform, which were only indicated vaguely? Lenbach looked at him a moment over his glasses and said: "Look here, Mr. Councilor, I paint heads, not buttons (ich mal' nur koepfe, aber keine knoepfe!) Tell his majesty that!" The emperor, when this answer was brought to him, laughed heartily.

Traveling Whales.

The whales that swim about the islands which lie off the coast of Norway and Finland in March and April travel immense distances. In May they turn up at the Azores or even at the Bermudas and sometimes pay a visit to the Antilles. They swim fast, for in June they are back off Norway. Some of these whales have been known to bring back evidences of where they have been, for harpoons of the peculiar kind used off the coast of South America have been found stuck in them.

An Outrage.

When Major General Sir John McNeill, V. C., was badly wounded at Essaman, in the Ashanti war, he emerged from the bush exclaiming, in angry and indignant tones, as if some one had deeply insulted him, "An infernal scoundrel out there has shot me through the arm!"

By a Trick Of Fate

By Izola L. Forrester

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Since daybreak there had been no change in the ceaseless lurching of the yacht or the dull roar of the waves as they swept in long, heavy seas over its sides.

Twice Katherine had tried to leave her stateroom and reach the cabin and had been forced back. Once the white faced stewardess had come to her door. There was no immediate danger, she assured her. They would be notified at once if there were. If she was nervous, Mr. Hetherington said he would come to her. And Katherine had sent back word that she was not at all nervous, and Mr. Hetherington need not trouble himself at all about her.

When the girl had gone, she had thrown herself on the couch and given full vent to the terror that had haunted her all night long. She was afraid, afraid with her whole heart, of the great, lashing, hungry sea, that tossed and played with the yacht like some huge monster with its helpless prey and threatened every moment to hurl it down to death.

If Hetherington had been with her, if they two could have faced eternity in each other's arms, with the old love strengthening them, she would have known no fear. But as it was, a wild, unreasoning, childish terror made her tremble at every crashing wave, and she longed for even a sight of his face before the end should have swept them irrevocably apart.

The week at sea had passed like a troubled dream. They were to have made harbor the previous morning, and the storm had driven them off the course down the southern French coast. By this time she had thought everything would have been over—the brief, tearless parting with Hetherington, the meeting with her mother in Paris and the trip to Berbec.

Dear, lovely, lonely little Berbec up on the Normandy coast! The two summers she had spent there, in old Martigny's classes, had been the happiest of her life. She loved even the memory of the crescent shore line, with the old boats drawn up on the sand and the nets drying in the sunlight and the brown skinned fisher boys and girls gossiping over their baskets of silvery scaled fish.

It had all been arranged and settled so decently, as Hetherington said. There had never been any open quarrels between them for the servants and public to gossip over, merely a quiet, courteous antagonism which required no explanation. The marriage had not been voluntary.

"It was the blessed, stupid mothers," Katherine said with gay cynicism at their last interview. "We're not the kind who settle down, Bruce, and be married and then do nothing but give house parties and dinner parties and yachting parties and all the rest of it. You were rich and nobody in particular, and I was poor and a Lorimer, and the wise little mothers simply saw a chance to found a dynasty of mutual benefit, and we drifted until they landed us under the orange blossoms. It is a little tangle of fate's skeins. We can't go back and untangle it, but we can do the Alexander trick and cut it."

He had agreed to the separation too readily, she thought. Even acknowledging perfect indifference on both sides, a little hesitancy would have been desirable. He had almost seemed cheerful when he had asked her what she intended doing at Berbec.

"You haven't the ghost of a right to ask me," she had told him, "but there is nothing to conceal. Martigny keeps up his summer classes still. You know I studied under him there and in Paris, too, when we were poor, before"—She hesitated and went on with a light touch of bitterness—"before I was the fortunate Mrs. Hetherington. There is certain to be some of the old class left, and I can rest and study."

"And be happy," continued Hetherington. She had not answered.

She felt that he could not understand how she longed for the old quiet life away from the world. It was at Berbec he had first met her. Young and handsome, he had come to the little fishing hamlet on a yachting cruise and, with all the confidence of new riches, had expected to enter the little exclusive art and social coterie that gathered there. It had been her favor that had won him the entree, and before the ivy that clambered on old Martigny's garden wall had turned to crimson they were engaged.

It was not until after the wedding in Paris at Eastertide that Katherine had realized how the world, her world, was smiling at her in polite amusement. It was so palpably a mariage de convenance. Not a breath of the sweetness of the wooing at quaint Berbec had reached it. It was merely that Kitty Lorimer had married Bruce Hetherington for his money, and all the host of nouveau riche Hetheringtons were to sweep into society under the shadow of the Lorimer wings.

And the knowledge of the world's judgment of them had bred a vague, mutual distrust, a fear born of love and pride that the other one might give credence to the world's rumor. After that the drifting apart had been swift, and the end had come deliberately. She had wished to spend the summer at Berbec alone. He had refused positively to permit it. If she went against his wishes, he would consider it final. Before she had fully realized what it meant she had tossed back her answer. It was final then. She would go to Berbec. The following week they had sailed for France.

A sudden, sharp rapping on her stateroom door startled her. She caught her breath as she rose unsteadily and clung for support to the side of the berth. The moment of danger had come, and they had sent for her. Not Hetherington, she knew. Until she called for him he would meet even death without a word. But if she could call, if there was only yet time only a moment of grace, to reach him and tell him it was all a miserable mistake of pride, that she loved him with all her heart and wanted his presence with her now at the supreme moment when all the world had fallen away to nothingness, and there was only the mystery of eternity before her and his love to bear her on. The rapping sounded heavier and more imperative.

"Kit! Let me in!"

It was Hetherington's voice. She turned the lock with steady fingers, a sudden peace strengthening her. He paused in the doorway, tall and dark and storm beaten in his dripping oilskins, his face white and grim as he looked down at her.

"Has it come, dear?" she asked, lifting her face to him. "I'm not afraid—with you."

He caught her to him closely and pressed his lips to hers with hungry intensity.

"Not afraid in death, Kit," he said bitterly. "Then why in life?"

She closed her eyes and shrank closer to him. Death had become a friend to be met with smiling eyes and welcoming happiness. As Hetherington raised his head she waited, expectantly. The lurching and groaning had stopped. She wondered if they were sinking and tightened the clasp of her arms about his neck as she smiled up at him.

"How dear death is together!" she said softly. "I'm not one bit afraid."

His eyes lighted with sudden comprehension, and he stood back, loosening her arms.

"The danger is past," he said. "I came to tell you we had made the harbor at St. Hilaire. You can reach Paris by evening."

For an instant she hesitated in the revulsion of thought, then held out her arms longingly.

"Not alone," she said; "not alone now, sweetheart. I am afraid in life, too, alone."

Did Him Good.

A provincial clergyman during his sermon caught sight of a member of his congregation wearing a very worried look. Suddenly the man's face brightened, and during the remainder of the service his appearance betokened a perfect freedom from care.

"I am pleased to think, William," remarked the clergyman after the service, "that my words helped you somewhat this morning. I noticed during my discourse that your face lit up and the sunshine of smiles chased the clouds of worry away. Now, what portion of my sermon appealed so strong to you, eh?"

"To tell the truth, sir," replied William, "I wasn't payin' so much attention to your preachin' as I ought to hev done; I was balancin' up the week's cash in my mind and found myself two and threepence short. I worried and worried about that money, but couldn't fit it in no how.

"Then I happened to catch a word or two of what you said about the preparations that man made for his prodigal son, and it came into my mind like a flash of lightnin' that I'd spent two and threepence for a new horsewhip to give my boy Jim a thunderin' good hidin'. It's wonderful, as you say, sir, what help a chance word may be. Good mornin', sir."

The Lesson of Epictetus.

"If we cannot be happy," says Sir John Lubbock, "the fault is generally in ourselves. Epictetus was a poor slave, and yet how much we owe to him! 'How possible,' he says, 'that a man who has nothing, who is naked, houseless, without a hearth, squalid, without a slave, without a city, can pass a life that flows easily! See; God has sent you a man to show you that it is possible. Look at me, who am without a city, without a house, without possessions, without a slave. I sleep on the ground. I have no wife, no children, no praetorium, but only the earth and the heavens, and one poor cloak. And what do I want? Am I not without sorrow? Am I not without fear? When did any of you see me failing in the object of my desire or ever falling into that which I would avoid? Did I ever blame God or man? Did I ever accuse any man? Did any of you ever see me with a sorrowful countenance? And how do I meet with those whom you are afraid of and admire? Do I not treat them as slaves? Who, when he sees me, does not think that he sees his king and his master?' "

Do Their Own Sweet Will.

Visitor—I see you have water bugs in the house. What do you do for them? Hostess—Goodness me! I don't have to do anything for them. They are perfectly competent to do for themselves. They own the whole house and everything in it.—Boston Transcript.

The Roses.

Poet—I can make no mistake in saying her cheeks are like the rose. Friend—But you have never met her. Poet—That matters not. If she is rosy there are red roses; if she is pale, there are white roses, and if she is sallow, there are yellow roses.

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You can depend on Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore color to your gray hair, every time. Follow directions and it never fails to do this work. It stops
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INVESTING MONEY.

Be Sure of Your Scheme Before You Risk Your Savings.

Don't tie yourself or your money up. Don't risk all your savings in any scheme, no matter how much it may promise. Don't invest your hard earned money in anything without first making a thorough and searching investigation. Do not be misled by those who tell you that it is "now or never" and that if you wait you are liable to lose the best thing that ever came to you. Make up your mind that if you lose your money you will not lose your head and that you will not invest in anything until you thoroughly understand all about it. There are plenty of good things waiting. If you miss one there are hundreds of others. People will tell you that the opportunity will go by and you will lose a great chance to make money if you do not act promptly. But take your time and investigate. Make it a cast iron rule never to invest in any enterprise until you have gone to the very bottom of it, and if it is not so sound that level headed men will put money in it do not touch it. The habit of investigating before you embark in any business will be a happiness protector and an ambition protector as well.—Orison Swett Marden in Success.

BITING THE THUMB.

It Used to Be Considered a Pledge of Mortal Revenge.

In "Romeo and Juliet" the servants of Capulet and Montague begin a quarrel by one biting his thumb at the others. Commentators have regarded this act as an insult, quoting the following passage from Decker's "Dead Term:" "What swearing is there, what shouldering, what jostling, what jeering, what biting of thumbs to beget quarrels!"

Sir Walter Scott, however, in a note to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," says, "To bite the thumb or the glove seems not to have been considered upon the border as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge." It was thus accounted to be a solemn assurance that at the proper time the sword should settle the dispute or purge the offense.

Something of the sort may have prevailed among the Romans, for it is thought that the Latin polliceri, to promise, is derived from pollex, the thumb.

PRISONS OF SILENCE.

Where Convicts Ever Wear Shrouds and Sleep Beside Coffins.

Entombed in a grim castle on the outskirts of Lisbon are some of the most miserable men on earth. These are the inmates of Portugal's deadly prisons of silence. In this building everything that human ingenuity can suggest to render the lives of its prisoners a horrible, maddening torture is done. The corridors, piled tier on tier five stories high, extend from a common center like the spokes of a huge wheel. The cells are narrow, tomblike, and within each stands a coffin. The prison garb is a shroud. The attendants creep about in felt slippers. No one is allowed to utter a word. The doors are unlocked, and the half a thousand wretches march out, clothed in shrouds and with faces covered by masks, for it is a part of this hideous punishment that none may look upon the countenances of his fellow prisoners. Few of them endure this torture for more than ten years.

A Five Days' Love Story.

At the present time we are always talking about the rush and hurry of the twentieth century. Are we really so rapid as we think we are? Certainly few girls of fourteen have anything like the amount of experience and emotion in many weeks of life that Juliet, Shakespeare's heroine, had crammed into five days and a half.

The time is thus apportioned: On Sunday the ball took place, and on Monday Romeo and Juliet were married. On Tuesday Juliet took the draft, and on Wednesday she was placed in the tomb. On Thursday Romeo returned, and on Friday the hapless pair committed suicide.

The Japanese Baby.

The Japanese baby's head is shaved in a curious fashion, and never, under any circumstances, does the mother or baby wear a hat or bonnet. Nor does he wear shoes, even in the coldest weather, but his shaven head and his pink toes peep out from the mother's garments, and he rides pickapack, strapped on tightly, happy, chubby, smiling always and dressed, when he is allowed to get out of the binding garments, in the most dainty of kimonos, all embroidered and painted and decorated with the designs which are supposed to typify the final trade or occupation of the infant.

Amusing a Boston Baby.

Mrs. Beanster—Mr. Johnson, won't you please amuse the baby for about five minutes? Mr. Johnson (not of Boston)—I'm afraid I don't know how, Mrs. Beanster. Mrs. Beanster—Just talk a little. She always finds your western grammatical peculiarities so amusing.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Mistakes.

"I pity the man who can't learn anything from his own mistakes. Now, that's one thing I can do," said Bragg.

"Ah! You're always learning something then, aren't you?" replied Knox.—Exchange.

One radical difference between a boy and a girl is that the girl can get enthusiastic about a treeful of cherry blossoms without thinking of the cherries.—Somerville Journal.

His Progress.

Mrs. Sniffen—Did that Lumtum girl ever succeed in reforming her husband? Mr. Sniffen—Not completely, although I hear that she has reached that point where he can resist everything but temptation.—Collier's Weekly.

It is not our wrong actions which it requires courage to confess so much as those that are ridiculous and foolish.—Rousseau.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1904.

"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH."

The 128th anniversary of American Independence was celebrated in grand style here last Monday.

The weather was perfect.

The celebration opened and the noise began with ringing of church bells at sunrise.

Our emblem of Liberty waved from every flagstaff.

Thousands of people lined the streets

The several concerts by the National Band were prime, and attracted immense crowds.

The parade was the great feature of the Day. It was a complete success, except in one particular, to wit:

The Count Rumford exhibit was inappropriate to the Day and occasion. It was in bad taste, and an offence to many worthy people. The spirit that prompted it may have been commendable, but its manifestation deserved the condemnation it received. Aside from its local bearing, a funeral float in a 4th of July parade is out of place.

The entertainment for children in the Auditorium was a highly pleasing affair. It was enjoyed by a great throng.

The athletic sports drew thousands to the Park, and were very successful. Prizes were duly awarded.

The fireworks on Dow farm, with which the celebration closed, were witnessed by an immense number of people. They were brilliant and novel.

Everybody was perfectly satisfied with "The Day We Celebrate" as it passed off in Woburn."

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Democratic National convention opened at St. Louis last Wednesday, July 6. In point of personal character, statesmanship, and prominence of strong men of the Party, it is far ahead of anyone that has been held since Bryan first made his appearance as a Presidential candidate.

He and his political vagaries having been repudiated, it is said that Bryan cuts a pathetic figure at the convention

The chances are strongly in favor of Parker being nominated on the first ballot today. It is not definitely known who will get the second place on the ticket.

The Massachusetts delegation have cut no ice, to speak of, at the convention.

LOCAL NEWS.

— Business is dull at the tanneries.

— Charlie M. Wright is off on his vacation

— Hot weather has prevailed here this week.

— Mrs. Emma M. Wright is at Phillips Beach.

— The trolley lines did a stunning business on the 4th.

— Officers Kean and Tarr went out on vacation last week.

— The Trinity Church restaurant took in $60 on the 4th

— Mr. Henry H. Leathe and family are at Southport, Maine.

— M. Adelaide and Olive Hinckley are at Bethlehem, N. H.

— Dr. C. H. Buss, his mother and sister are at Intervale, N. H.

— Miss Caro L. Heald of the Cummings school is at Belfast, Me.

— The Woburn Brass Band played for the Winchester celebration.

— The Business M. A. are to hold a meeting next Monday evening.

— The "Wet Line from Boston" in the July 4th parade was centre shot.

— Capt. John Black is entertaining his mother, 93 years old, from Montreal.

— Mrs. E. C. Collamore is Chief of the Flower Mission again this season, and a good one.

— The family of Treasurer C. A. Jones of the Savings Bank are at the seashore for the summer.

— Mrs. James L. Fowle sails from New York on July 17 to join her husband in Cesarea, Turkey.

— Mrs. Harriet C. Blake of Abbott street proposes to enjoy herself at South Dennis during the hot weather.

— Miss Jessie Dibble of New York has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Holland, 25 Middlesex street, lately.

— Our former respected townsman, Mr. Alfred Willoughby, of Rockland, Maine, was in this city a few days ago

— Charles R. Currier of the Fire Dept. after a pleasant vacation at Andover, has returned to his post of duty.

— Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Gott and daughter Edith of 63 Pleasant street are visiting their former home in Maine.

— Captain and Mrs. John E. Tidd left here last Friday for Lanesville, Gloucester, Cape Ann, for a month's outing.

— Miss Mary Conn, who has been living at Dover, N. H., for several years, is visiting her friends and relatives here.

— Building of the new schoolhouse isn't making progress. Mayor Feeney, when he gets home will set the wheels in motion.

— Chief Marshal Dr. Callahan cut a handsome figure on his high stepping steed while leading the 4th of July procession.

— The First Baptist Sunday School went to Wilmington on a picnic last Wednesday. Bro Blodgett was Master of Ceremonies.

— Editor Haggerty of the *Times* has his plans all made for a visit to the St Louis Fair about Aug. 1. "Money makes the mare go."

— Miss Williams is again at her post of duty in the City Treasurer's office. She is a competent accountant and swift money handler.

— Mr. Benjamin S. Hinckley has been here from the West visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hinckley of Academy Hill.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

CHEER UP!

J. FOSTER DELAND

will rent, care for, or sell your

REAL ESTATE.

DON'T WORRY

He will insure your Houses, Barnes, Furniture and Mdse, against **FIRE,** from **LIGHTNING,** or any other accidantal cause, in the best of Companies.
OFFICE: Room 5, First National Bank Building.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 A. M. 12 M., 1.30 to 9 P. M. Office will be closed Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings after six o'clock. Also Wednesday afternoons during July and August. Telephone 178-3 Woburn.

— Let's go to the Beach.

— No Hose 6 new house this crop of potatoes.

— The celebration committee had "money to burn.

— If not sooner settled, the hearing on excessive trolley fares between Woburn and Lexington will be given by the RR. Com. on July 19.

— Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Claffy are to superintend the new hospital at City farm. They are good people to put in charge of the institution.

— The talented Editor of the *Times* gave those who did not contribute to the 4th of July fund a backhanded swipe after the celebration was over.

— Major A. Bancroft, Winthrop Hammond and T. McColgan, were managers of the 4th of July children's entertainment, and filled the bill to perfection.

— The Sunday *Globe* of June 3 contained a long lockum story from "Gath," George Alfred Townsend, on the Rumford monument controvercy et cetera.

— Principal Owen of the High School and wife left here yesterday for their summer home at Monmouth, Maine, where there is fishing and boating galore.

— Last Friday a child of Frank H. Powers of 419 Salem street, three years old, was burned to death from handling matches which ignited and set its clothes on fire.

— Charles W. Cooper and wife of Salem spent the 4th with Mr. and Mrs. C E. Cooper. He is in the employ of the B & M. Railroad Co., as is also Edward E., his brother.

— Mr. Frank P. Richardson, member of the firm of Atwood, Gould & Co., 32 Federal street, Boston, formerly a member of the Woburn School Board, is taking his vacation.

— The Boston *Herald* of July 4, in its column of "Social Life," gave Mr. George H. Gilbert of Winchester and his fine blooded horses a rattling good notice. It was praise well bestowed.

— Mrs. Ada B. Paige and daughter Marion from Paterson, N. J., have been guests of P. E. Bancroft during the past week. The daughter is a recent graduate of Smith College with the B. L. degree.

— Several nice church picnics were held on the 4th. The Swedish Evangelical people had a fine time in Vernon Grove; the St. Charles Parish enjoyed themselves in Forest Park; and there were others.

— We are under profound obligations to Miss Marian I. Hosmer for a bunch of old fashioned pinks "such as mother used" to cultivate in her old fashioned garden. They were laden with sweet fragrance and fond memories.

— Mr. Elwyn G. Preston and family are summering at Ashland, N. H., near Squam Lake, in the Lake Winnipesaukee region, adjacent to the town of Holderness, where they will remain and take comfort until about Oct, 1, next.

— Dr. S. W. and Mrs. Kelley and Mrs. B. H. Nichols, greatly enjoyed their trip up Lakes George and Champlain and a visit among the Adirondacks. Professional business called the Doctor back to his home much sooner than he desired.

— Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilbur Brown have settled on Holderness, N. H, for their summer restingplace. It is a romantic region of the Granite State, and that is a condition of things congenial to the feelings and sentiments of the ex-Alderman.

— Mrs. J. W. Hammond and Miss Florence B. Deland are at Crawford's, White Mountains, N. H., this week, and will be guests of Pendexter Mansion at the Intervale, N. H., next week. They are enjoying every minute of their outing.

— Towards evening on the 4th the Woburn Brass Band gave Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Dow and their guests a fine serenade at the Dow mansion, with which that gentleman and lady were delighted, and in return did the handsome thing by the musicians.

— The house and barn of Mr. M. M. Dean, 62 New Boston street, met with the rubbers in the great thunder storm last Tuesday. The barn was not seriously injured, but the house and its contents were roughly handled. Fortunately, the inmates escaped uninjured.

— During the school year of 1903 4 there were 8 Woburn students in the Lowell Textile School, of which Mr. W. W. Crosby of this city is Principal. For the acquisition of knowledge respecting textile manufactures the Lowell institution stands at the head in this country.

— The July number of *Donahoe's Magazine* contains a fine poem each from Miss Charlotte Callahan and Miss J. Gertrude Menard. The theme of the former was "Kinship," and of the latter, "A Saint Uncannonized," and both were admirably treated. These gifted young women are natives and residents of Woburn.

— Experts in the Bird Dept. of the State Board of Agriculture have lately published the statement that the English sparrow is the greatest enemy the gypsy and browntail moth have to contend with. They are enormous devourers of the insect, and yet, there are human savages who would annihilate the English sparrows.

— No licenses yet for the druggists.

— Winchester had a quiet celebration, but a highly enjoyable one.

— "Room 5, Woburn High School" was the happiest hit of the parade on the 4th.

— Mr. Charles W. Fitz of the Boston Branch takes his vacation the last of this month.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— The owner of an automobile running faster than 10 miles an hour in this city is liable to a fine of $25, say the Council.

— Herbert Henry Booth, son of Gen. Booth of London, will deliver an illustrated lecture on "Early Christian Heroism" in the M. E Church, July 17, at 7 30 P M. Mr. Booth has 200 original pictures and 20 moving pictures to illustrate these deeds of heroism. Tickets for this lecture will be given out at the close of the evening service next Sunday.

— We received, a few days ago, from Mr. Clarence H. Littlefield, per hand of his father, the Fire Chief, a 1904 calender executed by the Alaska Printing Co. at Nome, which is a fine specimen of typographical and engraved work. Its illustrations consist of Alaska mining scenes and a cluster of gold nuggets, the whole forming as nice a picture as any printing shop in the "States" could turn out.

— A recent issue of "Homecraft & National Club Women's Review" contained an elaborate article by "H." on "An Old Fashioned Garden" which was handsomely illustrated with pictures of the Rumford House and garden, North church, and other objects, at North Woburn. The names and descriptions of old fashioned flowers were interesting and instructive.

— Mr. S B. Goddard, the well known fire insurance agent, who for many years has done a large and successful business here and in Boston, and family intend to depart about the last of this month for Bethlehem, N H., for a month's sojourn at that pleasant and popular mountain resort. It has been their practice to pass the heated term at the seashore, but this year they concluded to try mountain air.

— Harold Johnson, Charles W. Fowle, Fred West, Raymond M. Adams and Clarence G. Lane graduated from Harvard last month and will take their degrees in June 1905, under a rule of the College allowing them to do so. Johnson is to enter the Harvard Law School next term; West and Lane the Harvard Medical School; Adams will study law in the office of his father, Judge Charles D. Adams; and Fowle will pursue a business career.

— About twenty of our Woburn people witnessed the sailing of the Canopic of the White Star Line from the pier at Charlestown on Saturday last. She had on board Miss Emma F. Hovey, Principal of the Plympton School, Mr. Herbert W. Lull, Supt. of Schools of Newport, R. I, formerly of Woburn; and Misses Katherine and Sarah W. Anderson, daughters of Rev, Charles Anderson, formerly of North Woburn, now of Constantinople, Turkey.

— At a convention held at Newport, R. I., lately Mr. Leon L Dorr was elected a delegate to represent the N E Epworth League at the Silver Bay conference of the Young People's Missionary workers, to be held at Lake George N. Y., during the last week in this month. The conference is a school of instruction in work indicated by its title, and is considered one of great importance. Mr. Dorr will attend as a delegate and participate in the work of the conference.

— Some of the High School graduates, Class '04, and the Colleges they will enter next September are as follows: Elva Caldwell and Agnes E Cottle at Wellesley; Elizabeth C. O'Connor and Carrie E Legg at Boston University; Amy G. Bond at Tufts College; Ingred E Ekman, Viola N Barnum, Annie A Scanlon, Bertha E Twining the Lowell Normal; Alfred Place to Institute of Technology; Michael J. Mulkeen to Princeton; Miss Angie C. Heartz to Mt. Holyoke.

— W. H. S. Class '04 held their reception in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, July 1. There was a full attendance. John J. Hern's famous Orchestra furnished music for the dancing. The singing, under the direction of Miss Dora A. Winn, was fine. Alfred G. Place read the Class History, and Miss Elva A. Caldwell the Class Prophecy. They were excellent productions. The Matrons were Madams Owen, Clapp, Caldwell, Richardson, Place. It was a brilliant event.

— Mrs. Francis A. Partridge recently returned from Hebron and Readfield, Maine, where she visited with the sons of Mr. and Mrs Partridge a couple of weeks. One son is a student at Hebron Academy, and the other at Kent's Hill, Readfield, and both are doing fine work in those famous schools. Mrs. Partridge attended the graduation exercises of both while there. Hebron celebrated its 100th anniversary that week and it was a great day and occasion. Ex-Governor and ex-Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long, an Alumnus of Old Hebron Academy, was present and participated in the celebration. Mrs. Partridge enjoyed her Down East visit very much.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Mayor Feeney is to attend the Elks convention at Cincinnati, July 19, or thereabouts.

— Workmen are setting curbstones on Church avenue and Bennett street, and doing a good job.

— The next regular meeting of W. C. R. 161, will occur on the evening of July 12, a whist will be given in the afternoon from 3 to 5. By unanimous vote of the Corps no other meeting will be held until Aug. 23.

— We are informed on good authority that Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, President of the Woburn Woman's Club, and wife of Water Commissioner Hayward, has this early in the season received several applications from out of town organizations to address Clubs and assemblies next fall and winter and is preparing new intellectual food to meet them and others. As a platform orator few women are as popular as Mrs. Hayward. The delivery of her addresses has heretofore been mainly confined to women's clubs, and in all cases she and her productions have met with the most flattering receptions. We hear that she is now engaged in writing new lectures for the coming season.

Conn—Stetson.

There was a simple but pretty wedding on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Maria Kimball, 76 Garfield Ave., when Miss Florence M. Stetson, only daughter of Mrs. Clara M. Stetson, was united in marriage to Mr Wallace T. Conn, son of Mrs. Mary N. Conn of this city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Daniel March, D. D.

John J. Hern's Orchestra furnished the music.

The nearest relatives and friends to the number of about seventy-five were present at the service and the informal reception which followed.

After a short bridal trip, Mr. and Mrs. Conn will spend a few days in Woburn before going to Cleveland Ohio, where they will make their home

Delightful Sea Trip.

There is nothing more invigorating or more healthful than a sea trip, but the trouble with most ocean voyages is that they do not appeal to the travelling public on account of the monotony. The briny deep has a decided sameness when you get out of sight of land, and soon one finds time hanging heavy on his hands; but all this has been overcome by the water trip of the Joy Line from Boston to New York, and one gets the benefits and rest of an ocean trip, with the added enjoyment of an ever-changing landscape scene. Never out of sight of land, and ever skirting the most beautiful section of all our seacoast, there is something every moment to command the admiration of the traveler. The trip down historic Boston Harbor, around Cape Cod, on whose extreme point and in plain view is nestled the quaint old town of Provincetown. Next you pass those two island gems, Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, and then the trip through picturesque Long Island Sound, past cities, hamlets and some of the greatest water resorts in the world. The traveler passes through Hell Gate, by the great institutions of New York located on Blackwell's Island, then under the two great bridges that span the East River. When you have these delightful water and scenic features, and the luxuries and comforts of a modern floating palace added, nothing more is needed to make the trip complete. It is the ideal route between New York and Boston, and there is little wonder of its great popularity. The "Old Dominion," the palatial ship that makes the trip, has been renovated and fitted with new machinery, and now possesses every comfort known to the traveler. Its table is supplied with the best the market affords, and its officers are most courteous and obliging.

Reservations may be made by addressing Mr. B. D. Pitts the agent and those who anticipate using this line should secure accommodations well in advance of their departure.

A Continual Strain.

Many men and women are constantly subjected to what they commonly term "a continual strain" because of some financial or family trouble. It wears and distresses them both mentally and physically, affecting their nerves badly and bringing on liver and kidney ailments, with the attendant evils of constipation, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, low vitality and despondency. They cannot, as a rule, get rid of this "continual strain," but they can remedy its health-destroying effects by taking frequent doses of Green's August Flower. It tones up the liver, stimulates the kidneys, insures healthy bodily functions, gives vim and spirit to one's whole being, and eventually dispels the physical or mental distress caused by that "continual strain." Trial bottle of August Flower, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

Officers of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation July 1st, 1904.

President, Benjamin Hinckley.
Vice-Presidents, John Winn, John R. Carter, William Beggs.
Clerk, Charlie A. Jones.
Auditors, Fred J. Brown, Elwyn G. Preston.
Trustees, Benjamin Hinckley, John Winn, Williams Beggs, Edward E. Thompson, George E. Fowle, Squire B Goddard, Herbert B. Dow, Henry M. Aldrich, Charlie A. Jones, John R. Carter, John W. Johnson, Lewis W. Thompson, Elwyn G. Preston, Fred J. Brown, Luke W. Fowle, Winthrop Hammond, Joseph F. DeLoriea.
Board of Investment, Benjamin Hinckley, John Winn, John R. Carter, William Beggs, Lewis W. Thompson, Squire B. Goddard, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, Winthrop Hammond.
Treasurer, Charlie A. Jones

He Couldn't Tell.

The editor of an English paper recently received a fine chicken, which he, supposing it to be a token of appreciation from a discriminating reader, took home and enjoyed for dinner. The following day he received this letter:

Dear Editor—Yesterday I sent you a chicken in order to settle a dispute which has arisen here. Can you tell us what the chicken died of?

The New Stepmother.

A woman recently engaged to the father asked his son, a little fellow of seven years, "How would you like me for your stepmother?" "First rate, as far as I'm concerned," he replied. "You'll have to speak to papa about it, though."—New York Tribune.

Becoming.

"Isn't my new dress becoming to me?" asked the delighted wife.

"Yes," replied the head of the establishment, "and I suppose the bill for it will soon be coming to me."

Both Extracts.

Customer—Have you any extract of beef? Waiter—Yes, sir. Brown or white? Customer—Brown or white? Waiter—Yes, sir. Beef tea or milk?—Philadelphia Press.

[illegible]

First Citizen—Aren't you drinking a little more than usual? Second Citizen—Yes. My wife has a cold in her head and can't smell a blamed thing.—Albany Journal.

THE HAGIOSCOPE.

A Relic of Olden Times Found In Many English Churches.

"In spite of the close blood relationship," said an American who had visited England, "we are frequently reminded in England that we are foreigners. It crops up often in the ordinary conversation.

"An English friend whose guest I was took me around to see his native village. We entered the church.

"'Whereabouts is your pew?' I asked.

"'We sit over there by the hagioscope,' he answered, as though a hagioscope were some common object like a table or a candlestick. My friend noticed the blankness of my face, so he repeated:

"'Over there, just below the hagioscope.'

"'Would you mind telling me what sort of an instrument it is that you call a hagioscope?' I asked meekly.

"The Englishman looked hurt; but, with a sigh, he explained:

"'We have them in nearly all the old country churches. Do you see that small glass window through the wall beside the altar? That was made at the time when lepers were at large and they attended church services. They were of course not allowed inside, so they stood outside and saw and heard the services through that hole, which is called the squint window, but more often the hagioscope.'"

DO IT TODAY.

Tomorrow May Be Too Late and Then You Would Be Sorry.

If you have a flower to give, give it today. One throb of gladness is worth more to the living heart than a wealth of costly blooms laid, however tenderly, above the dead one.

If you have a kindly visit to make, make it today lest another step in and lay his quiet hand upon the longing heart and still forever its fret and pain and power of glad response. In the city of the dead, in the silence of the grave, hearts are never lonely any more. They have no heed or need.

If you have kisses to bestow, let the dear living lips their sweetness know today.

If you've smiles to give, give them today. Living eyes are often hungry. Though their gaze be seemingly so calm, so quiet and maybap so proud, the smiles may be a touch of heaven for them. If they are closed in death, tomorrow your fondest smile would matter naught.

If you have a helpful, hopeful, loving word to say, say it today. It may keep some heart from breaking, some soul from falling. No word or cry can break the seal tomorrow—if death whispers then—to ears that hear today.—Exchange.

A Useful Tiger.

"Snakes and hyenas are strange pets, but strangest of all is a full grown tiger, and such a pet had Major Mansell-Pleydell," says A. Mervyn Smith in his book. "It used to be chained up just in front of the door of his bungalow. The major had a method of running up bills with local tradesmen, but there was great difficulty in getting payment, as none of the bill collectors was venturesome enough to cross the guardian at the door. It was a great joke of the major's when asked to pay his bill to reply: 'Have you sent your bill? Your man has never presented it at my house.' Brutus, as the tiger was named, seemed to know what was required of him. When chained before his master's door he would lie with his head between his forepaws and watch the gate. If a stranger entered he would lift his head and breathe heavily, and this was enough to scare the most venturesome of bill collectors."

Man's Worst Enemy.

Wherever you see ten people together, ten average people of all ages, you may say: One of those ten will die of consumption. In the long run you will be more than justified in your prophecy. It will be nearer one out of every nine born into the world. We are horribly afraid of cholera and all bowel diseases, of diphtheria and of scarlet fever. Add to these the annual deaths from measles (measles is far from being harmless) and the sum total is not half of what the great white plague claims. Only pneumonia approaches it as a slayer of men.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Meanest Men.

It is believed the original meanest man was the husband who gave his wife a Christmas present of a pair of suspenders. An early holder of the title was the gentleman who always occupied the last seat in the last car in order to save the interest on his money until the conductor got to him. One of the most brilliant of the long line was the man who took candy from a child in the street. — Chicago Inter Ocean.

Expensive Undertaking.

Business Man—Well, my dear, I have about made up my mind to sell out my business and go out into the country and buy a hundred acres or so and be a farmer for the rest of my life. Business Man's Wife—Oh, John, how lovely! But are you sure we can afford it?—Somerville Journal.

The Encore.

"That's it!" exclaimed Mrs. Bascom at the concert as the singers came out again in response to an encore. "Make 'em do it over again until they get the thing right."

On Trial.

John—How many servants do you keep? James—Keep? We don't keep any. About two a week come to try us.—New York Tribune.

No Trifling Detail.

Miss Truesoe—Am I to understand, papa, that everything is settled in regard to my wedding? Mr. Truesoe—Yes, my dear, everything—but the bills!—Chicago Journal.

Explained.

Piker—Why did they call the mediaeval period the "dark ages?" Professor—Because it was knight time.—Cornell Widow.

When a real meek man gets good and mad, he comes mighty near having fits.—Atchison Globe.

A Trace.

The counsel for the plaintiff had been bullying the witness for an hour, when he finally asked, "Is it true that there are traces of insanity in your family?"

"Very likely," answered the witness. "My grandfather, who was studying for the ministry, gave it up to become a lawyer."

He who commits an injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.—Plato.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—No Services during July and August.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. John E. Tuttle, D. D., of Lincoln, Nebraska.
12 M., Sunday School.
6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
7.30 P. M., preaching by Dr. Tuttle.
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "Christ's Legacy to the Disciples."
12 M. Sunday School.
6.30 P. M., "Quality in service."
Wednesday, 7.42 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: Sacrament.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Married.

In this city, July 5, by Rev. Daniel March, William Thompson Conn of Cleveland, Ohio, and Florence Maria Stetson of Woburn.

In this city, July 6, by Rev. Daniel March, Chester Aiken Gove of Newbury, N. H., and Ada Pearle Newton of Woburn.

In this city, June 30, by Arthur E. Gage, Justice of the Peace, Fred Benjamin Wood and Belle Louise Moore, both of Woburn.

In Lowell, July 3, by Rev. Joakim Georges, Ponteles Morfes of Woburn and Helen Eliopulos of Dowell

In Malden, July 2, by Rev. George F. Durgin, Clifton Grammer Buchanan of Woburn and Lydia Caldwell Daniels of Malden.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 2, Mrs. Nellie I. Delano, aged 35 years, 2 months, 19 days.

In this city, July 3, Hattie Howatt, aged 13 years, 4 months, 2 dayo.

Best New Creamery BUTTER! 23c. lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Pineapple Ice Cream

MADE FROM

New Fruit.

Crawford's,

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

We Have a Large Line of Toilet Soaps

But at the head of them all we place

Woburna Toilet Soap

15c. Cake. 40c. Box.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

EDWARD K. SCOTT,
MANUFACTURER OF
Umbrellas, Parasols, Canes
REPAIRING.
Recovering, Fine Order Work.
Shades Made Up of Ladies' own material.
493 Washington St., Boston
Near Temple Place.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

PEACH SUNDAE
— AT —
Whitcher's
PILL BOX
IT'S "THE NICEST."
Our lady clerk will soon be in attendance afternoons and evenings.
Courteous treatment to all at "The Busy Bend."

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!
S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

LATEST STYLES, 1904
Spring and Summer Weights. Great Variety of Fabrics. For Gentlemens Wear.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

Ice Cream Again!

When we made the announcement a few weeks ago that we were prepared to furnish Ice Cream of our own manufacture by the quart or gallon, we did not anticipate any such demand as we received, and therefore during the hot weather run short and had to refuse many customers. We are now in a position to supply Ice Cream in any quantity at all times, having added additional machinery.
☞ Try our Cream at our fountain.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
The best of everything at the lowest prices.
Green Stamps. Public Telephone.
Free Messenger service.

Shirt Waist Suits,
House Dresses,
Wrappers,
Wash Skirts

In light weight material suitable for warm weather. These garments are made well, fit well, and wear well.

COPELAND & BOWSER.
WOBURN

Save Time And Mistakes

By having a reliable Watch. Whether in your pocket, at home or in the workshop, every man should have a timepiece that will not fail. You Can Have One like this if you purchase the one we recommend, and they are fully guaranteed. All sorts of the best cases.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.
Fine Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing.

NEURALGIA
PNEUMONIA
MALARIA
COLDS
GRIPPE
DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.
Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets
Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.
For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price. If your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer
Perhaps you like your gray hair; then keep it. Perhaps not; then remember—Hall's Hair Renewer always restores color to gray hair. Stops falling hair, also.

WINFIELD R. LANG,
LAWYER,
847 Tremont Building, BOSTON.
Residence, 7 Winn St., Woburn.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass. Notary Public

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning. 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Cane seat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 151 5.

CITY OF WOBURN

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., June 30, 1904.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1902, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said parcels sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of each of said parcels if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, July 30th, 1904,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 1.

ALVAH S. WOOD.—About 12,480 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 1 Warren Ave., in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Pleasant street; westerly by Arlington Road; northeasterly by Warren Ave.; southeasterly by land of John W. Johnson; southerly by land of John W. Johnson.
Tax of 1902, $128 88
Street Watering for 1902, 5 60

WARD 2.

Residents.

ALBERT A. FERRIN.—About 5,960 square feet of land with buildings thereon, No. 48, 50, 52, 54 Fowle street, in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by Fowle street; westerly and northerly by land now or late of Thomas Richardson; easterly by land now or late of Maxim.
Tax of 1902, 54 60
Street Watering for 1902, 1 60

RALPH M. LORD.—About 70,078 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated on Nashua street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of premises, from thence the line runs northerly by Tremont street 300 feet; thence westerly by land of Murphy 288 feet; thence southerly by land of Rost 126 feet; thence easterly by land of Ellison 117 feet; thence southerly by land of Ellison 200 feet; thence easterly by Nashua street 75 feet to the point of beginning, being the same premises conveyed to Lord by deed dated July 9th, 1900, recorded with Middlesex, So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2898, Page 132.
Balance of Tax of 1902, 16 17

RICHARD F. WALSH.—About 5,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, No. 207 and 209 Main street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Westerly by Main street; northerly, easterly and southerly by land of Johnson and Winn.
Balance of Tax of 1902, 12 86
Street Watering for 1902, 1 00

Non-Residents.

HENRY O. CUSHMAN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 27 on a plan of lands owned by Mary P. Foster, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at end of Record Book 2254, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Hawley street; northeasterly by lot 28 on said plan; southeasterly by land now or late of J. B. Sawtell; southwesterly by lot 26 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

GRACE M. MILLER.—About 7,522 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on May street, being lots 31A, 32, 33, 34 and 35, shown on Plan of Section B Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by May street and by lots 30 and 31 on said plan; southerly by May street and by lot 36 on said plan; westerly by lots 54, 55 and 56 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

GRACE M. MILLER.—About 1,690 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Willard street, being lot 56 on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by lots 32 and 33 on said plan; southerly by lot 55 on said plan; westerly by Willard street.
Tax of 1902, 35

GRACE M. MILLER.—About 1,550 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 22, shown on a plan of Section B of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by lot 23 on said plan; easterly by lot 11 on said plan; southerly by lot 21 on said plan; westerly by May street.
Tax of 1902, 35

GRACE M. MILLER.—About 2,143 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Willard street, being lot 62, shown on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 61 on said plan; easterly by Willard street; southerly by lot 63 on said plan; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1902, 35

GRACE M. MILLER.—About 3,631 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Willard street, being lots 57 and 58 in Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by Willard street; southerly by lot 59 on said plan; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1902, 72

GRACE M. MILLER.—About 8,310 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Tremont street, being lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 11 on said plan; easterly by Tremont street; southerly by Lowell street; westerly by lots 17, 19, 20, 21, on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

MARGARET AND MICHAEL S. NELSON.—About 82,296 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 42 and part of lot 55, 67 and 68 on plan of L. G. and W. H. Richardson, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Stoneham street; easterly by land of Holden; southerly by Winchester town line; westerly by land of heirs of Charles B. Trumbull.
Tax of 1902, 9 40

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 16,208 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, being lots 17, 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, Block 3, shown on plan of Section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street; easterly by Frank street; southerly by lots 16, 18 and 24 on said plan; westerly by Badger street.
Tax of 1902, 2 15

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3,130 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, being lot 33, Block 2, shown on plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street; easterly by lot 34 on said plan; southerly by lot 31 on said plan; westerly by lot 32 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 35

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 5,560 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, being lots 27 and 28, Block 2, shown on Plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 30 on said plan; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by Poplar street; westerly by Frank street.
Tax of 1902, 72

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3,423 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, being lot 39, Block 4, shown on plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 38 in said plan; easterly by lot 37 in said plan; southerly by Green street; westerly by lot 40 in said plan.
Tax of 1902, 35

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,189 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Montvale avenue, being lot 38, Block 4, on Plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by lot 37 on said plan; southerly by lot 39 on said plan; westerly by lot 41 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 35

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,384 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Montvale avenue, being lot 41, Block 4, on Plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by lot 38 on said plan; southerly by lot 40 on said plan; westerly by lot 42 and 43 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 86

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 6,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Poplar street, being lots 12 and 13, Block 1 on a plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street; easterly by lot 11 on said plan; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 14 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 72

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 6,356 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Poplar street, being lots 14 and 15, Block 1 on a plan of a Section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street; easterly by lot 13 on said plan; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by Badger street.
Tax of 1902, 72

HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 17,340 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11 and 12 on a plan of land owned by L. G. and W. H. Richardson, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 5 and 6 on said plan; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by Medford street shown on said plan; westerly by lots 9 and 10 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated on Hawley street, in said Woburn, being lot 26 on a plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at the end of Record Book No. 2254, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by said Hawley street; easterly by lot 27 on said plan; southerly by land now or late of J. B. Sawtell; westerly by lot 25 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

WARD 3.

Residents.

ALVAH S. WOOD.—About 12,197 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 42 Park street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of E. E. Thompson et al; easterly by Park street; southerly by land of Mary A. Carr et al; westerly by land of McDonough and land of Foster.
Tax of 1902, 29 54

ALVAH S. WOOD.—About 9,349 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 10, 12, 14 Morse street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Richardson; easterly by Morse street; southerly by land of City of Woburn and land of Bacon; westerly by land now or late of Bacon.
Tax of 1902, 50 12

WARD 4.

Residents.

PATRICK MCKENNA HEIRS.—About 5,218 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 50 Broad street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Jacob M. Ellis; easterly by land of Delia Murray; southerly by Broad street; westerly by land of York.
Tax of 1902, 35 08

WARD 5.

Non-Residents.

JOHN H. PONCE.—About 5 acres of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, being lots marked 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and J on a Plan of Land belonging to L. K. Homans, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 27, Plan 44, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Kinsman street; easterly by Park avenue; southerly by a street shown on said plan; westerly by Mills
Tax of 1902, 8 95

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 11,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 89, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by said Mill street 72 feet; westerly by lot 2 on said plan 61 feet; southerly by land now or late of John H. Ponce 72 feet; easterly by other land now or late of said Ponce 150 feet. Same premises conveyed to William H. Weiss by John H. Ponce by deed dated May 28, 1895, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2369, Page 379.
Tax of 1902, 18 97

A. V. LYNDE, HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 501 shown on Plan B, Montvale Park Land Co. recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by lot 465 on said Plan; easterly by lot 502 on said Plan; southerly by Hill street; westerly by lot 500 on said Plan.
Tax of 1902, 89

WARD 6.

FANNY G. ADAMS.—About 5 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated on Main street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Eaton; easterly by land now or late of Dodge; southerly by land of Wyman, Knapp, Murdock and Leslie; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1902, 52 36
Street Watering for 1902, 3 98

JAMES J. KENNEY.—About 4,900 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots 3 and 4, Block 14, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by Dartmouth street; northerly by lot 5 in said Block; easterly by lot 2 in said Block; westerly by Chester avenue.
Tax of 1902, 21 93

ROSANNA REDDY.—About ½ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 14 Alfred street, in the northerly part of said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southwesterly and southeasterly by the road leading from Main street to New Boston street called Alfred street, easterly and northerly by land now or late of Albert A. Clement.
Tax of 1902, 11 64

RHODA G. RICKER.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 52 Pearl street in the northerly part of said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning on westerly side of Pearl street; thence southerly by same street 12 rods 7 links; thence westerly by land of Uriel Severns 12½ rods; thence northerly by land of Baldwin 6 rods, 8 links; thence easterly by land of Baldwin 5 rods, 8 links; thence east of north still by same land 7 rods 1 link; thence easterly across a bar 17 links to point of beginning.
Tax of 1902, 17 90

ROBERT B. WYMAN.—About 15,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated off Main street in the northerly part of said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown 89 5-10 feet; easterly by the Baston & Maine Railroad 231 5-10 feet; southerly by a drive way 72 feet, and westerly by a private way leading northerly from the last named driveway about 201 1-10 feet.
Tax of 1902, 14 32

Non-Residents.

FRANCIS P. BERGEN ET AL.—About 7,531 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 3, Block 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 in said block; easterly by lot 2 in said block; southerly by Mishawum Road; westerly by Park View avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 26

HORACE D. GOVE.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9, 10, 34 and 35, Block 33, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 8 and 30 shown on said plan; easterly by Wentworth avenue; southerly by lots 11 and 33 in said Block; westerly by Wilmington avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

JOSEPH A. GRICUIS.—About 8,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12 and 13, Block 9, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Virginia avenue; easterly by lot 14 in said block; southerly by lot 10 in said block; westerly by Louisianna avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 35

JOSEPH A. GRICUIS.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12, 13 and 14, Block 1, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of Phelps and Elliott; easterly by lot 15 in said block; southerly by Sacramento avenue; westerly by lot 10 in said block.
Tax of 1902, 1 78

GRACE E. HART.—About 16,978 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, Block 30, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Warren avenue and lot 15 in said Block; easterly by Mishawum ave.; southerly by lot 21 in said Block; westerly by lots 10, 11, 12, 13, in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

GEORGE H. HOWARD.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 27, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 9 in said Block; easterly by lots 2 and 22 in said Block; southerly by lot 6 in said Block; westerly by Chester avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

GEORGE W. HURD.—About 2,975 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 3 on Plan of Park Hill, recorded with Assessors Book of Plans No. 2, Plan 80, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Merrimac street about 35 feet; easterly by lot 2 on said Plan about 85 feet; southerly by lot 11 on said plan about 35 feet; westerly by lot 4 on said Plan about 85 feet.
Tax of 1902, 1 26

PETER JAPSEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 10, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 9 in said Block; easterly by Mishawum avenue; southerly by lot 11 in said Block; westerly by lot 3 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 45

JOSEPH W. JUDGE.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 9, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 7 and 8 in said Block; easterly by Mishawum avenue; southerly by lot 10 in said Block; westerly by lot 4 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 72

FRANK M. OCHS.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 3 and 4, Block 18, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 in said Block, easterly by lot 2 in said Block; southerly by a private way shown on said plan; westerly by Chester avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

HENRY OLIN.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 46, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Rumford avenue, easterly by lot 3 in said Block; southerly by lot 38 in said Block; westerly by Knight avenue.
Tax of 1902, 89

HENRY OLIN.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12, 13 and 14, Block 47, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Rumford avenue; easterly by Knight avenue; southerly by lots 10 and 15 in said Block; and westerly by Mishawum avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

HENRY OLIN.—About 24,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 to 23, both inclusive, Block 19, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 13 in said Block; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by land formerly of Edward S. Eaton; westerly by Newton avenue.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

LAURA SELDNER.—About 4,670 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 and 6, Block 49, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Easterly by Hinckley avenue, southerly by North Maple street and lot 7 in said Block; westerly by lots 7, 8 and 4 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 72

LAURA SELDNER.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 9, 10, 11, Block 31 Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 12 on said Block; easterly by lots 20, 21, 22; southerly by lot 8 in said Block; westerly by Hinckley Ave.
Tax of 1902, 1.07

LAURA SELDNER.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 3 and 4, Block 32, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 in said Block; easterly by lot 2 in said block; southerly by Dexter Ave; westerly by Mishawum Ave.
Tax of 1902, .90

LAURA SELDNER.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 3 and 4, Block 35 Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans, 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 in said block; easterly by lot 2 in said block; southerly by Warren Ave; westerly by White St.
Tax of 1902, .90

MARION W. WEBBER.—About 22,050 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn being lots 1,2,6,7,8,9,10,11 and 12 Block 16, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 59 Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lots 3, 5, and by private street shown on said plan; northwesterly by Chester Ave; southeasterly by Baldwin Ave; southwesterly by Jones Ave.
Tax of 1902, 30.97

LAWRENCE F. WICKENS.—About 7,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 2, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 6 in said block; southerly by lot 9 in said block; westerly by lots 27 and 28 in said block; easterly by Monk street.
Tax of 1902, 90

ANTHONY A. YARASKO.—About 14,700 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 to 14 inclusive, Block 11, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Notherly by lots 8 and 15 in said block; easterly by Washington avenue; southerly by Arkansas street; westerly by Massachusetts avenue.
Tax of 1902, 3 13

HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 20,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 15 to 22 inclusive, Block 2, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 14 and 23 in same block; westerly by Richmond avenue on said plan; southerly by a private way; easterly by Montgomery ave. on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 7 16

HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8, 9, 10, 11, Block 9, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 12 in said block; easterly by Longwood avenue; southerly by lot 7 in said block, and westerly by land of Boston & Lowell Railroad.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

BENJAMIN F. TROWBRIDGE.—About 9,800 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, being lots 12, 13, 14, 15, Block 13, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Jones avenue; easterly by Chester avenue; southerly by lot 16 and 11 in said block; westerley by Foster avenue.
Tax of 1902, 31 33

JAMES S. POOLE.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at point in southerly line of Rumford avenue, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, Section A, at northwesterly corner of premises said point being directly opposite northeasterly corner formed by intersection of said avenue and Knight avenue, shown on said plan; thence southerly in exact continuation of easterly line of Knight ave. 65 feet; thence at right angles easterly 70 feet; thence at right angles northerly to said Rumford avenue; thence westerly on said Rumford avenue to point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to said Poole by Edward S. Eaton by deed dated April 17th, 1889, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1906, Page 162.
Tax of 1902, 12

JAMES S. POOLE.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in the northerly part of said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at a point in southerly line of Rumford avenue and Mishawum avenue; thence southerly in exact continuation of the easterly line of said Mishawum avenue 65 feet; thence at right angles easterly 140 feet; thence northerly to said Rumford avenue; thence westerly on said Rumford avenue to point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed by James C. Poole to James S. Poole by deed dated Jan. 3, 1890, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1955. Page 51.
Tax of 1902, 1 43

CORA E. WATT.—About 2,450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 33, Block 28, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1902, 45

WILLARD WELSH.—About 13 64-100 acres land situated in the north-easterly part of Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Westerly by a cart path and by land of persons unknown; northerly also by land of persons unknown, and on all other sides by land now or late of Ames, being the first lot of land described in deed given by the Trustees of Tufts College and Trustees of Boston University to Edwin M. White dated November 1, 1884, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book 1685, page 376 to which deed a record reference is hereby made for further description.
Tax of 1902, 4.92

CAROLINE T. NORRIS.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 10, 11, and 12, Block 16, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded and described as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of Edwin S. Eaton: easterly by lots 14, 15, and 16, in said block; southerly by lot 9 in said block; westerly by Bellevue ave.
Tax of 1902, .54

CAROLINE T. NORRIS.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 5, 6, and 7, Block 9, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded and described as follows, namely Northerly by Kearsage Ave; easterly by lot 4 in said block; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 8 in said block.
Tax of 1902, .54

CAROLINE T. NORRIS.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 15, and 16 Block 16, Section F, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 14 in said block; easterly by Wachusett ave; southerly by lot 17 in said block; westerly by lots 10 and 11 in said block.
Tax of 1902, .35

ALICE J. WHITE.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 33, Block 20, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 34 in said Block; easterly by lot 15 in said Block; southerly by lot 32 in said Block; westerly by Wentworth avenue.
Tax of 1902, 54

GEORGE E. SMITH.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8, 9, 10, Block 14, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely: Northerly by lot 7 in said Block; easterly by Wilmington avenue; southerly by lot 11 in said Block; westerly by lots 36, 37 and 38 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 1 07

JACOB GREEN.—About 19,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 19, 20, 21 and 22, Block 10, Plan B of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 9, Plan 35, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Alpine avenue; easterly by lots 6 and 23 in said Block; southerly by Summit avenue; westerly by lots 1 and 18 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 2 86

A. V. LYNDE, HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 3,200 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 6, Block 2, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 5 in said Block; easterly by Monk street; southerly by lot 7 in said Block; westerly by lot 30 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 72

A. V. LYNDE, HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 5,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 11 and 12, Block 26, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 10 in said Block; easterly by Knight avenue; southerly by Lot 13 in said Block; westerly by Lots 23 and 24 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 72

A. V. LYNDE, HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, Block 9, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northwesterly by Virginia avenue; northeasterly by lot 16 in said Block; southeasterly by lots 7 and 8 in said Block; southwesterly by Lot 13 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 90

WARD 7.

Residents.

ELLEN LEONARD, ET AL.—About 8,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 47 Bedford street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Leonard Thompson; easterly by land of Corry; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by Shields street.
Tax of 1902, 32 22

JOHN F. MAGUIRE.—About 1 acre of land with buildings thereon, No. 12 Willow street, in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on Burlington street; thence south of west by land of John Doherty; thence east of north on Willow street; thence east by land now or late of Henry Cummings; thence south by said Burlington street 200 feet to point of beginning; being same premises conveyed to said Maguire by deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2641, Page 495.
Tax of 1902, 44 75

JOHN H. NEWMAN.—About 16,969 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 19 Willow street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Colgate; easterly by Willow street; southerly by land of the City of Woburn; westerly by land now or late of Cyrus Cummings.
Tax of 1902, 42 07

CHARLES L. O'DOHERTY.—About 12,251 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated off Bedford street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Bishop; easterly by land of Emery; southerly by land of John J. and Patrick H. O'Doherty, et al.; westerly by land of Morrow.
Tax of 1902, 33 57

ELLEN O'RILEY.—About 39,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 55 Houghton street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Grant; easterly by Houghton street; southerly by land late of McMahon and by land of Bacon and Colgate; westerly by land of Eaton.
Tax of 1902, 30 43

Non-Residents.

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 1½ acres of land with buildings thereon, situated 131 Bedford street, in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by the Pond; easterly by Burlington street; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by land of Ellard, and also by the Pond.
Tax of 1902, 123 51

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Asa W. Boutwell to Elizabeth S. Boutwell dated September 2nd, A. D. 1899, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2763, Page 164, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereafter described, situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

Saturday, the thirtieth day of July, A. D., 1904,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the easterly side of New Boston street in said Woburn and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on said New Boston street and land of Abigail Blye; from thence the line runs northerly on and by said New Boston street to land now or formerly of one McGrath; thence easterly by land last named and land now or formerly of one Smith; thence southeasterly by land last named to land of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; thence southerly by land last named to land of Heirs of H. L. Ames; thence westerly by said Ames's land and land of Abigail Blye to the point of beginning.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and outstanding tax titles.

$200.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

ELIZABETH S. BOUTWELL, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., June 29th, 1904.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Thomas Connell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John Connell, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of July, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

The Jade Jokai Loved.

Of one phase of his life Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, wrote in disgust: "Well, confess it I must. I have a sweetheart, for whose sake I have been faithless not only to my wife, but to my muse also—a sweetheart who has appropriated my best ideas and whose slave I was and still am. Often have I wasted half my fortune upon her and rushed blindly into misfortune to please her. For her sake I have patiently endured insult, ridicule and reprobation; for her sake I have staked life and liberty. Now, if she had been a pretty young damsel there might have been some excuse for me, but she was a nasty, old, painted figurehead of a beldame, a flirting, faithless, fickle, foul mouthed, scandalmongering old liar, whom the whole world courts, who makes fools of all her wooers and changes her lovers as often as she changes her dress. Her name is Politics, and may the plague take her!"

Customs of the Kaffirs.

The author of a book on the Kaffirs of South Africa says: "The women are, on the whole, in favor of polygamy. Sometimes a woman who has a dozen other 'sisters,' as they call fellow wives, will go to a woman who is the solitary wife of a man and ask her if she does not feel lonely. No one can visit a large kraal—such, for example, as the king's kraal in Swaziland—where there are hundreds of huts, and not feel that there is a certain charm in the social life of the place. It is a sort of college life, and frequently my thoughts have reverted to my old varsity days, and it has struck me that if one could imagine a set of men living in the old court of Trinity surrounded by wives and children, with a social circle in which every one was related to every one else, one might get some idea of the sheer joy of life amid 1,000 relations."

Swallows and Microbes.

Swallows and other migratory birds invariably shun those places which are in the slightest degree infected by noxious microbes. Thus they are never to be found in districts where cholera, yellow fever, the plague and other epidemic diseases prevail. The districts which they select as their temporary homes are in all respects the most healthy that can be found. It is evident from this that persons who are afraid of catching cholera or other infectious diseases ought not to live in places which are shunned by these birds.

A Useless Verdict.

"Yes," said the old traveler, "I was on a jury in California once. It was a murder trial. I didn't want the fellow hanged and so stuck out against the other eleven for nine days, locked up in the jury room, when they gave in, and we brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty,' and then I was ready to stab myself with spite."

"What about?"

"'Cause the mob had hanged the prisoner on the very first day we were locked up."

Enjoy What You Can.

To be soured by poverty or to be hardened by it is a mistake—an error of thought. Instead of enjoying our life we are cramping ourselves. It is as if we were set at a feast and sulkily refused to enjoy a few dishes because we could not reach everything on the table and make ourselves sick, like foolish children that we are.—Bliss Carman.

A Telling Stroke.

The hare easily caught up with the tortoise. "Well, old man, you're not much of a runner," he sneered.

"No," admitted the tortoise, "I'm not. I think I'll try for the crew. You see, I'm quite at home in the shell."—Princeton Tiger.

A Distinction.

"Can a man patent a scientific discovery?" asked the commercial person.

"It isn't usually done," answered the scientist. "But some of them ought to be copyrighted as literary productions."—Washington Star.

WHY ICE STAYS ON TOP.

Water the Sole Exception to an Otherwise Universal Law.

It is one of the most extraordinary things in this extraordinary world, writes Henry Martyn Hart in the Outlook, that water should be the sole exception to the otherwise universal law that all cooling bodies contract and therefore increase in density.

Water contracts as its temperature falls and therefore becomes heavier and sinks until it reaches 39 degrees. At this temperature water is the heaviest. This is the point of its maximum density. From this point it begins to expand. Therefore in winter, although the surface may be freezing at a temperature of 32 degrees, the water at the bottom of the pool is six or seven degrees warmer.

Suppose that water, like everything else, had gone on contracting as it cooled until it reached the freezing point. The heaviest water would have sunk to the lowest place and there become ice. Although it is true that eight pints of water become nine pints of ice, and therefore icebergs float, showing above the surface an eighth of their bulk, still had the water when at the bottom turned into ice the stones would have locked it in their interstices and held it there, and before the winter was over the whole pool would become solid ice, and all the poor fish would be entombed in clear, beautiful crystal.

JAPAN'S GOD OF WAR.

Hachiman, Strange to Say, Is a Lover of the Peaceful Dove.

Hachiman, the god of war in Japan, strange to say, loves a dove, a bird symbolical in the west of peace and not of war. Go to any temple or shrine where Hachiman is worshiped, and you will find a great many doves cooing either on the roof of the temple or on the ground below. The tablet on which the name of the god is inscribed begins with the idiograph of "Hachi," the two strokes of which are intended to picture a pair of doves, the female on the right and the male on the left. Doves are Hachiman's favorite birds, messengers by which he sends good tidings of peace and love.

Hachiman never fights merely to satiate his thirst for blood. He fights battles for peace. He never makes sacrifices of lives so that he may glory over the conquered. He is a great enemy of tyrants and oppressors. He is ever ready to help those who are oppressed and persecuted. He fights wars of justice. He wishes to see justice done on all sides. His banners bear inscriptions conveying the thought of righteousness and justice.

Miserable will be the fate of any who venture to violate the peace and welfare of the world, for Hachiman in his righteous wrath will crush down such a one under his mighty feet.—Chicago News.

Polar Plants.

Climate affects the inhabitants of the sea just as it does those of the land. As arctic land plants cannot flourish at the equator, so in the Arctic and Antarctic oceans marine plants are found which are unable to survive in warm water. Among the most remarkable of these cold water plants are the laminariaceae, a kind of sea weeds which sometimes attain a gigantic size, exceeding in length the longest climbing plants of the tropical forests and developing huge stems like the trunks of trees. Investigations have shown that these plants flourish in the coldest waters of the polar seas and that they never advance farther from their frigid homes than to the limits of "summer temperature" in the ocean. The genial warmth destroys them, just as a polar blast shrivels the flowers of a tropical garden.

A Compromise.

Young Matron (with theories on the care of children, to nurse)—Jane. Nurse Yes-sum. Young Matron—When the baby has finished his bottle, lay him in the cradle on his right side. After eating a child should always lie on the right side; that relieves the pressure on the heart. Still (reflectively) the liver is on the right side; perhaps, after all, you had better lay him on the left side. No, I am sure the treatise on infant digestion said right side. On the whole, Jane, you may lay the baby on his back until I have looked up the matter more thoroughly."

The Only Obligation.

A story that comes from a country region not far from New York concerns a native who was seen stolidly plowing a field with a team of weary and dejected horses. As they approached the observer of rural life remarked sympathetically that the horses "didn't seem to like the work."

"Um," commented the farmer briefly, "they don't have to like it. They only have to do it."—Harper's Weekly.

Pair of Plaintiffs.

"See here," exclaimed the angry man, "I wish you would muzzle that dog of yours at night. His barking keeps my baby awake."

"I was just going to request you to muzzle your baby," rejoined the neighbor. "His nightly howling annoys my dog."—St. Louis Republic.

No Common Hired Hand.

Agent of Apartment House—When can you go to work? Dignified Person (who has accepted position as janitor of building)—I can enter upon the duties of my office at once, sir.—Chicago Tribune.

A Recommendation.

Mrs. Darley—Why do you have Mrs. Gabb to sew for you? She is not a good dressmaker. Mrs. Cawker—I know that, but she knows all the gossip in the community.—London Tit-Bits.

Do Birds Enjoy Their Own Singing?

It may well be doubted if birds are musical connoisseurs or have anything like human appreciation of their own or of each other's songs. My reason for thinking so is this: I have heard a bobolink with a defective instrument so that its song was broken and inarticulate in parts, and yet it sang with as much apparent joy and abandon as any of its fellows. I have also heard a hermit thrush with a similar defect or impediment, and yet it, too, appeared to sing entirely to its own satisfaction. It would be very interesting to know if these poor singers found mates as readily as their more gifted brothers. If they did the Darwinian theory of "sexual selection" in such matters, according to which the finer songster would carry off the female, would fall to the ground. Yet it is certain that it is during the mating and breeding season that these "song combats" occur, and the favor of the female would seem to be the matter in dispute. Whether or not it be expressive of actual jealousy or rivalry, we have no other words to apply to it.—John Burroughs in Harper's Magazine.

LOGICAL SAVAGE.

Way He Silenced a Missionary In an Argument.

"I used to know in Australia an intelligent and interesting missionary," said an English nobleman. "He and I were talking one day about the natives of New Guinea, and he told me how one of these natives had stumped him in a certain argument. It seems that he had accosted the native and urged him to let himself be civilized.

"'But what good,' the native asked, 'will this civilization of yours do me?'

"'Well,' said the missionary, 'you will cease, for one thing, to idle all your time away. You will learn the delights of honest labor.'

"'What good will the labor do me?'

"'Through it you will gradually accumulate money, and in time, with frugality, you will possess much store of honestly acquired riches.'

"The native was still unconvinced. 'What good will the riches do me?' was his next question.

"'They,' said the missionary, 'will enable you to cease from work at last and to spend the rest of your days in well earned rest.'

"The native laughed.

"'It seems to me,' he said, 'that if I did as you say I would be taking a mighty roundabout course to get to the place I started from.'"

INDIA RUBBER.

Its Form of Structure Which Permits It to Be Elastic.

Modern physics teach us that the molecules of all bodies are in a state of incessant motion; that the intimate structure of matter is, in fact, a reproduction on an infinitely minute scale of the revolving suns and planets.

In gases and liquids this motion is most extensive in range, but in solids the movements of the molecules are more restrained, and they merely oscillate or rotate about a certain mean position, the range of motion being strictly governed by the attractions producing it.

If by the pull of an outside force the molecules are drawn out beyond the limit of their mutual attractions the body is broken, but within this limit it will recover itself when the pull ceases.

We may regard the particles of rubber as revolving in circles. When it is stretched these orbits become elliptic, returning to the circular form when released. As then this substance possesses a very wide range of variation of molecular distance without rupture it is eminently elastic.

DOCTOR OF DANCING.

This Title Was Given to Beauchamps by Louis XIV.

In France during the reign of Louis XIV. dancing took a very prominent position among court festivities, and many members of the royal family took part in the complex ballets of the time. Louis himself, no mean performer, took lessons for twenty years from Beauchamps, who was called the father of all dancing masters and upon whom the king conferred the title doctor as a special mark of favor.

Beauchamps had the honor of appearing as partner with the king in the minuet, a dance which was introduced in 1650 in France, and no court ball was opened in Europe for a century and a half without it.

About the year 1661 a royal academy of dancing was formed under the auspices of Beauchamps, Lulli, Moliere and others, the object of which was to elevate the art and check all abuses. Of this academy Beauchamps was chief, with the title of director.—London Telegraph.

A Story of a Scholar.

Theodor Mommsen, the famous historian, had not only the appearance but the manner of a scholar. Once during the half hour's drive from Berlin to Charlottenburg the car in which the professor rode went badly off the track. The rest of the passengers alighted, the horses were removed and the stranded car was left until help could be found. Mommsen remained, reading his book. An hour passed, and the sound of levers and jacks and the plunging of horses' hoofs aroused him from his reverie. With no sign of discomposure he arose from his seat and went to the door. "Ah," said he, "we seem to have come to a standstill."

Maine Counties.

The three original counties of Maine had good old English county names, York, Cumberland and Lincoln. Only two, Oxford and Somerset, have been similarly named since, all the rest having good American appellations. For the names of Androscoggin, Aroostook, Kennebec, Penobscot, Piscataquis and Sagadahoc find their origin among the aborigines, while Franklin, Hancock, Knox and Washington bear the names of distinguished Americans of the white race.

A Feat In Growth.

"I lost my foot in the war," said the tramp, "and I'm trying to raise enough money to get out to California."

"What do you want to go to California for?" asked the woman at the door.

"Oh, I've heard that there are things which grow a foot in a day out there."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Deceivers.

Miss Verjuce—What a shame it is how the men deceive us poor women! Miss Bluebose—They would never get a woman to marry them unless they did, my dear.—New Yorker.

No Fear.

Borroughs—I'm afraid I've got heart trouble. Lenders—Oh, you needn't be afraid that you'll ever die suddenly. Borroughs—Think not? Lenders—No, you'll pay the debt of nature slowly, just as you pay all your other debts.—Philadelphia Ledger.

One Blessing.

"Well, it's either muddy or dusty all the time," growled the pessimist.

"But," pointed out the optimist, "what a blessing it is that it is never both muddy and dusty at once!"—Detroit Free Press.

Her Hope.

"I shall be married to Dick next week!"

"I thought you said you'd be the last person to marry him!"

"Well, I hope I shall be!"

Love Rewarded.

Madge—What makes you think that handsome music teacher is mercenary? Marjorie—He charges Dolly's father $2 an hour for making love to her.—Town Topics.

The Bear.

New Cook—What does your husband like for his breakfast, ma'am? Mrs. Growells—Oh, he likes anything we haven't got.

A LOUD WHISPER.

It Came From a Gun That a Sentry Forgot Was Cocked.

During the Mexican war, in 1846, Captain Kenly received orders from General Quitman to march with a guard to a ford in the Santander river and prevent its passage by the Mexicans. He reached the place, posted his men with strict injunctions against betraying their presence and took his position on the bank where he could overlook the ford.

Suddenly there came the report of a gun, fired by one of his sentries. Captain Kenly ran to the place, having seen no enemy, and found the sentry, a Georgian, coolly reloading his musket.

"How dare you fire your gun?" exclaimed the angry captain. "The whole division will be aroused."

Even as he spoke the long roll of the drums came floating down the wind. The sentry saw plainly enough the trouble he had got into, but he answered:

"Well, captain, you see I was so tired and sleepy that to keep myself awake I kept pointing my gun at a duck I saw on the river, and I thought how I would like to whisper to it, and, hang it, I forgot the gun was cocked and away she went."

The man escaped with a sharp reprimand from General Quitman, who sent him word that if he ever "whispered" again without orders it would be all over with him.

Joseph's Well.

At Dothan, in upper Palestine, is a pool which has refreshed the traveler for centuries. It is the well of Joseph. Its environs form a dreary enough prospect. Above it is a low, insignificant hill upon whose summit cluster a few miserable mud huts, and at the base is the sordid anachronism of a puffing steam mill, while away from it stretches in all directions the faint toned, almost hueless expanse of the Syrian landscape, long reaches of palest blue and gray and yellow, with only an occasional blotch of brilliant color in the foreground. Dreary and waste and sad indeed is the scene to the eyes of the flesh, but to the eyes of the spirit that squat, bald hill becomes a veritable Mount of Visions—visions a thousand times more real and vivid than the spectacle of mud huts and steam mill and rocky wastes.—Metropolitan Magazine.

The Democratic House of Lords.

To think what time was wasted in arguing about the house of lords, Tories saying it ought to be preserved because it was clever and Radicals saying it ought to be destroyed because it was stupid, and all the time no one saw that it was right because it was stupid, because the chance mob of ordinary men thrown there by accident of blood were a great democratic protest against the lower house, against the eternal insolence of the aristocracy of talents.—Chesterton's "Napoleon of Notting Hill."

Two Headed Symbols.

Both Russia and Germany display two headed eagles on their standards. Yet this symbol is considered by some heralds to be merely the result of the heraldic practice of "dimidiation." This was simply a child's way of impaling two coats of arms on the same shield by the primitive method of cutting each in half and taking the dexter half of one and the sinister half of the other and placing them back to back, as it were. Strange two headed beasts naturally resulted, as, for instance, when a lion and an eagle were halved and joined together. The griffin is supposed to have been evolved from two lions rampant by dimidiation. It robs the two headed eagle of half its terrors to know that it owes its origin to this sort of child's play.

Childish Curiosity.

Little Florence, aged six, had been spending the afternoon with a neighbor who had just lost a near relative, and who was working very hard to get some mourning gowns made. Florence had been very good and asked no questions, but when she returned home her inquisitiveness asserted itself. Her mother explained as clearly as she could, and for a few moments Florence sat in deep silence. Then:

"Are all her gowns going to be black, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"And is she going to wear black nightgowns?"

"No, dear."

"Well, doesn't she feel just as bad in the night as she does in the day?"—Brooklyn Life.

"Sacred Ladybirds."

Among the insects that can be claimed as friends of the market grower probably none are more useful than the ladybirds. It is said that in mediaeval times this insect was sacred to the virgin, hence its popular name. "Although in these prosaic times we may," says the Fruitgrower, "have got over the superstition regarding the insect's sacredness so far as the virgin is concerned, for the good they do they should be sacred to every market grower. Perhaps the most beautiful of all the family is the eighteen spotted ladybird that Linnaeus named Coccinella octodecimpunctata.

Ivy Poisoning.

Country Life says that all the drugs in the world will not prevent a bad case of poisoning from poison ivy or sumac unless one does something as soon as the telltale itching begins. When the pustules break open, there is nothing to do but "grin and bear it." The remedy advised is extract of grindelia, which should be always kept in the house. Rub on the affected parts every five minutes till the trouble is averted.

Her Girlhood Ways.

"You must not expect me to give up my girlhood's ways all at once," said the happy bride.

"Oh, I won't," he replied. "I hope you'll keep right on taking an allowance from your father just as if nothing had happened."—Superior (Wis.) Telegram.

Her Revenge.

First Woman—What did your husband bring home from his visit to the city? Second Woman—Two silver spoons for the children, and I was so mad at his extravagance that I went straight down to the store and bought me a new dress.—Cleveland Leader.

In Mitigation.

"Freddie, come here! I regret to say I've got to punish you; your teacher tells me you're the worst boy in your class."

"Mebbe she's right, ma. Only yesterday she told me I took after you."

We all "doctor" too much. A good doctor is a blessing, but a poor one is a curse.—Atchison Globe.

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Under False Colors

By W. W. HINES

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Ogden could not recollect having lost any uncles lately, and it was a distinct surprise to be greeted as a nephew by the stern featured old man in the puffing automobile.

"Come here, you young rascal," the old man almost shouted as the automobile drew up to the sidewalk.

Without knowing why, Ogden went. Perhaps it was curiosity, perhaps it was because he did not happen to think of anything else to do. At any rate he stepped up to the automobile and took a good long look at its occupant.

"Get in here at once," said the old man.

"Why?" asked Ogden.

"Why?" repeated the old man. "Because I tell you to do so. Here I have been looking for you for the past two weeks and now you want to run away when I find you. That is a pretty way for an only nephew to treat his uncle!"

"So you are my uncle?" said Ogden quizzically. Then the spirit of adventure, which had been his guiding star all his life, seized possession of him, and he stepped into the vehicle, which started, puffing, down the avenue toward Washington square.

On the way down he puzzled with himself as to the part which he was acting, or rather being forced to act. As nearly as he could gather from the conversation of the old man, he was his nephew Rodney. The last name had not been introduced into the conversation. Rodney seemed to have come from the west for a visit and to have left the house without warning, after a more or less violent quarrel with his uncle.

"What did you want to run away for, you young rascal? The girl is certainly as pretty a girl as you will find in the whole country, sir. It was only to be expected that she should show some coquetry about accepting you, but I am surprised that any nephew of mine would be such a fool as to run away from a pretty girl. Why did you do it, sir?" The old gentleman was very irate.

Taking his cue from the fragmentary information furnished him by these remarks, Ogden, resolved to carry through the comedy, straightened himself up and remarked, with his most dignified air:

"Because I trust that I am too much of a gentleman to force my attentions in any quarter where they are not wanted." He had read this sentence in some old fashioned book and thought it might go well with this elderly uncle.

The old fellow looked rather pleased and said:

"I should have understood it, my boy. The sentiment does credit to your blood and your breeding, sir. But my heart is set on this match. Just tell the girl you won't take 'No' for an answer and she will come around in time. Eh, sir, when I was your age I would have been delighted with the coquetries she has used on you."

By this time the automobile had come to a stop in front of one of the old houses along the north side of the square, and the two passengers alighted.

Entering the house, the old man, with Rodney in tow, made for the drawing-room, where they could hear some one playing on the piano. The room was rather dark, but as they entered the light was good enough for Rodney to make out the uncommonly pretty girl seated at the piano. She got up hastily as they entered the room and ran to greet the old man. Then she turned to Ogden and said:

"So you have come back, Cousin Rodney? I was under the impression that you had left the city."

Feeling rather ashamed of himself for carrying on the deception, but overpowered by the desire for adventure, Ogden sat down and joined in the conversation, fencing carefully for time whenever he was asked a question the answer to which might betray his identity. Whenever he got a chance he stole a glance at the girl. He fancied once or twice that he detected a flicker of amusement upon her face. She was evidently watching him narrowly, and the conviction grew upon him that she suspected he was an impostor. The girl was certainly a beauty, and he could not understand why the real Rodney had been callous enough to run away from her society, even if he had found his presence more or less unwelcome.

By and by the old gentleman excused himself upon the plea that he must take his regular afternoon nap and left the two young people alone. The moment he was safely out of hearing the girl broke into a peal of laughter and said:

"Did you think he had fooled me?"

She was taking it very nicely, thought Ogden, and he braced himself up enough to say:

"No; I knew you recognized my imposition. But, believe me, I am not an intentional impostor. Your uncle picked me up on the street and swore up and down that I was his nephew. It would not have been proper to accuse him of falsehood, so I just came along."

The girl grew serious and said:

"You know uncle is a bit near-sighted, and he will not, under any circumstances, consent to wear glasses. You do look wonderfully like his nephew. But don't you know who you are supposed to be?"

"No more idea than the man in the moon," asseverated Ogden solemnly.

"Why, you are supposed to be Rodney Phillips. You know him, don't you?"

"Rodney Phillips! No; I don't believe I do. But stop. Why, 'Chesty' Phillips that I used to room with at Yale. His right name was Rodney, but no one ever called him by that name. So that explains the resemblance. The fellows used to call us the 'Two Dromios.'"

"Yes," said the girl, laughing heartily, "and you are Ogden Harwood. Cousin Rodney has shown me pictures of you a dozen times and commented on the resemblance."

"But tell me," interrupted Ogden—"why did Rodney run away from you?"

"Because he is engaged to a very dear friend of mine, and uncle won't hear of his marrying any one but me. Rodney hasn't a cent except his slender salary and the allowance uncle makes him, so he has to dissemble."

"I would like very much to see the girl Rodney is engaged to," said Ogden.

"And why?" asked the girl.

"She must be very beautiful indeed."

"How do you know?"

"Is it proper to pay compliments upon short acquaintance?"

"You may answer my question when you have known me longer."

"Thanks, since that means you are not going to cut me when next we meet."

"But you had better leave before uncle comes down from his nap."

"And when can I be properly introduced to you?"

"Didn't you know Raymond Pearson at Yale?"

"Yes, but why?"

"He is to be married to a friend of mine next week, and I am to be the maid of honor. Can't you get him to invite you?"

"I am in town to be his best man."

"What a coincidence! But you must go now."

"All right. Then I'll just say au revoir until we are properly introduced."

"Yes, au revoir until the rehearsal of the ceremony next Tuesday."

And Ogden was down the steps and into the street, conscious of the fact that he was looking forward to the wedding of his friend Pearson with much more interest than even a best man is supposed to take in such an event.

Doctor and Dying Patient.

In an address before the American Medical association an eminent physician, speaking on the question, "Shall a Physician Tell a Patient He Is Going to Die," said:

"The truth is not always so alarming to the patient, painful as it often is to the physician. In fact, it seems to me this is one part of our duties that does not become less trying with increasing experience. To the sick man whose thoughts have been turned toward the end longer than others suspect, intimation of a fatal end often brings no shock, but rather relief from the ending of a painful uncertainty. According to the rulers of the Roman Catholic church a timely announcement should always be given, and those who have witnessed the last days of members of this faith can confirm the statement that good often follows, speaking merely from a medical standpoint, and rarely harm, while the same thing is true of many of other faiths or of no faith. Even where we have to give a fatal prognosis there are certain mollifying influences that can be introduced, aside from those that spring from a tender heart. A hope can be expressed based on the fallibility of human knowledge in general and medical knowledge in particular."

The Rocking Chair In the Dark.

Although the name of the man who invented the American rocking chair has been lost to us in the mists of time, it is considered highly probable that new arrivals on registering in the hereafter will be able to see it emblazoned on the scroll of fame in letters of brimstone and surrounded by an asbestus wreath of laurel. This is the view shared by all who have encountered an American rocking chair in the dark. A rocking chair may be the instrument whereby weary persons attain comfort; it may be the joy of the flippant youth and the solace of blase age in the daytime or when the gas is burning, but by some miraculous agency it changes its nature completely when darkness falls, becoming an instrument whereby the ruler of evil recruits his corps of coal shoveling imps. No longer, when night falls, it is a padded bit of furniture. It is composed wholly of rockers, and the rockers are composed entirely of sharp ends which fly forth and strike the shin for choice with devilish accuracy of aim. This is one of the wonders of modern life which so far is inexplicable.—San Antonio (Tex.) Express.

Kit Carson's Rifle.

It is perhaps not known to all the world that the rifle of Kit Carson, the great western hunter, scout and explorer, is carefully preserved and may be seen by those who know its whereabouts. At the time of Kit Carson's death he left this rifle to Montezuma lodge, F. and A. M., of Santa Fe, N. M., in whose charge it has remained ever since, an object of great interest and very highly prized by all members of that society.

Montezuma lodge is one of the oldest organizations of that nature west of the Missouri river. It was organized as long ago as 1849, at which time the ancient town of Santa Fe was just beginning to take in part the color of the western bound Anglo-Saxon civilization. Fremont's first trip to the Rocky mountains was made in 1842. There were few white men in all that part of the west at the time of the founding of Montezuma lodge, but Kit Carson was one of these early members. To his brothers of the society he left what may have been one of his most cherished possessions.—Field and Stream.

Implements of Warfare.

There is a story of a privateer's crew of forty to fifty men capturing a Turkish galley with 500 seamen and soldiers on board by means of a swarm of bees judiciously thrown among the unspeakable ones. However this may be, there are enough authentic instances of strange methods of attack to provide amply sufficient material for the casuist in deciding what is fair and what unfair in war. Burning naphtha, boiling lead, birds, carcases of men and horses, Chinese stinkpots, besides the implements already mentioned, have all been used for offensive or defensive purposes in actual warfare.

Prank of the Lightning.

In 1844 a fishing smack off one of the Shetland isles was struck by lightning during a fierce storm. The bolt first struck the mast, which it splintered completely. It then passed to a watch in the pocket of a man sitting close to the mast and completely melted it. The man not only was uninjured, but he did not know what had taken place till he took his watch from his pocket and found it fused into a mass.

Windmills.

"I never knew till now why this was such a windy country," said the bright little girl traveling through Illinois.

"And have you discovered why?" asked her father.

"Of course. See all the windmills on these farms we're passing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Method.

Mrs. Newpop—Why don't you stop whipping the child? You make it holler. Mr. Newpop—I'm licking it to make it stop hollering.—Chicago Journal.

Cause For Sorrow.

Brown—Croker's down with brain fever. The doctor says if he recovers his mind will be a blank. Green—I'm sorry to hear that. He owes me $10.

That they are sinners few are willing to deny; that they are sinning few are ready to admit.

OLDEST CLOCK IN ENGLAND.

Erected In 1320 In One of the Towers of Peterborough Cathedral.

Peterborough cathedral has the oldest working clock in England. It was erected about 1320 and is probably the work of a monastic clockmaker. It is the only one now known that is wound up over an old wooden wheel. This wheel is about twelve feet in circumference, and the galvanized cable, about 300 feet in length, supports a leaden weight of three hundredweight, which has to be wound up daily.

The clock is said to be of much more primitive construction than that made by Henry de Nick for Charles V. of France in 1370. The clock chamber is in the northwest tower, some 120 feet high, where the sunlight has not penetrated for hundreds of years, and the winding is done by the light of a candle.

The gong is the great tenor bell of the cathedral, which weighs thirty-two hundredweight, and it is struck hourly by an eighty pound hammer. The going and the striking parts of the clock are some yards apart, communication being by a slender wire. The clock has no dial. The time is shown on the main wheel of the escapement, which goes round once in two hours.—London Chronicle.

THE TOWER OF HUNGER.

A Famous Prison of Pisa Long Since Destroyed.

"The Tower of Hunger" was a name given to the tower of Gualandi, in Pisa, celebrated because of the reference made to it in Dante's "Inferno."

Ugolino, count of Gherardesca (1220-89), was the head of a leading Ghibelline family in Pisa. Deserting the Ghibellines, he went over to the Guelphs. Afterward he returned to his own side and joined that uncompromising faction which regarded Archbishop Ruggieri as their head, until dissensions arose between him and them after he had killed the archbishop's nephew in a quarrel.

In the summer of 1288 Ugolino was seized by the Ghibellines and sent a prisoner to the tower of Gualandi, with his two sons and two grandsons. Here they were kept till March, 1289, when the door of the tower was fastened, the keys thrown into the Arno and the prisoners left to die of starvation. The tower, which was ever after known as the "Tower of Hunger," was in ruins at the end of the fifteenth century and was finally destroyed in 1655.

AFRICA.

The Way That Name Was Bestowed Upon the Continent.

The name Africa was given by the Roman conquerors, after the third Punic war, B. C. 146, to the province which they formed to cover the territory of Carthage. It was most probably adopted from the word "Afrygah," the Carthagenian term for a colony.

This original Africa was limited in extent. Its borders reached, according to Pliny, from the River Tusca on the west, which divided it from Numidia, to the bottom of the Syrtis Minor on the southeast, though Ptolemy carries it as far east as the bottom of the Great Syrtis, making it include Numidia and Tripolitana.

In later days the whole African continent took its name from this part, which in its narrower limits corresponded with the modern regency of Tunis and was called by the Greeks Lybia. Africus, the stormy southwest wind, was so called in Italy because it blew from Africa.

The Fable of the Four Men.

"I got off a street car this morning," said a doctor to me, "and, being in no hurry, I began moralizing on the actions and probable character of three men who had alighted just ahead of me. The first one was even then halfway down the block and was going on with such rapid strides that he had already put a couple of hundred yards between himself and the next man. 'There,' thought I, 'goes a hustler, a man who's bound to succeed in life.' The second man was walking rather slower and impressed me as one who would do fairly well perhaps in this world. But the last fellow was just dawdling along in the most shiftless sort of way. I very quickly set him down for a loafer.

"Just then another idea came home to me. All three were ahead of me!"—Hubert McBean Johnston in Success.

A Strange Accident.

Some time ago a man fell dead in a crowded street of San Francisco. The hospital surgeons were astonished to find that he had died of what appeared to be a bullet wound in his temple. A hundred people who witnessed the accident were ready to testify that no firearm had been discharged at the time. An examination exposed a small pebble in the man's brain. For a long time the case was a mystery, until an ingenious detective solved it with an explanation which he proved by experiment. The wheels of a heavy dray had jammed the pebble against the steel rails of the car track and then discharged it up into the air with such terrific force that it crashed into the brain of the passerby as if it had been a bullet.

Shakespeare as an Actor.

About the year 1590 one of the London companies received an addition in the person of a young man who was not only a skillful and useful actor, but who also possessed the accomplishment of being able to adapt older plays to the taste of the times, and even proved to have the gift of writing tolerably good plays himself, though older and jealous colleagues might hint at their not being altogether original. This young man, whose capacities became of no slight use to the company and the theater, was named William Shakespeare.—From "A History of Theatrical Art."

A Cheerful Liar.

One time the late ameer of Afganistan asked the English diplomatic agent at his court to give a description amid a circle of Afghan boys of the largest gun in England. The Englishman described the 100 ton gun, and when he had finished the ameer observed to his admiring subjects, "I have seen a gun the cartridge of which was as large as the gun which has just been described to you." It would never do for an ameer to be astonished, much less to confess himself beaten.

Had No Business to Know.

Elderly Aunt—Gwendolen, you shock me when you talk of a wedding being "pulled off." You ought to be ashamed to use prize fighting slang in speaking of so solemn a thing as a wedding. Young Niece—You misunderstood me, Aunt Hepzibah. I said the wedding had been put off. But how did you happen to know that "pulled off" is prize fighting slang?—Chicago Tribune.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 10.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings xii, 25-33—Memory Verses, 28-30—Golden Text, I John v, 21 — Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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The Lord, the God of Israel, had just given to Jeroboam the ten tribes to be his kingdom, with the assurance that if he would be obedient and do right in the sight of the Lord He would be with him and build him a sure house (chapter xi, 29-38, and especially verse 38), but at the very beginning of his reign, as recorded in today's lesson, he turned his back upon God, as if there was no God and his own hand had got him all this. His record is summed up in the words which are repeated more than twelve times in the two books of Kings, "Jeroboam, thou son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin." (I Kings xiv, 16; xv, 26, 30, 34; xvi, 19, 26, etc.)

Both Shechem and Penuel, mentioned in the first verse of our lesson as having been built by Jeroboam, had been laid in ruins in the days of the judges (Judg. viii, 17; ix, 45, 46). At Shechem the Lord first appeared to Abram in the land, and there Abram built his first altar unto the Lord (Gen. xii, 6, 7). There lie the bones of Joseph awaiting the resurrection of the just, and there the Lord Jesus first announced Himself as the Messiah (Josh. xxiv, 32; John iv). At Penuel the Lord wrestled with Jacob and broke him down and blessed him as he clung to Him in conscious weakness, and changed his name to Israel (Gen. xxxii, 28, 30, 31).

Jeroboam waited not for the counsel of God. He contemned the counsel of the Most High (Ps. cvi, 13; cvii, 11.) He took counsel, but not of God, for he desired none of God's counsel (Isa. xxx, 1; Prov. i, 30). He devised of his own heart this great sin (verse 33). He seemed wholly unconscious of the fact that God gave him the kingdom and fancied that he must take care of his own life and the kingdom, too; so he said, "If they go to Jerusalem to worship they will turn back to the king of Judah and kill me" (verses 6, 7). The thought of helping the Lord to manage His affairs by some help or advice of ours is very old. Abram and Isaac and Rebekah and Jacob all tried it. Simon Peter also was not wanting in this line of things, and there are many who still think that without some of their common sense and good judgment the Lord will hardly be able to accomplish His purposes. Will the Lord's people never learn to obey Prov. iii, 5, 6?

Jeroboam must have known the story of the golden calf in the wilderness which Aaron made and of the thousands who fell because of that sin, yet he disobediently, deliberately and presumptuously commits the same sin and proclaims the same lie (verse 28: Ex. xxxii, 4, 8). If any one had reminded him of God's judgment upon Israel and had suggested that his present conduct was both dangerous and openly wicked he might have replied, if he had the wisdom of some professed defenders of the faith today: "Oh, that was 500 years ago, and we do not know whether there was any truth in it or not. That is an old story and perhaps only a tradition. Look at those idol groves and high places on Olivet which the great Solomon built for his wives, and where he worshiped also, and yet he prospered and died peacefully."

Jeroboam had the spirit of Cain, who preferred his own thoughts and ways to those of God and feared not to disobey. When he said to the people, "It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem" (verse 28) he talked like the devil in the garden of Eden when he suggested to Eve that God demanded too much of her, or when he suggested to Achan that it was too much self denial not to take that garment and gold, or when he suggested to the Lord Jesus through Simon Peter that it was too much for Him to think of suffering and dying at Jerusalem. The devil is ever talking on the same lines. He says it is too much for you to go twice to church on Sabbath or to go so far to church at all; too much to shut yourself up on Sunday when you have been shut up in the store or office all the week; too much to ask you to give back to God any of your hard earned money when you need it all, and more, for yourself and family.

Think of a golden calf at Bethel, where the Lord had revealed Himself to Jacob in the vision of the ladder. Contrast this work of sinful hands with the God of Jacob and the ministry of holy angels. What a desecrator of holy places and things this man was who had sold himself to do evil in the sight of the Lord! (II Kings xvii, 17.)

It is not enough for him to despise the only true God, the God of Israel, and the Holy City and the temple, the only appointed place of sacrifice, but he also despises God's chosen priesthood and sets up one of his own. There may be man made priests, so called, even now, who worship golden eagles and are in God's sight of the lowest of the people. Let us rejoice that God takes the lowest and most sinful and by the blood of the Lamb makes them true priests unto Himself and gives them the assurance that they shall yet reign with Christ on earth (Rev. i, 5, 6; v, 9, 10).

Moses did not ordain feasts or priests or anything in connection with the tabernacle worship. God did all. But this man takes the place of God and imitates God, making us think of II Thess. ii, 4. Notice in the last two verses of our lesson the repeated phrase "which he had made" and compare in Dan. iii, "which the king had set up," and let us beware of man and "worship God."

The Cold In Alaska.

David T. Hanbury, writing of his first experiences in Alaska, said: "The cold could not be kept out of even the most palatial examples of domestic architecture which Dawson City could at that time boast, but the author stuck to the cult of the morning tub. After I had melted the pail of ice on the 'air tight' stove I poured some of the water two inches deep into the bathtub, which I had removed to the rear of the room, where there was no heat. Not two minutes had elapsed before I threw off my chamois pajamas in the front room and, opening the communicating door, stepped hurriedly into the bathtub, for I had no time to lose. Quick as I had been, the atmosphere had been quicker, and just as I stepped into the tub with both feet, wrenching with a great effort the soap from a beam hard by, I slipped on the newly frozen ice into the tub, and over we went, soap, tub and myself, all separated in different quarters of the room. Those two minutes had sufficed to transmute my water into smooth and glassy ice."

CAUSTIC CARLYLE.

His Contempt For Great Men Was Subject to Modification.

Carlyle's opinion of Herbert Spencer as "the most unending ass in Christendom" must, of course, be read in conjunction with Carlyle's derision for mankind in general. "Mostly fools," he cheerfully thought of us all. Darwin, we know, he would not have at any price—not a word of him. Cardinal Newman, he estimated, had "the brain of a medium sized rabbit." Ruskin was a bottle of soda water. "A bad young man" was his sum up of another eminent writer.

But these hostile phrases were subject to considerable modification if the man against whom they were aimed came near enough to Carlyle to do him a personal favor, even to pay him a personal compliment. Disraeli, whom he had described as a mountebank dancing upon John Bull's stomach, offered Carlyle a baronetcy and elicited from him, together with a refusal of the title, many tributes to his magnanimity. He said very little about Disraeli henceforth in print, and in private he spoke of him only as "a very tragical comical fellow."—London Chronicle.

THE ONION CURE.

A Remedy Which Is Claimed to Be Infallible In Pneumonia.

This remedy, which is claimed to be infallible, was formulated many years ago by a well known physician in New England, who never lost a patient by this scourge: Take six or ten onions, according to size, and chop fine. Put in a large spider over a hot fire, adding about the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar to form a stiff paste. Stir thoroughly and simmer five or ten minutes. Put into a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply to the chest just as hot as the patient can bear it. In about ten minutes change the poultice, and thus continue reheating and applying, and in a few hours the patient will be out of danger. And just here a word of caution. In applying this or any other hot poultice care must be exercised not to let the patient get chilled during the changing process. Have the hot one all ready to go on before the cooling one is removed, and make the exchanges so swiftly and deftly that there is not a moment's exposure of the body surface, which becomes exceedingly sensitive to a chill.

POSITION DURING SLEEP.

Slightly Raise the Head and Lie on the Right Side.

The main object of sleep is that every organ of the body should have perfect rest. The brain, the lungs and the heart have been, not inappropriately, called the "tripod of life," as upon them hangs the prosperity of the whole frame; hence we slightly raise the head to check the flow of blood to the brain and more or less quickly find out the position of greatest ease for lungs and heart.

This will be found by sleeping for the greater part of the time on the right side, for nearly two-thirds of the heart is on the left of the medial line, and the apex points closely to the smaller left lung; hence the fullest and freest play possible should be given to the left side.

A quiet pulse, diminished respiration and refreshing rest are all combined when open windows, moderate warmth and unchafing heart work together. It is often best to court sleep on the left side and turn to the right before going off.

A Philanthropist.

Modern advertising can cope even with the etiquette of courts. A London journal tells us that a young American woman wished to be presented at the court of the king of Saxony. The high officials, having inquired into her social standing at home, objected. They represented to her that the king could scarcely receive the daughter of a retail bootmaker. The young woman cabled home and told her father the situation. The next morning she received his answer:

"Can't call it selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement."

That solved the difficulty. She was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist.

A Doctor's Visit.

More patients become dissatisfied because they are not visited often enough than because they are required to pay for excess of services. One of the most grateful families that I ever knew was one that had just paid a young medical grafter for fourteen visits made between 5 and 11 p. m. of a single day, when two visits would have been amply sufficient. Small wonder that some of the younger men yield to this temptation and shortly become known to the profession as repeaters. But these soon lose caste.—The World Today.

A Dutch Fishing Village.

Almost every fishing village in Holland has its special dress and its own quaint customs. One can see from old Dutch pictures that these have not varied for the last 200 years. One most interesting place is the island of Marken, a tongue of land on the margin of the Zuyder Zee, which can well be inspected in a couple of hours. It is so little above the sea level that the clusters of houses or tiny villages are built on mounds connected by bridges, and nearly every little house has its own little moat and its own little boat—everything except the people is on a diminutive scale in Holland—moored near the door so as to be handy in case of flood. The houses, with the exception of the church and the clergyman's house, are built of wood on high piles. They are none of them very old, as the place has often been flooded and burned. In winter Marken is often under water, and the inhabitants use boats to pass from one village to another. The cottages, which are painted blue, green or black, with pointed gables, and roofed with red tiles, are all exactly alike and possess only a ground floor built on high piles.

A Novel Time Glass.

"During a trip which I took through the West Indies several years ago," said a traveler, "I saw a sight in one of the villages which brought the old proverb, 'Necessity is the mother of invention,' forcibly to my mind. In the front of one of the houses on a veranda stood a sentry whose business it was to keep the time for the village by means of a primitive sandglass. Two bottles were firmly tied together, mouth to mouth, and fixed in a wooden frame, made to stand in reversible positions.

"A quantity of black sand ran from one bottle into the other in just half an hour, and when the upper bottle was empty the frame was reversed. Twelve short sticks marked with notches from 1 to 12 were hung upon a string, and a hook was placed between the stick bearing the number of notches corresponding to the hour last struck and the one to be struck next. The sentry announced the time by striking the hours on a large gong."

Camels In War.

The camel is a good soldier. It may be stupidity, and it may be bravery, but a camel is as steady under fire as a tower. The Persians mounted small cannon on the backs of their camels and called them zambwahs, or little wasps. This fashion was adopted in India, and after the battle of Sobraon 2,000 of the artillery camels were captured. In the Indian mutiny the British had a camel corps of 150 beasts, and on the back of each camel sat a Scotch highlander in his kilt.

In 1878 the British used camels against the Afghans, and the government paid for 50,000 camels that died in those campaigns. Many of these were driven to death by their owners in order that they might claim the government bounty. There was also a camel corps which did good service in the Sudan war against the mahdi.

The Deadliest Poison.

Cyanide of potassium and hydrocyanic or prussic acid are considered by most people to be about the most poisonous of known substances. This is an error. They are the most rapidly acting of all poisons, but not the most potent. One drop of pure prussic acid placed in the eye of a large dog will kill it within two seconds, and such a dose will kill a man. But there is an alkaloid in aconite root called pseudaconitine, one three-hundredth part of a grain of which will kill a moderate sized animal. This is the deadliest poison known, being 300 times as toxic as prussic acid.

Her Case Is Hopeless.

A little girl became so accustomed to exaggeration and misstatement that nobody could believe her, and her parents were greatly annoyed by the unfortunate reputation that she was acquiring.

One afternoon her mother said to her: "Now, listen, Lillian, and heed my words. What has happened to one sinner may easily happen to another. You know what happened to Ananias and Sapphira, don't you?"

"Yes'm, I do. They fell dead on the street corner, and I saw 'em carried into a drug store."

Loyal to the Last.

"Weren't you slightly annoyed by the manner in which your wife played when she was your partner at whist?" "No," answered Mr. Meekton stoutly; "I wasn't annoyed. I was puzzled I couldn't help wondering who made that fool assertion about its being wrong to trump your partner's ace."—Washington Star.

How Seventy-six, Ky., Got Its Name.

Back in Clinton county is a village called Seventy-six. In the midst of the village is a waterfall, which greeted the eye of the first frontiersman who went to that part of the state when it was still a part of Virginia. He measured the depth of the fall and found it to be seventy-six feet. The accuracy of the measurement has never been called into question, and the inhabitants of the town to this day have their mails addressed to "Seventy-six, Ky." The fall is of little volume during the summer months, but is of great beauty at all times. In the winter it is a roaring cataract, and Indian creek frequently goes upon a rampage. The section was a favorite hunting ground of the Indians in the early days, and the creek derived its name from the number of spearheads and spikes which are found in the fields around.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Strategy of the Cuckoo.

The Indian fruit cuckoo, which, like all members of the cuckoo family, lays its eggs in the nests of other birds and thus avoids the trouble of hatching them, is said to exhibit most interesting strategy in dealing with crows, which are its enemies. Whereas the hen, an inconspicuous speckled gray bird, conceals herself in the foliage, the cock, remarkable for his brilliant black plumage and crimson eyes, places himself on a perch near a crows' nest and makes a great noise. The crows immediately rush out to attack him, and he takes to flight with them in pursuit. The hen meanwhile slips into the nest and deposits an egg. Sometimes the crows get back before the egg is laid, and then the intruding hen cuckoo gets a trouncing.—Youth's Companion.

Origin of the Picture Postal Cards.

The originator of pictorial post cards was a Frenchman, M. Besnardeau of Sille-le-Guillaume, in the department of La Sarthe. To this gentleman occurred the happy thought at the time of the war with Germany that, as there were 40,000 conscripts, most of them somewhat illiterate, in the camp of Conlie, he might as well sell them cards instead of paper and envelopes. He did so, illustrating his cards with pictures of cannons and shells, quickly cleared out his stock and responded to the continuing demand by issuing a second series, with spaces on which soldiers were invited to write the names of any battles in which they might have taken part.—Westminster Gazette.

The Leopard and the Kid.

To illustrate how perfectly he had the animal under control Professor Bach of Berlin once put a live kid in the cage with a leopard. Then the professor fixed his glittering eye on the savage beast and willed that he should remain quiescent. There was something wrong with the thought transference, for the leopard immediately changed his spots, and so did the kid. A bleat, a growl and a crunch, and the illustration was ruined.

Milk and Bright's Disease.

A physician suffering with Bright's disease and weighing 155 pounds began to restrict himself exclusively to a milk diet, taking one quart at each meal, or three quarts daily. Soon no traces of his former ailment was perceptible. He gained thirty pounds in flesh, and this notwithstanding constant attention to professional duties both day and night.—Chicago News.

An Experienced Opinion.

Father—Daughter, Algernon Von Spook wants to marry you. Daughter—What! That man! Why, papa, I wouldn't have him. He hasn't any sense. Father—Of course not; of course not. You don't suppose he would be wanting to get married if he had, do you?—Detroit Free Press.

Got It.

"Fact is," said the one man, "I married because I was lonely as much as for any other reason. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy."

"Well," said the other man, "you have mine."

FRENCH MAY QUEENS.

A Pretty Custom Which Is Still In Vogue In Some Villages.

An ancient custom which still obtains in many villages in the south of France is a pretty variation of the choosing of the May queen with which we are so familiar. The mayor and six of his political officers choose from among the village maidens the most beautiful girl. As soon as the choice is made known the queen, dressed in white, even to a long white veil and a wreath of white roses, assembles with her parents and all the villagers in front of the mayor's house. Here he and six friends, dressed in frock coats and top hats, form in procession, the mayor and queen leading, and march to the church, where there is a short ceremony.

They then march back to the mayor's house, where a favored few are entertained at luncheon. When he proposes her health he enumerates her virtues, kisses her on both cheeks and hands her an envelope which contains the prize, $200 in money. But the ceremony does not end here. They form in procession, the band leading this time, and in a sort of "follow my leader" game walk through the village, up lanes and over hills for three hours. That evening a ball is given at the inn, where the queen dances first with the mayor and his six friends and afterward with the lads of the village, and so the celebration ends. The queen's white veil, with the veil and wreath, are carefully folded away and are brought out again only when she becomes a bride.

A HEAVY DIET.

What the Pikes In Tipperary Waters Like Most as Food.

There is a professional fisherman of my acquaintance in Tipperary who kills many pike during the winter months, for which he finds ready sale in the town. He told me of one customer of his who was in the habit of so beating him down in price that he felt justified in resorting to somewhat questionable means to increase the weight of his fish. In the manner of the winner of the stakes in the celebrated "Jumping Frog" sporting event, he would introduce some weighty substance into their interior, stones, bits of iron railing, etc.

Once he went so far as to stuff two old handless flatirons he had picked from a refuse heap down the gullet of one before taking it to his customer, who, having weighed it carefully and, after much haggling, paid him a fraction less per pound for it than he might have perhaps obtained elsewhere. Meeting him next day, he was instantly aware there was trouble in the wind by the opening remark, "What do pike feed on, Paddy?" "Och and indade, your honor, but there's mighty little that comes amiss to thim lads," he answered. "Frogs and fish, sticks and shtones they like well, but they would give their two eyes for flatirons."—English Country Gentleman.

The Value of a Sunny Soul.

The world is too full of sadness and sorrow, misery and sickness. It needs more sunshine. It needs cheerful lives which radiate gladness. It needs encouragers who will lift and not bear down, who will encourage, not discourage.

Who can estimate the value of a sunny soul who scatters gladness and good cheer wherever he goes instead of gloom and sadness? Everybody is attracted to these cheerful faces and sunny lives and repelled by the gloomy, the morose and the sad. We envy people who radiate cheer wherever they go and fling out gladness from every pore. Money, houses and lands look contemptible beside such a disposition. The ability to radiate sunshine is a greater power than beauty or than mere mental accomplishments.—Success.

The Best Qualified Graduate.

It is the custom of the graduating class of the medical department of Queen's university of Kingston, Canada, to designate by ballot the fellow student who they believe could be expected "to do the right thing under all circumstances." The successful student is honored with a special prize by the faculty. We believe that such a man is really the most capable of his class and if not identical with the gold medalist is probably his superior in all that goes to make up the scientific and successful practitioner.—New York Medical Journal.

Aloes.

The most valuable aloes come from the island of Sokotra, which lies just off the east African coast from Cape Guardafui. The drug itself is the bitter resinous juice of the leaves of the aloe plant that has been hardened in the sun. These leaves are of a fibrous, fleshy nature, and, in addition to the juice, the natives make this fiber into rope, many insisting that it makes a better rope than hemp.

Cause and Effect.

Mrs. A.—You say brandy is a good remedy for colic, but I don't agree with you. Mrs. B.—What do you know about it? Mrs. A.—A great deal. Before I had brandy in the house my husband never had colic more than once or twice a year, but as soon as I kept a supply he had colic almost every day.

A Different Thing.

"I didn't suppose that Cupid could move a stony hearted man like Jones."

"Cupid has nothing to do with it. Cupidity is what moved him."—Detroit Free Press.

Ambition is pitiless. Every merit that it cannot use is contemptible in its eyes.—Joubert.

Usually.

It is usually the young woman who wouldn't have the best man in the world who snaps at the first offer, and the man who is the most cynical about matrimony is pretty sure to propose to the first woman who gives him an opportunity.—Boston Transcript.

Flint and Steel.

Mrs. Highmore (with cold dignity)—To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit? Unexpected Caller—To your careless servant, perhaps, madam. I dare say she forgot that you were not at home.—Chicago Tribune.

The Truth.

"Mr. Hardup must have used a great deal of flattery to win the heiress."

"No; he simply told her the truth."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; he said he couldn't live without her."

Spiteful.

Miss Oldgirl—I don't like the color of my hair. Miss Youngthing—Don't let that bother you, my dear. It can't be long now before it turns gray.

Business Cards.

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Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
— AND —
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

Friendly Gray Wolves.

I have never had any difficulty in making friends with the gray wolves I happened to be sketching, says J. M. Gleeson in St. Nicholas. Immediately on my appearance, no matter what they were doing, they came at once to the bars to be scratched and talked to, and when their coats were changing and their skins sensitive they would stand there any length of time while I pulled away the loose tufts of hair, their every action expressing a somewhat sullen friendliness. But with the coyotes it was different. They never make friends with or lose their fear of man. Generally speaking, they resemble the prairie wolf, but are much smaller and of a browner color. Their fur is also longer and the tail more bushy. They vary considerably in color, changing with the seasons. In winter their coat is lighter, in summer darker and with more brown. Black coyotes, while not common, are sometimes seen, but these are only freaks of nature.

A Vigorous Preacher.

Beginning his sermon one Sunday a muscular Scotch minister said that in every congregation there were generally three kinds of people. Some were very worthy men and women. Others were just middlings and might be better than they were, but others were actual deevils. He did not intend in this discourse to speak to the first kind, who were already good Christians and not greatly requiring either advice or censure. The second class would be all the better for some plain speaking, but their case was not so urgent as that of the third class, whom he had spoken of as positive deevils. "To them," he said, "I mean to speak." Then, rolling up the right sleeve of his coat and stretching out his clinched fist in front of him, he said, "Now, ye deevils."

British Baronetcies.

The first baronets were created by James I., and any one might obtain the hereditary title by the payment of £500. Since then I have rarely heard of any baronet being created for his personal merit. Baronetcies are mainly conferred for party services. Any one in the house of commons who is prepared to vote invariably as his party whips tell him can receive a baronetcy if he is sufficiently persistent in pushing his "claim" and does not allow himself to be put off with a knighthood. In some cases he has to contribute to the party funds, but if he bustles about and shows his teeth occasionally this is not always necessary.—London Truth.

Exclusiveness.

Exclusiveness is a brand of nothing, used by nobody who is anybody, to protect somebody from the dangers of nothing. You'll find it everywhere, more in Boston than in New York, more in New York than right here in Hayfield, but Hayfield isn't rid of it. Exclusives are people who don't know enough to go at large. Exclusive society is a rickety, leaky, lopsided association of idiots, fools, tailors' dummies, languiders and hangers on, so substantial-less that you have to feed a couple of dozen of 'em into a hopper to grind out a dwarf.—Hayfield Mower.

Chinese Music.

The notes of Chinese music read, like the written characters, from right to left, and the intervals of the scale are different from those of the scale adopted by the nations of the west. The music is not very harmonious and sounds meaningless and jangling to western ears, but it has a pretty, musical cadence that makes it attractive and interesting in spite of its frequent discords.

The Wail of the Victim.

"You can't get something for nothing," said the man who affects proverbs.

"No," answered the easy man; "I can't, but the people with whom I do business seem to manage it every now and then."—Exchange.

Ready For Something Else.

The New Boy—What do you do in your Sunday school? The Rev. Dr. Saintly—We study the Bible. The New Boy—But I've been through that.—Brooklyn Life.

Pity is the virtue of the law, and none but tyrants use it cruelly.—Shakespeare.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 15. 1904. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 33.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 6, 1904.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.5[illegible], 6.14, 6.44, 7.12. 7.37, 8.14, 8.21. 9.02, 10.30, 11.3[illegible], A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.[illegible]9, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25. 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, [illegible].05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.[illegible]4, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.0[illegible], 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 1.15, 4.05, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.20, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.5[illegible] 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.[illegible]7, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.4[illegible] 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 3.25, 5.29, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.58, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.[illegible]0, 7.20, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.20, A. M., 1.[illegible]3, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.56, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.2[illegible], 9.02, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.69, 9.13, 9.25, 10.3[illegible] P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.[illegible], 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.13, 9.49, 11.[illegible] A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.15, 4.33, 5.0[illegible] 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.31, 5.19, [illegible].03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

9.13 P. M. to Boston in effect June 27, 1804.

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.1[illegible] p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.4[illegible] p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.[illegible] p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. [illegible]45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.[illegible] p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at [illegible], 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.1[illegible], 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.5[illegible], 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading [illegible] 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.[illegible]5 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.[illegible]5 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until [illegible].55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at [illegible].30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.[illegible]0, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M. and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M. and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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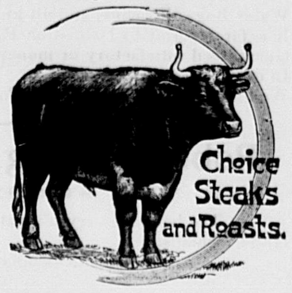

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after June 27, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.07, 6.22, every 15 minutes until 9.52 A. M then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.52 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 11.07 A. M then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M then every 15 minutes until 9.07 P. M and then every 30 minutes 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 8.37; then every 15 minutes 9.37 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.07, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 10 07 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour until then 12.37 A. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

A Foreordained Partnership

By Curran Richard Greenley

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

It was all over, and General Marvin lay under the live oaks, while Miss Rebecca sat alone in the darkened parlor. Now the burden lay with her alone, and she followed wearily the trail of the years that had brought only trouble and loss.

Jessica stood still in the doorway at sight of the bowed head. She could find no words to say, but she drew Miss Rebecca's head down and held her close to her strong, young arms. Miss Rebecca lifted a hopeless face. "Child, I do not mourn for him. It is for you, Jessica, this old house and a pitiful ten acres is all that is left, and even that cannot be sold during my lifetime. There is nothing, nothing! Don't talk to me now. I cannot bear it. I must try to think." And Miss Rebecca crept away to her room.

Left to herself, the girl stood looking out toward the clump of live oaks that towered above the general's grave. She remembered that there had always been little economics practiced by Miss Rebecca, and the days when the general would shut himself in with a mass of papers—always after the visits of those men from town. Now the end had come. But the old home was still theirs, even though shorn of its broad acres, and an idea came to her. That night she wrote the letter that went in the northern mail, signed with the boyish scrawl of "J. L. Marvin."

* * * * * * *

Business was unusually dull in the office of Repplier Bros., florists, and the morning mail received instant attention. James Repplier tossed a letter across to his brother John. "Read that, John."

Repplier Bros.
Gentlemen—Is there any market for cut flowers direct from the south—cape jasmine, English violets, roses and all varieties of the lily? Can make arrangements for packing and shipping to arrive in good condition. I should be glad to receive orders. Respectfully,
J. L. MARVIN.
Aldana, Miss.

John Repplier laid the letter down and looked up inquiringly. "Might be a good idea. What do you think?"

"Well! We will be pretty apt to need a large supply in the next forty-eight hours, as that Garling funeral will call for more than we can furnish from our own plant."

Ten minutes later the message went off that electrified the household at Bois d'Arc:

Send all available blooms. Letter to follow. Terms guaranteed.
REPPLIER BROS.

Miss Rebecca was bewildered at the very idea of money to be gained from the profusion that rioted in hedge and arbor and over the waste of unkempt gardens, but Jessica rallied the idle negroes and worked all night until the dawn, when Uncle Reuben drove down to Aldana with a wagon load of baskets filled to the brim with fragrant merchandise.

ALL THE WAY BY WATER
VIA
JOY LINE
BOSTON
NEW YORK
THROUGH LONG ISLAND SOUND BY DAYLIGHT
Folders and Information on Request.
B. D. PITTS Agt., 308 Congress St., Boston
Phone Main 6460.

Evening brought the letter that made possibility certainty, and busy days followed for Jessica. More land was leased and a little office constructed in the old weighing room of the gin that now served as a packing room. Miss Rebecca willingly let go the reins of Bois d'Arc into Jessica's hands. Once more Aunt Ailsa rejoiced in a well filled pantry, and bit by bit the old border was restored, excepting always the tall, soldierly figure that had moved out from among them forever.

November had come, and a soft haze lay over the sunny fields, and a tang of frost lurked in the breeze. Jessica lay in the hammock under the pines, her loosened hair blown back in a ruddy halo and the bars of sunlight flecking the smooth olive of her rounded cheek with golden light as she swayed back and forth, a picture that held the intruder silent until the crunching of the pine needles beneath his feet brought Jessica to herself. That he was very good to look at was patent at the first glance. The athletic figure, keen, dark eyes and smiling mouth made James Repplier an interesting study to the mind feminine.

"I beg pardon, but is this Bois d'Arc, the Marvin plantation?"

"Yes; this is Bois d'Arc. I am the manager."

"You? J. L. Marvin?" Repplier stared blankly. "But we had supposed"—

"That I were a man?" she broke in nervously, then, looking at the card that he handed her, "Mr. Repplier?" and a little later Repplier found himself in the dim old parlor receiving the gentle welcome of Miss Rebecca.

He was carried away with Bois d'Arc and its vague air of a better time that dimly expressed the actual assured position that had been his life motive. Self made from the days of drifting waifhood, when the two homeless boys had struggled against the current of the Chicago streets, it had been an uphill fight, with little time for the softer things of life, and here the stately rooms where the sunlight filtered through the small paned windows to fall on faces of dead and gone Marvins, the quaint wainscoted dining room, with its time stained treasures; the white table, with its glitter of silver and glass; the sweetness of flowers and the two gentlewomen so different from all the women that he had encountered in the rush of the city—he decided there and then to linger as long as he decently could, answering abstractedly to the running fire of bright nonsense that Jessica kept up. He felt that somehow he had always known that soft voice and rippling laugh.

He followed her into the garden, where the moonlight gleamed over snowy masses of chrysanthemums that stood in tall ranks. A magic dwelt in the winding alleys of that old garden, walled in by the lush fragrance of roses. Desperately, helplessly, he went down before that small maiden who talked on of flowers and still of flowers and grew very impatient of his irrelevant replies. At last she ventured, "You expected to consult with 'Mr. Marvin' as to the business for the coming season?"

Repplier pulled himself together and came out of the clouds. He had forgotten his errand.

"Yes; I had a proposition to make from our firm. You have been our chief source of supply for several months, and we have decided to offer you an interest if you will agree to work under our supervision."

Jessica drew a long breath.

Repplier went to his room that night in a state of mind that baffles description and lay for hours gazing out into the white night.

Morning—the plantation bell sent its summons far out into the misty grayness. Alas, the fields of Bois d'Arc had passed to alien hands, but the old bell still swung and lifted its voice, as it had done when in answer to its call the dusky file went forth from the gates to toil for the master of Bois d'Arc. Somewhere away off a chorus of hounds responded, and fields began to fill with the cotton pickers.

Jessica was seated behind the urn as he sat down to Aunt Ailsa's hot waffles and fried chicken. As he watched the small sunbrowned hands among the coffee cups the visions of the night came back in full force.

Repplier had no excuse for prolonging his stay, but before Jessica drove him down to Aldana he managed to extract an invitation for the holidays from Miss Rebecca. Repplier had touched her strangely with his half wistful remark, "Christmas is an empty word to me, I have never had a home."

Christmas eve, as Jessica came across the yard from the office, Repplier met her with such honest gladness in face and voice that she forgot her scruples and welcomed him as gladly. A long, happy week, for Jessica, her guard once down, threw herself into the spirit of the hour. Repplier found his crumpled rose leaf, however, in the person of Charlie Carrington, who was Jessica's shadow. "Too confoundedly cousinly," thought Repplier as the swift days flew. He had never cared for dancing, but it was dull work to stand in the shadow while Jessica circled the room in Charlie's arms. But at last the round of dances and merrymakings drew to a close. Repplier grew desperate. There was only one day left to him. If Miss Rebecca had earned his gratitude before she now had his undying affection in the hour when she pressed Charlie into service to drive her to the next plantation.

It was one of those dreary, midwinter afternoons, and the open fire flickered cheerily. Jessica commenced a furious onslaught with the poker. "Poking a fire is a positive stimulant on a day like this."

"Is it? Let me try it." He took the poker, and they knelt together on the broad hearth. A merry war of words and then a silence that neither of them dared to break. Jessica gazed deep into the heart of the fire, but Repplier's eyes were on the dark curls. He could not see her face. As he dropped the poker she stretched out her hand to find it caught and held—"Jessica!" It was just a whisper, but the rich color went over her face, and the hand fluttered within the strong grasp that held it prisoner as he went on. "I know it is too soon, but I cannot go and leave my story untold. You know that I have loved you from the moment that I first saw you. I believe that I have loved you always. Above and beyond all law of caste, all difference of north and south, somewhere, somehow, you have belonged to me, and I want my own."

Outside the raindrops pattered against the long windows, then the neigh of a horse as Charlie and Miss Rebecca drove through the big gate. The brown head dropped lower, and the hand in his no longer struggled to escape. Quick to grasp his vantage ground, he drew the slight figure to him. For just the briefest time his lips sought hers; then, flushed and shy, Jessica retreated to the other end of the rug as Miss Rebecca, standing in the open door, read the end of the chapter.

One Way to Win a Wife.

James Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" has had a counterpart in real life. At least the resemblance is striking. He was a butler who for nearly twenty-five years cleverly managed the affairs of three Englishwomen, even to investing their money for them. Through all the years, although he knew how important he was to that little household, he never forgot that he was the butler and always preserved the most respectful attitude toward his mistresses. Suddenly, however, one morning he appeared before the women and "gave notice." He had saved up some money, he said, and wanted a home of his own. The household was appalled at the prospect. Finally one of the women gasped, "Have you met any suitable person?" "No, ma'am," answered the butler. "Not up to now. But I must make it my business to seek her." The three women felt the foundations of their domestic happiness tottering, and in desperation the most "suitable" of the trio asked the butler to marry her. After a pause he accepted her hand in his old respectful manner, and for twenty-five years longer, in the position of master, he stayed in the house where he had been for many years at service.

The Mauser's Breath.

The old fable of the siren has its duplicate in one of the most deadly of modern weapons. The whistle of a bullet ought to be a deadly sound; it is surprising to be told that it is a beautiful one. Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby says in his South African notes called "In the Web of a War:"

The Mauser's most melodious period is from 800 to 18,000 yards. Over that distance its note is the most exquisitely lovely of single sounds. "The silky breath of the Mauser" is a phrase that adequately describes it.

But there is something more about it than its beauty, something strange and baleful. It goes by like the singing of a wondering soul that can find rest only by bringing death to another. It is a sighing so indescribably tender and sad and sweet that every sound of human lips seems without charm beside it.

After lying for a time under that silky breath, one has even to resist a desire to lift his head and take the next puff of it in his face.

Jokai's Joke.

At a banquet held in his honor in the town of Torda, Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian writer, was called upon to propose the toast of "The Ladies." He made an excellent speech, during which he continually toyed with the brown curls upon his forehead. Finally he said: "I raise my glass in honor of the gracious ladies of Torda. May they all live until my hair grows gray." His audience drank to the toast, but it was easy to see by the faces of the ladies present that they did not think much of the compliment. Jokai rose again from his seat and took from his head a magnificent brown wig, showing an entirely bald head beneath it. "My hair," he added, "will never grow gray." And the ladies, who had not known of his baldness, were more than mortified.

Hands Were Shaking Already.

An American actor once attended a duel in Paris for the sole purpose of studying the demeanor of the duelists. He was preparing at the time to act a duelist's role in a new play.

Discussing this combat afterward, he said:

"I confess that I learned very little from it. The men were too well scared to teach me anything that would have been of service in a serious stage duel. They reminded me, in fact, of a story that Edwin Booth used to tell.

"This story concerns two principals who, after they had exchanged shots harmlessly, were urged by their seconds to shake hands. They were about to do so when a bystander, who had looked on at their duel despite their requests that he depart, exclaimed in a disgusted tone:

"'It's hardly necessary for them to shake hands. Their hands have been shaking this half hour.'"

Herculean Labors.

Naggsby—What did he leave to charity? Waggsby—He left it the biggest job it ever tackled—that of covering his multitude of sins.—Baltimore American.

The English statute mile was first defined in the thirty-fifth year of Queen Elizabeth. Before that time it was put down at 5,000 feet.

Her Soft Soap Acquaintance

By James Norfleet

Copyright, 1904, by K. M. Whitehead

When Farmer James Thompson mortgaged his farm to old John Doan that he might raise money to go into the dairy business he could figure out that he had twenty chances of success against one of failure. Inside of three years, however, misfortune had come to him in half a dozen different directions. Most of his herd had perished when his barn had been struck by a thunderbolt, and following that his wife had died and he had fallen and broken a leg. There could be only one more calamity in store for him, and that put in an appearance in due time. One day when a letter had come for him he called his daughter Bessie in and said:

"Well, it has come. Old John Doan is going to foreclose the mortgage on me, and in a few weeks we shall be homeless. Here's the notice from his man of business."

Bessie Thompson was a girl of twenty. In addition to being good looking and having a good education, her acquaintances called her a "brick." They said so because she had faced misfortune with a braver heart than her father and had displayed a level head and much shrewdness in trying to stem the tide and extricate him from his unfortunate situation. She had even taken a trip of fifty miles to see old John Doan in person and try to soften his heart, but had only found his agent and been gruffly told that her father must pay up or go. She had expected the blow, and her answer to her father was:

"Well, if we can't pay we'll have to go, of course, but we shall be allowed a few weeks' grace, and who knows what may happen in that time?"

Something did happen, but it came about in a queer way. Two weeks had passed, and Miss Bessie had started to make soft soap in a big kettle in the back yard. Farmer folks would make soft soap in the spring even though assured that the world would be no more by midsummer. The big kettle had been filled with lye from the beach and a fire started under it, and the hour was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when Miss Bessie sat down on the back doorstep out of the smoke to think and plan for the future. In the course of a quarter of an hour she was so lost in her thoughts that she was oblivious of her surroundings and was jumped to her feet by hearing a harsh voice saying:

"Young woman, don't you know that kettle is boiling over and wasting the lye?"

It was a man of sixty who had entered the front gate and passed around the house. He was decently dressed, but he was bowbacked and lame, and his snarling, stingy disposition could be read in his face.

"I say that the kettle is boiling over," he repeated as she stared at him and wondered who he could be. "It seems to me that a girl of your age ought to know enough to put a stick across it. Perhaps, though, you've got lye to throw away or you had rather think of marrying some prince than of making soft soap?"

"I—I was thinking"— she stammered.

"Yes; I know, but it wasn't about the soap. Young woman, when you have anything on hand attend to it and let castle building alone. Thinking won't bring bread and butter."

Miss Bessie walked down to the fire and rearranged it a bit and then laid a stick across the top of the kettle to prevent another accident. While she was doing this the old man sat down on the steps, with a grunt, and looked around and muttered to himself. Presently he called to her:

"Young woman, is your father at work anywheres about the farm?"

"No, sir. Father is in bed with a broken leg."

"I s'pose he was doing some fool thing when he broke it?"

"He was drawing up wood last February."

"Um! Where's your mother?"

"Dead."

"Um! Who runs the farm?"

"I'm doing my best to care for things, but it won't need anybody long, as we shall soon be leaving."

"Got to leave, eh?" he chuckled. "Say, young woman, I'll bet you a hairpin there's a mortgage on this farm. Isn't it so?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I'll bet another that it's held by old John Doan, the old flint hearted rascal. Come now."

"Yes."

"I thought so; I thought so. And, of course, he's going to turn you out?"

"He wants his money, of course," replied the girl. "Perhaps he has to be hard hearted to prevent people taking advantage of him. If I could see him and tell him just how things have gone with us I believe he would give us a show."

"Well, why don't you see him?"

"I have tried to, but I had to deal with his agent."

"Yes, yes! Um, um! So your father is in bed with a broken leg and you are trying to run the farm? I see. Can you cook and wash?"

"Of course."

"Know enough to milk a cow and do churning?"

"Yes; quite enough."

"Who makes your clothes?" continued the old man as he looked her up and down.

"I do, sir, but why do you ask me these questions? What right have"—

"Tut, tut, young woman! It's my way to ask questions, and it should be your way to answer them. Can you split wood without hacking your own feet off?"

"I have done it."

"Um! You happen to know a thing or two. Now, young lady, if you were planting potatoes how many eyes would you put in a hill?"

"Four or five."

"And how about corn?"

"From four to six kernels."

"Y-e-s. And do you play the piano?"

"Fairly well."

"Wonderful young woman—positively wonderful!" he chuckled as he rubbed his hands together. "Another question or two and I'll be going. Of course you expect to get married some day?"

"I—I don't know," stammered the blushing Bessie.

"But I do. Of course you expect to, and your chance has come. What do you say to me? I'm purty nigh sixty, but I'm worth half a million dollars and can buy you silk dresses and velvets and diamonds. Just say the word and we'll be married in a month, and I'll save the farm for your father and give him a new start."

"I thank you, sir," replied Miss Bessie, with dignity, "but I shall marry for love or not at all."

"You are plain of speech, Miss Sauce Box, but I'm not going to quarrel with you. You go your way and I'll go mine, but if you let that soft soap spoil I'll come back and raise a row."

A week later Farmer Thompson, who was making an effort to hobble about his room, received a letter in an official envelope. He opened it with sinking heart, but next minute he was calling to Bessie.

"Here is a discharge of mortgage as a present to me!" he gasped.

"Is it possible?"

"And here is a letter from old John Doan, which says that you are the most sensible girl he ever saw, even to refusing his offer of marriage when you were making soft soap that day. Bessie"—

But Bessie had run away to cry.

Business Before Pleasure.

They were performers in the amateur theatricals. During the progress of the play at one time while their presence was not needed on the stage they sat together behind the scenes.

For some time he had been very attentive to her, and, although people had frequently remarked upon his devotion, he had not come to the point of proposing. But as they sat behind the scenes he felt that an opportune moment had arrived.

"Marie," he said, "you may not have perceived my liking, but I cannot delay. I—I want to ask you to—to—be"—

Just then the prompter called the girl's name, but she never stirred.

"That's your cue," faltered the interrupted lover.

"Yes," she answered calmly enough, laying her hand on his arm, "but never mind the cue. You seemed very earnest just now, and I want you to go on. What were you going to say?"

Start of an Iowa Lawyer.

An Iowa lawyer tells the following story of his first months of practice. He went to a small country town and secured an office room, in front of which was placed the usual sign. Then he sat down and waited for his clients to appear, all the while feeling very much the dignity of his position. The day passed, and no one called, and another and another, until weeks went by, and still there had been no client.

One morning, however, he was at the depot to attend upon the arrival of the daily accommodation train, quite an important function of the town, when a handsome, well dressed young lady approached and inquired, "Is this Mr. Smith?" At once the feeling of importance returned, and in his blandest tone he replied: "It is, madam. What can I do for you?"

"Can you tell me how much it will cost to send a sow and pigs down to the next station?"—Green Bag.

The Peach.

Peaches are a tonic, an aperient, a food and a drink combined, or, to put it briefly, they are meat and medicine. A good meal may be made on cut peaches with cream and sugar, bread and butter. After a meal of this variety a person will feel more like attending to the duties of the afternoon than if he or she indulged in heavy foods. Peaches are good before breakfast and after dinner. They are good for the digestion, good for the blood and good for the complexion. Some people eat them without cream or sugar and with good results. The fruit is so rich in sugar and acid that it preserves its flavor a long while, but to get the full benefit it should be eaten as soon as it is cut. Redness of the nose due to congestion, inflamed complexions, scrofulous and bilious tendencies are said to be materially influenced by a liberal consumption of this luscious fruit.

Wanted None of His Art.

At a dinner in London, Theodore Watts-Dunton said: "It isn't generally known that Turner, the painter, and Dr. Augustus Pritchard once lived together for a year in Cheyne row. The painter and the physician had a fine garden, and they took a good deal of pride in their flowers. But the garden gate did not work well, and one day Turner, because it wouldn't open, pettishly gave orders that it be nailed up. It was thought that this odd act would enrage Augustus Pritchard, but, on being told of it, all he said was, 'Oh, well, I don't care what Turner does to the gate, so long as he doesn't paint it.'"

Ayer's
Bald? Scalp shiny and thin? Then it's probably too late. You neglected dandruff. If you had only taken our advice, you would have cured
Hair Vigor
the dandruff, saved your hair, and added much to it. If not entirely bald, now is your opportunity. Improve it.
"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 40 years. I am now 91 years old and have a heavy growth of rich brown hair, due, I think, entirely to Ayer's Hair Vigor."
MRS. M. A. KEITH, Belleville, Ill.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Good Hair

SHORT WINDED.

Why Some Persons Become Breathless With Severe Exercise.

Breathing consists of two rhythmical alternating processes—inbreathing, in which the muscles of the chest play their part, and outbreathing, in which the elasticity of the lungs and the weight of the chest force out air. The number of breaths, which varies with the age, is one to every three or four pulse beats. In ordinary breathing only about one-sixth of the air in the lungs is renewed, but in exercise the amount is considerably increased and the number of breaths multiplied.

In disease such as reduction of lung area the blood is in danger of becoming overcharged with carbonic acid, and the lungs struggle to get rid of this and to bring in more oxygen. Exercise causes a similar change, and if of the right sort and not too long continued the circulation and breathing are quickened, and the result is good.

In severe exercise, such as long continued speed trials, the quickened breathing can no longer cope with its task, so carbonic acid accumulates faster than the heart and the lungs can deal with it, and breathlessness results.

HABERDASHER.

The Word Is Supposed to Mean Things of Little Value.

The word haberdasher first appears in the language as coming from hapertas, the name of a fabric mentioned in the Liber Albus along with wool, canvas and felt, as subject to customs duty, about 1419. A parallel and almost contemporary list has habertassherie.

The word is supposed to mean things of little value—small wares such as buttons and tapes. Skeat derives it from the Icelandic haperbask—trumpery, pedlars' wares. In a register of burials of Ware in 1655 we have one entry: "Michael Watkins, London, haberdasher of hatts," probably this being the first material of which hats were made.

Chambers gives another meaning to the word. He says it is derived from the ancient name for a neck cloth, berdash, which is derived from beard, and tache, a covering.

Hapertas was originally a cloth of a particular kind, the width of which was settled by Magna Charta. Hence a haberdasher was the seller of hapertasserie.—London Answers.

THE LUDDITES.

Authors of the Famous Stocking Frame Riots In England.

Early in 1811 bands of distressed stocking knitters in Nottinghamshire began a long series of riots, marked by most wanton mischief. Assembling in parties of from six to sixty under a leader styled general or Ned Ludd, disguised and armed with swords, pistols, hammers and axes and bound together by illegal oaths, they succeeded in smashing stocking frames in all parts of England, and their daring outrages continued even when a large military force was brought into the neighborhood and two London police magistrates came down to assist the civil power.

To such a pitch had this dangerous disturbance grown that a royal proclamation was issued offering a reward of £50 for the apprehension of any of the offenders. Not until October, 1816, did this wholesale destruction and violence cease, by which time more than a thousand frames and many lace machines had been broken up and the mischief had spread into neighboring counties.—London Chronicle.

Five Thousand Distinct Languages.

Mr. J. Collier, writing on the subject, says that over 5,000 distinct languages are spoken by mankind. The number of separate dialects is enormous. There are more than sixty vocabularies in Brazil, and in Mexico the Nahua language has broken up into 700 dialects. There are hundreds in Borneo. In Australia there is no classifying the complexities, and generally the number of dialects is in inverse proportion to the intellectual culture of the population. Assume that only fifty dialects on an average belong to every language and we have the colossal total of 250,000 linguistic varieties.—Pearson's Weekly.

African Road Breakers.

Engineering feats by big game in Africa are thus described by a recent explorer: "Elephant and rhinoceros tracks were ubiquitous. These monsters are certainly the best road breakers in Africa. Among the hills some of the rhinoceros paths were extraordinarily well graded. Unfortunately the rhinoceros has a hide three-quarters of an inch thick and so does not see the necessity of clearing the thorn bush from over his road. An elephant is more considerate—he makes a clean sweep of everything."

A Hint.

Borem (11 p. m.)—Yes. I'm a perfect martyr to insomnia. I've tried everything I ever heard of, but I simply can't get to sleep at night. Miss Cutting (suppressing a yawn)—Did you ever try talking to yourself after going to bed?

Cause For Cheerfulness.

Cranky Husband (at a reception)—I wish you were as lively as that woman over there. Wife—Humph! No wonder she's jolly. She's a rich widow.

Served Them Right.

He—They have dropped their anchor. She (on her first trip)—Serves them right. It has been hanging over the side all day long.

All men are equal the day they are born and the day they are buried.

Heroic War Measures.

Chaka, a great African native chief, trained a powerful army which was famous in war. If a regiment was beaten it was slaughtered on its return to the king's palace. If any man lost his weapon in war he was killed for cowardice. If the chief wanted to see what kind of weapons were most successful he would order a sham fight with them, in which real lives would be lost.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1904.

McCALL VERSUS NEWSPAPERS.

Congressman McCall's Phi Beta Kappa oration indicates that in Mr. McCall's Court of Arbitration the good newspapers are those only which agree with Mr. McCall. Fortunately for the newspapers, it is rare to find one who does agree with McCall. Were there many newspapers concurrent with McCall, parties would dissolve in the Big Head. * * * * A newspaper run by Congressman McCall, judging him by his public career, would help to promote platform-bolting and hence be good for little except to promote the Big Head.—*Lewiston (Me) Journal.*

At the same time, we fail to recall the name of a single public man who manages to get his portrait and interviews into the newspapers as often as Congressman McCall does. Had it not been for them the gentleman who now represents this District in the National House would have failed to secure the notoriety which he so keenly enjoys, because in no other way could his political vagaries have challenged public attention as widely as they do and have for years past.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

As predicted by the JOURNAL last Friday, Judge Parker was nominated on the first ballot at the Democratic National convention at St. Louis. On rollcall he lacked 9 votes of the necessary two-thirds to capture the prize, but before the result of the count was announced there was a stampede of States to his standard and his nomination followed.

Bryan was, after all, a great figure in the convention. His influence was successful in knocking out the gold standard plank in the platform agreed on by the Committee, and also the tariff plank, as it was originally framed; both of which were of more importance than all the other planks put together. Bryan won a signal victory over Dave Hill, Belmont, and Parker on the gold question; and the manufacturers of the Party on that of tariff. He appeared to be entirely satisfied with his work.

Senator Davis of West Virginia was nominated for Vice-President.

☞ The Civic League are alive to the good work they have in hand. They are not idle, by any means. An important meeting was held by the League last Monday evening at which President W. F. Davis occupied the chair, and S W. Mendum was temporary Secretary. Reports were made by several committees, all of which were encouraging and indicated progress. A sharp eye is kept on the illegal sale of intoxicating drinks, and the Mayor has been appealed to for aid in executing the liquor laws. Mr. Mendum's report respecting the improved conditions of the real estate market since May 1, this year, and on the comparative number of arrests for drunkenness during the month of June in the last four years, was a strong argument in favor of prohibition. The League will give a splendid account of its stewardship next December.

☞ A few days ago there came to our hand per due course of mail a neatly printed pamphlet of about 16 pages the contents of which were the speeches of Hon. Eugene N. Foss and Hon. Henry B. Blackwell before the Massachusetts Club on June 11, 1904, on "Reciprocity a Republican Issue." We deeply regret that the receipt of them was at a time when the weather conditions precluded a careful perusal of the speeches. They are, no doubt, of a high order of merit, but of this we cannot pronounce judgment until cooler weather prevails.

☞ Ald. H. L. Andrews is feeling very well indeed over the adoption of his ordinance compelling the closing of poolrooms at 12 o'clock at night. He introduced the measure several weeks ago as one of prime necessity and has stood by it sturdily ever since. It was a victory for good order, and Ald. Andrews is entitled to credit for it.

☞ Mayor Feeney is on deck again. He returned from the St. Louis convention on Monday evening and appeared as Counsel in an important lawsuit on Tuesday. He leaves in a few days to attend the National convention of Elks at Cincinnati as a delegate.

☞ The Woburn Democracy are divided in opinion over the nomination of Judge Parker. There are a great many Hearst and Bryan followers here.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

F. C. S. Bank—Notice.
F. C. S. Bank—Notice.
F. C. S. Bank—Notice.
C. W. Clark—Mort. Sale.
Com. of Mass.—Citation.
F. A. Russegue—Shuman.

— J. Frank Hale is arranging for a European tour.

— Mrs. Dr. G. H. Hutchings is at Franklin, N. H.

— Miss Isabel Wetherell is visiting friends at Albany, N. H.

— Raymond Adams has gone to St. John, N. B., on a yacht.

— Extensive repairs are being made on the Chemical Works.

— The daughters of Lawyer John Jameson are at Rockport.

— The Methodist church and Sunday School picknicked yesterday.

— The Robbins drugstore is a great resort for icecold summer drinks.

— George N. Parker, the popular singer, is at Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

— Perley W. Horne is to have charge of a school in Honolulu, S. I.

— Fred W Fowle and Jennie Estella Pease are engaged to be married.

— Thomas W. Kenney and family will pass their vacation down in Maine.

— Miss R. Maria Johnson is taking her vacation at Rockport, Cape Ann.

— The South Athletic and Outing Club are to give a lawn party on July 29.

CHEER UP!

J. FOSTER DELAND

will rent, care for, or sell your

REAL ESTATE.

DON'T WORRY

He will insure your Houses, Barns, Furniture and Mdse., against FIRE, from LIGHTNING, or any other accidental cause, in the best of Companies.
OFFICE: Room 5, First National Bank Building.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 A. M. 12 M., 1.30 to 9 P. M. Office will be closed Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings after six o'clock. Also Wednesday afternoons during July and August. Telephone 178 3 Woburn.

— Nantasket Beach has charms peculiarly its own this season of the year.

— Mrs. Blanche E. Silcott is visiting friends in Washington and Virginia.

— Mr. F. F. Leslie is visiting his son, Dr. Frank Leslie, at Andover, Maine.

— North Woburn advertises wild deer in its woods to attract summer visitors.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— The North Congregational Sunday School went to the beach last Thursday.

— Dr. D. S Jones, Eugene Woods and James Rogers are at their camp at Foster Pond.

— The officers of Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F, were installed last Monday evening.

— Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Buchanan, recently married, will make Melrose their future home.

— Mrs. Joseph F. Winn is at the Appledore, Isles of Shoals, down below Portsmouth, N. H.

— As usual a large crowd will turn out to see the float at the Innitou Canoe Club Monday night.

— Frank E. Cotton, a member of the School Board, is about to take up his residence in Melrose.

— Dr. John Staples and wife of Franklin Falls are guests of the Taylor family at 23 Pleasant street.

— The X L O Basketball team are to take a trolley trip to Revere Beach at 6 45 Monday evening, July 18.

— Fred F. Lowell, salesman at Hammond's, is at Southport, a popular summer resort on the coast of Maine.

— The price of all kinds of meat took a skyward scoot last Monday morning and is likely to climb higher.

— It would surprise nobody if Lawyer W. Fred Davis should appear in the political field in the near future.

— Miss Hattie Bosworth, late popular teacher in our public schools, is visiting a cousin and others at Bellingham.

— Mr. and Mrs. George F. Hosmer are entertaining their son George L Hosmer and wife at their Salem street home.

— Mrs. Dr. J. M. Harlow has returned from a visit to Portland, Maine, and the good Doctor appears to be quite happy.

— Major Ambrose Bancroft and wife are at Littleton, N. H, where they have spent several summers in years past.

— Miss Anastatia Reade, daughter of Lawrence Reade, Esq, and Miss Elizabeth O'Connell are at Bailey's Island, Maine.

— Mr. and Mrs. Lewis D. Brauer of 23 Eastern avenue are entertaining their relative, Miss Emma Young of Baltimore, Md.

— Miss Lillie G. Park, this city, and her cousin Miss Gibson of Boston, will leave in August for York Harbor, on their annual outing.

— Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hinckley are taking their ease and comfort at Megansett, where Mr. Hinckley owns a fine summer residence.

— Mr. F. Chandler Parker of Arlington Road, the veteran leather maker, is going to Erie, Penn., to visit his daughter whose home is in that city.

— More people stop to see Whitcher's waltzing mice perform than you can shake a stick at. It is fun alive to watch their antics at Whitcher's "Busy Bend."

— On July 25, the Innitou Canoe Club are to give an illuminated float exhibition on Horn Pond, to be accompanied by a band concert, dancing and a sociable.

— There was a fine warm rain on Tuesday which still further helped the growing crops, which have been greatly benefitted of late by alternate showers and sunshine.

— Mr. Daniel B. Dimick, W. H. S. '94, after an absence of six years visited friends in Woburn Thursday. He is in business in Birmingham, Ala., and is North on a business trip.

— Last Tuesday was a schorcher, if there ever was one. Things just naturally melted under the fierce rays of the midsummer sun, and all nature, including humanity, panted.

— One would imagine that the traders must have hard work to find out what to do with themselves every Wednesday afternoon with the stores all locked up and curtains drawn.

— If there is anything that goes to the right spot on a hot day it is ice-cream, and Crawford's is the best to be obtained in this city. He delivers it for dinner parties and banquets.

— Mr. George S. Hudson, the Boston *Herald* correspondent, is building a high cost residence on land he has owned for a few years in Winchester.—*Times*. Thus "do we apples swim."

— Mr. and Mrs. Walter Widgery leave here today for Antrim, N. H., the early home of Mrs. W., where the former will remain a few weeks and then go to Springfield. The wife will make a longer visit at Antrim.

— Mrs. Herbert B. Dow and son Roland are guests of Mrs. George F. Bean at Waterloo, N. H.

— Mrs. Cass of Melrose and Miss Minna Cass have been visiting Mrs. Anna Smith of Main street.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— The Street Railway Bulletin, one of the most complete and handiest things out, is published by John J. Lane at 12 Pearl street, Boston, and sold by all newsdealers at 10 cents a copy.

— Mrs. Henry Martin Eames is visiting her old home at Fryeburg, Maine. Mr. Eames leaves here this week for the same destination. Mrs Carter, Mrs. Eames's sister goes down later on.

— Mr. T. F. Hagerty, ex P. M., who has been housed for several weeks on account of an injury received from rescuing a young girl on a runaway bicycle, has resumed work in the P. O Dept. in Boston.

— Representative J. Howard Nason of Everett comes to Woburn semi-occasionally, or oftener, to visit with his friend and old Down East neighbor, Mr. C. M. Strout, and other acquaintances, and enjoys it.

— The South End Social Club will run their annual picnic and Field Day Saturday, August 6. They will probably run it in Hudson's Grove this year owing to the fire which destoyed the Pavilion at Innitou Park.

— Especial attention is asked for the big advertisement of A. Shuman & Co. in this issue of the JOURNAL. The half-season sales of this widely known and popular house afford great opportunities for buying goods cheap.

— One day last week police officer Clarence H. Kean, while riding to Lowell on a B. & N. trolley car, was quite seriously knocked out by a collision of the car with a load of lumber. He was skilfully doctored and soon reappeared on the streets nearly as good as new.

— During the latter part of last week and the fore part of this North Berwick, Maine, was ably represented at the Taylor home, 23 Pleasant street by Mrs. Abbie Jane Greenleaf of that fine old town. She used to be a Woburn schoolgirl, and has many relatives and friends here.

— It is believed that the Lowell and Woburn cars of the B. & N. Co., now that a double track between Medford Square and West Medford has been secured, will soon run straight into Sullivan Square without let, hitch or hindrance. It will be a good thing for the line and the public.

— Mr. George E. Brown has confessed and the secret is out. He now admits that every word the JOURNAL has said in favor of the English sparrow has been as true as preaching, for he has himself seen, within a week, the sparrows devour piles of moths, wings and all. That settles it!

— The prospect for the new schoolhouse this year is far from assuring. Its present status is unknown to the writer hereof, but the virgin soil of Dow farm has not yet been disturbed by pick or shovel for underpinning the proposed building. Possibly a beginning may be made on it this fall.

— Lawyer W. R. Lang hopes a large and influential delegation of Woburn citizens will attend the hearing by the Railroad Commissioners on the petition for a return to a 5-cent trolley fare between Woburn and Lexington which is to be held at 20 Beacon street, Boston, at 3 p. m., July 19, instant.

— A tale of woe reaches the JOURNAL establishment from a fashionable quarter of the city. The irritating moth spears and spines are at the bottom of the trouble. It is reported that the inhabitants of said fashionable quarter of the city sit up nights to scratch themselves, and that scratching soirees are held at short intervals at their residences.

— In the recent death of Mr. James Pierce at his home in Malden many Woburn people lost an old acquaintance and good friend. Mr. Henry H. Leathe, Vice-President of the James Pierce Leather Co., was one of the bearers at the funeral. Hon. E E Thompson, a No. Woburn neighbor of Mr. Pierce years ago, attended the funeral, and perhaps others from this city.

— By the recent absorption of the largest leather manufactory in Milwaukee it looks as though the American Hide & Leather Company, a manufacturing trust that owns nearly all the leather establishments in Woburn, is increasing in size, power and business, instead of selling out, as has been frequently said of late they contemplated doing. It is a powerful combination, and apparently growing more so.

— The moth millers are a spectacle around the electric lights after night at the present time. They swarm in clouds and, being always in motion, make a pretty show for those who are fond of that kind of an exhibition. They are not confined to this city. Malden and Winchester are also in trouble for fear of what may come next year. Our neighbors are just finding out that the English sparrows are busy all the time fixing the flints of the moths. They are beginning to learn the value of the sparrow as an insect destroyer. "Never too late to learn."

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Mrs. Crosby has offered a prize cup for the best decorated canoe in the float on Horn Pond on the evening of July 25.

— The Innitou Club Baseball team are to play the Calumet A. C. of Winchester on Manchester Field, that town, at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

— Hon. George F. Bean, Chairman of the School Board, and family are permanently located for the summer on their old stamping grounds at Waterloo, N. H. and much comfort may they take there.

— E. Prior, Real Estate agent has sold for Thomas Murray two houses numbered 74 Salem street and 42 Walnut Court with about 17,000 feet of land to Mr. C. H. Lewis of Reading, who buys for investment.

— Manager James Linnell of the Linnell market and wife are at Southport, Maine, and Mr. Fort Staples occupies his place in the markethouse. The Bracketts and Leathes are also at that favorite seashore resort, and how many other Woburn people are there we are unable to say.

— On Friday, July 8, the Y. P. S C. E. of First church held a picnic in Hiawatha Grove for mothers and children of the Merrimac Street Mission, Boston. Ten mothers and about fifty children were in attendance and spent a very happy day. The C. E. Society was assisted in this work by the Montvale and Cummingsville Societies. Miss Chamberlain worked tirelessly to make this affair a success, and much credit is due also to Mr. Damon, Mr. Clarence Stetson and others.

— The vacation season of the present year is well underway, and a temporary decrease of our population is easily apparent. Some are at the seashore, others in the mountain regions, and not a few are traveling in Europe. The latter are not to be envied, if it is as hot over there as it has been here some days since July came in. But a change from a hot sanctum sanctorum to a cool grot and mossy dell under the brow of Mt. Washington wouldn't be a bad thing to take just now.

— The name of Miss Marian T. Hosmer, Cor. Sec. of the N E Press Association is among those of patronesses of the Woman's Dept. of the October Exhibition, to be held in Mechanics Building, Boston, under the auspices of the Boston Council, No. 44, United Commercial Travellers of America. Mrs. Ella Breed, the chief organizer of the Woman's Dept. is arranging for special days at the Fair, including a Peace Jubilee day, to occur during the meeting of the International Congress in Boston.

— Members of the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church and parish gave their new minister, Rev. G. Sigfrid Swensson, and bride a royal reception last Saturday evening, and likewise to express their pleasure at his return after an absence of seven years. A member declared it to have been a happy gathering, and an evening of real delight to everyone present. The same gentleman told us that there had been a considerable immigration of his countrymen to Woburn during the last year, and that his church is growing.

— Last Friday, accompanied by her brother, Luther M. Harris, of this city, Mrs. C. H. Mentzer of Northboro, formerly of Woburn, gave the JOURNAL office a call, which the Editor enjoyed. It was her first visit here in 14 years, her last being to attend the funeral of her father, the late William B. Harris. She attended a meeting of W. R. C. 84, on Friday afternoon and enjoyed a pleasant reunion with her former associates of the Corps. Mr C. H. Mentzer is a Veteran of the Civil War, a former Comrade of G. A. R Post 33, and is remembered by many friends here. Mrs. Mentzer returned to Northboro last Saturday.

— Our neighboring town of Reading has a rich literary treat in store for the public. Under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. the famous Michigan Poet and Scotch writer, Will Carleton, author of "Betsey and I are Out," "Over the Hill to the Poor House," etc. will appear in a lecture and readings of his own compositions at the Congregational church on Wednesday evening, July 20, at 8 p. m. The tickets are only 25 cents, and the cause to be benefitted a praiseworthy one. Probably a considerable delegation of Woburn people will go over to Reading that evening to hear Will Carleton, whose writings everybody admires.

— Supt. Bean of the Southern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad did the fair thing when he cheerfully complied with the request of Commissioner Kelley of the Woburn Highway Department, preferred by Water Commissioner Hayward, that the Company place edgestones and lay a concrete walk from their tracks across Simonds's Lane to Miss Kenney's residence on Church avenue, and the people in that locality thank him for it. The Company were under no obligations to do the work, but feeling that the request was a reasonable one, Supt. Bean did not hesitate to grant it. And, yet, some folks say, corporations have no souls!

— Next Sunday Prof. Daniel N. Hood will handle the organ at First church the last time before going out on his annual vacation. Immediately thereafter he goes to Chicago, thence to Rockford, Illinois, where he served as Principal of the Music Department of the Rockford Seminary 25 years, and expects to meet, by appointment, some of the teachers in that institution who were associated with him in those days, and numerous of his old friends there. At the close of a fortnight's visit in the West he will return and meet Mrs. Hood in the White Mountains, where both will remain to the close of the vacation season. While the Professor is in the West Mrs. Hood is to visit friends in Rhode Island.

— The frequent summer excursions of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company to the seashore, mountains and country resorts, are the most popular that go from the Hub and fetch the tourists back safe and happy. Well may it be so. The New England seacoast beats the whole world for hot weather pleasure haunts; the woods and lakes of Maine offer unparalleled opportunities for rest and comfort; the White Mountains of New Hampshire; the Berkshire Hills; the Hudson, the American Rhine—these are some of the excursions of the B. & M. and everyone of them is a delight and a charm to the excursionist. By application to the office of D. J. Flanders, Esq., General Passenger Agent, at the North Station, Boston, elegantly illustrated books may be obtained which contain full particulars and directions respecting the B. & M. summer excursions.

— Mrs. Rev. S. A. Norton is at Princeton.

— A large party of Woburn Civil War Veterans went to Winthrop Highlands last Wednesday evening and enjoyed a fish chowder on the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Brown.

— We plead not guilty to the faintest twinge of jealousy when the Editor of a local newspaper was seen the other day proudly coursing the streets in his handsome automobile and disdainfully looking down on his less fortunate fellowcraftsman as he wearily wended his way on foot to the home of a delinquent subscriber whose pittance was so imperiously demanded by the depleted condition of his finances. The auto was new and brilliant in crimson paint, and its speed was like unto that of the birds; but all that paled in the presence of the satisfied smile that illuminated the countenance of the Editor as he gallantly raised his new Scotch cap in greeting to the fair sex on the sidewalks, and bumped along over the stones of Main street.

— Having completed his classical and theological studies at Augustana College, Rock Island, Illinois; been duly ordained as a Minister of the Gospel in the Lutheran denomination; and wisely taken a wife from near the College city of Galesburg, Illinois, Rev. G. Sigfrid Swensson has accepted a call from the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church of this city to become its pastor, and entered on his work last Sunday. Some three years before finishing his college course at Augustana Mr. Swensson came to Woburn and was for some time the acting pastor and minister of the church to which he has now been called, and then greatly endeared himself to its members and the community. About seven years ago he returned to the Academic Shades on the Mississippi, and at last received his diploma and degree. The people here hail his return with gladness. Rev. Mr. Swensson is a good preacher, a faithful pastor, and when here was eminently successful in church and parish work.

School Meeting.

A special meeting was held last Tuesday evening for the purpose of electing a teacher for the High School. There was no election.

The meeting, from start to finish, bore a strong resemblance to a cockpit.

The Mayor, Vice-Chairman, brought in the names of 16 persons, all natives from which to select one for the place, and strongly urged the election of Miss Murray.

There was an avalanche of speeches and speechlets, and nearly all of them dealt in hot personalities.

Mayor Feeney is entirely right in sticking up for the employment of home talent in our schools; but such talent must be fully competent, or else take a back seat. Local pride and personal interest must yield to qualification. The good of the schools demand it. Other things being equal home talent should be preferred and given first chance every time.

The matter of making choice of a teacher was put into the hands of the High School committee, to report bye and bye.

How Count Rumford Became a Resident of England.

At the time of the Repeal of the "Stamp Act," Benjamin Thompson, afterwards made Count of Rumford, was an apprentice to a merchant in Salem. Although a lad of fifteen years, he was entrusted with the work of making the fireworks for a great patriotic jubilation. He caught the inspiration of the time and went about his work with energy.

Some one writes as follows concerning him at the Boston Massacre:

"Thompson was found, sword in hand, among the most eager to attack those whom he considered the enemies of his country."

At a military review at Portsmouth, N. H., his fine appearance on horseback caught the attention of Gov. Wentworth of N. H., who after the introduction so esteemed him that he appointed this boy of 19 Major in the Army, there being but one Army at that time.

Then came a day of strained relations and Thompson tried to get a commission in the Continental Army, but whispered suspicions and open lies were in his path. He again tried to gain a commission to meet the enemy at Charlestown, but was still held back. During the process of the Battle of Bunker Hill, when he saw the British were to be victorious, and knowing they could also easily take Winter Hill and Cambridge, he hastened to Harvard College and packing its beloved library of choice books, took them to safety at Concord, Mass.

These were days when if the finger of suspicion pointed at a man he was put through humiliating ceremonies of punishment, or made to kneel and repudiate the accusations. Thompson was a man of such self-esteem that he refused to kneel and repudiate what he had never allowed himself to be, what he had no inclination to be, for he has stated he only wished to serve his country.

He compelled a trial for Toryism in Concord, N. H., and was acquitted. Again and again came the charge of "Toryism" and he asked for a trial in what is now the Unitarian church of Woburn, Mass., and again another trial, at both of which he was acquitted.

Then when lying ill with typhoid fever, at his mother's house, opposite the Baldwin mansion in North Woburn, the citizens of that place saw their opportunity. Here was the time to get rid of him. Baldwin, looking from his mansion, saw their plan, and the story is that he hid Thompson in his wine cellar, but facts prove that he called the men to his barn and plied them with the contents of his wine cellar till they didn't remember what they had come for.

Then the coach was ready the sick man was carried inside the British line at Charlestown, and afterwards put on Board ship for England, at Newport, R. I.

When in England, at 22 years of age, with no prospect of ever returning here, he was made a protege of the Secretary for the Colonies, and saw to the buying of clothes and supplies for the entire Army.

If he had been killed instead of being sent to England the cry of Tory would always have been heard.

How many men, exiled from country and family would have begun life over and risen to the success attained by Count Rumford?—H.

MR. EDWIN N. C. BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.
The Virgil Clavier System { A well trained mind. A hand able to do its bidding.
Church Organ practice privileges for rent.

Preventitive Sanitation.

The old proverbial sayings become trite from much use, but the ounce of prevention always commands our respect because it is the lesson we pay most dearly for through experience. In this connection a word about Sulpho-Napthol is salutary in the true sense of the word—promotive of health or safety. During hot weather extraordinary care is required to maintain sanitary conditions in the kitchen, bathroom, cellar, and their appurtenances, most especially the sink, toilets and swill-tubs. Sulpho-Napthol is the ideal article for such purposes having received the strongest endorsements of those interested in such matters.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—No Services during July and August.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Daniel March, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., preaching by Dr. March.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Truth."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Married.

In this city, July 3, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Dewey White and Nellie Muse, both of Woburn.

In this city, July 10, by Rev. Henry A. Walsh, Thomas Peter McGoff and Kate Malone, both of Woburn.

In Boston, July 10, by Rev. W. J. McElveen, Wilbur LeBaron of Woburn and Mary Jane Phillips of Penacook, N. H.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 15, Bernard Folan, aged 40 years.

Best New Creamery BUTTER! 23c. lb.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-6.

Pineapple Ice Cream
MADE FROM
New Fruit.

Crawford's,
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

We Have a Large Line of Toilet Soaps

Bnt at the head of them all we place

Woburna Toilet Soap

15c. Cake. 40c. Box.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

EDWARD K. SCOTT,
MANUFACTURER OF
Umbrellas, Parasols. Canes
REPAIRING,
Recovering, Fine Order Work.
Shades Made Up of Ladies' own material.
493 Washington St., Boston
Near Temple Place.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

Whitcher's YELLOW POST — ON — The Busy Bend is like your nose, It Can Be Seen.
Read the inscription carefully, U'LL SAVE MONEY if you will heed them.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!
S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

LATEST STYLES, 1904
Spring and Summer Weights. Great Variety of Fabrics. For Gentlemens Wear.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Robbins Chain Lightning Insect Powder
...KILLS...
Water Bugs, Roaches, and all kinds of Insects.
It is far superior to Dalmation Powder.
Guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded.
In cans, 10c, 19c and 35c.
We also sell Dalmation Insect Powder for 29c. pound.
Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
The best of everything at the lowest prices.
Green Stamps. Public Telephone.
Free Messenger service.

Shirt Waist Suits,
House Dresses,
Wrappers,
Wash Skirts
In light weight material suitable for warm weather. These garments are made well, fit well, and wear well.
COPELAND & BOWSER.
WOBURN

Save Time And Mistakes
By having a reliable Watch. Whether in your pocket, at home or in the workshop, every man should have a timepiece that will not fail. You Can Have One like this if you purchase the one we recommend, and they are fully guaranteed. All sorts of the best cases.
L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.
Fine Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing.

NEURALGIA
PNEUMONIA
MALARIA
COLDS
GRIPPE
DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.
Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets
Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.
For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

Ayer's Pills
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CITY OF WOBURN

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

Woburn, Mass., June 30, 1904.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1902, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said parcels sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of each of said parcels if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, July 30th, 1904**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the nonpayment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 1.

Alvah S. Wood.—About 12,480 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 1 Warren Ave., in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Pleasant street; westerly by Arlington Road; northeasterly by Warren Ave.; southeasterly by land of John W. Johnson; southerly by land of John W. Johnson.
Tax of 1902, $128 88
Street Watering for 1902, 5 60

WARD 2.

Residents.

Albert A. Ferrin.—About 5,960 square feet of land with buildings thereon, No. 48, 50, 52, 54 Fowle street, in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by Fowle street; westerly and northerly by land now or late of Thomas Richardson; easterly by land now or late of Maxim.
Tax of 1902, 54 60
Street Watering for 1902, 1 60

Ralph M. Lord.—About 70,078 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated on Nashua street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of premises, from thence the line runs northerly by Tremont street 300 feet; thence westerly by land of Murphy 288 feet; thence southerly by land of Rost 126 feet; thence easterly by land of Ellison 117 feet; thence southerly by land of Ellison 200 feet; thence easterly by Nashua street 75 feet to the point of beginning, being the same premises conveyed to Lord by deed dated July 9th, 1900, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2898, Page 132.
Balance of Tax of 1902, 16 17

Richard F. Walsh.—About 5,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, No. 207 and 209 Main street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Westerly by Main street; northerly, easterly and southerly by land of Johnson and Winn.
Balance of Tax of 1902, 12 86
Street Watering for 1902, 1 00

Non-Residents.

Henry O. Cushman.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 27 on a plan of lands owned by Mary P. Foster, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at end of Record Book 2254, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Hawley street; northeasterly by lot 28 on said plan; southeasterly by land now or late of J. B. Sawtell; southwesterly by lot 26 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

Grace M. Miller.—About 7,522 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on May street, being lots 31A, 32, 33, 34 and 35, shown on Plan of Section B Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by May street and by lots 30 and 31 on said plan; southerly by May street and by lot 36 on said plan; westerly by lots 54, 55 and 56 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

Grace M. Miller.—About 1,690 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Willard street, being lot 56 on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by lots 32 and 33 on said plan; southerly by lot 55 on said plan; westerly by Willard street.
Tax of 1902, 35

Grace M. Miller.—About 1,550 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 22, shown on a plan of Section B of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by lot 23 on said plan; easterly by lot 11 on said plan; southerly by lot 21 on said plan; westerly by May street.
Tax of 1902, 35

Grace M. Miller.—About 2,143 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Willard street, being lot 62, shown on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 61 on said plan; easterly by Willard street; southerly by lot 63 on said plan; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1902, 35

Grace M. Miller.—About 3,631 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Willard street, being lots 57 and 58 in Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by Willard street; southerly by lot 59 on said plan; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1902, 72

Grace M. Miller.—About 8,310 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Tremont street, being lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 11 on said plan; easterly by Tremont street; southerly by Lowell street; westerly by lots 17, 19, 20, 21, on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

Margaret and Michael S. Nelson.—About 82,296 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 42 and part of lot 55, 67 and 68 on plan of L. G. and W. H. Richardson, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Stoneham street; easterly by land of Holden; southerly by Winchester town line; westerly by land of heirs of Charles B. Trumbull.
Tax of 1902, 9 40

Charles M. Moore.—About 16,208 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, being lots 17, 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, Block 3, shown on plan of Section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street; easterly by Frank street; southerly by lots 16, 18 and 24 on said plan; westerly by Badger street.
Tax of 1902, 2 15

Charles M. Moore.—About 3,130 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, being lot 33, Block 2, shown on plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely;—Northerly by Green street; easterly by lot 34 on said plan; southerly by lot 31 on said plan; westerly by lot 32 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 35

Charles M. Moore.—About 5,560 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, being lots 27 and 28, Block 2, shown on Plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 30 on said plan; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by Poplar street; westerly by Frank street.
Tax of 1902, 72

Charles M. Moore.—About 3,423 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, being lot 39, Block 4, shown on plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 38 in said plan; easterly by lot 37 in said plan; southerly by Green street; westerly by lot 40 in said plan.
Tax of 1902, 35

Charles M. Moore.—About 4,189 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Montvale avenue, being lot 38, Block 4, on Plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by lot 37 on said plan; southerly by lot 39 on said plan; westerly by lot 41 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 35

Charles M. Moore.—About 4,384 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Montvale avenue, being lot 41, Block 4, on Plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue, easterly by lot 38 on said plan; southerly by lot 40 on said plan; westerly by lot 42 and 43 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 35

Charles M. Moore.—About 6,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Poplar street, being lots 12 and 13, Block 1 on a plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street; easterly by lot 11 on said plan; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 14 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 72

Charles M. Moore.—About 6,356 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Poplar street, being lots 14 and 15, Block 1 on a plan of a Section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street; easterly by lot 13 on said plan; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by Badger street.
Tax of 1902, 72

Harlow H. Rogers.—About 17,340 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11 and 12 on a plan of land owned by L. G. and W. H. Richardson, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 5 and 6 on said plan; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by Medford street shown on said plan; westerly by lots 9 and 10 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

Harlow H. Rogers.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated on Hawley street, in said Woburn, being lot 26 on a plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at the end of Record Book No. 2254, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by said Hawley street; easterly by lot 27 on said plan; southerly by land now or late of J. B. Sawtell; westerly by lot 25 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

WARD 3.

Residents.

Alvah S. Wood.—About 12,?97 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 42 Park street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of E. E. Thompson et al; easterly by Park street; southerly by land of Mary A. Carr et al; westerly by land of McDonough and land of Foster.
Tax of 1902, 29 54

Alvah S. Wood.—About 9,349 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 10, 12, 14 Morse street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Richardson; easterly by Morse street; southerly by land of City of Woburn and land of Bacon; westerly by land now or late of Bacon.
Tax of 1902, 50 12

WARD 5.

Non-Residents.

John H. Ponce.—About 5 acres of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, being lots marked 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and J on a Plan of Land belonging to L. K. Homans, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 27, Plan 44, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Kinsman street; easterly by Park avenue; southerly by a street shown on said plan; westerly by Mills
Tax of 1902, 8 95

A. Selwyn Lynde.—About 11,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 89, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by said Mill street 72 feet; westerly by lot 2 on said plan 61 feet; southerly by land now or late of John H. Ponce 72 feet; easterly by other land now or late of said Ponce 150 feet. Same premises conveyed to William H. Weiss by John H. Ponce by deed dated May 28, 1895, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2369, Page 379.
Tax of 1902, 18 97

A. V. Lynde, Heirs or Devisees.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 501 shown on Plan B, Montvale Park Land Co. recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by lot 465 on said Plan; easterly by lot 502 on said Plan; southerly by Hill street; westerly by lot 500 on said Plan..
Tax of 1902, 89

WARD 6.

Fanny G. Adams.—About 5 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated on Main street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Eaton; easterly by land now or late of Dodge; southerly by land of Wyman, Knapp, Murdock and Leslie; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1902, 52 36
Street Watering for 1902, 3 98

James J. Kenney.—About 4,900 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots 3 and 4, Block 14, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by Dartmouth street; northerly by lot 5 in said Block; easterly by lot 2 in said Block; westerly by Chester avenue.
Tax of 1902, 21 93

Rosanna Reddy.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 14 Alfred street, in the northerly part of said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southwesterly and southeasterly by the road leading from Main street to New Boston street called Alfred street, easterly and northerly by land now or late of Albert A. Clement.
Tax of 1902, 11 64

Rhoda G. Ricker.—About ½ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 52 Pearl street in the northerly part of said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning on westerly side of Pearl street; thence southerly by same street 12 rods 7 links; thence westerly by land of Uriel Severns 12½ rods; thence northerly by land of Baldwin 6 rods, 8 links; thence easterly by land of Baldwin 5 rods, 8 links; thence east of north still by same land 7 rods 1 link; thence easterly across a bar 17 links to point of beginning.
Tax of 1902, 17 90

Robert B. Wyman.—About 15,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated off Main street in the northerly part of said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown 89 5-10 feet; easterly by the Baston & Maine Railroad 231 5-10 feet; southerly by a drive way 72 feet, and westerly by a private way leading northerly from the last named driveway about 201 1-10 feet.
Tax of 1902, 14 32

Non-Residents.

Francis P. Bergen et al.—About 7,531 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 3, Block 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 in said block; easterly by lot 2 in said block; southerly by Mishawum Road; westerly by Park View avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 26

Horace D. Gove.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9, 10, 34 and 35, Block 33, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 8 and 30 shown on said plan; easterly by Wentworth avenue; southerly by lots 11 and 33 in said Block; westerly by Wilmington avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

Joseph A. Gricuis.—About 8,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12 and 13, Block 9, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz: — Northerly by Virginia avenue; easterly by lot 14 in said block; southerly by lot 10 in said block; westerly by Louisianna avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 35

Joseph A. Gricuis.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12, 13 and 14, Block 1, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1. bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of Phelps and Elliott; easterly by lot 15 in said block; southerly by Sacramento avenue; westerly by lot 10 in said block.
Tax of 1902, 1 78

Grace E. Hart.—About 16,978 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, Block 30, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Warren avenue and lot 15 in said Block; easterly by Mishawum ave.; southerly by lot 21 in said Block; westerly by lots 10, 11, 12, 13, in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

George H. Howard.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 27, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 9 in said Block; easterly by lots 2 and 22 in said Block; southerly by lot 6 in said Block; westerly by Chester avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

George W. Hurd.—About 2,975 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 3 on Plan of Park Hill, recorded with Assessors Book of Plans No. 2, Plan 80, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Merrimac street about 35 feet; easterly by lot 2 on said Plan about 85 feet; southerly by lot 11 on said Plan about 35 feet; westerly by lot 4 on said Plan about 85 feet.
Tax of 1902, 1 26

Peter Japsen.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 10, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 9 in said Block; easterly by Mishawum avenue; southerly by lot 11 in said Block; westerly by lot 3 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 45

Joseph W. Judge.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 9, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 7 and 8 in said Block; easterly by Mishawum avenue; southerly by lot 10 in said Block; westerly by lot 4 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 72

Frank M. Ochs.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 3 and 4, Block 18, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 in said Block, easterly by lot 2 in said Block: southerly by a private way shown on said plan; westerly by Chester avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

Henry Olin.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 46, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Rumford avenue, easterly by lot 3 in said Block; southerly by lot 38 in said Block; westerly by Knight avenue.
Tax of 1902, 89

Henry Olin.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12, 13 and 14, Block 47, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Rumford avenue; easterly by Knight avenue; southerly by lots 10 and 15 in said Block; westerly by Mishawum avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

Henry Olin.—About 24,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 to 23, both inclusive, Block 19, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 13 in said Block; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by land formerly of Edward S. Eaton; westerly by Newton avenue.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

Laura Seldner.—About 4,670 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 and 6, Block 49, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Easterly by Hinckley avenue, southerly by North Maple street and lot 7 in said Block; westerly by lots 7, 3 and 4 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 72

Laura Seldner.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 9, 10, 11, block 31 Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 12 on said Block; easterly by lots 20, 21, 22; southerly by lot 8 in said Block; westerly by Hinckley Ave.
Tax of 1902, 1.07

Laura Seldner.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 3 and 4, Block 32, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 in said Block; easterly by lot 2 in said block; southerly by Dexter Ave; westerly by Mishawum Ave.
Tax of 1902, .90

Laura Seldner.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 3 and 4, Block 35 Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans, 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 in said block; easterly by lot 2 in said block; southerly by Warren Ave; westerly by White St.
Tax of 1902, .90

Marion W. Webber.—About 22,050 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn being lots 1,2,6,7,8,9,10,11 and 12 Block 16, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 59 Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lots 3, 5, and by private street shown on said plan; northwesterly by Chester Ave; southeasterly by Baldwin Ave; southwesterly by Jones Ave.
Tax of 1902, 30.97

Lawrence F. Wickens.—About 7,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 2, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely: Northerly by lot 6 in said block; southerly by lot 9 in said block; westerly by lots 27 and 28 in said block; easterly by Monk street.
Tax of 1902, 90

Anthony A. Yarasko.—About 14,700 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 to 14 inclusive. Block 11, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Notherly by lots 8 and 15 in said block; easterly by Washington avenue; southerly by Arkansas street; westerly by Massachusetts avenue.
Tax of 1902, 3 13

Harlow H. Rogers.—About 20,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 15 to 22 inclusive, Block 2, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by lots 14 and 23 in same block; westerly by Richmond avenue on said plan; southerly by a private way; easterly by Montgomery ave. on said plan
Tax of 1902, 7 16

Harlow H. Rogers.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8, 9, 10, 11, Block 9, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 12 in said block; easterly by Longwood avenue; southerly by lot 7 in said block, and westerly by land of Boston & Lowell Railroad.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

Benjamin F. Trowbridge. — About 9,800 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, being lots 12, 13, 14, 15, Block 13, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Jones avenue; easterly by Chester avenue; southerly by lot 16 and 11 in said block; westerley by Foster avenue.
Tax of 1902, 31 33

James S. Poole.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely—Beginning at point in southerly line of Rumford avenue, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, Section A, at northwesterly corner of premises said point being directly opposite northeasterly corner formed by intersection of said avenue and Knight avenue, shown on said plan; thence southerly in exact continuation of easterly line of Knight ave. 65 feet; thence at right angles easterly 70 feet; thence at right angles northerly to said Rumford avenue; thence westerly on said Rumford avenue to point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to said Poole by Edward S. Eaton by deed dated April 27th, 1889, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1906, Page 162.
Tax of 1902, 12

James S. Poole.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in the northerly part of said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at a point in southerly line of Rumford avenue and Mishawum avenue; thence southerly in exact continuation of the easterly line of said Mishawum avenue 65 feet; thence at right angles easterly 140 feet; thence northerly to said Rumford avenue; thence westerly on said Rumford avenue to point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed by James C. Poole to James S. Poole by deed dated Jan. 3, 1890, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1955, Page 51.
Tax of 1902, 1 43

Cora E. Watt.—About 2,450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 33, Block 28, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1902, 45

Willard Welsh.—About 13 68-100 acres land situated in the north-easterly part of Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Westerly by a cart path and by land of perons unknown; northerly also by land of persons unknown, and on all other sides by land now or late of Ames, being the first lot of land described in deed given by the Trustees of Tufts College and Trustees of Boston University to Edwin M. White dated November 1. 1884, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book 1685, page 376 to which deed a record reference is hereby made for further description.
Tax of 1902 4.92

Caroline T. Norris.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 10, 11, and 12, Block 16, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded and described as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of Edwin S. Eaton: easterly by lots 14, 15, and 16, in said block; southerly by lot 9 in said block; westerly by Bellevue ave.
Tax of 1902 .54

Caroline T. Norris.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 5, 6, and 7, Block 9, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded and described as follows. namely: Northerly by Kearsage Ave; easterly by lot 4 in said block; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 8 in said block.
Tax of 1902 .54

Caroline T. Norris.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 15, and 16 Block 16, Section F, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 14 in said block; easterly by Wachusett ave; southerly by lot 17 in said block; westerly by lots 10 and 11 in said block.
Tax of 1902 .35

Alice J. White.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 33, Block 20, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 34 in said Block; easterly by lot 15 in said Block; southerly by lot 32 in said Block; westerly by Wentworth avenue.
Tax of 1902, 54

George E. Smith.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8, 9, 10, Block 14, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely: Northerly by lot 7 in said Block; easterly by Wilmington avenue; southerly by lot 11 in said Block; westerly by lots 36, 37 and 38 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 1 07

Jacob Green.—About 19,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 19, 20, 21 and 22, Block 10, Plan B of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 9, Plan 35, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Alpine avenue; easterly by lots 6 and 23 in said Block; southerly by Summit avenue; westerly by lots 1 and 18 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 2 86

A. V. Lynde, Heirs or Devisees.—About 3,200 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 6, Block 2, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 5 in said Block; easterly by Monk street; southerly by lot 7 in said Block; westerly by lot 30 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 72

A. V. Lynde, Heirs or Devisees.—About 5,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 11 and 12, Block 26, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 10 in said Block; easterly by Knight avenue; southerly by Lot 13 in said Block; westerly by Lots 23 and 24 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 72

A. V. Lynde, Heirs or Devisees.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, Block 9, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northwesterly by Virginia avenue; northeasterly by lot 16 in said Block; southeasterly by Lot 13 in said Block; southwesterly by Lot 13 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 90

WARD 7.

Residents.

Ellen Leonard, et al.—About 8,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 47 Bedford street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Leonard Thompson; easterly by land of Corry: southerly by Bedford street; westerly by Shields street.
Tax of 1902, 32 22

John F. Maguire. — About 1 acre of land with buildings thereon, No. 12 Willow street, in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on Burlington street; thence south of west by land of John Doherty; thence east of north on Willow street; thence east by land now or late of Henry Cummings; thence south by said Burlington street 200 feet to point of beginning; being same premises conveyed to said Maguire by deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2641, Page 495.
Tax of 1902, 44 75

John H. Newman.—About 16,969 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 19 Willow street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Colgate; easterly by Willow street; southerly by land of the City of Woburn; westerly by land now or late of Cyrus Cummings.
Tax of 1902, 42 07

Charles L. O'Doherty.—About 12,251 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated off Bedford street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Bishop; easterly by land of Emery; southerly by land of John J. and Patrick H. O'Doherty, et al.; westerly by land of Merrow.
Tax of 1902, 33 57

Ellen O'Riley.—About 39,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 55 Houghton street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Grant; easterly by Houghton street; southerly by land late of McMahon and by land of Bacon and Colgate; westerly by land of Eaton.
Tax of 1902, 30 43

Non-Residents.

A. Selwyn Lynde.—About 1½ acres of land with buildings thereon, situated 131 Bedford street, in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by the Pond; easterly by Burlington street; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by land of Ellard, and also by the Pond.
Tax of 1902, 123 51

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

HALF-SEASON SALE

MEN'S, YOUTHS' and CHILDRENS' CLOTHING
LADIES' SUITS, COATS, WAISTS, and UNDERWEAR
FURNISHING GOODS, HATS and SHOES

at the

SHUMAN CORNER

Sale Now Going On

We hold this Half-season Sale of Summer Goods just previous to our semi-annual stock taking, and are CLOSING OUT all small lots in Men's, Youths' and Children's Clothing, Ladies' and Misses' Suits and Coats, Underwear, Negligees, Gloves and Hosiery, as well as Furnishing Goods, Hats and Shoes for both sexes, at sweeping reductions from regular prices. This sale has been known to the purchasing public for many years as an excellent opportunity to save money.

The following items are simply to give an idea of the multitude of bargains in all sorts of goods in every department.

Men's Cassimere Suits	Reduced to	$10.00, 15.00	Ladies' Short Kimonos	Reduced to	38c
Men's Blue Serge Suits, odd sizes	Reduced to	10.00	Girls' Dresses	Reduced to	95c
Men's Outing Suits	Reduced to	6.00, 8.00	Ladies' Gloves	Reduced to	25c, 50c
Men's Outing Trousers	Reduced to	2.00, 3.00	Ladies' Hosiery	Reduced to	35c
Men's White and Fancy Vest	Reduced to	1.50	Men's Neglige Shirts	Reduced to	1.38
Youths' Outing Suits	Reduced to	3.00	Men's Neckwear	Reduced to	25c
Youths' Trousers	Reduced to	3.00	Men's Undershirts	Reduced to	50c
Boys' Three-Piece Suits	Reduced to	4.00	Men's Hosiery	Reduced to	25c
Boys' Norfolk Suits	Reduced to	4.00	Men's Straw Hats	Reduced to	1.50, 2.00
Children's Washable Suits,	Reduced to	1.00, 1.50	Children's Straw Hats	Reduced to	2.00
Children's Shirt Waists	Reduced to	35c. 3 for 1.00	Men's Oxford Ties	Reduced to	3.50
Ladies' Walking Suits	Reduced to	15.00	Ladies' Oxford Ties	Reduced to	2.45
Ladies' Corsets	Reduced to	79c	Children's Oxford Ties	Reduced to	1.50, 1.75
Ladies' Shirt Waists	Reduced to	75c			

Please Note—The term "Half Season" was originated by us as a trade name in connection with our business, and is universally recognized as the period to buy at exceptionally low prices.

Mail Orders Promptly Filled

Early Closing Notice—During July and August our store will close at five o'clock

A. SHUMAN & CO.

SHUMAN CORNER, BOSTON

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Asa W. Boutwell to Elizabeth S. Boutwell dated September 2nd, A. D. 1899, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2763, Page 164, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereafter described, situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

Saturday, the thirtieth day of July, A. D., 1904,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the easterly side of New Boston street in said Woburn and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on said New Boston street and land of Abigail Blye; from thence the line runs northerly on and by said New Boston street to land now or formerly of one McGrath; thence easterly by land last named and land now or formerly of one Smith; thence southeasterly by land last named to land of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; thence southerly by land last named to land of Heirs of H. L. Ames; thence westerly by said Ames's land and land of Abigail Blye to the point of beginning.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and outstanding tax titles.

$200.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

ELIZABETH S. BOUTWELL, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., June 29th, 1904.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Natalie A. Butters to Chester W. Clark, dated June 18, A. D. 1896, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the Northern Middlesex District in Book 275, Page 509, and for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, will be sold at public auction at the Post office on Main street in Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY the sixth day of August A. D. 1904,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the premises described in said mortgage, to wit:—A certain parcel of land situate in the westerly part of said Wilmington, being a part of the Robert's Meadow, so called, now used for the cultivation of cranberries, and also called a cranberry meadow, to wit, all that portion of the aforesaid Robert's Meadow lying on the southerly or southeasterly side of a line described as follows, to wit, a line running through the center of a ditch, which is the first ditch to be reached in going from Lubber's Brook northerly, there being a bridge across said ditch; the said ditch extending and the aforesaid line therein extending through the entire breadth of said cranberry meadow from the most westerly side thereof to the most easterly side thereof. A description of the whole of said cranberry meadow may be found in the deed from Francis M. Pushee and Alice M. Pushee to the said Natalie A. Butters dated October 21st, 1882, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds in Book 156, Page 123, to which reference is made.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes thereon.

Terms: $100 to be paid at time and place of sale; balance in ten days on delivery of deed.

CHESTER W. CLARK, Mortgagee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Frank W. Grinnell, personally and as Trustee, Joseph A. Gillis and Frank H. Greenough, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, James Corrigan, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, all in said Commonwealth, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Richard W. Hale and Moses Williams, Jr., Trustees of the Massachusetts Tax Title Company, to register and confirm their title in the following described land: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, containing about 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 561 and 562 shown on Plan C of the Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded: Northerly by lots 530 and 531, on said plan, seventy feet, owned by James Corrigan; easterly by Wilbur street, seventy feet; said Wilbur street being a private way; southerly by Wilbur street seventy feet; and westerly by lot 560 on said plan, seventy feet, owned by Joseph A. Gillis.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the eighth day of August, A. D., 1904, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of July, in the year nineteen hundred and four.

Attest with Seal of said Court.
[SEAL] CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 16 of Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, as amended by Section I of Chapter 169 of the Acts of 1902, I hereby certify that the following is a true list of the members of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation of Woburn, Massachusetts, date as of July 1st, 1904.

Hill, John, Jr.	Stoneham, Mass
Grammer, William T.	Woburn, Mass
Cook, Samuel	Woburn, Mass
Carter, John R.	Woburn, Mass
Hinckley, Benjamin	Woburn, Mass
Jones, Charlie A.	Woburn, Mass
Hayden, Edward D.	Woburn, Mass
Winn, John	Burlington, Mass
Johnson, John W.	Woburn, Mass
Buck, Joseph	Woburn, Mass
Brown, Fred J.	Woburn, Mass
Fowle, George E.	Woburn, Mass
Gregory, Edward J.	Boston, Mass
Beggs, William,	Woburn, Mass
Thompson, Lewis W.	Woburn, Mass
Thompson, Edward E.	Woburn, Mass
Goddard, Squire B.	Woburn, Mass
Fox, Everett P.	Woburn, Mass
Fowle, Luke W.	Woburn, Mass
Ramsdell, Julius F.	Woburn, Mass
Preston, Elwyn G.	Woburn, Mass
Dow, Herbert B.	Woburn, Mass
Aldrich, Henry M.	Woburn, Mass
Bond, Daniel W.	Woburn, Mass
DeLoriea, Joseph F.	Woburn, Mass
Hammond, Winthrop	Woburn, Mass
Maloney, John	Woburn, Mass
Trull, S. Franksford	Woburn, Mass
Cottle, Fred E.	Woburn, Mass

Attest: CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., July 8th, 1904.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 16 of Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, I hereby certify that at the annual meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation, held July 1st, 1904, the following named persons were elected to the offices specified, and have duly qualified as required by Law, i. e.,—

President, Benjamin Hinckley.
Vice-Presidents, John Winn, John R. Carter, William Beggs.
Clerk, Charlie A. Jones.
Auditors, Fred J. Brown, Elwyn G. Preston.
Trustees, Benjamin Hinckley, John Winn, William Beggs, Edward E. Thompson, George E. Fowle, Squire B. Goddard, Herbert B. Dow, Henry M. Aldrich, Charlie A. Jones, John R. Carter, John W. Johnson, Lewis W. Thompson, Elwyn G. Preston, Fred J. Brown, Luke W. Fowle, Winthrop Hammond, Joseph F. DeLoriea.
Board of Investment, Benjamin Hinckley, John Winn, John R. Carter, William Beggs, Lewis W. Thompson, Squire B. Goddard, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, Winthrop Hammond.
Treasurer, Charlie A. Jones

Attest: CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., July 8th, 1904.

NOTICE

The depositors of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank are hereby requested to bring in or send to said Bank, during the month of August, 1904, their books of deposit for verification, agreeably to the Statutes of the Commonwealth relating to Savings Banks and Institutions for Savings.

See Revised Laws Chapter 113 Section 53, which reads as follows: "During the year 1901, and every third year thereafter, every such corporation shall call in the books of deposit of their depositors for verification under rules to be prescribed by their respective Boards of Investments, duly approved by the Board of Commissioners of Savings Banks."

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.
Woburn, July 8th, 1904.

Literary Notices.

The Hawthorne centennial inspires the first article in the July issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Hawthorne's Daughter is the title under which Herbert Young writes of the great work that is being done by Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, the daughter of the great novelist. The Little Ones by William Fischer is a charming paper, beautifully illustrated, dealing with child-life Dr. R. Howley has a timely contribution to the literature of emigration, The Depletion of Ireland, in which he impartially discusses actual conditions and their causes. Frank H. Sweey recalls Melodies that Stir Men's Hearts; and John Talbot Smith reviews Chauncey Olcott's work in Irish Drama. Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, D. D., has a strong paper on the aims and successes of the Federation of Catholic Societies. There are bright, short stories by Nora Tynan O'Mahoney, Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, Maud Lowry, and poems by Caroline D. Swan, Charlotte Callahan, Florence M. Wilson, J. Gertrude Menard, John Romaine, and Edwin F. A. Benson.

The NATIONAL MAGAZINE for July opens with a remarkable group picture of eleven distinguished western university presidents. Homer Davenport contributes his very best picture—a labor of love—a noble and beautiful portrait of his father. Joe Mitchell Chapple, chatting about affairs at Washington and at the World's Fair, tells how Davenport has won success on the lecture platform. A curious interest attaches to the group of schoolboy essays written by John D. Rockefeller, Celestia Spelman (Mrs. Rockefeller) and Mark Hanna, fifty years ago, when they, with ex-Senators Wolcott of Colorado and Jones of Arkansas, were fellow students in Cleveland, Ohio. Bird's Nests in Strange Places, A Summer Vacation at Home, and A Woman's Way in the Garden are outdoor features. The fiction includes The Prince and the Girl; How Gib Turner Got His Fourth; Tanikalang Guinto; Philippine episode with a moral; June's Wedding; Tough Jake Bills. Yone Noguchi dissects The Character of the Coreans and Frank Putnam introduces America's Newest Humorist, William F. Kirk of Milwaukee. Michael A. Lane in his New Dawns of Knowledge, proceeds to Man, Individual and Race. Mr. Lane, one of the ablest social philosophers of his time.

Burlington.

I surmise that our town can boast of somethings that few, if any, other towns have any reason to be proud of. It is the best summer residence place on the map, but that is only a part of the things we can brag on. Wild geese stay here all summer and lay eggs and hatch out broods. It is well known that wild geese go to the far northern regions every spring to spend the summer and raise families. But when they came up in flocks from the South last March some of them liked the climate and scenery of our town so well, and conditions seemed to be so favorable, that they concluded to go no farther, but to spend the summer here. So, there was nothing strange about it when J. Edgar Boutwell, while haying here last week, found a wild goose nest in the grass filled with eggs, and several of the birds standing around in its vicinity. They appeared to be contented and happy in our meadows, and although they suddenly vamosed the ranch when Edgar's scythe came into view, another spot was selected and they are with us yet.

Healthy Mothers.

Mothers should always keep in good bodily health. They owe it to their children. Yet it is no unusual sight to see a mother, with babe in arms, coughing violently and exhibiting all the symptoms of a consumptive tendency. And why should this dangerous condition exist, dangerous alike to mother and child, when Dr. Boschee's German Syrup would put a stop to it at once? No mother should be without this old and tried remedy in the house—for its timely use will promptly cure any lung, throat or bronchial trouble in herself or her children. The worst cough or cold can be speedily cured by German Syrup; so can hoarseness and congestion of the bronchial tubes. It makes expectoration easy, and gives instant relief and refreshing rest to the cough-racked consumptive. New trial bottles, 25; large size, 75c. At all druggists.

Haying.

J. W. Smith, Section Director of the New England Section of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Climate and Crop Service, reports for the week ending July 11, respecting grass as follows:

Hay harvesting is now under way in all sections of New England, and, in southern portions of the district, the work is at its height. With slight exception the yield will be large in all sections. Showers and overcast skies have considerably retarded the haying, particularly in the southern half of the section, and it has now become necessary to rush it forward as rapidly as possible In some fields where the grass is very heavy and rank, and lodged by heavy rains and high winds, machinery cannot be used and cutting will have to be made with scythes. With warm, dry weather the bulk of the crop will be housed within a week. Pastures are excellent and stock of all kinds is in good condition.

Respecting other crops, except fruit, his report for the week is encouraging.

WINCHESTER.

Local news is scarcer than a hen's teeth.

The Boat Club are resting on their oars.

About the only sources of amusement are the meetings of the Selectmen.

Take Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets for billiousness, grip, and all like diseases.

A good many of our well to do people are away on vacation, and others are preparing to follow suit.

The Village Improvement Society ought to be revived. It would find work enough to do. Where is Bro Twombly?

The prospect for a considerable increase of the tax rate this year is strong. The Assessors will keep it down, if possible.

Since the 4th matters have settled down on a quiet basis, and things are jogging peacefully along. Especially is this the case since the settlement of the Highland schoolhouse question.

The Stage Mirror.

Whenever a looking glass appears in a scene in a play above a fireplace, in a sideboard or a cabinet one is almost sure to hear somebody ask his or her neighbor why the glass has been smeared with whiting or soap or something that dulls its surface completely. All sorts of reasons are hazarded or suggested. Sometimes it is stated that it is done for luck, at others that they did not intend to leave it dirty. The real explanation is, however, a simple one. The glass is dirtied to prevent the illusion of the scene being destroyed, as it certainly would be if the audience saw in it the reflection of themselves or, worse still, the reflection of the people in the wings carrying on the business of the stage.—Chicago Tribune.

Onions For Diphtheria.

In cases of diphtheria onions in the form of a poultice and a sirup are said to have an almost magical effect. The poultice in this case is made of the raw onion pounded to a pulp and bandaged around the throat well up to the ears, changing as often as the mass becomes dry. A poultice of the same on the sole of each foot reduces the fever. The mucilaginous properties of onion juice make it specially soothing to the inflamed mucous membrane and therefore acceptable in case of whooping cough, croup or diphtheria. An excellent way to make the sirup is to cut the onion into slices, sprinkle plentifully with sugar and press between hot plates and a heavy weight until all the juice is extracted.

Mirror, Crystal and Sword.

The three symbols of the imperial house of Japan are the mirror, the crystal and the sword, and they are carried in front of the emperor on all state occasions. Each has its significance. "Look at the mirror and reflect thyself," or, in other words, "Know thyself," is the message of the mirror. "Be pure and shine" is the crystal's injunction, while the sword is a reminder to "Be sharp."

The Search For Success.

This is my advice to young men seeking for success: Fix your eye on England, fix it on Alaska, fix it on the moon, collect beetles, desire tram tickets, demand lost boot laces, die for dead cats—do any of these things and you may have your will. But do not fix your dreams upon success, for the bones of those dreamers are wrecks along the shore.—G. K. Chesterton in London News.

Trying to Forget It.

Mifkins—Hello, old man! What do you think of that cigar I gave you last night? Bifkins—Don't ask me to think. I'm trying to forget it.

HOME SAVINGS BANK
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AN OUNCE OF
CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS
is worth the proverbial lb. of ill health. Hot weather favors disease germs. Sulpho-Napthol destroys them Also foul odors from germ activity.
The kitchen, cellar, bath-room, toilets, sinks, swill tubs, etc., should be looked after. Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages.
At all dealers, 10, 25, 50 and $1.00.

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Mrs. Bluebeard

By Izola L. Forrester

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"Is it antique?"

Suzanne trailed her fingers idly over the piano keys in a little impromptu prelude of troublous chords before she answered the query.

"I suppose it is," she said crossly. "I'm sure I can't tell whether it's real antique or not. It looks old and dusty and is all covered with heavy carvings, if you meant that sort of thing. Why, Bess"—she turned to the questioner with sudden energy—"I wouldn't have thought a thing about it if he had shown it to me or even mentioned it. He told me about everything else in the house, and I'd never have known a thing about this if I hadn't told Nora to clean out that 'catch all,' as she calls it, at the turn of the garret stairs. There is a large windowless space over the dining room wing, and it was in there."

"And locked," concluded Bess positively.

"Every drawer. I asked Nora how long it had been there, and she said it had come with Bob's trunks from home while we were on our honeymoon. I'm not a bit curious"— She paused.

"Of course not," assented Bess warmly, "or suspicious."

"Only interested."

Bess nodded her head wisely over the interested sigh.

"It is kind of mysterious Bob's not telling you a word about it and hiding it in there out of sight, and then the fact of it being locked shows that some one didn't want it opened."

As she gave her conclusive point of logic Bess rose. She was pretty and petite, with a decisive tilt to her chin and the confidence of eighteen in her blue eyes.

"Of course you'll do as you please, Sue. You always did. But if I had only been married a month and had found a locked desk in my house that I knew nothing of I know what I'd do."

Young Mrs. Sheldon left the piano with an impatient movement. She was tall and slender beside her sister, and the indefinable charm of a bride was visible in her dainty negligee toilet of white crepon.

"I believe absolutely in Bob," she declared.

Bess raised her eyebrows and smiled mischievously.

"Of course you do. It may be only some old love letters or souvenirs that he doesn't care to part with. Do you remember Adelaide Gifford?"

"That was two years ago."

Bess laughed.

"Goodby, sis. Believe in Bob all you want to. He's a dear, and if it were I I'd hunt a locksmith all the same."

Mrs. Sheldon stood at the window and watched the small, girlish figure as it vanished down the street among the fluttering snowflakes. It was dusk. The room was unlighted as yet, and a sudden sense of loneliness stole over her in the semigloom, the first she had experienced since the joyous wedding of a month ago. If the affinity of moods and colors were true, she was in harmony with the soft violet gray of the twilight tone that was stealing over the world.

New Year's eve and Bob away. The tears blinded her eyes. Of course it was business. Merely a flying trip to New York for the firm, made all the more imperative by his neglect of business during the honeymoon, but she felt a vague rebellion in her heart against even the separation of a few days.

And there was the locked desk.

Bess' words and arguments ran swiftly through her mind. Come to think, Bob had told her not to tire herself out rummaging while he was away. Rummaging! That meant hunting in the garret and running the risk of discovering the desk.

And Bess had spoken of Adelaide Gifford. There had been talk of a summer engagement, she remembered. Adelaide was older than Bob. Someway, she had always blamed her for the romance and had looked upon Bob as an impressionable youngster. But if he had cherished her letters and keepsakes then he must have loved her. Adelaide was engaged to old Mr. Thurston now, Copper Thurston, the boys called him. Perhaps after all Bob had been jealous of the copper made millions and had married her in a fit of pique.

She turned from the window with sudden determination. It lacked half an hour of dinner time. A lonely dinner for a bride, she thought, as she went upstairs, her first New Year's eve. Perhaps by the time the midnight bells rang out she might be making a few strange resolutions for the coming year.

It was dark on the garret stairs. She stopped at the door of Bob's dressing room and took a candlestick from the mantel. It was a wedding gift, a Japanese bronze griffin with outspread wings and spiral, sinuous tail.

As she held it to the gas jet to light the candle something fell on the rug at her feet, and she picked it up. It was a small, old fashioned ordinary brass key. She looked at it hesitatingly. It had never been on Bob's ring, she knew. The space between the wings of the bronze griffin was a clever idea for concealment.

She set her lips closely and went up the garret stairs with the candlestick in one hand and the key in the other. Halfway there was a turn at a small landing, and it was at the angle made by this that she had found the little low door leading to the "catch all." She opened it now and entered, half closing the door after her.

The desk was pushed to one side with some trunks and boxes. It was a quaint, antique affair of mahogany, severely colonial in style. The main body was crescent shaped, supported on hand carved legs. There were four drawers, two on each side, and a small, low cabinet of pigeonholes on top.

Suzanne stood motionless before it for several minutes, trying to make up her mind to insert the key. When she did so in the lock of the nearest top drawer, her hand trembled slightly, and she held her breath. The key turned easily, and the drawer was ready for inspection, but she did not open it. Thoughts whirled like the fluttering snowflakes through her mind, and she stood again irresolute.

She had told Bess that she believed absolutely in Bob. Higher than her love for him had been the unfaltering belief and confidence in him. It was the very keystone of her marriage faith, and yet at the first blow of suspicion it gave way.

Bess was a child, with the impulsive judgment of a child. She had been wrong to even tell her of the desk, wrong to discuss Bob or his motives with her at all or to listen for an instant to any doubt of him, even in jest. She must have faith and wait. He had probably locked the desk against the curiosity of the servants and had forgotten it in the hurry and excitement of the wedding. She must believe in him. The mere fact that they were married did not give her a coroner's right to hold a postmortem over his dead past.

There was the sound of a footstep on the stairs, and she relocked the drawer quickly.

"I'll be down in a moment, Nora," she called. "You may serve dinner."

The voice that answered was familiar and masculine. She nearly let the candle fall in her surprised recognition of it.

"It's only I, Sue. What on earth are you doing in there?"

She stood mute and motionless as he bent his head and entered the low door. It was Bob, and he was smiling and happy, his clear eyes seeking for the glad welcome he expected.

"I only ran down for tonight," he added. "I couldn't let you face the first new year alone, sweetheart."

His arms reached for her, but she shook her head and handed him the key.

"I haven't used it," she said brokenly. "But, oh, Bob, I came so near it. You don't have to tell me what's in the old thing. I'll believe you just the same, and I don't want to know."

"Know what?" he demanded. "Don't cry, Sue." He drew her to him tenderly. "What's up, anyway?"

"That desk," she sobbed. "It's locked."

"Is it?" He stared at the desk in bewilderment. "Well, the key was on my mantel, dear. You found it all right, didn't you? Couldn't you unlock it?"

"I could, but—but I don't wish to know your private affairs." She tried to draw herself away, but he took her hands and held them from her tear wet face so that he could see her eyes.

"Sue, darling," he said, "you blessed little Mrs. Bluebeard, that desk is a wedding present to you from Grandmother Hadleigh. It's been in the family since the year 1, I guess, and there isn't a single thing in those drawers. It came the last minute the day we were married, and was so heavy and unwieldy I told father to send it along with my things and have it put away somewhere until we came home. And I laid the key in the griffin for safe keeping. What did you think was in it?"

But Suzanne silenced further questioning in her own effectual way. The keystone of her happiness was firm and immovable. But as they went downstairs to dinner she registered one New Year's vow in her heart. In the future she would let love laugh at locksmiths.

Cattle and Rattlesnakes.

"Cattle seem to have an instinctive dread of a rattlesnake," said a Texas ranchman, "and will take every precaution to avoid a locality where they have reason to think one of these reptiles is concealed. I was once driving a herd of beeves over a lonely trail when suddenly the leader of the herd, a huge steer, started back in terror, gave vent to a snort of warning and, moving to the right, passed on. Those immediately in his rear turned to the right or left, and their example was followed by the whole herd. On arriving at the dreaded spot I dismounted, expecting to find that a rattlesnake had been the cause of alarm. Instead of finding a serpent, there in a little tuft of grass sat a harmless plover, covering her nest, while her wings were kept in constant and violent motion. Seen indistinctly through the grass, she had evidently been mistaken by the steer for a rattlesnake."—Exchange.

The First Will Ever Written.

The father of all the wills and the most ancient document of its kind known to the historians and antiquarians is that of "the great king," Sennacherib, who is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures and also by Herodotus and Josephus. Sennacherib lived and reigned between the years 702 and 680 B. C., over 2,500 years ago. In the will, which is written upon a tablet of clay, and which was found by the excavators who were exploring the site of the royal palace, the "great invincible" wills his sons "certain stores of precious things" at that time deposited in the temple of Nebo. These same sons afterward killed their father "while he was engaged in worshiping his private god."

Turkish Conspiracies.

Midhat Pasha, formerly a power in Turkey as leader of a reform party, brought about the deposition of Sultan Abdul Aziz. Prince Murad then was proclaimed sultan. Five days later the ex-sultan committed suicide, a fact which was proved by nineteen doctors. Ten days after this tragedy Sultan Murad became insane and was deposed and Abdul Hamid ascended the throne. Midhat was banished, but was received with so much favor in Europe that the sultan became nervous and recalled him and appointed him governor of Syria. Here he did much good, but found himself called upon to resign in 1880. He next became governor general of Smyrna, but shortly afterward he was arrested with Mehemet Rushdi Pasha and others on a charge of being concerned in the murder of Abdul Aziz. The trial dragged on for months, and Midhat, with others, was condemned to death, but on the intervention of the English government his sentence was changed to imprisonment for life. Midhat was sent to Taif, in Arabia, where many attempts were made to poison him, which were frustrated by his servant. One night, however, he was dragged from his room by some of the sultan's officials and strangled.

The Thrifty Piedmontese.

In character the Piedmontese are very unlike the popular conception of the Italian people. As a class the peasants are sober, industrious and thrifty. The following instance of the thrift of the peasants has in it a touch of pathos. On one occasion, having given a cigar to a boaro (herdsman), I found afterward that the precious weed had lasted the recipient a whole month, a few whiffs only being taken after the evening meal, and then it was carefully laid aside till the next evening.

Whether the custom which still obtains in some parts of Piedmont of regarding the harmless, necessary domestic cat as a delicate morsel is to be put down to thrift or merely to a perverted appetite is doubtful, but it is well known that to fill the pot-au-feu of a Piedmontese peasant is the usual fate of wandering or homeless felines.—Eustace Reynolds-Ball in Chambers' Journal.

TRAINING VOICES.

Quack Music Teachers and the Harm They Do Pupils.

"Ninety-five per cent of all vocal teachers are quacks," said an old musician. Few singers would doubt the assertion. Probably in no other kind of work can a man who knows practically nothing about a subject do so quickly a lucrative amount of teaching. There are many common types—the piano teacher who cannot get enough pupils to make a living, the broken down old time singer, the derelict of the concert halls, who never could sing himself, and many more. Their half hour lessons may be said to consist one-third of chat and gossip, one-third of scales and exercises and one-third of the singing of the pupil's favorite songs, all interspersed with just enough commendation and criticism to keep the pupil's good opinion of both himself and of her teacher. There are teachers whose training has not only ruined voices, but temporarily harmed general health as well. Over against these charlatans of the profession there are conscientious men and women who can detect faults in a voice and know how to correct them and who work carefully and enthusiastically for each individual pupil.

It is not easy to tell the good teacher from the quack, and you will find bitter early experiences in many a successful singer's career.—Leslie's Monthly.

AN ARBITRARY TYRANT.

This Autocrat Exists Solely by the Will of the People.

And it came to pass that in the very height of modern times an arbitrary tyrant ruled over a great country called America. The name of this tyrant was Everybodydoesit, and all the inhabitants of the land bowed themselves to his will.

Terror of the autocrat caused grown men and women to cast aside every dictate of common sense—sometimes of honesty as well. Children overstudied, wearing out precious eyesight, cramping growing organs, yet mothers whispered under their breath the name of Everybodydoesit and the evil went on. Men bought houses and European passages, automobiles and other expensive luxuries, the cost of which was out of all proportion to their income. "Everybodydoesit" was the explanation they gave.

Sorriest of all was the case of the young girls. They patronized unwholesome plays, read books produced by diseased minds, they overdressed, abandoned the gentle ideals of their mothers' day and grew old before their time. "Everybodydoesit," they said.

And thus it was in all classes of society throughout the broad land. All men and women, young and old, recognized the sway of Everybodydoesit and bowed their necks to his yoke.—Philadelphia North American.

An Accommodation Train.

In the lake district of England there is a tiny railway which has only one train run by two officials, one of whom is managing director, ticket collector, guard and porter and the other chief engineer, engine driver and stoker. The train stops anywhere. It frequently goes off the line, but crowbars are carried, with which the train is persuaded to return to its proper position. When a friend of either official is observed the train is brought to a standstill. At one time, when the managing director was courting the daughter of a farmer through whose lands the line ran, the young lady would take her stand at a certain gate every evening, the train would be stopped, and the young man would kiss her good night.

Long Widowhood.

In 1753, in the ninety-sixth year of her age, died Jean Countess of Roxburghe. She was not a very remarkable woman, but her memory is preserved on account of her long widowhood, which lasted seventy-one years. Her father, the first Lord Tweeddale, fought at Marston Moor in 1644.

This Countess of Roxburghe's long widowhood is insignificant compared with that of a certain Agnes Skinner. According to an inscription in Camberwell church, this worthy woman died in 1499 at the age of 119 years, having survived her husband only eight years less than a century.

Be Just a Man.

Don't be a gentleman. Lincoln was a man. Who ever spoke of the "gentlemanly Shakespeare?" Think of describing Grant as a gentleman! How would it look in history to read about our great gentleman, George Washington? Nobody ever dubbed Solomon with the name of "gentleman." "A gentleman" is the snob's title for a do nothing, a fellow about town, a tailor made loafer, a confidence shark or a society stalk. Be a man.—Hayfield Mower.

Poorly Rehearsed.

"What is your favorite opera?" asked the young woman who was trying to make conversation.

Mr. Cumrox looked startled.

"I can't say," he answered. "My favorite poem is 'The Recessional,' and my favorite painter is Rembrandt, but I forget what mother and the girls told me to say my favorite opera is."—Washington Star.

A Good Plan.

Mae—Are you going to the matinee this afternoon. Blanche—No, I must stay home. The hairdresser is coming. Mae—Why don't you have two sets? Then you could leave one.—Cleveland Leader.

If you can't tell all you know about any one, don't hint that you can tell something and make it worse.—Atchison Globe.

The Place For a Pupil.

"And there is one thing about the pupil of the eye that I can't say about lots of other pupils," remarked the teacher.

"What is that?" asked the scholars in chorus.

"It is always found up around the head."—Yonkers Statesman.

Making Sure.

Mr. Totterly—Could you marry a very old man with a good deal of money if he told you frankly how old he was and how much he was worth? Miss Timely—How much is he worth?

Then He Went.

Unwelcome Suitor—That's a lovely song. It always carries me away. She—If I had known how much pleasure it could give us both I would have sung it earlier in the evening.

The Usual Formula.

It makes no difference how small a boy is, when his mother scolds him she always says, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a big boy like you!"

SENT BACK FOR THE PURSE.

Salesman Used an Empty Wallet to Study Humanity.

Picking up a wornout, empty pocketbook, a salesman in one of the large dry goods stores the other day thought he would have a little fun with it. He therefore placed it on the counter, half concealed by the goods lying on it. Presently a shopper entered. Her eyes lighted on the wallet as by instinct, and while pricing half a score of articles she endeavored to cover it—quite artlessly, of course—now with her handkerchief, then with her satchel and again with her umbrella. The salesman, without appearing to notice her actions, each time removed the pocketbook out of danger and into light. Finally she adopted new tactics and picked it up, with the remark:

"Somebody's left a pocketbook."

"Yes?" replied the clerk interrogatively. "Thank you." And he took the leather and disappeared with it for a moment. Upon his return the woman asked, with a slight show of interest:

"Was there much in it?"

"Only $3," replied the salesman carelessly, with the ease of one who has been used to lying all his life.

"And who will get it if it isn't called for?" asked the shopper.

"The firm," is the epigrammatical response.

The woman went out. In ten or fifteen minutes a boy came in and asked:

"Was a pocketbook with $3 found here this morning?"

"Yes," replied the salesman, "but it has been called for."

"Oh," said the boy and retired.

And the salesman smiled audibly.—Chicago Tribune.

THE SUGAR CANE.

We Have Borrowed It From India, Its Native Home.

The sugar cane and its uses have been known in India, its native home, from time immemorial. It is perhaps the earliest source from which sugar was produced, and all other modes of manufacture have been borrowed from or based on it. The early classical writers knew sugar vaguely as "honey of canes." To the Greco-Roman world the sugar cane was the reed which the swarthy Indians delighted to chew and from which they extracted a mysterious sweetmeat.

It was the Arabs—those great carriers between the east and west—who introduced the cane in the middle ages into Egypt, Sicily and the south of Spain, where it flourished abundantly until West Indian slavery drove it out of the field for a time and sent the trade in sugar to Jamaica and Cuba.

Early in the sixteenth century the cane was taken from Sicily to Madeira and the Canaries. Thence it found its way to Brazil and Mexico, to Jamaica and Haiti. Cane sugar was well known in Italy about the second century and has been common in England since the Tudor period. The strenuous days of great Elizabeth had sugar for their sack, and ginger was hot i' the mouth, too, as we all well remember.—Cornhill Magazine.

Some Chinese Baths.

A traveler in Mongolia writes: "There are some hot springs by the road about twenty miles north of Chingpeng. The place is named Tangshan. The arrangements for those anxious to benefit by their healing properties are very primitive. A row of twenty or thirty wooden boxes the size of an ordinary packing case are ranged beside the road. In these sit bathers of every age and both sexes, with their heads protruding. Attendants with buckets continuously refill the boxes from the springs. For less luxurious bathers there is accommodation in a pool which has been dug out close by. In this they squat, scooping up the water and pouring it over their heads with brass basins. It is curious to reflect that establishments like Homburg and Aix-les-Bains have had their origin in such beginnings."

Beetle Soldiers and Sailors.

There are beetles in England, of the family known to scientists as telephoridae, that are popularly called soldiers and sailors, the red species being called by the former name and the blue species by the latter. These beetles are among the most quarrelsome of insects and fight to the death on the least provocation. It has long been the custom among English boys to catch and set them fighting with each other. They are as ready for battle as gamecocks, and the victor will both kill and eat his antagonist.—St. Nicholas.

Looking on the Bright Side.

The lesson which I have learned in life, which is impressed on me daily and more deeply as I grow old, is the lesson of good will and good hope. I believe that today is better than yesterday and that tomorrow will be better than today. I believe that in spite of so many errors and wrongs and even crimes my countrymen of all classes desire what is good and not what is evil.—Senator Hoar's "Autobiography."

Social Advance.

Mother — Are you getting on any, Gertrude? Daughter—Oh, yes, mother. We used to be lumped in with "and others," but now we have climbed up into "some of those present."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Occupation.

"Miss Callingall complains that she has too much leisure."

"Well, why doesn't she take up something?"

"She does. She takes up other people's time."—Judge.

When a man has his picture taken with his family he shows on his photographic face that he was forced into it.—Atchison Globe.

Colds.

Every one knows when he contracts a cold on the chest. Not so with cold in the kidneys and bowels. The kidneys, however, are the weak point in many men and women nowadays, and they may be well protected by wearing a roll of white flannel, which should be about a foot wide and go twice around the waist for winter and once for summer. Try it, reader, if you have any tendency to bladder or kidney trouble.—Exchange.

A Mean Bank.

"Madam, you've already overdrawn your account."

"What's that?"

"You haven't any more money in the bank."

"The idea! A fine bank, I think, to be out of money because of the little I've drawn! Well, I'll go somewhere else."

A Philosopher.

Rivers—What do you do when you wake up in the night with jumpin; toothache? Brooks—I try to be thankful it isn't galloping consumption.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 17.

Text of the Lesson, II Chron. xiv, 1-12—Memory Verses, 2-5—Golden Text, II Chron. xiv, 11—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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In our study of the kings we must bear in mind that Jehovah Himself was the rightful ruler over Israel and they sat upon the throne of the kingdom of the Lord over Israel, representing Him, obeying His voice, doing His will (I Sam. viii, 7; I Chron. xxviii, 5). As Isaiah said, "The Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our King; He will save us." (Isa. xxxiii, 22.) The man after God's own heart was the one who did right in His eyes, not turning aside from anything that He commanded (I Kings xiv, 8; xv, 5). The personal application to each believer is that, as the redeemed of the Lord, we are here in Christ's stead to manifest His life and show forth His praises that men may come to Him (II Cor. v, 20; iv, 11; I Pet. ii, 9). Jerusalem was the city which the Lord had chosen out of all the tribes of Israel to put His name there, and believers are the chosen of the Lord to bear His name, that people may be drawn to Him (II Chron. xii, 13; Eph. i, 4; Acts ix, 15).

Rehoboam reigned seventeen years, doing evil. Abijah, his son, reigned three years and walked in the sins of his father (II Chron. xii, 13, 14; I Kings xv, 3); yet in the matter of a conflict between his army and that of Jeroboam the Lord delivered him in a great emergency, and the children of Judah prevailed because they relied upon the Lord God of their fathers (II Chron. xiii, 14-18). Notwithstanding our great unworthiness He works for His own name's sake.

Asa, son of Abijah, reigned forty-one years, just a little longer than either Saul or David or Solomon, and did that which was good and right in the eyes of the Lord his God (verses 1, 2; xvi, 14). He did a great deal toward destroying idolatry and turning the people to the Lord God of their fathers (verses 3-5), even removing the queen mother because of her idolatry and destroying her idol (I Kings xv, 13), but the high places were not all removed. Yet it is said that his heart was perfect with the Lord all his days. There was not one of all the kings of the ten tribes who did right in the sight of the Lord and only seven of all the kings of Judah who did so (xx, 32; xxiv, 2; xxv, 2, xxvi, 4; xxvii, 2; xxix, 2; xxxiv, 2), and some of these only for a time. There is only one Bible record of an absolutely perfect man who never failed to do right in the sight of the Lord. He knew no sin, He did no sin, there was no sin in Him, He always pleased the Father, He died for our sins, He is alive forever more, our great Priest-King at God's right hand.

The Lord gave Asa and his people rest on every side; the kingdom was quiet before him (verses 1, 5, 6, 7). This leads our thoughts to the time when a King shall reign in righteousness and the work of righteousness shall be peace and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever, and the people shall dwell in peaceable habitations, sure dwellings and quiet resting places (Isa. xxxii, 1, 17, 18). In individual experience, "We who have believed do enter into rest" (Heb. iv, 3); there is no other way. He gives rest, but we must come to Him in faith and let Him rest us.

Such rest is too provoking to the adversary either in a nation or an individual (Job xxxiv, 29), and he will do his utmost to disturb it. In this case he stirs up a million of men against Asa's army of half a million, but Asa cried unto the Lord his God, and his prayer in verse 11 should be carefully memorized, not only the part assigned as the Golden Text, but the whole verse. Jehovah changes not, and the heart that can truly pray this prayer will find it not in vain.

With such reliance upon God on the part of Asa and his people, it is not strange that we read, "So the Lord smote the Ethiopians before Asa and before Judah, and the Ethiopians fled" (verse 12). But it does seem strange that, having proved the benefit of relying on the Lord, he should afterward rely on the king of Syria instead of on the Lord and thus bring upon himself a rebuke from the Lord through Hanani the seer (xvi, 7-9). When he trusted the Lord and he and his people turned to the Lord and sought Him with their whole desire, encouraged by Azariah, messenger of God, after the victory over the Ethiopians, then the Lord gave them rest round about, and there was no more war unto the thirty-fifth year of his reign (see the whole of chapter xv).

After that came the fellowship with the king of Syria, the Lord's rebuke by Hanani, the anger of the king with the prophet (and therefore with God, who sent him), even putting him in prison; the king's illness, in which he also turned away from the Lord, and his death in the forty-first year of his reign (chapter xvi). Taking warning by his failures, let us imitate him in his reliance upon the Lord and his fight against idolatry and note that from the ten tribes there came to him an abundance of people when they saw that the Lord his God was with him (xv, 9), for the Lord honors those who honor Him (I Sam. ii, 30).

May all who read be as much helped as I have been by xvi, 9, and may we ever be whole hearted for God, for then we can act upon and expect a fulfillment of Jer. xxxiii, 3, and live in the comfort of Ps. lxii, 5. The devil persistently tempts us to lean upon an arm of flesh, but by the grace of God we may overcome him and steadfastly lean on the Lord alone.

The Hindoo Idea of Wit.

An English lady reformer of uncertain age who visited India to deliver a lecture told the audience that she would be happy to answer any question, upon which a fat baboo came to the front with "How old are you?" "Oh, no," she replied; "I don't mean questions of that sort; only ones connected with the subject of the lecture." "Are you forty?" continued the baboo, nowise abashed. "No, I won't answer such a question," was the reply. "Are you fifty?" continued her tormentor. "Oh, no; I told you I won't answer such questions." "Are you sixty?" "Oh, no, no, no; I'm not sixty," the lady responded precipitately.

A shikarri out partridge shooting was seen in fits of laughter, slapping his thighs in the ecstasy of his glee. On inquiring the cause of his hilarity, he hurriedly said: "Hush, sahib! That cooly," indicating one of the beaters, "has just been bitten by a green snake, but he thinks it is only a thorn! Don't tell him or he'll be frightened and stop beating."—From General Gerard's "Leaves From the Diary of a Soldier and Sportsman."

The Englishwoman's Latchkey.

Talking about the British aristocracy, a woman who has met it on its native heath tells me that the feminine section of it never stirs out without a latchkey. We carry latchkeys over here, but we don't do it in the British way. The American woman ties her key in the corner of her handkerchief or hides it under the mat or puts it into her purse along with cold cream recipes and car tickets and samples. The Englishwoman parades hers. The woman who knows her tells me that she has seen latchkeys set with precious stones and fastened to long chains. She has seen them gilded and strung from belts; she has seen them with pins on the back of them, worn as brooches. She tells me that the Englishwoman would no sooner leave her latchkey at home than her husband would his bath. The thing is possibly new to the Englishwoman and, being new, is paraded. With us over here it is an old story. Possessing the reality, the symbol is of small moment to us. We are content to leave the latchkey under the mat.—Washington Post.

A Philosopher as a Fisherman.

Herbert Spencer once won a curious wager. He was staying for a fishing holiday in the house of Sir Francis Powell, the president of the Scottish academy, and while angling for trout he happened to drop his eyeglasses into a deep pool of the river. In the evening he related his misadventure to his host and the guests, and said that he was prepared to bet that he would recover the pince-nez from the bottom of the pool. His friends declared that this was an impossible feat, but Herbert Spencer still offered to make the bet. His challenge was accepted by one of the visitors. Upon the following evening Spencer returned to the house with the missing eyeglasses. He had fastened a strong magnet on the end of his fishing line and fished for the glasses until it came into contact with their steel rims.

Floating Targets of the Sea.

Even the French and British warships that patrol the Newfoundland coast during the fishery season do not escape the danger of icebergs, crowded with men and carefully navigated though the vessels are. The ice masses serve a novel purpose for the fleets all the summer through, being used as targets for big gun practice. When a specially formidable one drifts along past St. John's a cruiser slips her moorings and runs to sea after it, pelting it with projectiles until she fires away her allowance. It is one of the sights of St. John's, the endless procession of icebergs of every size and shape that drift by day after day, charming the eye and cooling the summer atmosphere. Sometimes they ground in the harbor mouth and prevent ships entering or leaving.—P. T. McGrath in McClure's.

Palestine.

When one thinks of the great events that have taken place in the Holy Land, the multitude of cities, villages and towns, the countless millions who have been born there and whose bones now lie in its rock ribbed hills, the small dimensions of Palestine are almost startling. West of the Jordan, where most of the historic events took place, there are only 3,800 square miles, including all the geographical divisions now called Palestine. Including the land both east and west of the Jordan, the total area is 9,840 square miles. The length of Palestine from north to south is about 150 miles. It varies in breadth from twenty-three to eighty miles.

Queer Phenomena of Falling Bodies.

I am unable to say who first noticed the peculiar caprices of a stone or other heavy body dropped from the top of a high tower, but it is nevertheless a curious fact that such objects invariably fall slightly to the east of the perpendicular line. Persons of inquiring turn of mind who ask why this is as it is may find an answer in the following: All falling bodies partake of the earth's eastward motion to a greater or lesser extent. Therefore during the time occupied by a stone in falling from the top of a high tower or other eminence the earth's rotary motion has carried it an appreciable distance to the east. The initial impetus of the stone has carried it to the eastward also, therefore it strikes the earth to the east of the perpendicular, varying in degree according to the height from which it has fallen.—Exchange.

The Glowworm's Light.

The luminous organ of the glowworm is a rounded area on the abdomen, under which is a fatty substance that gives out a phosphorescent light as the result of slow chemical change. We may regard this as a "love light," which attracts the active winged males during the hours of darkness, for glowworms are of nocturnal habits. The eyes of the male are unusually large and well developed, no doubt in order to help him in the search for his shining but more sluggish mate. In some other species, such as the fireflies of south Europe, it is the males which give out light, and the reason for this is not clear. Possibly it promotes rivalry in courtship, and it has also been suggested that it may serve as a means of amusement.

Reading the Bible.

It was the meeting of the Christian Endeavor society. Near the close the leader suggested that each one should tell what part of the Bible he read the most and give the reason.

The last one to speak was a lad who said, with a little hesitation, that he read the first chapters of Genesis more than any others.

A look of surprise and curiosity was manifest in all the listeners as he went on to give his reason.

"You see I always resolve every new year that I will begin and read the Bible through, but I never get very far, and of course I always have to make a new beginning."

Stony Cities.

In Jaffa and Jerusalem, as in Malta, everything is of stone. Even the very cisterns or tanks on the housetops are of stone. But in those stony cities the stone does not stop with the street level. The dwellers descend and burrow into the earth beneath. In many of the Jerusalem and Bethlehem buildings there are basements, subbasements, crypts, subcrypts and dungeons. One may descend several stories into the bowels of the earth amid the dampness and slime, where ooze trickles on the stone steps.—Argonaut.

Nothing but Praise.

"Mr. Richley had nothing but praise for your work for him before the citizens' committee," said the friend.

"Yes," replied the lobbyist gloomily, "nothing but praise."—Philadelphia Press.

Hair Raising.

Just when the mutilation of the dead by tearing the skin from the head began will never be known, for the origin is lost in the midst of ages, the record extending back beyond even the mythical period of man's existence. In the book of Maccabees it is recorded that at the termination of one of the battles of which that bloody history is so full the victorious soldiers tore the skin from the heads of their vanquished foes. This would be evidence that the custom of scalp taking was one of the indulgences even of those people of whom we have record in the Bible.

Be it as it may, it is an established fact that the custom is a universal one, so far as savage man is concerned. Whether ethnologists can build a theory of a common origin of man from this or not, or whether this can be taken as an evidence that the Indians are the descendants of the lost Israelite tribes because of their habit of securing mementos of hair from their fallen enemies, is something time alone will develop. Be that as it may, it is a fact that all Indian tribes, to a certain extent, scalp their enemies who have fallen in battle.—London Globe.

Curious Fact In Natural History.

An incident which will be interesting to naturalists is told in a recent number of the Scotsman. One of the foresters in the employ of the Marquis of Lothian was returning from his work when he noticed a wild duck flying from a larch tree. On close examination he observed a common brown owl looking down from what appeared to be a nest in the cleft of the tree about thirty feet from the ground and apparently near the place from which the duck had flown. Curiosity prompted him to climb to the place, which he did with great difficulty. The owl on his approach flew off, and to his surprise he found in the nest two eggs—an owl's and a wild duck's. It is not uncommon for both owls and ducks to build their nests high up on trees, but it is unheard of for one nest to be appropriated by both birds.

A Clever Minister.

"To the town of Norridgewock, in Maine," said a clergyman, "a strange minister once came to preach. He preached duly, and after the sermon was over he mingled with the congregation, expecting that some one would invite him to dinner. One by one, however, the congregation departed, offering the hungry minister no hospitality, and he began to feel anxious. Where was he to eat? As the last deacon was leaving the church the minister rushed up to him and shook him warmly by the hand.

"'I want you to come home and dine with me,' the minister said.

"'Why, where do you live?' said the deacon.

"'About thirty miles from here.'

"The deacon reddened. 'Oh, you come and dine with me instead,' he said."

A Gypsy Prophecy.

An English magazine relates a curious instance of gypsy prophecy. The third Earl of Malmesbury, as Lord Fitzharris, was riding to a yeomanry review near Christchurch, when his orderly, some distance in front, ordered a gypsy woman to open a gate. The gypsy woman quietly waited till Lord Fitzharris and his staff rode up, when she addressed them, saying, "Oh, you think you are a lot of fine fellows now, but I can tell you that one day your bones will whiten in that field." Lord Fitzharris laughed and asked her whether she thought they were going to have a battle, adding it was not very likely in that case they would choose such a spot. More than forty years later the field was turned into a cemetery.

A Country of Linguists.

Almost every native of Iceland, even the peasants and fishermen, can speak at least one foreign language besides his local Danish dialect. Some years ago it became a fad to study languages, and now a person speaking only one tongue is looked down upon as extremely ignorant. English leads; then come German and French. Papers in these three languages are read extensively in Iceland and may be found in all the village reading rooms.

The Head and Feet.

The connection between the head and feet is well known. A hot head is ordinarily relieved by a hot footbath. So cold feet tend to congest the brain and other internal organs. Sometimes cold feet are caused by tight lacing or tight fitting shoes. But it is as much a suicidal act to hasten death by compressing the lungs or the feet as by compressing the neck with a rope.

A Serious Decision.

Beatrix (aged six, after remaining in deep thought for quite two minutes, addressing her mother, who has been choosing frocks for her)—Mummy, dear, before you buy the frocks, I've thought it all over, and I think I'd rather be a boy.—London Tit-Bits.

Confined to His Room.

Benefactor—How is your husband now, my dear woman? Poor Woman—I am sorry to say, sir, he is confined to his room. Benefactor—Could I see him? Poor Woman—Possibly, sir, if you applied at the county jail.

Billiard Balls.

Billiard balls are made of Zanzibar ivory, the other ivory, known as the Bombay ivory, being too liable to crack or chip. The Zanzibar ivory is soft and therefore lasts better. The regulation ball is two and three-eighths inches in diameter, and a set of four costs about $30. They are rough turned—that is, turned a little larger than the balls are to be when finished—and are stored away in open crates for from sixteen to twenty-two months to season the ivory after being turned and to allow any shrinkage to take place before the balls are finished. If the balls were not seasoned in this way they would be liable to shrink after they were finished, and, as they only shrink in the direction of the grain, they would become oval instead of remaining round, as they should be, and it would be necessary to have them turned again.

Many John Smiths.

In Latin, John Smith is Johanus Smithius; in Italian, Giovanni Smithi or Fabbroni; in Spanish, Juan Smithas; in Dutch, Hans Schmiths or Schmidt or Schmitzes; in French, Jean Smeets; in Greek, Ion Skmiton; in Polish, Ivan Schmittiweiski; in Welsh, Ilhon Schmidd; in Scotch, Jean Gowans; in Russian, Jouloff Skmittowski; in Chinese, Jahon Shimmit; in Icelandic, Jahne Smithson; in Mexican, Jontli F'Smith; in Tuscarora, Ton Qu Smittia.

We reduce life to the pettiness of our daily living; we should exalt our living to the grandeur of life.—Phillips Brooks.

Business Cards.

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Poets' Opinions of Each Other.

A good story about Browning and Tennyson is to be found in the diary of the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. Browning referred readily to the charge of obscurity in his poetry. "He once told me," says Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, "after repeating a story Wordsworth had told him illustrating his own strange want of humor and wit, that Wordsworth, after all, was unjust to himself, for that on hearing of Browning's engagement to Miss Barrett he had said, 'Well, I suppose they understand each other, although nobody understands them!'"

Tennyson's opinion of Browning (and, incidentally, of himself) is shown in his remark that "Browning is devoted to music and knows a great deal about it, but there is no music in his verse. I know nothing about music and don't care for it in the least, but my verse is full of music."

In reading Milton's Lycidas aloud, says Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, Tennyson would stop at the line,

And, oh, ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth,

with the comment that this was "the only bad line Milton ever wrote."—Harper's Weekly.

The Island of Jersey.

The police court of St. Helier, the principal town of the island of Jersey, is remarkable in several respects. First, the proceedings are always opened with prayer; second, it frequently happens that after prayer there is no more business, and every one goes home. There is so little crime committed in the island that the police force (twenty strong) is kept up only for visitors. The beautiful carving in oak which forms the rostrum of this court is the work of a lady named Coxedge, a resident of the island. The dock is remarkable for its spaciousness and comfort. The authorities are very lenient with their prisoners, who are kept here, for court and station are under one roof. In the words of the genial old turnkey, "When we gets 'em brought in drunk during the day, if they behave well we lets 'em out at night." Every "Bobby" is obliged to know the Psalms. It's all he has to do.

The Abacus In Japan.

The Japanese shopkeepers use the abacus, or soroban, so universally that the stranger quickly comes to a realizing sense of the absence of all mental calculation in the empire. In lieu of paper and pencil any child or adult will at once take up the soroban when given a problem in mathematics and rattle its beads about as though he were amusing himself. The principle of the little instrument is this: Each of the five beads in the broad lower division of the board represents one unit, and each solitary bead in the narrow upper division represents five units. Each vertical column is thus worth ten units. Each vertical column represents units ten times greater than those in the column immediately to the right of it, exactly as in our own system of notation by means of the Arabic numerals. Any sum in arithmetic can be done on the soroban, even to the extraction of square and cubic roots.

Handy With Texts.

James Whitcomb Riley told a story of an old fellow who asked for work at the Riley farm in the poet's boyhood. He was set at hoeing potatoes, but did not prove to be especially industrious. When taken to task for his lack of application he only replied, "Waal, the good book says, 'Do all things in moderation.'" "Well, it came on dinner time at last," says the humorist, "and the old codger did his share nobly. In fact, he ate enough to kill two or three ordinary men. Some one gently hinted that the text didn't seem to apply. He opened a worn little Bible and imperturbably pointed to a passage. It read, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.'"

Bow and Arrow Drill In China.

In 1896, a year after the war with Japan, so disastrous for China, a high Chinese official, who had never seen a shot fired, penned a memorial to the throne to prove that China's defeats were due solely to her having exchanged the methods of warfare taught by the sages for newfangled European ideas and European weapons. The memorial was published with commendation from the throne, and I myself saw Chinese recruits practicing outside the walls of Peking with bows and arrows.—Valentine Chirol in National Review.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 6, 1904.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.05, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.20, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 3.25, 5.29, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.58, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.20, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.13, 9.49, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.15, 4.33, 5.08, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.31, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

9.13 P. M. to Boston in effect June 27, 1804.

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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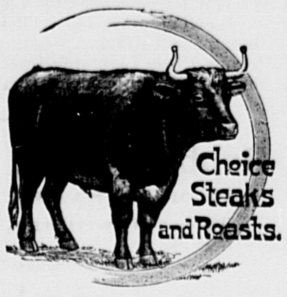

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WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after June 27, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.07, 6.22, every 15 minutes until 9.52 A. M then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.52 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 11.07 A. M then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M then every 15 minutes until 9.07 P. M and then every 30 minutes 12.37 A. M

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 8.37; then every 15 minutes 9.37 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.07, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 10 07 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour until then 12.37 A. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

HER IDEAL MAN

By OTHO B. SENGA

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They were discussing the wedding.

"Didn't Tillie look heavenly?" cried the girl who wrote stories.

"Very sweet," assented the schoolteacher.

"And subdued," added the editor, laughing.

"No one says anything about the groom's appearance—or mine," grumbled the best man, "and I came all the way from Nebraska just for this wedding."

"You looked quite like a Bostonian, I assure you," said the girl with the violin consolingly.

"As for Mr. Adams, he looked just as he always does, all bones and brains," asserted the schoolteacher. "I admire that type immensely."

The westerner was not tall and was somewhat inclined to stoutness.

"My cousin Abe is an undeniably brainy man," he retorted. "But believe me, Miss Selwyn, some slight covering of adipose tissue over the bones is not incompatible with intellectuality."

"Do you return to Nebraska at once, Mr. Converse?" interposed the artist pacifically.

"I did intend to leave Boston tonight, but I have found that my ranch needs a mistress. I shall remain a week longer and hope to persuade some one to go with me."

The words were uttered laughingly, but there was a significant look in the keen gray eyes that betrayed his earnestness of purpose. There were varying exclamations of surprise from six of his hearers. The seventh remained scornfully silent. The others looked from one to another questioningly. When eight young women have lived together for a year and one of the number has just departed with the blessing of the pastor and the shower of rice devised by Satan it is not unnatural for the others to wonder, "Who next?"

"You promised to show me the beauties of the library, Miss Selwyn," said Converse, turning to the silent one. "Can we go tomorrow?"

"After 1 o'clock," she replied quietly, but her dark eyes met his with a look of understanding and defiance, "if you will wait until the next day, Saturday."

"We will go tomorrow," he decided quickly.

"How can you spare the time for sightseeing, Mr. Converse?" queried the artist teasingly. "I should think you would want every hour of the week for your wooing."

"I shall waste no time in my sightseeing," returned Converse, with marked emphasis, "and you must understand that a western wooing is less deliberate than is usually considered necessary in New England. There are no 'superfluous women' in Nebraska, and with us it's a case of 'learn your fate at once and get out of the way to make room for the next man.'"

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"So these are the famous paintings of Puvis de Chavannes," remarked Converse the next day, bestowing a very hasty glance at the mural decorations at the Public library. "They are doubtless all that you have said of them, Eleanor, but they really have little interest for me just now. I want to talk with you. You are disappointed in me, Eleanor."

Miss Selwyn's pale face flushed painfully.

"It was very good of you, Dick, to keep the secret. I have never told the others that I knew you before you went west or of our silly correspondence."

"I don't call it silly," he said stoutly. "The only foolish thing about it is that I did not come for you long ago. You were only fifteen when I left Vermont. That is fifteen years ago, and"—

"Heavens!" she cried hastily. "Don't remind me of my age. An old maid schoolteacher, I suppose you're thinking."

"Nothing of the kind. I was about to say that in all those years I have never seen any one who made me forget you, Eleanor. If only you felt the same toward me"—

"But I don't, Dick," deprecatingly; "you—you have changed."

"Not in my heart, Eleanor."

She opened a small portfolio and took out a faded photograph. "See, Dick, this is the man I love."

He looked at it curiously and laughed softly.

"The boy, you mean. I must have been about twenty then. Pretty little fellow, wasn't I? Aren't those curling locks poetical?"

She put the picture away hastily.

"You had the soul of a poet then," she cried resentfully.

"That is twenty years ago, Eleanor and I've had some hard battles with the world since then. The poetry is pretty well battered out of me, I confess, but you might go home with me and put some poetry into my life once more."

"It couldn't be, Dick. You are too—too"—

"Say it, Eleanor—too fat, I suppose you mean."

"Not exactly," desperately, "but you are too prosperous and too well satisfied."

"I admit the prosperity, and I have no reason to be dissatisfied. I really thought, until I saw you again, that I needed nothing more to make my life full and complete. Now I want you."

Every afternoon and evening for the next four days he pleaded, demanded argued—but to no avail. She admitted that she cared for no one else, confessed that she was tired—desperately tired—of teaching, but she was loyal to her girlhood's ideal, and he was not the realization of that ideal.

When she reached the house on Wednesday afternoon she found in her room a box of violets and a note from Converse:

> I give it up, Eleanor. I was stupidly presumptuous to think you could care for a fat, baldheaded ruffian like me. I cannot see you again. It all means too much to me—and too little to you. I leave on the 3:30 train.
>
> Think of me kindly and wear the violets a little while tonight for the sake of old times. Their perfume reminds me of the days when together we hunted for them in the woods at old Hill Side. Happy days those, when the poetry of life was still mine and the love of my little sweetheart. Goodby, Eleanor. DICK.

The 3:30 train! It was now 2:45. Oh, why had she waited to show those horrid boys about the geometry lesson? Why didn't she come directly home?

She snatched her gloves and purse from the table and ran out to the street. To her excited imagination the subway car simply crawled its slow way along to Park street. At Park street she resisted with difficulty the inclination to scream as three trains for other destinations rumbled by before one came that would take her to the South station.

No one would have recognized the dignified Miss Selwyn in the excited girl with flying and flushed cheeks who ran rapidly down the stairs from the elevated and rushed through the station, dexterously dodging through the crowd and making her way to the farther tracks.

"The 3:30 train!" she gasped, pausing before the tall guard at the gate.

"Just gone, madam. "It is too bad"—

She did not wait to hear his courteous condolences. She flew to the information bureau.

"Where is the first stop—this 3:30 train—going west?" she panted.

"Trinity Place," mechanically. "Leaving there now. Stops on signal at South Framingham. Next regular stop at Worcester."

Trinity Place! Hardly a block from home. If she had only known!

A dispatch for Richard Converse was carried into the drawing room car when the train reached Worcester, and just as it was about to start again an excited man, grasping his hastily snatched grip and overcoat, fairly tumbled down the steps to the platform. He ran along beside the slow moving train while an equally excited porter passed him his hat and gloves and with professional dexterity caught the tossed half dollar.

Passengers on the next train from Worcester to Boston might have wondered at the protracted study and the tender touches given to a slip of yellow paper by a man no longer young and somewhat inclined to stoutness, and a peep over his shoulder at the yellow slip would not have enlightened them:

> Come back. I have buried the ideal.

He read the line over and over again.

"God bless her!" he murmured huskily. "I'll do my best to resurrect it."

Queer Cures of Country Folks.

"When it comes to superstition," remarked the doctor the other evening, "there's nothing that can beat the superstition about medicine and cures generally.

"There's the average Arkansan, for instance. He thinks that a coal oil poultice is good for sore throat. As soon as his throat gets sore he binds about it a poultice of coal oil. It peels the skin all off his neck, but he believes that it has cured him just the same. Then the Mississippian doses himself for impure blood with teas made of hemlock leaves, plantain and all manner of unpleasant weeds. The result is a bad stomach, but the patient keeps up his treatment and thinks it as good as anything a regular practitioner would have given him.

"In Pike county, Pa., some years ago I found a number of people maintaining that the one and only thing for a rattlesnake bite was to cut a live chicken in halves and lay on the wound the half containing the heart. They hold that the chicken would adhere to the bite and suck out the poison, turning, as the venom entered it, a horrible green.

"And the odd thing about all this," concluded the doctor, "is that people will take the most unpleasant medicines when they prescribe them themselves, whereas they would kick like mules if they were administered by a regular physician."—Philadelphia Press.

Mark Twain's Presence of Mind.

Once when he was a pilot on the Mississippi Mark Twain sat with a crowd of men around a wood stove in a village store. Presence of mind was being discussed, and nearly everybody had a story about presence of mind to relate. Twain said:

"Boys, through my presence of mind I once saved an old man's life. It happened this way. I was reading in my room late at night when I heard fire bells. I strolled out to see where the fire was, and soon I came to a brick house that was burning hard.

"An old man leaned half way out of the fourth story window, and the red flames lit up his long white hair and beard. 'Help! Help' he hollered. 'Help! Help!' And he waved his arms around his head making wild gestures.

"Everybody in the crowd below seemed paralyzed. No ladder was long enough to reach the old man. The firemen said if he stayed up there he would be burned to death and if he jumped he would be crushed flat.

"But I, with my presence of mind, came to his rescue. I rushed forward and yelled for a rope. The rope was brought to me. I threw the old man the end. He caught it. I told him to tie it around his waist. He did so, and I pulled him down."

Powerful Odor of Ambergris.

The druggist held in his hand a lump of gray substance like putty. It was smaller than a baseball and as light as cork. Through it, here and there, ran streaks of yellow and black.

"This is a lump of ambergris," the druggist said. "It is worth about $500, I judge. Smell it."

The patron put his nose to the ambergris. Then he said, surprised:

"Why, it has no smell."

The druggist, smiling, rubbed it with his sleeve, and immediately a powerful, musklike odor filled the air.

"Crude ambergris," he said, "never smells until you warm it or rub it.

"This chunk of ambergris here smells like musk. That is because it is crude. The odor of prepared ambergris has not the least resemblance to musk."

He rubbed his hand over his sleeve.

"From handling this" he said, "my coat will smell for months. My hands, no matter how I wash them, will smell for several days."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Crystallizing Flowers.

The process of crystallizing flowers is simple and can be satisfactorily accomplished by any one who has artistic skill. Arrange some basket forms of any desired pattern with pliable copper wire and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves—in fact, any flowers except full blown roses—and sink them in a solution of alum of one pound to a gallon of water. Wait until the solution has cooled, as the colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystallized alum will hold them faster than when formed in a hot solution. When you have a light covering of crystals that completely envelops the articles, remove cheerfully and allow it to drip twelve hours. These baskets make a unique ornament and long preserve their freshness.

Rameau and the Dog.

Many eccentricities are pardoned in musical geniuses, especially by those who do not suffer from them. Unfortunately the object of a musician's wrath is quite apt to be unable to appreciate why he has offended.

One can fancy the possessor of the untrained voice who figures in the following story thinking hard things of the celebrated composer Rameau.

One day Rameau while calling on a lady fixed a stern glance on a little dog who sat in her lap and was barking good naturedly. Suddenly Rameau seized the poor little fellow and threw him out of the window.

"What is the matter?" asked his hostess, much alarmed.

"He barked false!" said Rameau indignantly.

A Puzzler.

At an examination in an English school the teacher was so pleased with his class that he said they could ask him any question they liked.

Some were asked and replied to. Seeing one little fellow in deep thought, the teacher asked him for a question. The boy answered, with a grave face:

"P-please, sir, if you was in a soft mud heap up to your neck and I was to throw a brick at your head, would you duck?"

The answer is not recorded.

Over a Honeysuckle Hedge

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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The afternoon was sunny and warm, and the young man lying beneath the oak tree let the book slip from listless fingers and his eyes wander idly to the tangle of green above. Thus it happened that he did not see a slender white figure which came down the hill to the fragrant hedge dividing them. Aroused by a slight sound, he thrust back his hat. For an instant he gazed, bewildered. Then, meeting the girl's surprised look, he sprang up.

"I hope that I am not trespassing," he began doubtfully. "If I am intruding"—

"No, I believe not," she responded. "Our land stops at this hedge, I fancy. If you care to stay, of course—I came to look at the view," she added, with some irrelevance. The man nodded.

"It is great," he agreed. "I have rarely seen anything more beautiful." He was still looking straight at her, and the girl gave him a suspicious glance. "I often come here to read Omar," he went on calmly. "It fits in somehow."

"Really," with polite if vague interest. "You care for Omar, then?"

"Immensely. A book of verses, underneath the bough; a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou beside me, singing in the wilderness—ah, wilderness were paradise now!"

The girl gravely unfurled her fluffy parasol.

"I must not longer interrupt your reading, then," she said. "Goodby."

"Goodby! But you have only just come. Please don't go," he begged. "I've read enough for today."

"But I don't know you," she objected. The man held out the Omar.

"My name is on the title page," he suggested tentatively, and the girl, after a moment's hesitation, ruffling over the pages, read the name aloud.

"Gordon Lenox Maxwell. Are you really Gordon Maxwell?" The man looked surprised.

"What do you know of me?"

"Who has not heard of the great tennis champion?" she laughed, half mockingly. "Here is your book."

"But you were only a child then," he persisted. "And I have been abroad ever since."

"Sure, but children have good memories, you know."

"You must have been a lovely child," he murmured reflectively. The girl frowned.

"I really must go," she repeated. Maxwell took a hasty step forward.

"Please don't. And forgive me. And won't you tell me who you are?" The girl shook her head decidedly.

"I only tell my name to my friends."

"And are not we friends?"

She opened wide eyes. "Not yet surely."

"Well, let's pretend then," he urged. The girl, gazing at him with more approval, relented a little.

"Let's pretend by all means. I will therefore introduce myself as the Princess of the Blue Forgetmenots, who lives in yonder enchanted castle," waving her hand toward the hill. Maxwell sighed contentedly.

"What a lovely name. It exactly suits your eyes. And is Mrs. Cory your aunt, then?" hurrying on at signs of danger. "Why haven't I met you before? I will come and call," reflectively. "I love Mrs. Cory." The girl flushed.

"No, no, you mustn't!" she cried abruptly—"that is, my aunt is ill," half confused. Then, at Maxwell's puzzled stare, she broke into persuasion. "Don't you see how the whole thing would be spoiled?" she cried. "If we were to meet at teas and chatter inanities as people do, if you were to meet me 'out' as plain Miss Smith—can't you see, don't you understand?"

"But"—objected Maxwell. The girl's eyes flashed.

"Oh, very well, then; do it," she declared. "What does it matter anyway? I should not have come here, should not have spoken to you at all. You have shown me that quite plainly. Therefore in any case I think the acquaintance had better stop here and now."

"But," interposed Maxwell again, "can't you see it's only because I want to meet you again somewhere, anywhere?" recklessly. "What do I care for Mrs. Cory? You will come back here?" he implored. The girl smiled.

"You will promise to stay on your own side of the hedge?"

"If I must," obediently. "But—am I never to cross it?" Her face changed.

"Before I leave I will myself break the spell, and then perhaps"—she hesitated. "But until then, no."

"You are going," in alarm. She laughed again.

"Surely you cannot expect me to remain forever?"

"I could remain here—forever," he answered.

"On the other side of the fence?" with tilted chin.

"On the other side," emphatically. "Would I were there now!"

"Already wishing for my departure," murmured the girl in exaggerated reproach. "Goodby, then; this time really goodby."

"But you will come back?" eagerly.

She paused and glanced back over her shoulder.

"Perhaps," she answered.

The slow, sweet summer days drifted lazily by, and with them Maxwell, half consciously, but none the less steadily, felt his peace of mind slipping likewise. Hillside was a quiet place. The Country club, where he was stopping, was small and dull. No one questioned his comings and goings, and more and more he felt his life concentrating into the hour passed beneath the big oak. Every afternoon he hurried to the tree and watched eagerly for a glimpse of the white frock. Everlasting seemed the days in which she did not appear. Yet still she remained as elusive, as tantalizing and as charming. Did these days mean anything to her? He hardly dared hope for it, and yet—

If she would only come once in the evening, then he might indeed believe himself more than a mere acquaintance. But at his suggestion there she only laughed.

And then at last, when all the world lay white and dreamy beneath the moonshine, she came, stepping daintily across the dewy grass. At sight of her Maxwell drew a long breath.

"Ah, moon of my delight that knows no wane," he breathed. The girl's gaze wandered past him to where the waves danced in shimmering ripples under the soft radiance, and for a space the spell of the night laid its hush upon them. Maxwell leaned toward the barrier.

"Do you smell the honeysuckle?" he murmured. The girl shivered.

"It is almost too sweet," she answered low, "too intense."

"Then give me the spray you wear," he begged. But as she mechanically held it out he drew back.

"Put it on for me," he besought.

Still in silence the girl bent across the odorous hedge and slipped the flower into his coat. Suddenly his hand closed over the fingers on his breast, holding them so that she could feel the pounding of his heart. For a long moment the girl looked deep into his eyes. Her heart quickened, and her face showed white in the moonlight, but she drew away the hand and managed to smile.

"The game has been very pleasant," she said slowly. "But now the end has come, and tonight I am to say goodby."

Maxwell started. "Goodby," he echoed stupidly. "Now, after you have come to me. Goodby! It has not been all a game," he went on, gathering courage. The girl put up a protesting hand.

"No, no; we were pretending, remember."

"There was no pretense on my side." Maxwell's voice was steady. "I love you."

"But you can't, you mustn't. You're not playing fair. Besides you don't even know my name," urged the girl in dismay. Maxwell laughed.

"Not know you? I have always known you and waited for you," he asserted. The girl, who had glanced up quickly, shook her head.

"You are mistaken," she murmured. "I—I thought ourselves just pretending. I thought you knew the rules of the game. Forgive me, but—I am already engaged."

"What!" The exclamation broke sharply from Maxwell. When he went on it was in an altered voice.

"I see. It has been my own fault. I should have played even, but I put too much on the hazard. Double or quits the game, and I lose. Quits it is," with a bitter little laugh. The girl caught her breath.

"But I never dreamed that you would take it like this," she faltered. "And—and it was so long ago that I became engaged. It is only lately I have learned that he still cares. Would you care to see my engagement ring?" rather wistfully. "Yes, I want you to," as Maxwell uttered a fierce protest. Untying a blue ribbon from her throat, she laid it in his palm. On the ribbon was fastened a slender circlet of gold twined with forgetmenots. Maxwell looked at it with distaste.

"Hence your name," he said absently, twisting the ring with unconscious fingers. "A good message for him to leave, but surely an unnecessary name for you. Who would forget you, blue eyed princess? Blue is true. Blue is—why"— He broke off abruptly, with eyes suddenly riveted on the little ring. For a second he stared in bewilderment, then glanced at the girl. Her face was rose red in the moonlight, and Maxwell gasped.

"Madeleine!" he cried swiftly, incredulously. "Madeleine, is it really you? My dear little girl sweetheart, my first little love, who promised to marry me when she grew up the day I gave her this ring? Madeleine!" The girl uttered an uncertain little laugh.

"I am Madeleine."

"And you knew me all the time?" with sudden intuition.

"Why, I—I heard that you were here," under lowered lashes. "And the book settled it. I told you children had good memories. Didn't you think me very forward for a princess? You see I didn't want you to know me, because that is"—breaking off in pretty embarrassment. "You see"—

"I see that I have been an ass!" exclaimed Maxwell unsteadily. "Madeleine," he leaned across the hedge and tried to take her hand, but the girl slipped back. "Madeleine, I can't put the ring back from this side of the hedge." His pulses were racing; his voice sounded strange in his own ears. "Madeleine, may I cross the hedge?"

There was a moment's silence, tense, vibrant, through which Maxwell caught dimly the distant beat of the waves, the delicate, penetrating fragrance of the honeysuckle. Then slowly she lifted tender, wistful eyes to his, while her lips [illegible] into the sweetest smile.

"You [illegible]," she said.

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— for —

Thin Hair

BLOTTING PAPER.

It Was Known and Used as Far Back as the Year 1675.

There is a pretty prevalent belief that blotting paper is a modern invention; that a hundred years ago it was unknown, white sand being used in its stead.

Blotting paper, as a matter of fact, was a recognized convenience of the writing desk as far back as 1675. In that year there was issued a book called "Townsend's Preparative to Pleading," a copy of which is in the possession of a Chicago antiquary, and this volume contains on page 8 the following paragraph:

"Let the dusting or sanding in books be avoided, rather using fine brown paper to prevent blotting if time of the ink's drying cannot be allowed, for sand takes away the good color of the ink, and, getting into the backs of books, makes them break their binding."

The sand that was used for blotting in the past was, the Chicago antiquary says, very clean and white and fine, and it was called silver sand. It was kept in a cruet with a perforated lid, like a salt cruet, and thence it was sifted over the wet writing. An odd thing about it was that the ink never seemed to stain it. It could be used over and over and it remained to the end as white as snow.

BATTLE STANDARDS.

So Ancient That Their Use Is Mentioned In the Bible.

The custom of carrying flags or standards in battle dates back at least to 1490 B. C. We find in Numbers ii, 2, that "every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard with the ensign of his father's house." Each standard of the twelve tribes thus distinguished was supposed to have been of a color to correspond with the stone in Aaron's breastplate which bore the name of that tribe. Under the generic name banner are included many species, such as standard, ensign, pennon, flag, etc. These have been used from earliest times and in all countries to direct movements of troops.

The earliest Roman standard was a bundle of straw fixed to the top of a spear. This was succeeded by figures of animals, such as the horse and the boar, which soon gave place to the eagle, the chief Roman ensign, afterward assumed by the German and French emperors. By every warlike people the banner has been regarded as an emblem of national honor, in defense of which each soldier was at all times ready to die, while banners and flags taken from the enemy have always been special trophies of victory to which places of honor in public buildings have been assigned.

BOOTS AND SPURS.

Quaint Account of Hungarian Cavalry In Olden Days.

A contemporary manuscript account of the diet of Ratisbon, held in 1630 by the Emperor Ferdinand II. on the occasion of the landing of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden in Germany, mentions as a remarkable fact that the Hungarian cavalry who rode through the streets to the ceremonial wore their spurs on their boot soles.

It is difficult to credit that these spurs were fixed on the flat of the boot, for thus shod the horsemen could neither walk nor stand, especially when the large size of the spurs worn at the period is considered. Probably the writer intended to indicate that instead of being fastened to the heel in the usual fashion they were made to project from the fore part of the military boot, which is a portion of the sole.

Frederick von Raumer, who quotes this in his "History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, Illustrated by Original Documents," passes the matter over without comment. The same manuscript adds that the Hungarian horses had their manes, tails and feet painted red.

Ancient Drinking Guilds.

It is gravely said by an authority that the Dutch guilds, the most ancient of workingmen's organizations, had their origin in the drinking guilds, which, although they did not, as in the case of the Greeks and Romans, exalt drink to the rank of a deity, made it a kind of civic dignitary. These drink guilds and drink brethren existed from the earliest times until the latter part of the sixteenth century, when their excesses led to their suppression. It is held that men who worked together drank together and thus formed the primitive club which developed into the guild.—Notes and Queries.

Hose of Olden Time.

In the very long ago hose were not stockings as now worn, but made long and were often drawn up even to the waist, and, oddly enough, had pockets in their sides. We read, moreover, that in the time of the Tudors and Stuarts they were of great variety, both of material and color, and for such as could command the luxury were richly trimmed and costly; they were often called "nether stocks."

Useless Labor.

"Don't be afraid of making me angry by telling me your candid opinion of my verses, old fellow. Criticism doesn't make any difference with me."

"I know that, my dear boy, but the trouble is that it doesn't make any difference with your verses either."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Singular and Plural.

"Funny! There was a time when the barbers used to speak of my hair."

"You mean before you began to get bald?"

"Yes. Now they speak of my hairs."—Philadelphia Press.

A Word of Warning.

Wife—I must run across the street and bid Mrs. Neighbor goodby. I'll be back in a second. Husband—Well, you'll have to hurry. The train leaves in three hours.

The Way It Happened.

She—Archibald was always trying to avoid the girls. Where did he meet the one he afterward married? He—He didn't meet her. She overtook him.—Smart Set.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1904.

SENATOR APPLETON AGAIN?

It is rumored that Senator Francis Appleton of Peabody, who has represented this District the last two years in the State Senate, contemplates entering the lists for another term, and that his friends are feeling the public pulse on the subject.

So far as we have been able to learn, the Republicans of Woburn do not favor the candidacy of Senator Appleton for a third term, not because of any dissatisfaction with him, for he has represented the District with fidelity and ability, but they think the agreement made some 8 years ago that Middlesex should have three and Essex two of the elections should be faithfully carried out.

In case it is adhered to it is Middlesex's turn this year and Stoneham is entitled to the candidate. The Republicans of this city will, it is said, insist on a fulfillment of promises made in good faith as the only fair and honorable thing to do; and if they stick to it, Senator Appleton can hardly hope to succeed in his alleged present plans

There are two Senatorial aspirants in Stoneham, Mr. Hill and Mr. Keane, and it is said the former stands much the best chance of securing the nomination.

☞ The decision of the Railroad Commissioners, after the hearing last Tuesday on the Woburn and Lexington trolley fares, was little better than a farce. They decided that the rich man, or woman, may ride on the L & B. cars for 5 cents between Woburn and Lexington, while the poor man, or woman, must pay 10 cents! It was an official endorsement of the old mossback theory, or system, that, one would think, a State Board composed of supposed intelligent men, would set their faces against, and adopt something more rational, and just to poor people They ordered that the Lexington & Boston Street Railroad Company should continue to tax 10 cents for single tickets between Woburn and Lexington, and sell books containing 20 tickets for $1.00! The decision was clearly an injustice to the public, for which the fairness of the Board of Commissioners, or their intelligence, is open to challenge. Woburn interests were represented by Mayor Feeney, Lawyer W. R Lang, Winthrop Hammond, Samuel W. Mendum, Fred A Flint, James F. McGrath, H. J Charsk, E J. Wetherbee, and other leading business men, who made strong pleas for a 5-cent fare between here and Lexington. But it was no go; the Commissioners, for an easily explained reason, favored the Company, and poor people must either pay 10 cents for a trolley ride to Lexington, or go afoot.

☞ By courtesy of D. J. Flanders, Esq., General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, we are in receipt of a splendidly illustrated book containing valuable information for the Veterans who will attend the National G. A. R. Encampment at Boston in August, giving all the points of interest in Revolutionary history in and around the Hub, accompanied with a map, pictures of Soldiers Monuments, and favorite summer resorts, the whole forming a publication worthy of lasting preservation. In the same cover came to hand another book called "Resorts and Tours," also handsomely illustrated, with maps, issued by the B. & M. Company, in which the tourist, the visitor to seashore, mountains, lakes, etc., may glean all the information necessary to enable him to know where he is at all the time. These and other equally fine and valuable publications may be obtained by application to the General Passenger office, North Station, Boston.

☞ Sen. Lodge has been decidedly annoyed by what he believes he has discovered of this plot on the part of Henry M. Whitney and his Reciprocity League to elect men to the Legislature pledged to refuse him a renomination to the United States Senate next spring.—*Practical Politics.*

That Mr. Lodge has any fears of his re-election to the U. S. Senate by the Legislature next winter is all bosh; but that he is annoyed at the discovery of men professing to be Republicans siding with Henry M. Whitney, a leading Democrat, and rank Free Trader, and aiding in a plot to defeat him, might well be true. It is annoying to every true Republican who wishes his Party well.

☞ The Oldest Inhabitant fails to remember a time when the Democratic party did so much shouting and bellowing over the nomination of a National ticket as they are indulging in at the present time. They feel the necessity of making a noise; there is no enthusiasm in their candidate or platform; and something must be done to try and raise a breeze. They are weak. The leaders are pulling in different directions. Personal and political animosities are at work under the crust, however calm and placid it may seem on top; harmony is lacking; and, worse than all, they have no well grounded expectation of winning at the polls next November.

☞ In a speech delivered before the Norfolk County Club at Squantum on Thursday evening, July 14, Senator Albion F. Bemis, who is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Representative in Congress of the 12th Congressional District, among other good and sensible things, said:

"The whole question of Reciprocity was brought about by Democrats and is being fostered and pushed by them to embarrass and disturb the Republican Party and if possible to discredit our Representatives at Washington. Charges made by Democrats are not fair to the members of our National House and Senate."

☞ Mayor Feeney did not go to the Cincinnati Elks convention as a delegate last Sunday, as he had planned to do. He had hardly recovered from the heat and fatigue of the Democratic convention at St. Louis and concluded that prudence and comfort demanded that he should abandon the Cincinnati pilgrimage and remain at home.

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OFFICE HOURS: 8 A. M. 12 M., 1.30 to 9 P. M. Office will be closed Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings after six o'clock. Also Wednesday afternoons during July and August. Telephone 178 3 Woburn.

☞ Hon. Daniel W. Lane, State Senator from a Boston Back Bay District, formerly a resident of Woburn, and Mr. Charles M. Wright of the Boston *Globe*, one of Woburn's present respected citizens, with several Boston official dignitaries, are on a sea cruise along the Eastern shore. On Wednesday they called at Gloucester and were the honored guests of Postmaster Brown and Chairman Hazel of the Gloucester Republican City Committee, by whom they were royally entertained.

☞ Chief Charles F. Pidgin of the Mass. Bureau of Statistics of Labor has kindly forwarded to this office a copy of "Labor and Industrial Chronology for Massachusetts, 1903," which, on examination, is found to be a valuable Pub. Doc. Readers of the JOURNAL are hereby informed that they can obtain this Report by sending 5 cents in stamps to the Bureau, Rooms 250-258 State House, Boston, to prepay postage.

☞ The great beef strike that has been in operation for two or three weeks past, and which threatened to starve the country to death, ended last Wednesday in a signal victory for the strikers. Having right and justice and the public on their side, they brought the packers, or Pork Barons, to terms, and general starvation no longer stares this Nation in the face.

☞ Ever since the St. Louis convention the Democratic leaders and campaign managers have been searching for "harmony" in their ranks, but up to date have not been overly successful in their quest. Taggart of Indiana, who wants to be Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, but who the managers do not want, is the latest "kicker."

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

C. E. Smith—Sale.
Fred Scales—Wanted.
F. E. Cotton—For Sale.

— Mr. Warren N. Blake and wife are in Vermont.

— Policeman Tarr and wife have been touring Maine.

— The Navajoe Club took a trolley trip last Friday evening.

— Guy Marion is having a happy time at Harpswell, Maine.

— Mary C. Goode and Elizabeth Kelley are at Hanover, N. H.

— There are to be two or three beach parties from here this evening.

— Mrs. W. F. Estabrook and daughter are at Brattleboro, Vt.

— Last Saturday was another scorcher. Vegetation fairly booms.

— The City Reports will be in the hands of the populace in a few days.

— The N. W. A A.s are preparing to give a grand lawn party next month.

— Percy Strout and Harry Fellows are taking theirs at New London, N. H.

— Editor Grimes of the *News* visited his old home at Princeton last Sunday.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Fred Bixby has been visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Bixby, at No. Woburn.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis and his men are putting Goodyear Park into a more presentable shape.

— William Hooper has, quite sensibly, selected Portland, Me., whereat to spend his vacation.

— George A. Simonds and family like Vernon, N. H., well enough to pass the summer there.

— Mrs. Rebekah Brooks is about to undertake a journey to Epping, N. H., and from thence to Ouset.

— John C. Andrews, Manager of the Highland Orchestra, will pass his vacation at Enfield, N. H.

— Miss May Holland, bookkeeper at the Boston Branch grocery store, is out on vacation this week.

— The children of Supt. Gray of the B. & N. S. R. Co. are at Sebago Lake with the Gillette family.

— Mr. Frank E Cotton has the notice of a sale which will doubtless interest housekeepers. See ad.

— Mrs. Susan E. Harvie, a former teacher in this city, will soon go to Chicago to reside with her daughter.

— A heavy thunder storm visited this locality in the early evening of July 16. There was a copious rainfall.

— Charlie Lane, son of the Pleasant street Dr. Lane, and Fred West are quietly reposing at Block Island, R. I

— Auction Sale of household furniture at 13 Winn Park, Wednesday, July 27, at 2 P. M. C. E. Smith, auctioneer.

— George W. Nichols, driver of hose 1, electrician, etc., and family are enjoying bluefish, clams, and salt breezes at Plymouth.

— Mr. Fred H. Rogers, receiving teller of the First National Bank, a genuine Cape Cod-er, has gone down to Dennis for rest and recuperation.

— Mr. George I. Clapp, Superintendent of Schools, will not be seen in this city to any alarming extent during the remainder of the vacation season.

— Miss Ethel M. Bryant, Clerk in the office of School Superintendent Clapp, has decided on no extended vacation outing, but will make short voyages to the beaches, woods, and parks, as inclination moves her.

— The Heartz sisters, Gertrude and Grace, teachers of A1 rank, calculate to enjoy themselves this vacation season. Gertrude goes down to the Maritime Provinces, and Grace to the Berkshire Hills, or thereabouts.

— Mr. E. R. Chadbourne and family of Lewiston, Maine, have an idea of coming to Woburn, or some nearby place, to live. Mrs. Lilly Chadbourne is the daughter of Mrs James Walker of Pleasant street.

— Mr. George H. Taylor is now in the full enjoyment of his annual summer vacation, which will last, if nothing splits, two weeks. He is stopping this week at Salisbury Beach, one of the garden spots of the Atlantic Coast.

— The work of painting and decorating the First Baptist meetinghouse was begun last Monday morning, and is to be continued until its interior will be one of the handsomest in this city A real artist has been engaged to do the job.

— Miss Edith Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Willard Smith, is to teach in the High School at Mansfield She is a graduate of the Woburn High School and Class '04 of Mt. Holyoke College, and has the reputation of being a smart young woman.

— Miss Ellen E. Shaw has been given an appointment in a York State Normal School. She is a graduate of the W. H. S. and Tufts College. Thus do the bright pupils of our High School secure important pedagogical posts in other parts, as well as at home.

— Mrs. Bertha Taylor (G. H T.) of Pleasant street has been entertaining (and is still at it) a great many Woburn people at her cottage on Salisbury Beach. Everyone who goes there speaks in the highest terms of the cottage's cuisine and Ocean breezes.

— Crawford sent to the Church avenue end of the JOURNAL combine a generous sample of his latest invention in icecream last Sunday, which was the finest kind of a topoff to an otherwise modest and frugal Sunday dinner, for which thanks are hereby returned.

— Mr. George N. Parker, the well known and favorite Woburn vocalist, is passing his vacation at Littlejohn Island, a gem of a spot in Casco Bay within speaking distance of charming Portland, Me. He likes it down there, and expects to remain through the vacation time.

— Miss Carrie W. Thompson prefers Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Maine, to all other seashore resorts in hot weather, and consequently has made her abode there this summer. It is, in reality, a delightful retreat, as scores of Woburn people will testify, and is liberally patronized by the public.

— The Celtic Association are to remain in their present quarters in the JOURNAL block, the idea of converting them into a residence having been abandoned by Mrs. Jones. The Celtics have occupied the rooms many years and were reluctant to give them up, as they expected to do a few weeks ago.

— Policemen Austin G. French and Philip McKenna went out on their annual vacation last Monday. Officer French and wife leave here in a few days for New Hampshire where a part of their outing is to be passed, and the balance of it at Portland and Old Orchard, Me. They went off in high spirits.

— Percy W. Linscott and bride left here last Saturday for a summer sojourn in the Mountains of the North. Mr L. will return in season to take a hand in the political campaign and help Mr. Feeney to another term at the head of our city government, or to a seat in the Legislature, as the Mayor may determine later on.

— The Civic League are hereby respectfully notified and warned that the opposition are already organizing in the strongest possible manner to carry the city for license next December. They also have an eye on the School Board and intend to capture it. For further particulars consult the writer of this item.

— This has been a great season for huckleberries, and the pickers have reaped a rich harvest. It is a fascinating employment, especially for boys and girls. The berries have been thick, large, juicy and sweet; but, la! if one would pick huckleberries as are huckleberries he should go to the Pitchpine Plains of Old York county.

— We have been told that druggist Brooks has on tap the old fashioned mead of the old people's childhood, the most delicious summer drink that ever passed the lips and tickled the palate of mortal man, except old fashioned spruce beer, which, alas! is neither seen nor heard of any more. Brooks ladles out the very best of soda.

— Last Tuesday a certain highly respected and veracious Editor in this city reckoned up the number of times the interrogation: "I this hot enough for you?" had been hurled at him that day by perspiring and unhappy mortals, and found it to be just exactly 179. This did not include the same question put to him in a different form.

— E Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— In 1896 the Salvation Army expended for the relief of the poor in this country $20,000; in 1904, $800,000, an increase in 8 years of $780,000. In 1896 the Army had 600 accommodations for the poor; in 1904, 10,000, an increase of 9,400 in 8 years. The growth of the work and expenditures have been equally large in every branch.

— Miss Dora A. Winn proposes to take her vacation at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Me., of which Ruggles & Turnbull, former Woburnites, are the landlords. Reports from that popular seashore resort say that everything is lovelier than ever at Lookaway. It is really one of the best spots on the Coast for genuine comfort in hot weather.

— Representative Herbert S. Riley is, supposedly, scurrying over the hills of Northern New Hampshire, with an occasional dash into Maine, as has been his regular custom for several years past. He is well acquainted in and around North Conway, and has interviewed more of the "characters" of those regions there, probably, than any other man.

— Miss Mary G. Kenney, teacher in the Commercial Department of the High School, will leave here in the course of a week or two for Cliff Haven, N. Y., a beautiful place on Lake Champlain, to attend the Summer School which is annually held there. She speaks highly of the School and its location, and will remain there for a month, or more.

— Born in April, 1826, our good friend, Mr. Parker L. Eaton, was doubtless very much surprised to learn from the *Times* that he is "over 80 years old." Mr. Marcus Eaton will be 80 next September, and now the question comes up, which one was it, Parker L or Marcus, or neither, that lost his head for a few minutes at N W. the other day?

— Mr. John F. Peterson, salesman at Fitz & Stanley's Boston Branch grocery store, one of the leading and most popular in the county, and wife go to Gardiner, Maine, tomorrow or Monday for a vacation visit at Mrs. Peterson's former home. Gardiner is one of the fairest cities on the Kennebec River, and the home of many of the best people in Maine.

— A merry party of young people, including the daughter of Mr. Osborn Gillette, are rusticating on the shores of Sebago Lake, Cumberland county, Maine, within hailing distance of the fair city of Portland. The Lake is a favorite summer resort for those who love fishing, sailing and solitude. Tents and cabins line its banks during the hot season of the year.

— The other day, in just two hours, English sparrows cleaned Manchester, N. H., of every gypsy and browntail moth miller in the city, but Medford and Malden must needs have a moth expert from the U. S. Agricultural Department at Washington, D. C, to come on and help them exterminate the pest, and even he is puzzled over the vexatious problem. Leave it to the sparrows.

— The "Street List of Polls," issued by the Board of Assessors, is one of the best documents printed by the city this year. It contains the name, age, residence by Wards, and occupation of each assessed poll in the city, and as a reference book is invaluable. The Assessors deserve credit for issuing such a useful work, and the *News* people for the fine execution of it in type, ink and paper. It is a neat and handy Pub. Doc.

— Lawyer Arthur E. Gage, Clerk of the District Court, and also of the Board of Assessors, and family, including Miss Anna E., the smart Salutatorian of W. H. S. Class '04, expect to enter on their vacation pleasures early in August. The Assessors will get through with the tax books tomorrow or Monday, after which Lawyer G. will be footloose to betake himself, with family, whithersoever he pleases.

— Miss Maude Hortense Littlefield, the accomplished violinist, contemplates an early visit to, and extended sojourn at, Mrs. Bertha Taylor's Cottage by the Sea, Salisbury Beach, where Woburn people admire to congregate and have a real good time. When the hot wave struck this city a week ago Miss Maud concluded to "hang up the fiddle and the bow" and go fishing, or to the Beach, and selected Salisbury as the best place out for rest and pleasure.

— Immediately after the home coming of the powers that be the City Council and School Board will be called upon, we suppose, to elect two members of the School Board in place of Messrs. Cotton and Cassidy, who have become non-residents. It must be, necessarily, a delicate task, its execution demanding profound wisdom, great tact, keen diplomacy and perhaps a row. Wouldn't it be a wise step to elect Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward as one of the new members?

— Miss Bertha Buckman, daughter of Mr. Willis J. Buckman, one of the leading grocers of this city, has left her desk, chair and ledgers at Waldo Thompson's hardware store and gone to Littlejohn Island in Casco Bay, of which Mr Frank C. Nichols of this city is, in a measure, the Patroon, where she is enjoying all the luxuries of one of the most comfortable seaside resorts in the State of Maine. If faithful and capable work as bookkeeper entitles a young woman to a pleasant month's outing, then Miss Bertha is now getting only her just dues. She is a pillar in Thompson's store.

— One of the Trustees of the Winning Farm said to a JOURNAL man the other day: "Mrs. McGarrey is a model Matron; she manages affairs at Winning Farm most admirably. Her government and treatment of the Boston children who come to the Farm for an outing are superb." Rev. Dr. Perin of the Every Day church has the Farm again this summer for the use of the poor boys and girls of Boston, who come in companies of 25 each and remain two weeks—first boys, and then girls Mrs McGarrey is especially well fitted for this sort of work, and has contributed largely towards making the Farm successful in accomplishing the objects intended by its generous donor.

— Please read the ad. a bright young man wanted at West Medford.

— Philip Flaherty is planning another ocean fishing trip on the fishing boat Acme.

— Trolley beach parties from all over the lot have been numerous and happy this week.

— The X. L. O. Basket Ball Club gave a successful trolley party last Monday evening.

— The Jolly Five will run a trolley trip to Revere tonight. Everybody is invited. The price of the tickets are 25 cents each.

— When he moves to Malden (not Melrose) shortly hence, Mr. Frank E. Cotton will resign from the School Board, and not hold on as Cassidy is doing.

— The family of S. Franksford Trull are delightfully ensconced in the Trull Cottage at Clifton, where they will take comfort for the rest of the season.

— The Unitarian church are taking a summer rest just now. The meetinghouse doors are closed and will so remain until the weather becomes more bearable.

— City Clerk John Finn takes his vacation on the instalment plan. No long pulls away from the nightly roost for him, if you please. John is sensible to the last.

— Madams A. T. Carter and Nancy A. Brown, Misses Clara Eames and Frances Hurd are to visit Mrs. Henry Martin Eames at Cottage Camp, Biddeford Pool.

— Paul H. Gillett, Arthur Jones, Roland Dow and William H. Scott of the W. H. S. Class of '05, have passed preliminary examinations for Harvard College.

— Miss Kittie Marlowe, a popular Montvale young woman, fell from her wheel last Wednesday evening and was taken into a nearby house and put under a doctor's care.

— The City Council held a meeting last Friday evening, at which not very much business was transacted. The sewer loan was held up for an opinion from City Solicitor Norris.

— Mr. C. M. Strout and his son Percy passed a delightful day last Sunday at Harpswell, Maine, a region well known and greatly beloved by the elder Strout in his youthful days.

— Those outers who desire their departure for summer resorts duly announced can't miss it by sending their names to the JOURNAL, the only first-class society newspaper in Woburn.

— Co. G, 5th Regiment, M. V. M., go into camp for 10 days of drill and service early in September. Capt. McCarthy's men are anticipating the encampment with pleasing emotions.

— Mr. William F. Kenney, Day Editor of the Boston *Globe*, a position which he has filled with ability for a goodly number of years, and family are at Annisquam for the heated term

— The Salmon European Steamship Agency of this city are selling round trip tickets to the other side of the Ocean for $29. The steamers they represent are the best that sail the sea.

— Charlie P. Buckley, driver of Gilcreast H. & L., is looking forward to the arrival of the day of his outing with considerable interest. Almost everybody is built that way this year.

— The fact of the matter is, the papers don't much more than announce the departure of outers before they are back again and on the streets. Which makes it quite embarrassing for the papers.

— Miss Mary Haggerty, sister of James Haggerty, Editor of the *Times*, will go to Bellows Falls, Vermont, next Monday, where she will spend the week. She was formerly a school teacher there.

— At a meeting of the Cooperative Bank on July 14, $13,600 was sold. As a money institution it has been a great help to people in moderate circumstances, and stock in it pays well, because it is well managed.

— Hon. W. F. Davis, President of the Civic League, and family go to Flagstaff, Maine, in August. Primeval nature is the magnet that draws them with irresistable force to the forests and waters of the Pine Tree State.

— The South Border Athletic and Outing Club will run their fourth annual lawn party Friday evening, July 29. Patrick Kelley who will act as Field Marshal is a good hustler and should make it a great success.

— During the period Saturday to Tuesday, including July 4 of this year, there were only two arrests for drunkenness. Last year for the corresponding 4th of July period there were fifteen arrests for drunkenness.—X.

— One of the very largest retail dealers in Woburn reports business as "very good." When he was asked how the current three months compared with the same period last year, the reply was that this year's showing was much better.

— "A Constant Reader" says he would like to have the School Board go into the market and see how much of a teacher for the High School vacancy they can buy for a maximum salary of $700. He says: "well equipped teachers in this Department [Commercial] are mighty scarce, and get from $900 to $1200 a year."

— A man down the street proposes, with all seriousness, that the next meeting of the School Board be held on the Common, and that a brass band be employed to furnish music at frequent stages of the game. Don't know about the latter part of the proposition—the Board seems to be capable of furnishing about all the "music" that is necessary at the meetings.

— The Business Men's Association held a meeting last Monday evening at their rooms at which the trading stamps question was discussed at length. It was made to appear that the giving of stamps was deemed an obnoxious practice by a large majority of the traders and would be abandoned at once, providing all would agree to it. A few merchants hold out for the use of stamps, and that blocks the way to abolishing them. The committees on store closing, and Lexington railroad fares reported progress.

— Mr. William Pickens, the young colored student from Yale, who is to speak at the First Congregational church next Wednesday evening, is a brilliant speaker and an interesting man. Having taken several honors at Yale he enters upon his last year there with every prospect of becoming one of the foremost colored men of our country. All are invited to hear him at 7.45 o'clock Wednesday evening, July 21, at the First Congregational church

— Captain Dunnigan, President of the South End Social Club, and a squad of members spent last week at a cottage at Canobie Lake, loaned to them by a friend. They had a lively time every evening entertaining the neighbors with coon songs and dancing by J. McDevitt and Mahoney, McDevitt getting in his Indian War Dance. Murray and Dunnigan were the stars, singing a Chinese song in grand form. They will go up again soon.

— Last Sunday evening Herbert Henry Booth, son of General Booth of London, England, gave a lecture on "Early Christian Heroism" at the Methodist Episcopal church, which was illustrated by 200 original pictures and 20 moving ones, all of which were fine, interesting and instructive. A large audience was in attendance, the city churches having abridged their evening meetings to give the people an opportunity to hear the lecture and see Mr. Booth. Lively satisfaction was expressed with the lecture and illustrations.

— Mr. Alexander Ellis, a respected member of the "Sons of '24," of which Mr. George Buchanan is President, and Mr. Amariah V. Haynes is Secretary and Treasurer, was 80 years old last Wednesday, July 20, 1904, and the event was duly remembered. He was born at Waterville, on the Kennebec, Maine, in 1824, since which date he has seen a good deal of America and taken a hand in considerable of its affairs. He has done business in Waterville, Maine; Cincinnati, Ohio; California; and has been a live, stirring business citizen of Woburn many years. No man ever lived here who commanded a larger share of public esteem and good will than Mr. Ellis; and he has hosts of good friends who hope he may live to celebrate his centennial.

— A well posted correspondent of the JOURNAL nominates, or rather, suggests, Miss Fannie G. Allison of this city for the vacant teachership in the High School, and feels certain she would fill the bill completely. He says Miss Allison was Valedictorian of her W. H. S. graduating Class; received the degree of A. B. from Tufts College at the end of a three years course; was trainer in the Woburn High School one year; and has taught stenography, typewriting and Commercial Arithmetic in the Georgetown High School for, at least, three years, and is thus splendidly equipped for the W. H. S. vacancy. If Miss Small is to fail to secure the appointment, our correspondent hopes Miss Allison will get it.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

Local Notes.

— Trinity church, which has been closed since July 1, will reopen Sunday next and continue open through the summer months.

— A large party of ladies and gentlemen visit the Bertha Taylor Cottage at Salisbury Beach today. The JOURNAL is to be represented.

— Miss Jennie Trecartin, the sweet singer of the First Church Quartet, leaves next Monday for her home at East Washington, N. H., for the season.

— Died in Woburn, Feb. 10, 1902, Mrs. Susan M. Tufts, widow of William A. Tufts, aged 92 years.
Boston and Woburn papers please copy.

— The pop concert which came off with flying colors at Armory Hall last Wednesday evening under the auspices of Co. G, was one of the best musical entertainments of the season, so everybody said. The band music was a rare treat, and greatly enjoyed.

— Our good neighbor, Rev. T. Burton Smith, dined in company with Booker Washington, the distinguished colored gentleman, educator, and friend of his race, a few days ago in Boston. Mr. Washington was regarded as a guest of honor on the occasion and treated accordingly, as would not have been the case in a Southern hotel.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Prof. D. H. Colcord of Pomona College, Cal.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., preaching by Prof. Colcord.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Love."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

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"Isn't It Lovely"
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Enjoy an ICE in a breeze on the mahogany, while the nineties are being registered by the city's Official Thermometer on the Yellow Post at
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Spring and Summer Weights. Great Variety of Fabrics. For Gentlemens Wear.

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Pure Extract Witch Hazel

is especially recommended for TAN and SUNBURN. Also for musquito and all other insect bites so common during this hot weather. Small size 10c. Large size 20c. $1.00 gallon.

Robbins Chain Lightning Insect Powder guaranteed to KILL all kinds of insects or money refunded. In cans 10, 19, 35c.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
The best of everything at the lowest prices.
Green Stamps. Public Telephone.
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Shirt Waist Suits,
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In light weight material suitable for warm weather. These garments are made well, fit well, and wear well.

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Save Time
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By having a reliable Watch. Whether in your pocket, at home or in the workshop, every man should have a time-piece that will not fail. You Can Have One like this if you purchase the one we recommend, and they are fully guaranteed. All sorts of the best cases.

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JEWELERS,
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Fine Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing.

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That Deals Death to Disease.

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Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
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GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Is it true you want to look old? Then keep your gray hair. If not, then use Hall's Hair Renewer, and have all the dark, rich color of early life restored to your hair.
If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

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CITY OF WOBURN

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., June 30, 1904.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1902, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said parcels sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of each of said parcels if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the **OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES**, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, July 30th, 1904**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 1.

ALVAH S. WOOD.—About 12,480 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 1 Warren Ave., in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Pleasant street; westerly by Arlington Road; northeasterly by Warren Ave.; southeasterly by land of John W. Johnson; southerly by land of John W. Johnson.
Tax of 1902, $128 88
Street Watering for 1902, 5 60

WARD 2.

Residents.

ALBERT A. FERRIN.—About 5,960 square feet of land with buildings thereon, No. 48, 50, 52, 54 Fowle street, in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by Fowle street; westerly and northerly by land now or late of Thomas Richardson; easterly by land now or late of Maxim.
Tax of 1902, 54 60
Street Watering for 1902, 1 60

RALPH M. LORD.—About 70,078 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated on Nashua street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of premises, from thence the line runs northerly by Tremont street 300 feet; thence westerly by land of Murphy 288 feet; thence southerly by land of Rost 126 feet; thence easterly by land of Ellison 117 feet; thence southerly by land of Ellison 200 feet; thence easterly by Nashua street 75 feet to the point of beginning, being the same premises conveyed to Lord by deed dated July 9th, 1900, recorded with Middlesex, So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2898, Page 132.
Balance of Tax of 1902, 16 17

RICHARD F. WALSH.—About 5,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, No. 207 and 209 Main street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Westerly by Main street; northerly, easterly and southerly by land of Johnson and Winn.
Balance of Tax of 1902, 12 86
Street Watering for 1902, 1 00

Non-Residents.

HENRY O. CUSHMAN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 27 on a plan of lands owned by Mary P. Foster, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at end of Record Book 2254, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Hawley street; northeasterly by lot 28 on said plan; southeasterly by land now or late of J. B. Sawtell; southwesterly by lot 26 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

GRACE M. MILLER.—About 7,522 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on May street, being lots 31A, 32, 33, 34 and 35, shown on Plan of Section B Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by May street and by lots 30 and 31 on said plan; southerly by May street and by lot 36 on said plan; westerly by lots 54, 55 and 56 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

GRACE M. MILLER.—About 1,690 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Willard street, being lot 56 on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by lots 32 and 33 on said plan; southerly by lot 55 on said plan; westerly by Willard street.
Tax of 1902, 35

GRACE M. MILLER.—About 1,550 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 22, shown on a plan of Section B of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by lot 23 on said plan; easterly by lot 11 on said plan; southerly by lot 21 on said plan; westerly by May street.
Tax of 1902, 35

GRACE M. MILLER.—About 2,143 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Willard street, being lot 62, shown on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Dook of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 61 on said plan; easterly by Willard street; southerly by lot 63 on said plan; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1902, 35

GRACE M. MILLER.—Aboet 3,631 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Willard street, being lots 57 and 58 in Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by Willard street; southerly by lot 59 on said plan; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1902, 72

GRACE M. MILLER.—About 8,310 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Tremont street, being lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 11 on said plan; easterly by Tremont street; southerly by Lowell street; westerly by lots 17, 19, 20, 21, on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

MARGARET AND MICHAEL S. NELSON.—About 82,296 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 42 and part of lot 55, 67 and 68 on plan of L. G. and W. H. Richardson, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Stoneham street; easterly by land of Holden; southerly by Winchester town line; westerly by land of heirs of Charles B. Trumbull.
Tax of 1902, 9 40

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 16,208 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, being lots 17, 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, Block 3, shown on plan of Section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street; easterly by Frank street; southerly by lots 16, 18 and 24 on said plan; westerly by Badger street.
Tax of 1902, 2 15

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3,130 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, being lot 33, Block 2, shown on plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street; easterly by lot 34 on said plan; southerly by lot 31 on said plan; westerly by lot 32 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 35

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 5,560 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, being lots 27 and 28, Block 2, shown on Plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 30 on said plan; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by Poplar street; westerly by Frank street.
Tax of 1902, 72

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3,423 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, being lot 39, Block 4, shown on plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 38 in said plan; easterly by lot 37 in said plan; southerly by Green street; westerly by lot 40 in said plan.
Tax of 1902, 35

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,189 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Montvale avenue, being lot 38, Block 4, on Plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by lot 37 on said plan; southerly by lot 39 on said plan; westerly by lot 41 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 35

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,384 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Montvale avenue, being lot 41, Block 4, on Plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue, easterly by lot 38 on said plan; southerly by lot 40 on said plan; westerly by lot 42 and 43 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 35

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 6,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Poplar street, being lots 12 and 13, Block 1 on a plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street; easterly by lot 11 on said plan; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 14 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 72

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 6,356 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Poplar street, being lots 14 and 15, Block 1 on a plan of a Section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street; easterly by lot 13 on said plan; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by Badger street.
Tax of 1902, 72

HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 17,340 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11 and 12 on a plan of land owned by L. G. and W. H. Richardson, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 5 and 6 on said plan; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by Medford street shown on said plan; westerly by lots 9 and 10 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated on Hawley street, in said Woburn, being lot 26 on a plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at the end of Record Book No. 2254, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by said Hawley street; easterly by lot 27 on said plan; southerly by land now or late of J. B. Sawtell; westerly by lot 25 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

WARD 3.

Residents.

ALVAH S. WOOD.—About 12,197 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 42 Park street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of E. E. Thompson et al; easterly by Park street; southerly by land of Mary A. Carr et al; westerly by land of McDonough and land of Foster.
Tax of 1902, 29 54

ALVAH S. WOOD.—About 9,349 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 10, 12, 14 Morse street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Richardson; easterly by Morse street; southerly by land of City of Woburn and land of Bacon; westerly by land now or late of Bacon.
Tax of 1902, 50 12

WARD 5.

Non-Residents.

JOHN H. PONCE.—About 5 acres of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, being lots marked 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and J on a Plan of Land belonging to L. K. Homans, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 27, Plan 44, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Kinsman street; easterly by Park avenue; southerly by a street shown on said plan; westerly by Mills street.
Tax of 1902, 8 95

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 11,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 89, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mill street 72 feet; westerly by lot 2 on said plan 61 feet; southerly by land now or late of John H. Ponce 72 feet; easterly by other land now or late of said Ponce 150 feet. Same premises conveyed to William H. Weiss by John H. Ponce by deed dated May 28, 1895, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2369, Page 379.
Tax of 1902, 18 97

A. V. LYNDE, HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 501 shown on Plan B, Montvale Park Land Co. recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 465 on said Plan; easterly by lot 502 on said Plan; southerly by Hill street; westerly by lot 500 on said Plan.
Tax of 1902, 89

WARD 6.

FANNY G. ADAMS.—About 5 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated on Main street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Eaton; easterly by land now or late of Dodge; southerly by land of Wyman, Knapp, Murdock and Leslie; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1902, 52 36
Street Watering for 1902, 3 98

JAMES J. KENNEY.—About 4,900 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots 3 and 4, Block 14, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by Dartmouth street; northerly by lot 5 in said Block; easterly by lot 2 in said Block; westerly by Chester avenue.
Tax of 1902, 21 93

ROSANNA REDDY.—About ½ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 14 Alfred street, in the northerly part of said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southwesterly and southeasterly by the road leading from Main street to New Boston street called Alfred street, easterly and northerly by land now or late of Albert A. Clement.
Tax of 1902, 11 64

RHODA G. RICKER.—About ½ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 52 Pearl street in the northerly part of said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning on westerly side of Pearl street; thence southerly by same street 12 rods 7 links; thence westerly by land of Uriel Severns 12½ rods; thence northerly by land of Baldwin 6 rods, 8 links; thence easterly by land of Baldwin 5 rods, 8 links; thence east of north still by same land 7 rods 1 link; thence easterly across a bar 17 links to point of beginning.
Tax of 1902, 17 90

ROBERT B. WYMAN.—About 15,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated off Main street in the northerly part of said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown 89 5-10 feet; easterly by the Baston & Maine Railroad 231 5-10 feet; southerly by a drive way 72 feet, and westerly by a private way leading northerly from the last named driveway about 201 1-10 feet.
Tax of 1902, 14 32

Non-Residents.

FRANCIS P. BERGEN ET AL.—About 7,531 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 3, Block 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 in said block; easterly by lot 2 in said block; southerly by Mishawum Road; westerly by Park View avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 26

HORACE D. GOVE.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9, 10, 34 and 35, Block 33, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 8 and 30 shown on said plan; easterly by Wentworth avenue; southerly by lots 11 and 33 in said Block; westerly by Wilmington avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

JOSEPH A. GRICUIS.—About 8,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12 and 13, Block 9, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Virginia avenue; easterly by lot 14 in said block; southerly by lot 10 in said block; westerly by Louisianna avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 35

JOSEPH A. GRICUIS.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12, 13 and 14, Block 1, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of Phelps and Elliott; easterly by lot 15 in said block; southerly by Sacramento avenue; westerly by lot 10 in said block.
Tax of 1902, 1 78

GRACE E. HART.—About 16,978 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, Block 30, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Warren avenue and lot 15 in said Block; easterly by Mishawum ave.; southerly by lot 21 in said Block; westerly by lots 10, 11, 12, 13, in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

GEORGE H. HOWARD.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 27, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 9 in said Block; easterly by lots 2 and 22 in said Block; southerly by lot 6 in said Block; westerly by Chester avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

GEORGE W. HURD.—About 2,975 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 3 on Plan of Park Hill, recorded with Assessors Book of Plans No. 2, Plan 80, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Merrimac street about 35 feet; easterly by lot 2 on said Plan about 85 feet; southerly by lot 11 on said Plan about 35 feet; westerly by lot 4 on said Plan about 85 feet.
Tax of 1902, 1 26

PETER JAPSEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 10, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 9 in said Block; easterly by Mishawum avenue; southerly by lot 11 in said Block; westerly by lot 3 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 45

JOSEPH W. JUDGE.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 9, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 7 and 8 in said Block; easterly by Mishawum avenue; southerly by lot 10 in said Block; westerly by lot 4 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 72

FRANK M. OCHS.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 3 and 4, Block 18, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 in said Block, easterly by lot 2 in said Block: southerly by a private way shown on said plan; westerly by Chester avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

HENRY OLIN.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 46, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Rumford avenue, easterly by lot 3 in said Block; southerly by lot 38 in said Block; westerly by Knight avenue.
Tax of 1902, 89

HENRY OLIN.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12, 13 and 14, Block 47, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Rumford avenue; easterly by Knight avenue; southerly by lots 10 and 15 in said Block; and westerly by Mishawum avenue.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

HENRY OLIN.—About 24,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 to 23, both inclusive, Block 19, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 13 in said Block; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by land formerly of Edward S. Eaton; westerly by Newton avenue.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

LAURA SELDNER.—About 4,670 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 and 6, Block 49, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Easterly by Hinckley avenue, southerly by North Maple street and lot 7 in said Block; westerly by lots 7, 3 and 4 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 72

LAURA SELDNER.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 9, 10, 11, block 31 Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 12 on said block; easterly by lots 20, 21, 22; southerly by lot 8 in said Block; westerly by Hinckley Ave.
Tax of 1902, 1.07

LAURA SELDNER.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 3 and 4, Block 32, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 in said Block; easterly by lot 2 in said block; southerly by Dexter Ave; westerly by Mishawum Ave.
Tax of 1902, .90

LAURA SELDNER.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 3 and 4, Block 35 Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans, 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 in said block; easterly by lot 2 in said block; southerly by Warren Ave; westerly by White St.
Tax of 1902, .90

MARION W. WEBBER.—About 22,050 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn being lots 1,2,6,7,8,9,10,11 and 12 Block 16, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 59 Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lots 3, 5, and by private street shown on said plan; northwesterly by Chester Ave; southeasterly by Baldwin Ave; southwesterly by Jones Ave.
Tax of 1902, 30.97

LAWRENCE F. WICKENS.—About 7,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 2, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 6 in said block; southerly by lot 9 in said block; westerly by lots 27 and 28 in said block; easterly by Monk street.
Tax of 1902, 90

ANTHONY A. YARASKO.—About 14,700 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 to 14 inclusive, Block 11, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Notherly by lots 8 and 15 in said block; easterly by Washington avenue; southerly by Arkansas street; westerly by Massachusetts avenue.
Tax of 1902, 3 13

HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 20,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 15 to 22 inclusive, Block 2, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by lots 14 and 23 in same block; westerly by Richmond avenue on said plan; southerly by a private way; easterly by Montgomery ave. on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 7 16

HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8, 9, 10, 11, Block 9, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 12 in said block; easterly by Longwood avenue; southerly by lot 7 in said block, and westerly by land of Boston & Lowell Railroad.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

BENJAMIN F. TROWBRIDGE.—About 9,800 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, being lots 12, 13, 14, 15, Block 13, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Jones avenue; easterly by Chester avenue; southerly by lot 16 and 11 in said block; westerley by Foster avenue.
Tax of 1902, 31 33

JAMES S. POOLE.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely—Beginning at point in southerly line of Rumford avenue, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, Section A, at northwesterly corner of premises said point being directly opposite northeasterly corner formed by intersection of said avenue and Knight avenue, shown on said plan; thence southerly in exact continuation of easterly line of Knight ave. 65 feet; thence at right angles easterly 70 feet; thence at right angles northerly to said Rumford avenue; thence westerly on said Rumford avenue to point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to said Poole by Edward S. Eaton by deed dated April 17th, 1889, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1906, Page 162.
Tax of 1902, 12

JAMES S. POOLE.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in the northerly part of said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at a point in southerly line of Rumford avenue and Mishawum avenue; thence southerly in exact continuation of the easterly line of said Mishawum avenue 65 feet; thence at right angles easterly 140 feet; thence northerly to said Rumford avenue; thence westerly on said Rumford avenue to point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed by James C. Poole to James S. Poole by deed dated Jan. 3, 1890, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1955, Page 51.
Tax of 1902, 1 43

CORA E. WATT.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 33, Block 28, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1902, 45

WILLARD WELSH.—About 13 68-100 acres land situated in the north-easterly part of Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Westerly by a cart path and by land of perons unknown; northerly also by land of persons unknown, and on all other sides by land now or late of Ames, being the first lot of land described in deed given by the Trustees of Tufts College and Trustees of Boston University to Edwin M. White dated November 1. 1884, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book 1685, page 376 to which deed a record reference is hereby made for further description.
Tax of 1902 4.92

CAROLINE T. NORRIS.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 10, 11, and 12, Block 16, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded and described as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of Edwin S. Eaton: easterly by lots 14, 15, and 16, in said block; southerly by lot 9 in said block; westerly by Bellevue ave.
Tax of 1902 .54

CAROLINE T. NORRIS.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 5, 6, and 7, Block 9, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded and described as follows namely: Northerly by Kearsage Ave; easterly by lot 4 in said block; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 8 in said block.
Tax of 1902 .54

CAROLINE T. NORRIS.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 15, and 16 Block 16, Section F, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 14 in said block; easterly by Wachusett ave; southerly by lot 17 in said block; westerly by lots 10 and 11 in said block.
Tax of 1902 .35

ALICE J. WHITE.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 33, Block 20, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 34 in said Block; easterly by lot 15 in said Block; southerly by lot 32 in said Block; westerly by Wentworth avenue.
Tax of 1902, 54

GEORGE E. SMITH.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8, 9, 10, Block 14, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded and described as follows, namely: Northerly by lot 7 in said Block; easterly by Wilmington avenue; southerly by lot 11 in said Block; westerly by lots 36, 37 and 38 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 1 07

JACOB GREEN.—About 19,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 19, 20, 21 and 22, Block 10, Plan B of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 9, Plan 35, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Alpine avenue; easterly by lots 6 and 23 in said Block; southerly by Summit avenue; westerly by lots 1 and 18 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 2 86

A. V. LYNDE, HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 3,200 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 6, Block 2, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 5 in said Block; easterly by Monk street; southerly by lot 7 in said Block; westerly by lot 30 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 72

A. V. LYNDE, HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 5,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 11 and 12, Block 26, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 10 in said Block; easterly by Knight avenue; southerly by Lot 13 in said Block; westerly by Lots 23 and 24 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 72

A. V. LYNDE, HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, Block 9, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northwesterly by Virginia avenue; northeasterly by lot 16 in said Block; southeasterly by lots 7 and 8 in said Block; southwesterly by Lot 13 in said Block.
Tax of 1902, 90

WARD 7.

Residents.

ELLEN LEONARD, ET AL.—About 8,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 47 Bedford street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Leonard Thompson; easterly by land of Corry; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by Shields street.
Tax of 1902, 32 22

JOHN F. MAGUIRE.—About 1 acre of land with buildings thereon, No. 12 Willow street, in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on Burlington street; thence south of west by land of John Doherty; thence east by north on Willow street; thence east by land now or late of Henry Cummings; thence south by said Burlington street 200 feet to point of beginning; being same premises conveyed to said Maguire by deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2641, Page 495.
Tax of 1902, 44 75

JOHN H. NEWMAN.—About 16,969 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 19 Willow street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Colgate; easterly by Willow street; southerly by land of the City of Woburn; westerly by land now or late of Cyrus Cummings.
Tax of 1902, 42 07

CHARLES L. O'DOHERTY.—About 12,251 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated off Bedford street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Bishop; easterly by land of Emery; southerly by land of John J. and Patrick H. O'Doherty, et al.; westerly by land of Merrow.
Tax of 1902, 33 57

ELLEN O'RILEY.—About 39,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 55 Houghton street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Grant; easterly by Houghton street; southerly by land late of McMahon and by land of Bacon and Colgate; westerly by land of Eaton.
Tax of 1902, 30 43

Non-Residents.

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 1½ acres of land with buildings thereon, situated 131 Bedford street, in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by the Pond; easterly by Burlington street; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by land of Ellard, and also by the Pond.
Tax of 1902, 123 51

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector
of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Natalie A. Butters to Chester W. Clark, dated June 18, A. D. 1896, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the Northern Middlesex District in Book 275, Page 509, and for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, will be sold at public auction at the Post office on Main street in Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY the sixth day of August A. D. 1904,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the premises described in said mortgage, to wit:—A certain parcel of land situate in the westerly part of said Wilmington, being a part of the Robert's Meadow, so called, now used for the cultivation of cranberries, and also called a cranberry meadow, to wit, all that portion of the aforesaid Robert's Meadow lying on the southerly or southeasterly side of a line described as follows, to wit, a line running through the center of a ditch, which is the first ditch to be reached in going from Lubber's Brook northerly, there being a bridge across said ditch; the said ditch extending and the aforesaid line therein extending through the entire breadth of said cranberry meadow from the most westerly side thereof to the most easterly side thereof. A description of the whole of said cranberry meadow may be found in the deed from Francis M. Pushee and Alice M. Pushee to the said Natalie A. Butters dated October 21st, 1882, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds in Book 156, Page 123, to which reference is made.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes thereon.

Terms: $100 to be paid at time and place of sale; balance in ten days on delivery of deed.

CHESTER W. CLARK, Mortgagee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Frank W. Grinnell, personally and as Trustee, Joseph A. Gillis and Frank H. Greenough, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, James Corrigan, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, all in said Commonwealth, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Richard W. Hale and Moses Williams, Jr., Trustees of the Massachusetts Tax Title Company, to register and confirm their title in the following described land: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, containing about 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 561 and 562 shown on Plan C of the Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded: Northerly by lots 530 and 531, on said plan, seventy feet, owned by James Corrigan; easterly by Wilbur street, seventy feet, said Wilbur street being a private way; southerly by said Wilbur street seventy feet; and westerly by lot 560 on said plan, seventy feet, owned by Joseph A. Gillis.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the eighth day of August, A. D., 1904, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of July, in the year nineteen hundred and four.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL] CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Best New Creamery BUTTER! 23c. lb.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-6.

We Have a Large Line of Toilet Soaps

But at the head of them all we place

Woburna Toilet Soap

15c. Cake. 40c. Box.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

NOTICE

The depositors of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank are hereby requested to bring their books to the bank during the month of August, 1904, for the purpose of deposit for verification under rules to be prescribed by the Board of Commissioners of the Statutes of the Commonwealth relating to Savings Banks and Institutions for Savings.

See Revised Laws Chapter 113 Section 53, which reads as follows: "In the year 1901, and every third year thereafter, every such corporation shall call in the books of deposit of its depositors for verification under rules to be prescribed by the respective Boards of Investments, subject to the approval of the Board of Commissioners of Savings Banks."

CHARLES A. JONES, Treasurer.
Woburn, July 8th, 1904.

For Sale.

An Oak Chamber Set, Mattress and Spring, a child's bed, 18 yards linoleum, 15 window shades.

F. E. COTTON,
92 Pleasant St., Woburn.

MR. EDWIN N. C. BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.
The Virgil Clavier System [illegible]
Church Organ practice privileges for rent.

Float.

The Innitou Canoe Club will hold a Float on the evening of Monday, July 25, 1904. Members are requested to have in line as many decorated canoes as possible. The line will be formed at 8.30 P. M.

Mrs. William Crosby has offered a cup for the best decorated canoe, the award to be made by three judges.

Music will be furnished by the Woburn Brass Band, and there will be dancing in the Club House after the Float.

Should the weather be unfavorable on the date set, the Float will be held the next pleasant night. Members who desire to secure lanterns and candles at wholesale rates, should communicate with Mr. E. T. Brigham, at Thompson's Hardware Store.

WILLIAM W. CROSBY, Commodore.
Willard K. Fowle, Secretary.

From the Mountains.

Mountain Home House,
Littleton, N. H., July 19, 1904.

MR. EDITOR: When I have a good thing I like to have my friends share it with me; therefore this letter.

I think that, for a summer outing, this hotel is the very best place I have ever found. Located in the vicinity of the most beautiful village in the New England States; about one mile from the Postoffice and R. R. Station; very genial and sociable guests; excellent table supplied with fresh provisions from the farm, well cooked and served; no flies or other pests; pure air and cool nights; it certainly is an ideal spot for people of moderate or ample means to rest and recuperate.

This is the fourth season that Mrs. B. and myself have passed a delightful vacation here and we are therefore qualified by experience to determine its character.

Truly yours,
AMBROSE BANCROFT.

WINCHESTER.

Has Winchester stopped making history?

Commissioner Brackett is now ready to let folks here go fishing, if they want to.

Several of our school teachers have lately resigned to accept higher out of town positions at better wages. We raise some mighty fine schoolmarms in this town.

To walk through our streets, or sit at the window and look out, anybody would know that the summer vacation is on and at its height. Seems as though everybody had gone away.

Col. Nat. Richardson, 83, and rising, is still nimble with pen and ink. He is somewhat prone to use a little too much treckle, but that is far preferable to vinegar for catching flies. But when he takes his pen in hand the venerable Colonel always says something, and that is more than can be credited to all writers.

A Winchester gentleman was the founder, and has since been the chief promotor, of trolley excursions, and all honor be to his name! Because the novelty of them has worn off, or from some other cause, the excursions have dwindled down and been relegated to back seats in the amusement line, which is to be deeply regretted.

Wilmington.

Trolley parties are popular here. The excursions embrace some of the most beautiful scenery in the country.

Summer residents are settling down in this quiet, pleasant village, and on neighboring farms, for the summer. They find Wilmington their beau ideal for a hot weather residence.

There has been a real carnival of huckleberrying in this town for a fortnight past. Pickers have found the delicious fruit abundant, and almost everybody has been in the bushes gathering it in. Brisk sales at good prices have prevailed.

It is early to mention the fact, but I would remark that Hon. Chester W. Clark is booked for another term in the State Senate. The Republicans of the District are more than pleased with the record he made in the Legislature of 1904, and it is a fair presumption that he will have to meet no opponent in the Republican convention. He is considered by everybody one of the best and squarest men in this section of the State.

The Secret of Success.

Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unfailing success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the two greatest enemies of health and happiness? Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders?—that it has proved itself the best of all liver regulators? August Flower has a matchless record of over thirty-five years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints—a success that is becoming wider in its scope every day, at home and abroad, as the fame of August Flower spreads. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by all druggists.

Burlington.

Some sensible city people are making this town their summer home. No mosquitoes!

The delightful occupation of haying is drawing to a close. The farms have yielded a fine burden of grass this season, and the mows and scaffolds of the barns are well filled.

Huckleberrying has been all the rage in this town for two weeks, at least. Such swarms of men, women and children as have come here from Woburn and all the adjacent towns were never seen here before. Last Sunday 15 big barges of people were seen on the huckleberry grounds at one time, and the number of single and double teams was beyond computing. It was about the same on several subsequent days, when a census of the population of Burlington would have shown a wonderful increase.

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REPAIRING,
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Shades Made Up of Ladies' own material.
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Near Temple Place.

WANTED!

A bright young man to learn the retail jewelry business. Apply by letter, giving age and references to Suite 3, No. 90 Boston Ave., West Medford.

Window Dressing as a Fine Art.

In one important department, unmolested by public criticism, the advertisers have even now established tastefulness as the underlying essential principle of their competition. This is in window dressing, a vital part of advertising. The beautiful, not the bizarre; the attractive rather than the startling; the alluring and interesting are now sought in the window effects of every shop, from the great department store to the little candy kitchen; from the basement lights of a modest florist to the long plate glass front of a shoe emporium. Salaries of several thousand dollars a year are paid in cities to the "artists" most skilled in window dressing, and their requisitions for plants or ribbons—totally irrelevant as these may be to the stock on sale and designed merely to add to the beauty of the window picture—are honored ungrudgingly. In effect the merchant says, "Give me a beautiful window that people will stop and look at, and that yet shall indicate generally the sort of goods I handle, and I do not care what it costs."—Charles M. Robinson in Atlantic.

Ice in India.

Dr. Wells, a London physician, in 1818, in his published essay on dew, was the first to draw attention to the curious artificial production of ice in India. Shallow pits are dug, which are partially filled with perfectly dry straw. On the straw broad, flat pans containing water are exposed to the clear sky. The water, being a powerful radiant, sends off its heat abundantly into space.

The heat thus lost cannot be replaced from the earth, for this source is excluded by the straw. Before sunrise a cake of ice is formed in each vessel. To produce this ice in quantities clear nights are advantageous, and particularly those on which practically no dew falls. Should the straw get wet it becomes more matted and compact and consequently a better conductor of heat, for the vapor then acts as a screen over the pans, checks the cold and retards freezing.

Birds Are Mathematicians.

The English naturalist, Morris Gibbs, devoted years of study to birds' nests, their formation and their contents, and asserts that birds lay their eggs in accordance with geometrical lines, so that every inch of space is used to the greatest possible advantage. Birds which lay many eggs arrange them in circles, the pointed ends turned to the inside. Others, whose eggs are elliptically shaped, place them in longitudinal rows. If an egg is moved out of its original position by an intruder, it will be found on the following morning that the bird has returned it to its first position. Among the numerous and often difficult cases which Gibbs made a matter of study, not one was found which would not do credit to a mathematician.

Cromwell and the Specter.

The stories of the "White Lady" that periodically visits the German royal family and of the "Little Red Man" that frequently paid his respects to the great Napoleon are tolerably well known, especially that of the former. But few, perhaps, are familiar with the story of Cromwell's "Giant Specter." It appeared to him one night when he was wide awake and quietly resting on his couch. In appearance the apparition was a woman of gigantic proportions. Approaching him she announced in tones like thunder, "Within the year you, my son, will be recognized as the greatest man in Britain."

Creation of a Knight.

The ceremonies at the creation of a knight have been various; the principal were a box on the ear and a stroke with a sword on the shoulder. John of Salisbury tells us the blow with the naked fist was in use among the ancient Normans; by this it was that William the Conqueror conferred the honor of knighthood on his son Henry. It was afterward changed into a blow with the flat of the sword on the shoulder of the knight.

Not That Kind.

"What did you think of Philadelphia?"

"I never was more imposed on in my life," answered Colonel Stilwell of Kentucky. "They told me Philadelphia was famous for its mint, and all they showed me was a place where they make money."—Washington Star.

Funny.

Borroughs—Mr. Merchant's out, you say? Why, he had an appointment with me here. That's very funny. New Office Boy—Yes, sir; I guess he thought it was too. Anyways, he was laughin' when he went out.

Too Much For Him.

"Oh, zees langwage!" complained the distinguished foreigner. "Your wife he is upstairs when I come in and you call to heem: 'Monsieur d'Esprit have arrive. Hurry up and come down.' "—Chicago Record-Herald.

Takes Longer.

Husband—How is it that women's club of yours keeps you out so much later than it used to? Wife—Oh, we've made a new rule that only one member can speak at a time.

He Was a Stayer.

She (desperately)—Don't you believe they will worry over your absence if you fail to return home until such a late hour? He (carelessly)—There's nobody to worry except the landlady, and I make a point to keep her worrying by always owing her a month's board. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Retired.

"Papa," remarked the congressman's daughter, looking at the clock.

"What is it, Lou?" asked papa, who had lingered in the drawing room with the young people.

"It is 9 o'clock. At this time George and I usually go into committee." Then papa retired.

Insulting.

"She's the most insulting woman I ever met."

"I never liked her myself."

"Just think! The last time she visited us she didn't wipe her feet when she came in, but she did wipe them when she went out."

His Latchkey.

First Matron—I am told that you allow your husband to carry a latchkey. Second Matron—Yes, but it does not fit the door. I just let him carry it to humor him. He likes to show it to his friends and make them think that he is independent.

Holding His Own.

"Stingy, isn't he?"

"You've said it! Why, he holds fast to everything he gets his clutches on and even bolts down his dinner!"

In Spain.

"One meets with queer opposites in Spain," said a man who has traveled in that country. "In the Basque provinces the people are alert, up to date, thrifty and industrious. In Barcelona I was agreeably surprised at the evidences of modern progress, and its principal street, the Rambla, is undeniably finer than any boulevard in Paris. In some other sections the natives are about the limit of sloth and evince a don't care spirit in everything that concerns their temporal welfare. They tell a story of a Spanish shoemaker who was approached by a customer with wornout shoes with a request that they be repaired immediately. The cobbler called to his wife to know how much money there was in the house. She answered enough to supply the family wants for another day, whereupon the customer was told that if he was in such a great hurry he had better try some other shop. This is the spirit that prevails in some parts of the kingdom, but must not be taken as a national characteristic."—Washington Post.

The Word "Cad."

"Cad," it is pointed out by a writer, is a word furnishing "a pathetic instance of verbal degeneration." He says: "Its grandfather 'cadet' and its father 'caddie' are still alive in the language, though the relationship is recognized by few. 'Cadet,' signifying by derivation from the Latin a 'little head,' or 'little chief,' was a sufficiently honorable word for the younger son of a noble family, and acquired its modern army sense from the fact that the army was often the destiny of younger sons. But it also begat 'cadie' or 'caddie,' a junior or subordinate in general, such as a bricklayer's assistant or the familiar golf caddie. Then 'caddie' or 'cad' came to mean an odd job man, and from calling the men who hung about to pick up jobs by this name, Oxford undergraduates presently applied it to 'town' in general, as contrasted with 'gown.' As no compliment was thereby intended, its final degradation is obvious."

Charles Kean's Afflictions.

Charles Kean, the actor, could not pronounce the consonants "m" and "n." In the first scene with Jarvis in "The Gamester" he began by inquiring, "Well, Jarvis, what says the world of me? I'll tell thee what it says. It calls me a false friend, a faithless husband, a cruel father—in one short word, it calls me Galester!" In Shylock he was wont to say:

"You take by life
When do you take the beans whereby I live."

But his most unfortunate slip occurred in the last line of "Money," where Evelyn says that, in order to enjoy the good things of life, we require "plenty of money." In this situation Kean always brought the curtain down with a roar by sarcastically remarking that the one thing necessary to complete their happiness is "plenty of putty!"

A Great Engineering Feat.

The Oroyo railroad, which runs from Callao to the gold fields of Cerro de Pasco, is considered one of the wonders in the Peruvian world. It is certainly the greatest feat of railroad engineering in either hemisphere. Commencing in Callao, it ascends the narrow valley of the Rimac, rising nearly 5,000 feet in the first fifty-six miles. Thence it goes through the intricate gorges of the Sierras till it tunnels the Andes at an altitude of 15,645 feet, the highest point in the world where a piston rod is moved by steam. The wonder is doubled on remembering that this elevation is reached in seventy-eight miles.—Chicago Journal.

Wealth of Ancient Jews.

A writer in the Jewish magazine, the Menorah, says that there were richer men before the Christian era than there are now. He estimates Korah's fortune at $3,000,000,000, and says that Solomon, after spending $250,000,000 on his temple, was still worth between $300,000,000 and $400,000,000. In Roman times there were three Jews in Jerusalem who between them offered to spend $100,000,000 for twenty-one years in feeding the inhabitants of the city rather than surrender the city. One of these Jews, Nikodemon, gave his daughter a dowry of $425,000,000.

Permanently Ineligible.

"Mr. Bliggins has just inherited a fortune," said the woman who knows all the news. "I suppose he will now succeed in getting into the smart set."

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "Before he was rich they said he had more brains than money. Now they will say he has more money than brains."—Washington Star.

The Tramp's Taste.

Tramp (at the kitchen door)—Can you give me something to eat, lady? Lady—There's the wood pile. Tramp—I can't eat wood, lady. Lady—You can saw it, can't you? Tramp—I'd rather eat it, lady. Good morning!—Detroit Free Press.

A Woman's Tears.

A shrewd observer says that "sometimes a woman cries just to get herself petted," a circumstance which shows that there may be a method in grief as well as in madness.—Bridgeport Telegram.

Well Answered.

An American woman who had been told by a Britisher that America was deficient in antiquities and curiosities remarked, "The antiquities will come; as for our curiosities, we import them."

A Famous Quarry.

The entire mass of the Monte Sagro, 5,000 feet high, which dominates Carrara, is solid marble. One of the most famous quarries is in the valley of the Polraccio. From this were extracted in Roman times the 1,700 tons of marble that served for the construction of Trajan's column at Rome. Here Donatello got the block which he carved into his St. George, and Michael Angelo the one for his Moses. From here also came the huge block mentioned in the memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, which served for the colossal Neptune of Ammanati in the middle of the fountain of the Piazza della Signoria at Florence.

A Water Volcano.

One of the greatest natural curiosities in Central America is the Volcan de Aqua or water volcano, which is situated in Guatemala, about twenty-five miles southwest of the capital. Its apex is 14,450 feet above the level of the sea, and cultivated fields and forest trees extend almost to its summit. It occasionally vents forth torrents of pure cold water. On one occasion an "eruption" of this kind inundated the northern valley and destroyed a whole village situated on the side of the peak.

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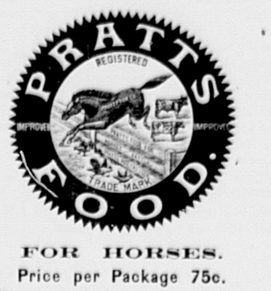

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One of the purest and best in New England, especially recommended by physicians for rheumatism, kidney trouble, dyspepsia, and malaria.
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AN OUNCE OF
CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS
is worth the proverbial lb. of ill health. Hot weather favors disease germs. Sulpho-Napthol destroys them. Also foul odors from germ activity.
The kitchen, cellar, bath-room, toilets, sinks, swill tubs, etc., should be looked after. Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages.
At all dealers, 10, 25, 50 and $1.00.

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WOBURN

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at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

The Girl From the East

By Marjorie A. Barkley

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There was excitement among the young officers at Fort Wayne when Hicks, the little corporal who wore his cap on the side of his head, spread the report that the girl from the east had come and had been escorted to Colonel Klein's house.

During that first day there was an unusual amount of promenading in Officers' row. Lieutenants, sergeants and even corporals found time to walk, in approved military style, past the colonel's quarters, and there was one who showed signs neither of excitement nor interest. It was Captain Roberts. He told his friend, a first lieutenant, that he wouldn't go around the corner to see twenty girls. Whereat the lieutenant grunted and said something about behavior in the Philippines, adding, with frank sarcasm: "You're a peach, you are, to pose as a woman hater after cutting me out with the little senorita so clean that every fellow in the regiment was afraid to have you see his girl. I know you all right, old pal, and I'll bet with the rest that you take your little stroll in the row on the heels of some big headed corporal. I passed the house myself," he owned boldly, "and I saw her too. She's a regular beaut, Dick."

But even his best friend failed to awaken the interest of the captain. He went so far as to get into citizen's clothes that same afternoon and leave the fort for a walk in the river road. This, by the critical corporals, was considered stuck up.

When the captain reached a sandy strip of beach a mile or more from the fort he stretched out at full length and gazed at the water where freight and passenger steamers passed on their routes to the great lakes.

His thoughts, whether they were upon commerce or navigation, were profound indeed, for he started when he heard the rush of a woman's skirts and saw from the corner of his eye that a girl was approaching. He moved a little, but did not look in her direction until the girl stopped and said softly: "I beg your pardon, but isn't this—it is! Dick, I knew it was you!"

Captain Roberts sprang to his feet and looked into the girl's flushed face.

"It's Margaret, Dick," she said. "Peggy."

Roberts took the hand she offered. "Peggy," he said wonderingly. "Peggy, you take my breath away. Where did you come from?"

"I'm staying at Colonel Klein's, but where did you come from?"

"You, at the fort?" he asked incredulously. "That's where I live. Sit down here on this rock. Peggy, Peggy Adams, do you realize how you have surprised me? When did you strike these parts?"

"This morning."

"No! Then you're the girl from the east? They've been talking about you for weeks."

"How lovely of them—and you?"

"Why, I'm up there too."

"Those clothes?" she said doubtfully.

"Are 'cits,'" he finished, smiling. "I wear a uniform up there."

"Oh! And what are you—what rank?"

"Captain," he said briefly. "Peggy, how you have grown up."

"Have I?" she laughed. "And so have you, about two feet higher, and you went to West Point after all?"

"Yes, father insisted."

"Do you like the army?"

"Oh, yes, when we see active service!"

"Then you have seen active service. In the Spanish-American war? Oh, tell me about it!"

Roberts laughed. "I will some time," he said. "I will tell you anything you ask, but let's talk about you now. Where have you been all these years?"

"School and college and around at places."

"That means traveling, I suppose, yet you never visited West Point?"

"Never. I didn't know that you were there, that you had gone back. You know you said"—

"Yes, I said several things about that time. You haven't forgotten then?"

"Forgotten? Oh, Dick, I couldn't forget! Never! Wasn't it dreadful?"

"It was rather a bad mess, but we—at least I—showed remarkably good taste, though you weren't as beautiful then as you are now."

"I can't snub you for that," the girl said, with carefully lowered lashes. "It sounds genuine. You always were thoroughly genuine, Dick."

"Yes, I was in earnest then," he said, smiling. "You were my first sweetheart." He laughed aloud. "My, how you cried when the minister refused to marry us! I flattered myself that you were disappointed, but it really was your pride, you poor little girl."

He regarded the poor little girl's blushing face with tender affection.

"I think that the old minister was the sweetest man I ever met. He knew that we were eloping. How gentle he was and tactful. I have always thought of him with thankfulness akin to love."

"I thought he was a regular old donkey, but it appears that I am the only one who was in real earnest," he said tentatively.

Peggy laughed. "Do you remember my high heeled boots?" she asked, ignoring his remark.

"Oh, don't I, though! You tripped, and I had the delirious joy of catching you in my arms. But do you remember how I saved money? I've roared over my wiliness more than once. You know I had only $25 to my name, and I said that carriages were too slow and that we would much better take a car."

"I had forgotten that," Peggy said, "but I remember how fighting mad you were when papa rushed in. You stood between him and me and said, 'Sir, your daughter has consented to become my wife!' Oh, Dick, wasn't it funny?"

"Yes," he said slowly. "Sometimes it seems funny to me and sometimes it seems strangely tragic. That we were such babies is the only saving fact. Poor kids!" He sighed and turned his eyes from the girl's face. "I suppose you're engaged now?" he said.

"No."

"How does that happen?"

She shook her head. "And you?" she said.

"Engaged? No, indeed. I never saw but one lovable girl in my life."

"And she wouldn't marry you?"

"She wouldn't. There will never be another. I lost track of her."

"But you didn't forget her?" the girl asked softly.

"I never forgot her for a minute. But it's too late to find her now. She doesn't care for me anyway."

"Oh, Dick, don't say that. Any girl ought to care for you. Just the fact that you stay true to one woman should be enough. Don't give up and spoil it."

"Will you give me a recommendation?" he asked, smiling. "Say that none of my relatives were hanged or something like that?"

"I could say much better things. It is beautiful that you want to find her. I like it, Dick. And I think the girl will like it."

Roberts looked deep into her eyes, but he saw no self consciousness. He forgot what he had read many times, that women are clever actresses.

"Your advice may be good," he said after a few moments of silence. "But what would you have said yourself, Peggy, if I had hunted you up and had told you about caring for you? The girl is very much like you. What would you have said?"

"Oh, that's silly, Dick," she said quickly. "You know you wouldn't." She looked past Roberts and frowned uneasily. "It's going to rain," she murmured, "and I'm cold."

"Oh, I suppose so," Dick said gloomily. "She'd say that too. That's why I didn't hunt her up."

"But it's going to rain. There, I felt a drop, Dick."

Roberts rose quickly and looked toward the fort.

"By Jove, it is, Peggy. I didn't notice those clouds. Here comes the wind. We'll have to stand under those trees till it blows over. I'm mighty sorry that I didn't notice it." He slipped off his coat and wrapped it about the girl's shoulders.

"Oh, don't, Dick," she protested. "Please. You know girls don't take cold as easily as men. They're used to exposure."

They ran to a clump of trees and Roberts made the girl kneel by a low stone wall that ran at the side of the road.

"Dick, I don't want you to stand there in the rain. Please take your coat."

He smiled down at her. "What a foolish little girl it is," he said. "But I'll kneel beside you if you think it's safe."

She raised her questioning eyes to his. "I wish you would," she said. "I don't like to have you take such a terrible risk, and just to protect me, when I can keep dry in this corner as well as not."

Roberts dropped to his knees and leaned against the wall.

"Peggy," he said, "just to protect you I would give my life. Didn't you know that, dear?" There was tenderness in his tone and conviction. He spoke not passionately, but truly.

Peggy locked her hands tightly together and her lips quivered. It seemed a long time before she could raise her eyes. Then she met the earnest, questioning gaze of the man.

"You may," she said simply. "Dick, you may."

The rain had ceased and the clouds had hurried on their way toward the east when Peggy and Captain Roberts entered the reservation and were met by the jovial colonel.

"Well," he said heartily, "Peggy, I've had a searching party out for you, but I just heard that you two were coming up the river road. This looks bad, bad. Why, we began to think you and the captain, here, had eloped."

Peggy flushed and glanced at the younger man. Then she smiled at the colonel.

"We did," she said demurely, "six years ago."

Sweets as Presents.

Sugar and preserves were fashionable presents in Queen Bess' time. Every one seemed to have had "a sweet tooth" in those times. The dean and chapter of Salisbury, having a case to be tried before Justice Hale, presented him with six sugar loaves, for which the judge, who was exceptionally scrupulous, insisted on paying. In Davenant's poem, "Madagascar," occurs the couplet:

Then reconcile the rich for gold fringed gloves,
The poor for God's sake or for sugar loaves.

The sergeants of the house of commons in Lent, 1585, received from Lord Howard a present of sugar. The chamber of Exeter in 1610 voted sugar loaves to two canons for their morning lectures. Sometimes marmalade, oranges, lemons or even potatoes took its place, and when sugar became cheaper the custom ceased. In 1581 all persons in Scotland not being dukes, earls, etc., possessed of at least £250 in yearly rent were prohibited the use of confections, foreign drugs and costly spices.—Westminster Review.

Japanese Buddhists.

Japanese Buddhists have a word, "nazoraeru," which is translated by the dictionaries as "to imitate," but it has the esoteric meaning of "to substitute in imagination one object or action for another, so as to bring about some magical or miraculous result." An example of this is laying a pebble before the image of Buddha to show that you would like to build a temple in his honor if you were rich enough, and making a bookcase revolve which contains the 6,771 volumes of the Buddhist canon and earnestly wishing that you had time to read them, by which you acquire the same merit in the eyes of heaven as if you did read them. The bookcase is fitted with a kind of capstan for the purpose.

Peg Tankards.

The pegging or marking of drinking cups was introduced by St. Dunstan to check the intemperate habits of the times by preventing one man from taking a larger draft than his companions. But the device proved the means of increasing the evil it was intended to remedy, for, refining upon St. Dunstan's plan, the most abstemious were required to drink precisely to a peg or pin, whether they could soberly take such a quantity of liquor or not.

Dutiful For Once.

Boy—My tooth aches, and mamma said I should come here and let you look at it. Dentist—I see. It must come out. Won't take but a minute. Now be a brave little man, and I'll—Boy (hastily backing off)—Mamma didn't say I should let you pull it; she only said I should let you look at it.

A Paragon.

Mamie—Florence's love of truth amounts to a passion. She really goes to extremes. Kittie—In what respect? Mamie—Why, she admits that her best friend is younger than she is.

All Serene.

"Has Jones an assured reputation as an author?"

"Absolutely. Why, he says he can now turn out poor work all the rest of his life."—Life.

THE SNIPE'S DRUMMING.

A Naturalist's Theory as to How the Sound Is Produced.

It is disputed whether the snipe's drumming—a curious noise, suggestive of a miniature thrashing machine—is made by the bird with its wings or by its tail or by both wings and tail. Some recent observations incline me strongly to believe that the tail plays, at any rate, the more important part. During the performance the bird flies at a great height round and round in a wide, sweeping circle. At intervals he makes a sudden and rapid descent, holding his wings partly flexed and his tail spread to its full extent. The outermost tail feather on either side points outward at a greater angle than those adjoining it, so that when the bird is watched through a good field glass daylight shows between it and the next, and, if I am right in my view, the drumming sound is due to the rush of air against this isolated feather. The snipe's tail feathers seem so puny that it is at first difficult to believe that they can produce so great a result. But if an outer one be taken—it is slightly scimiter shaped, with the outer web much reduced—and swung rapidly through the air the drumming noise may be distinctly heard, though it seems but a very faint echo of the loud, throbbing hum that startles one when it suddenly descends from an ethereal height, and the small bird is descried, hardly more than a speck to the naked eye, circling round in wild career and now and then swooping headlong downward and thrilling the air with his weird music.—London Nature.

THE LITERARY DETECTIVE.

His Hunt Is One That Adds Spice to His Reading.

There is a certain type of literary man who seems content to take little part in the struggle of letters beyond keeping an eye on his contemporaries and pouncing down on them every now and then to accuse them of having given a meaning to such and such a word which that word should not possess. It is strange that the number of these literary detectives is not larger, for there are few more fascinating occupations than this. It lends a spice to one's reading. The dullest book becomes as readable as the most deftly written novel. Certain words have taken to themselves meanings in the course of time which they have no right to possess. "Phenomenon" is a very hardened offender. To use this word as meaning something "strange" instead of something "that appears and is visible" is to insure arrest at the hands of the detective. Lately the word "temper" has been exposed. Through long impunity it has come to imply bad temper, whereas, if it had its rights, it should mean just the reverse. We strongly advise every one who desires a never failing source of amusement to read the next novel he takes up with the eye of the detective. Starting with the easier words, like "phenomenon," the novice may go on from strength to strength until before long nothing can escape him. The exercise, moreover, is not only a pleasure, but a duty.—London Globe.

Why Windmills Burned Down.

Of the production of fire by the friction of wood against wood windmills of the old construction gave on a large scale some disastrous examples. When the force of the wind increased the miller was obliged to bring each of the sails in succession to the ground in order to unclothe it, but when sudden squalls came on this was impracticable, and the mill in extreme cases ran away—that is, could not be stopped.

Everything was now done to increase the grip of the wooden brake round the great wheel on the driving shaft, and water was poured copiously over them, but in spite of all this flames would sometimes burst out from the intense friction and the mill be probably burned down as the result. The beautiful machinery of the modern windmill, by which the miller controls the action of the sails from the interior of the building, has reduced this danger to a minimum.—Notes and Queries.

Memory.

There are 100 different varieties of memory, and perhaps we cannot altogether choose which we will possess, though every sort, when we have the germs of it, may be cultivated. To learn anything by heart the best plan is to read a sentence and repeat it without a book, then read the next sentence and repeat the two, and so on. Repetition is of great importance, "line upon line." More is learned and remembered by reading through one book twice than by reading two books once. After a thing has been learned it must be recalled and gone over at intervals, or the impression will fade away.

Spats.

Where did spats come from? Highland soldiers wore them first. Because of the bravery of highlanders at Lucknow and elsewhere in India during the Indian mutiny the people of England looked about for some way to show their admiration. Scrutiny of the highland dress disclosed that spats were the most suitable for adoption, so they were adopted and have been commonly worn ever since.

Those Sweet Girls.

Drusilla—I did not see you at the Vanblunt reception last night, dear. Dorothy—No. I hoped to be able to go up to the last moment, but was prevented. Drusilla (sweetly)—Yes; I know the invitations were limited.—St. Louis Republic.

We all spend too much time in complaining that we lack time to do things.—Atchison Globe.

The Way He Put It.

At a school examination at Newcastle-under-Lyme, England, a boy was told to write an essay on the pleasures of reading. He wrote: "People read for many reasons. Sometimes they read for humor, and then they read such books as 'Don Quixote.' At other times they read for amusement, and then they read the Bible."

Took It Mildly.

"Yes, old Bizziboy gave a reception out to his place on the hills and then turned the hose on the first detachment to arrive."

"He did! What did they say to that?"

"They called it unconventional hospitality. You know, he's too rich to quarrel with."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Malady.

Tess—She's a professional nurse, I believe. Jess—Not at all. What gave you that idea? Tess—She remarked that she sat up last night with a sick man. Jess—Lovesick; that was all. It was that fiance of hers.—Philadelphia Press.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 24.

Text of the Lesson, II Chron. xix, 1-11—Memory Verses, 4-6—Golden Text, II Chron. xix, 11—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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It is pleasant, as well as profitable, to continue meditating upon one who did right in the sight of the Lord (xx, 32), for he sought to the Lord God of his father, and walked in His commandments, and his heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord, and the Lord was with him (xvii, 3-6). He is said to have reigned twenty-five years (xx, 31), but it is possible that three of those years were the last years of Asa, his father, while he was diseased in his feet. In order to keep before us some idea of where we are in the history of these two kingdoms, it would be well to consult a comparative chronological table of the kings and prophets of Judah and Israel, such as may be found in the appendix of most of our good reference Bibles. In a Baxter Bible it is New Testament, page 194.

From this it will be seen that the twenty-two years of Ahab's reign in Israel were about contemporary with the first twenty-two years of Jehoshaphat's reign in Judah. The prophets of the time were Jehu, the son of Hanani, in Judah, and Micaiah and Elijah, in Israel. It will help us to keep this in mind, as our next lesson concerns Ahab, and the six following keep Elijah before us. None of the prophets whose writings we have has up to this time appeared. Jonah, who is the first, comes later.

Our lesson begins with the return of Jehoshaphat in peace to Jerusalem from the battle with the king of Syria, in which he had been an ally with Ahab and very narrowly escaped death. Ahab, although disguised, fell by a God directed arrow from a bow drawn at a venture (xviii, 28-34). Jehoshaphat began his reign exceedingly well and sent teachers throughout all the cities of Judah with the book of the law of the Lord to teach the people, one result being that the fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdoms of the lands roundabout Judah, and they made no war against Jehoshaphat. The Philistines and Arabians brought presents as well as tribute to him, so that he waxed great exceedingly and had riches and honor in abundance (xvii, 9-12).

Then came his alliance with a man who did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him (xviii, 1; I Kings xvi, 33). He allowed his son Jehoram to take Ahab's daughter to wife (II Kings viii, 18), and also joined Ahab to fight against the king of Syria (chapter 18), hence the reproof of our Lord through Jehu in our lesson, "Shouldest thou help the ungodly and love them that hate the Lord?" (Verse 2.) One feels like saying, Why could not Jehoshaphat let ungodly Ahab alone and continue, as he had begun, to walk with God? But is not this matter of worldly alliances the prominent sin of our own time? In marriage, in business, in religious matters, is it not seen everywhere? How few seem to give any consideration to II Cor. vi, 14-18, and are there many even among God's ministers who think it wrong to have fellowship with those who deny that Jesus Christ is God, or with those who deny that the blood of Christ alone, without any works of ours, can take away sin?

The manner of Jehoshaphat's life was, as a rule, right in the sight of the Lord, although there were two very dark clouds in his clear day, the one we have mentioned, and later his alliance with Ahaziah (xx, 35-37). But it is refreshing to see him in the remainder of our lesson chapter, after the Lord reproved him, going out through all the people to bring them again to the Lord, setting judges in the land and admonishing them in such words as "Take heed what ye do, for ye judge not for man, but for the Lord who is with you" (verses 5-7), saying also to the priests and Levites: "Thus shall ye do in the fear of the Lord, faithfully, and with a perfect heart. Take courage and do, and the Lord shall be with the good" (verses 9, 11, and margin). These are words for us to lay to heart, for only such living and acting will stand in that day. None other can have His approval (II Tim. ii, 15). On the words "Take heed" see Luke viii, 18; Mark iv, 24, "Take heed how ye hear and what ye hear." Also Matt. xxiv, 4, "Take heed that no man deceive you." Isa. vii, 4, "Take heed and be quiet. Fear not!" As to the Lord's hatred of iniquity, respect of persons and taking of gifts, see Ex. xxiii, 8; Deut. x, 17; Job xxxiv, 19; Rom. ii, 11; Eph. vi, 9.

As we have but one lesson on the life of this great king we must not omit a glance at chapter 20, and the victory which the Lord wrought for His people. Realizing their helplessness, they cast themselves wholly upon Him, and the Lord fought against their enemies and made them to rejoice over their enemies, and gave them rest roundabout (verses 3, 4, 27-30). Note the king's prayer (verses 6-12) and put verse 12 with xiv, 11: "We have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do. But our eyes are upon Thee." These are the people whom God helps, the impotent, the utterly helpless, not those who can help themselves. Note, also, verses 15, 17, 20, 22, and learn to fear not, believe and praise.

This whole hearted reliance upon the Lord made so prominent in this lesson and the last is greatly needed.

Cautious.

Dr. Bill (meeting former patient)—Ah, good morning, Mr. Jones! How are you feeling this morning? Mr. Jones—Doctor, does it cost anything if I tell you?

Only Wanted a Chance.

Mother—Perhaps the young man needs a little encouragement. Daughter—Yes, mamma; I wish you would keep out of sight more while he is here.

If you are to be hanged, people won't boast that they used to know you.—Atchison Globe.

Not What He Meant.

"So you really think that dogs sometimes possess more intelligence than their masters?"

"Certainly. I've got one myself that does!"

If the people who know us best did not deceive us pretty often we should consider them disagreeable.—Puck.

ANXIETY.

Effects of This Form of Mental and Physical Derangement.

In a paper read before the congress of French alienists at Grenoble Dr. Gaston Lalanne pointed out that anxiety is a disturbance which is expressed by the entire being. The exciting causes are sometimes physical and sometimes psychical, and the symptoms manifested are both physical and mental. The physical symptoms comprise cold feelings and chills of the scalp and body, general lassitude, inco-ordination of voluntary movements far more apparent than real emotional coloring of speech, and vertigo, which is dependent upon vasomotor cerebral disturbances or upon digestive troubles. In the anxious states there are always circulatory troubles, such as accelerated heart beat, irregularity of the heart's action, heightened arterial tension and coldness of the extremities. Respiratory disturbances are also present.

The psychical symptoms of anxiety include various degrees of vague dread and apprehensiveness, often taking definite forms, in which case they are designated as "phobias" or "obsessions of fear," weakening the capacity of attention and of memory, and a tendency to confusion of ideas. Hallucinations of the senses are prone to occur.

COMEDIAN SAM VALE.

He Was the Original of Sam Weller of Pickwick Fame.

The original of Sam Weller was Sam Vale, an English low comedian, who, in the early part of the last century, was quite popular in the south of England. In the year 1811, and for a few years after, he made quite a reputation in the musical farce called "The Boarding House," written by Beasley. In this he played the part of Simon Spatterdash, a person who indulged in odd and whimsical sayings. "Come on, as the old man said to the tight boot;" "I am down on you, as the extinguisher said to the candle;" "Let every one take care of himself, as the donkey said when dancing among the chickens," are fair illustrations of his witticisms in the course of that play, the resemblance between them and some of the sayings of Sam Weller being very marked. In private life Vale was a wit, and many good things in his own time were credited to him. A man of excellent temper, he had no enemies, and the good humor which pervaded every saying, together with the drollery of his manner, gave his witticisms unusual value. His sayings were called Sam Valerisms, and on the appearance of Pickwick in 1836 the character of Weller was generally recognized as a portraiture of Vale. The comedian died in 1848 at the age of fifty-one.

THE WILLOW TREE.

John Parke Custis Planted the First One In This Country.

When the south sea bubble in England collapsed one of the speculators went to Smyrna to repair his fortune. He was a friend of Alexander Pope and sent him a box of figs in which had been placed a twig of a tree. Pope planted the twig on his grounds on the shore of the Thames, not knowing of what tree it was. It grew and was a weeping willow. In 1775, when the tree was over fifty years old, one of the young British officers who came to Boston with the British army brought a twig from the tree, which he intended to plant on his lands after the rebellion had been crushed. John Parke Custis, son of Mrs. Washington, going on errands to the British camp under a flag of truce, became acquainted with the owner of the willow twig, which was draped in oiled silk, and obtained it from him, which he planted near his home at Abingdon, Va., where it became the progenitor of all the weeping willows in America.

Anemone Facts.

Naturalists have duly recorded that that if a sea anemone be divided in halves longitudinally a new animal will in time be reproduced by each half, assuming the anemone is kept in pure sea water. An old zoologist relates how he watched an anemone which somehow or other had contrived to half swallow one of the valves of an oyster shell. Practically the shell struck in its gizzard and gradually cut its way down through the soft tissues of the anemone until it halved the animal as by a partition. Perfect reproduction of two anemones through the division of one was noted to be the result of this accident. Even a fragment or two of an anemone body left attached to its rock may in due season reproduce a new body.—London News.

Soldiers' Superstitions.

Among the numerous superstitions of the Cossacks there is none stronger than the belief that they will enter heaven in a better state if they are personally clean at the time they are killed. Consequently before an expected battle they perform their toilets with scrupulous care, dress themselves in clean garments and put on the best they have. This superstition is not confined to the Cossacks alone, but is widely prevalent in all branches of the Russian army.

Making It Show.

Holly—How did Marie learn to use her left hand so gracefully? Dolly—That's the hand she wears her engagement ring on.

Charity.

President of the Girls' Club—Well, girls, we have $40 in the treasury. How shall we spend it? Chorus—Oh, let's get up a charity ball!—Puck.

A Sequence of Titles.

A German periodical states that a very strange but none the less true fact is that the predecessor of the late Queen Victoria of England was at one and the same time William I., II., III. and IV. He was William I. of Hanover, William II. of Ireland, William III. of Scotland and William IV. of England.

Getting Serious.

"I guess Mr. Olden doesn't feel as young as he did several months ago," remarked the observant man.

"Why do you think so?"

"He used to joke with that undertaker who lives near him, but he doesn't do it any more."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Sensitive Conscience.

Carrie—Goodness, it's that horrid old bore, Wilkins. Tell him I have gone out. Belle—No, I won't tell a story, but I will say that you have not come back yet.

Her Secrets.

"Never tell a secret, dear. It would be a great breach of confidence."

"What must I do with it, mamma?"

"Well—bring it to me!"

MAY DAY FESTIVALS.

They Were Celebrated In the Time of the Ancient Romans.

For ages May day has been a time of general rejoicing. All over Christendom its advent is hailed with delight. The birds, the bees and the flowers join us in an annual celebration of the day. Nature has at last thrown off the snow quilt with which she has braved the ravages of winter and glows resplendent in buds and blossoms. The streams have broken their icy fetters and burst forth into joyous accompaniments to myriads of bird choristers. And humanity, overpowered by the same glad spirit, seeks the woods and the fields to revel in the wealth of verdure so lavishly spread out.

Among the Romans this feeling found vent in their Floralia, or florea games, which began on the 28th of April and lasted several days. We read that "nations taking more or less their origin from Rome have settled upon the 1st of May as the special time for fetes of the same kind. With ancients and moderns alike it was an instinctive rush into the fields to revel in the bloom which was newly presented on the meadows and the trees."

The barbarous Celtic populations held a heathen festival on this day, but we are not told that it was in any way connected with flowers. It was called Beltein and was celebrated by kindling fires on the hilltops at night. Within the remembrance of many the peasantry of Ireland, the Isle of Man and of the Scottish highlands also held similar celebrations.—Table Talk.

THE DIAMOND.

It Was Probably In Its Original State a Vegetable Product.

Originally the diamond was probably a vegetable product exuded from some ancient tree. Positive evidence on the subject is not forthcoming, but the concurrence of such authorities as Newton, Brewster, Jameson and Lavoisier, who trace it to a vegetable source, must, in the absence of decisive negative proof, make this hypothesis probable.

The crystalline form of the diamond is undoubtedly due to the action of heat, and the occurrence of these stones in igneous rocks and mica slate, especially at the Cape, lends color to the view that they have been metamorphosed, as has been the case with graphite.

This complete change may have been directly or indirectly due to the internal heat of the globe or may have resulted from volcanic action. Indirectly it would be accounted for by the immense heat evolved in the crumbling, fracturing and grinding together of the earth's crust in the attempt to adjust itself to the cooling and contracting interior. Directly it may have been the result of a change in the direction of the internal heat, causing a fusion of the rocks of the crust, the diamond and other crystals being formed when they again cooled.

The Name Niagara.

"Everybody pronounces Niagara wrong," said a philologist. "The accent of this beautiful Indian word should not be put on the syllable 'ag,' but on the syllable 'ar'—the penult—the one before the last. Niagara means 'hark to the thunder.' Its accent should fall on the penult because the Indians themselves accent it there, because in practically all our Indian names of places the penult is the accented syllable. Think of the Indian names you know. Don't you accent nearly all of them on the syllable before the last? There are, for instance, Toronto, Mississippi, Alleghany, Appalachicola, Narragansett, Tuscaloosa, Saratoga, Ticonderoga, Oswego, Conshohocken, Wissahickon and Hochelaga. In all these names the accent is on the penult. Niagara is a Huron word, and if you can find a Huron you will find that he accents it as he does Saratoga or Tuscaloosa. I don't know how we have fallen into the habit of accenting it wrong."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Good Recommendation.

An Irishman was charged with a petty offense.

"Have you any one in court who will vouch for your good character?" queried the judge.

"Yes, sorr; there is the chief constable yonder," answered Pat.

The chief constable was amazed. "Why, your honor, I don't even know the man," protested he.

"Now, sorr," broke in Pat, "I have lived in the borough for nearly twenty years, and if the chief constable doesn't know me yet, isn't that a character for yez?"

One Exception.

It used to be told of General Logan, who was a member of congress at the breaking out of the war, that when he saw there was really going to be a fight he seized a musket, slipped out of Washington and walked all the way to Bull Run, where he arrived just in time to have a hand in the fray.

He wore a dress coat, but he stood his ground as long as any one. The rout was complete, and the next morning, a good deal out of breath, he was back at the capitol, telling some of his fellow congressmen what he had seen.

"Who gave you this account of the fight?" asked a member from northern New York as he joined the group.

"Why, I was there myself," said Logan.

The New Yorker was mystified. Apparently he had not heard the news.

"You were there!" he exclaimed. "Are the cars running?"

"No," said Logan; "the cars ain't running, but every other thing in the state of Virginia is, as near as I could make out."

An Anecdote of Handel.

On one occasion Handel was caught in a shower of rain and being unprovided with an umbrella was obliged to seek shelter in a blacksmith's forge. Either Handel was in a silent mood or else the blacksmith showed no conversational symptoms, for in a little while the latter began hammering away at his anvil, accompanying his work with a song. He little thought the use his visitor was making of him and his anvil, for it is said that Handel was listening all the time to the strokes of the hammering on the anvil, which, by producing two harmonic sounds, according in time and tune with the tune the man sang, formed a bass accompaniment. Handel, on reaching home, remembered the air and the hammer accompaniment. He wrote down both, and so we owe to a shower of rain the composition known as "The Harmonious Blacksmith."

When He Killed His First Man.

The killing of a brother man, even in battle, is a painful thing to remember. A soldier of the war thus vividly described his first experience:

"My first man I saw but twenty seconds, but I shall remember him forever. I was standing by my gun when a Confederate infantry soldier rushed

MATHEMATICAL SIGNS.

The Process by Which the Familiar Characters Were Evolved.

The sign of addition is derived from the initial letter of the word "plus." In making the capital letter it was made more and more carelessly until the top part of the "p" was placed near the center; hence the plus sign was finally reached.

The sign of subtraction was derived from the word "minus." The word was first contracted into mns, with a horizontal line above to indicate the contraction, which was a printer's freak that may be found in almost any book bearing a date earlier than the beginning of the eighteenth century. After the lapse of a long period of time the letters were omitted altogether, leaving only the short line so well known to all.

The multiplication sign was obtained by changing the plus sign into a character resembling the letter x. This was done simply because multiplication is but a shorter form of addition.

Division was formerly indicated by placing the dividend above a horizontal line and the divisor below. In order to save space in printing, the dividend was placed to the left and the divisor to the right, with a simple dot in place of each.

The radical sign was derived from the initial letter of the word "radix."

The sign of equality is said to have first been used in the year 1557 by a sharp mathematician, who adopted it as a substitute for the words "equal to."

HACKNEY COACHES.

They Were First Used In London In the Seventeenth Century.

In a letter dated April 1, 1639, Mr. Garrard, writing to the Earl of Strafford, says: "Here is one Captain Baily. He hath been a sea captain, but now lives in London, where he tries experiments. He hath erected according to his ability some four hackney coaches, put his men in a livery and appointed them to stand at the Maypole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rate to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had.

"Other hackney men seeing this way, they flocked to the same place and performed their journeys at the same rate, so that sometimes there are twenty of them together, which disperse up and down."

Citizen shopkeepers bitterly complained of this, saying:

"Formerly when ladies and gentlemen walked in the streets there was a chance of customers, but now they whisk past in the coaches before our apprentices have time to cry out, 'What d'ye lack?'"

The word cab, a contraction of cabriolet, was not used until 1823.

THE WORD PICNIC.

Many Theories as to Its Origin, Which Is Uncertain.

The derivation of the word picnic is uncertain. In London Notes and Queries of 1853 attempts were made to trace its origin.

One correspondent says: "Under a French form the word appears in a speech of Robespierre, 'C'est ici qu'il doit m'accuser, et non dans les piquesniques.' An earlier instance occurs in one of Lord Chesterfield's letters, dated October, 1748."

Another writer of the same date tries to trace the word through France into Italy. Starting with the assumption that pique-nique in French implies a party at which each guest provides some particular dish or performs some special duty, he finds the Italian expressions nicchia (duty) and piccola (a trifling service), and from these he coins piccola nicchia (picnic.)

A French encyclopedia, 1843, has it that the word is compounded of the simple English pick (to choose) and nick (in the nick of time, on the spur of the moment). In France the term is also used for indoor picnics.

Trash In Love Letters.

Referring to love letters, who indeed does not write rubbish when he writes a love letter? The greatest geniuses have proved themselves to be temporarily the merest simpletons when they correspond with the fair ones whom they profess to adore. Byron, who was a very astute as well as a very eloquent poet, was thoroughly aware of this fact. A master stroke of determination not to become ridiculous in love letter writing was made by the Scotch writer to the signet, who always concluded his communications with, "Yours, dearest madam, without prejudice." But we cannot all of us be Scotch lawyers.—London Telegraph.

A Wonderful Spring.

An Arkansas farmer, describing to a tourist some of the wonderful properties of the mineral springs of that state, said, "Do you see that spring over there, stranger?" He said that he did, whereupon the farmer added: "Well, that's an iron spring, that is, and it's so mighty powerful that the farmers' horses about here that drink the water of it never have to be shod. The shoes just grow on their feet nat'rally."

No Longer.

A soft answer turneth away wrath. "Sir," wrote an angry subscriber to a provincial journal, "I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor replied, "I wouldn't make it any longer if you did."—London Globe.

His Position.

"What was at the bottom of that fight between Thompson and Jimpson?"

"Jimpson was till Thompson was pulled off."

Emerson on Lincoln.

The president impressed me more favorably than I had hoped. A frank, sincere, well meaning man, with a lawyer's habit of mind, good, clear statement of his fact, correct enough, not vulgar, as described, but with a sort of boyish cheerfulness, or that kind of sincerity and jolly good meaning that our class meetings on commencement days show in telling our old stories over. When he has made his remark he looks up at you with great satisfaction and shows all his white teeth and laughs. He argued to Sumner the whole case of Gordon, the slave trader, point by point, and added that he was not quite satisfied yet, and meant to refresh his memory by looking again at the evidence. All this showed a fidelity and conscientiousness very honorable to him. When I was introduced to him he said, "Oh, Mr. Emerson, I once heard you say in a lecture that a Kentuckian seems to say by his air and manners, 'Here am I; if you don't like me, the worse for you.'"—Diary of R. W. Emerson in Atlantic.

Business Cards.

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Telephone 54 - 3.

Spoiled It All.

A farmer went to hear John Wesley preach. Wesley said he would take up three topics of thought. He was talking chiefly about money. His first was, "Get all you can." The farmer nudged a neighbor and said: "This is strange preaching. I never heard the like before. This is very good." Then Wesley discoursed on "Industry," "Activity," "Living to Purpose," and reached his second division, "Save all you can." The farmer became more excited. "Was there ever anything like this?" he said. Wesley denounced thriftlessness and waste, and he satirized the willful wickedness which lavishes in luxury, and the farmer rubbed his hands, and he thought, "All this I have been taught from my youth up," and what with getting and what with hoarding it seemed to him that "salvation" had come to his house. But Wesley advanced to his third head, which was "Give all you can." "Ah, dear; ah, dear," said the farmer; "he has gone and spoiled it all!"

Heliotropism.

Heliotropism is the peculiar property shown by many plants, notably the sunflower, of always turning toward the sun. In the case of seedlings the phenomenon is especially marked. The cells on the light side are apparently retarded in growth, thus causing a curvature toward that side. Professor Romanes experimented with an intermittent light, such as that of an electric spark discharge, upon mustard seedlings and found the heliotropic effect produced in this way far greater than that caused by the sun or any other form of light. Strange to say, however, this abnormal influence is unaccompanied by the generation of phlorophyll, the green coloring matter in plants which requires sunshine for its proper production.—Pall Mall Gazette.

First English Letter.

The oldest letter written in English of which there is record was that to Sir John Pelham in London by his wife, who was then in Kent. That letter is dated March 22, 1339, and was sent to London by messenger.

Up to the commencement of the reign of Edward I., all letters, even of the most private nature, were written in Latin. About the time of Edward's accession, French, which had been the spoken language of the court from the time of the conquest, began to be used in written correspondence. In the reign of Edward III. the English language, in pursuance of an act of parliament, was made the language of legislation.

Bobby Burns and the Mayor.

On one occasion, arriving at Carlisle on horseback, Bobby Burns is said to have turned his steed out to grass for awhile, and the animal strayed on to a meadow belonging to the corporation and got impounded. Although the horse was given up to him, the poet retaliated upon the mayor, whose tenure of office was to expire on the very morrow of the incident, as follows:

Was e'er puir poet sae befitted?
The maister drunk—the horse committed!
Puir harmless beast, tak' thee nae care;
Thou'lt be a horse when he's nae mair (mayor).

Sure to Be Overfed.

"Ah, doctor, glad to meet you," said Mr. Forsyte. "I wish you'd drop around to the house at about 9 this evening."

"None of the children sick, I hope?"

"No. But they will be when they get back from their grandmother's. They're there for supper."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Delicate Scorn.

"I observe that you invariably praise your rivals," said one actress.

"Yes," answered the other. "It's the wisest thing to do. It sounds magnanimous and also conveys the impression that you do not consider them worth being jealous of."—Washington Star.

Chance For a Fortune.

A would be grateful public is waiting to reward the man who will invent a car window that can always be opened easily in summer, but can only be opened by consent of the majority in winter.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Economical.

Husband—You are not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is like.—Glasgow Times.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 6, 1904.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12. 7.37, 8.14, 8.21. 9.02, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M.
RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25. 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M.
SUNDAY-To Boston ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05, P.M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.05, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.20, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 3.25, 5.29, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 9.58, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.20, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.28 7.50, 8.13, 9.49, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.15, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.31, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

9.13 P. M. to Boston in effect June 27, 1804.

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15. 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 . p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M.. and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after June 27, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.07, 6.22, every 15 minutes until 9.52 A. M then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M then every 15 minutes until 7.52 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 11.07 A. M then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M then every 15 minutes until 9.07 P. M and then every 30 minutes 12.37 A. M

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Med ford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 8.37; then every 15 minutes 9 37 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.07, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 10 07 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour until then 12.37 A. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

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Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

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EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Prescription: New Mexico, One Year

By M. J. PHILLIPS

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The first joint encampment of regulars and organized state militia was over. The national guardsmen were fast deserting Camp Young, Howard, Ky., for home and mother's pies. All morning troop trains had pulled up to the platforms, received their burdens of humanity and, skirting the placid Ohio, puffed away through the green and gold of the Muldraugh hills, bound for Louisville and the north.

The First battalion, Fifth Michigan infantry, consisting of four companies of stalwart khaki clad fellows from the interior towns of the state, swarmed on to their train right willingly. Now, as the wheels slowly revolved, the men in the tourist sleepers waved cheerful goodbys to the soldiers still lining the tracks. They sang, too, smile compelling doggerel on the depth and stickiness of Kentucky mud or on the profane uncertainty of their re-enlistment as guardsmen.

Back in the Pullman the dozen officers of the battalion were little quieter in demonstrating their satisfaction. Sword belts were unbuckled and flung aside, service blouses and campaign hats stacked in vacant sections. Sandwiches were shared indiscriminately among the members of the happy group.

There was one who sat apart, an overcoat wrapped about his tall figure, although the sunlight was warm overhead. Unseeingly he gazed out the window, a smile on his lips. It was a grave, sweet smile, not without a certain tolerant cynicism in it, as one smiles who can enjoy a joke on himself.

Most men in the shoes of Captain John Stewart, commanding Company K, Fifth infantry, Michigan national guard, would have smiled not at all. Sighs, deep and dolorous, would have been their offering. But when a man fights his way up from a foundling's crib through successive stages of newsboy, farm laborer and college student to a place at the bar of his county misfortunes mildly amuse.

Stewart was unceremoniously dragged into the hospital tent the last day of camp for examination.

There had been questions, a thumping of back and chest with the surgeon's little hammer, and divers applications of the stethoscope. Then the activity was relaxed, and the bluff old doctor, who had known and liked Stewart for years, delivered himself.

"You're a sick man, captain; sicker than you know. Lobe of the right lung's affected. It isn't consumption yet, but it will be if you don't get out of that infernal Michigan climate. Stay up there three months, and you're sure of a nice military funeral. Go to New Mexico or Arizona for a year, and you'll die some time, but it'll be of old age or anything else but consumption."

The pallor on Captain Stewart's cheek deepened a trifle. "I have a cousin down in the Oscura mountains, New Mexico, keeping books for a mining company. I could go there," he said quietly. He had felt the doctor's verdict before it was uttered.

"The very thing!" replied the other enthusiastically.

So Captain Stewart went back to quarters, his decree of banishment hanging over him. He had no fear, for he felt the doctor spoke truly; a year beneath the balmy southern skies would cure him. The affair of the lungs did not bother, but the affair of the heart! That was another story.

There was a girl—"there always is"—Stewart told himself grimly, as the train bore him northward next day, and he smiled cynically at his own position. "From every standpoint, it's the best thing possible for me that I'm going. I suppose it's human nature to be contrary, though, and no exile ever felt worse over leaving home than I do."

Delightful are the vagaries of love, the leveler. Stewart, who had a mighty pride, had fallen hopelessly in love with Marjorie Madison, heiress of millions and courted assiduously by crafty fortune hunters, young and old. Stewart loved her not for her money, but in spite of it. Marjorie became singularly interested in the clear eyed young lawyer with his wealth of quiet humor.

Now, to be in love, even when too much money on one side and too much pride on the other offer no obstacles, is a sufficiently uncertain and heart trying business. Something within him dragged the unwilling Stewart to the Madison home about once in three weeks. Being unable to forget the barrier between them, Stewart devoured the girl with his eyes and came away after his glimpse of paradise cursing himself for a fool. He was a different sort of caller from most, Marjorie discovered, and as an antidote to the hunger of Stewart's glances she talked arrant nonsense to him. "If she were only poor!" Stewart groaned in secret daily.

Callahan appeared on the scene three weeks before the Kentucky encampment. Callahan had curly blond hair, almost as much money as Marjorie's father and limitless audacity. He was the junior member of a northern Michigan lumber firm and came to Waterville as manager of a branch office. He straightway paid court to Miss Madison in a fashion that bid fair to distance all rivals. He was constantly at her side. Stewart still made periodical visits, and between him and the blond Callahan grew up a deep antipathy. Marjorie watched both and smiled. Which she favored no one knew.

"Alone to New Mexico," the car wheels clicked unceasingly in Stewart's ears as the troop train plunged northward. "It's all off with me now, if I ever had a chance," he mused bitterly. "I guess 'out of sight, out of mind,' applies today as much as ever it did. She'll marry Callahan inside of six months. But it's just as well. No one will say that John Stewart is a fortune hunter." Which was strictly true, though of little assistance in stilling the outcry of an aching heart.

"I'll go see her Sunday night. She might pity me. Ah, I couldn't bear her pity when it's love I want!" He shrugged his shoulders. "Brace up, John. You're degenerating into maudlin sentimentality. I'll tell her it's a business chance I'm taking. She'll never know about the lungs until she's engaged or married."

Stewart leaned back with a sigh of finality, for his plan of action, to which he must hold with all his strength, was thus outlined.

Then he gave himself to the joy of conjuring her up before his mental vision. He saw the mischievous sparkle of the gray eyes, the daintily rounded chin and the red, red lips. He felt again the touch of her soft, little hand, from all of which it may readily be seen that Captain Stewart was very much in love indeed.

It was Sunday noon when the train reached Waterville. Church was just out, and there were a score of carriages at the depot. Each vehicle was soon surrounded by the returned soldiers, for Company K was composed of youth with social standing. Captain Stewart singled out the Madison carriage. Marjorie was seated within. It was cold, and there were furs at her throat, but there were roses on her breast. Stewart, with a pang, saw that Callahan was beside her. "His roses!" he sighed.

"Welcome home, soldier!" said Miss Madison, with a smiling little military salute. "I read of the terr-rible battles of the blues and the browns. Did you get wounded?" Then she noted his tired eyes and the droop which he could not keep out of his shoulders. The smile died away. "Have you been sick?"

"Oh, I'm all right!" replied Captain Stewart cheerfully as he clasped the proffered hand. "Neither sick nor wounded and glad to be home. How do, Mr. Callahan?"

Callahan acknowledged the greeting briefly. He had noticed the solicitude for his rival in Miss Madison's eyes and was not pleased.

"The company's forming, and I must get back. May I come up this evening and tell you about the cruel war?"

"Delighted to have you, Captain Stewart. And let me give you some advice. Go right home and lie down for an hour or two. You look tired."

"If she's that way tonight," thought Stewart dolefully as he marched to the armory at the head of his company, "so kind and friendly, I'm afraid I'll say something foolish about love in a cottage." Then he set his jaws. "A poverty stricken lawyer with only one lung has no business thinking of such things. Keep a grip on yourself tonight, Jack."

Marjorie herself met him at the door that evening. Strengthened by an afternoon nap, the captain kept manfully to his resolve that no word of love should pass his lips. He even essayed a jest or two, but Miss Madison would not joke. She talked but little and smiled softly. Anon silences fell between them—tender, significant silences—which Stewart tried his best to bridge. A new feeling had somehow, despite his attitude, arisen between them, an intimate, personal relation which he could not ignore.

"I'm going away," he said at last. "Down to New Mexico. Leave tomorrow noon on the Chicago express."

"To New Mexico?" She did not seem surprised. "On business?"

"Yes; it's business." He had not known it was such embarrassing work to lie. "I have a cousin, you know—Hugh Gordon. He's in the mines at Oscura."

She was silent a moment, gazing at him steadily. He could not bear the radiance of her eyes and half turned away. There was tremulous reproach in her low voice when she spoke:

"Ah, Mr. Stewart, what are friends for if they will not share our troubles? Do you not think enough of me—of us," she changed it quickly, and Stewart's heart, which had bounded at her words, sank again, "to let us into your confidence? You are going to New Mexico to fight consumption. Dr. Church told papa and me this afternoon. And you would have kept silent!"

"Yes," he replied, raising his head, "I would have kept silent. Every one has his troubles. It would hardly be right to intrude mine. And then there is no one who really cares"—

"No one who cares?"

"I have no near relatives," he said simply. "There are possibly a score of people in Waterville who would say if they heard it, 'I hope Stewart gets better.' Then they'll forget all about me. That isn't caring like one's own flesh and blood."

"No one at all to care?" There was a suspicion of tears in Miss Madison's voice.

The situation was becoming too much for Stewart's resolve. He arose "I—I must say goodby. It's late—there are things to pack"—

She stood before him with swimming eyes, though her lips smiled a little. "So you're going alone to New Mexico and nobody cares."

"I—I—goodby, Miss Madison," he said brokenly. "Maybe that isn't it"—

The girl flung herself into his arms and hid her face on his breast. "John, dear John," she sobbed. "Don't you see my heart is breaking for you, and you won't ask me, you proud old thing! I'm going with you!"

Which Eye Is Stronger?

Here is a little test for your eyes that will soon show you which of them is the stronger. Place an object about two inches in diameter on a level with your eyes and move back from it about ten feet. Then point to it and take sight along the top of your pointing finger until the object and the tip of your finger are exactly in a line with the eye from which you are sighting. Next open the other eye and see if the object seems to have moved from the straight line. If it has not moved to one side apparently, the eye with which you first looked is the stronger, as the addition of the other's vision does not change the focus. If the object seems to have moved, it proves that the other eye is the stronger, the difference being measured by the distance that the object appears to have moved.

Try sighting with both eyes open first. Then look with first one eye and then the other and see how far out of line each makes the object appear. The one that is farthest out of line is the weaker eye.—Chicago Journal.

Bumps on the Head.

The lump raised by a blow on the head is due to the resistance offered by the hard skull and its close connection with the movable elastic scalp by many circumscribed bands of connective tissue.

The result of a blow, when the scalp is not cut, is the bruising and laceration of many of the smalll blood vessels or capillaries. Blood or its fluid constituent, serum, is poured into the meshes of the surrounding connective tissue, which is delicate, spongy, distensible and cellular, and the well known bump or lump is quickly formed. This cannot push inward at all and naturally takes the line of least resistance. Similar lumps may be formed on the shin in exactly the same way, for the shin bone also is covered only by skin and subcutaneous connective tissue.

The Largest Cities of Antiquity.

The greatest cities of ancient times were Babylon and Rome. The former is said to have had an area of 100 to 200 square miles. Its houses were three or four stories high, but palaces and gardens occupied much of the vast area, so that the population was not what these figures would seem to indicate. In fact, it is said by one historian that nine-tenths of this area was taken up by gardens and orchards. The total population of the city under Nebuchadnezzar and his son Evil Merodach is estimated at upward of 2,000,000. Rome reached its greatest size during the fourth century of our era, and its population was then about 2,500,000.

Saved by a Bullet Wound.

A soldier who served under General Wolfe in the campaign resulting in the fall of Quebec was dying of an abscess in one of his lungs. "Well," said he, "as I am to die, I will die in battle," and he insisted on joining the firing line. Very soon he got a bullet through the lungs. The bullet pierced the abscess at the psychological moment, and drained it. The surgeons were able easily to cure the bullet wound, and that soldier lived for many a year afterward.

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BASCOM'S ARISTOCRACY

By JASPER COLINGWOOD

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When Herbert Bascom's effects were moved into the Holbein studios the other occupants gathered in the front windows and jeered openly. Bascom, whose hearing was singularly acute, caught the comments as far up as the third floor. What those on the fourth floor thought was scarcely of importance. The singular unanimity of opinion among the dwellers of the three lower floors argued that those up above would scarcely be moved to comment approvingly in defiance of their fellows.

The only trouble with Bascom's effects was that they were new—distressingly new. From the oilcloth for the tiny kitchen to the Persian rugs and Turkish hangings they all came from first hand stores. The Holbeinites were unaccustomed to such extravagances. They had bought second-hand things when they had first set up and thereby had acquired merit in the eyes of those already established. It was unbohemian, as Tolliver expressed it, to have glaring new furniture and things in one's studio. It argued the possession of unseemly quantities of money and small artistic merit. From the moment that the first delivery wagon backed up to the door Bascom lost his surname, so far as his fellows were concerned, and gained the title of the Aristocrat. It was Tolliver's nickname, but it spread rapidly, and no French communist ever hated the name more than the Holbeinites.

As soon as the place had been settled Bascom went around one morning delivering invitations for a studio tea that afternoon. There were many moved to accept the invitation, for the delivery wagon of a leading grocery had unloaded much that looked attractive that morning.

But Tolliver made a personal canvass, and when Bascom hurried home that afternoon, laden with additional packages, he was met by a neat pile of regrets carefully pinned upon his door. As a result of Tolliver's activity it had been decided to snub this aristocrat who sought by means of the tea to flaunt his rich possessions before their eyes. It was unbohemian, and, while his presence had to be tolerated, friendship and fellowship should be withheld.

Bascom was no fool. He readily perceived why he was being snubbed and quietly accepted the situation. He nodded friendlily to the men when he met them in the halls and gravely removed his hat when he passed the women. For the rest he went to work and found in this an absorption which did not permit him to worry about the attitude of his neighbors. He missed their companionship, but he had letters in plenty. Since the artistic colony refused to recognize him he devoted himself to his society engagements when time permitted, thereby bringing forth additional comment as to the gorgeousness of his garments.

Then came Miss Alice Caswell. She was but a decorator of china, but her effects were pitifully meager, and she was at once accepted by the rest of the inhabitants as a bohemian.

She was a bright, brisk, even tempered girl, and before the week was out she had made friends even with the janitor, a feat hitherto supposed to be impossible. She had the studio across the hall from Bascom, and before she had learned of his isolation had already formed a friendship with him. She had needed some material which she did not have time to go out for, and he had generously supplied her wants. She had noted with approving eye his skill as a draftsman and fine sense of color. After that she soon acquired the habit of dropping in to ask his advice about her designs, finding his wide experience of great value.

By the time the other dwellers in the studio building had thought to warn her of the intruder in their colony the intruder had become her mentor, and she grieved greatly as one after another the rest of the artists let slip some caustic fling.

"But he is a really clever man," she assured Tolliver one day as he sat perched in the window seat declaiming against the Aristocrat. "I assure you that his paintings are very much above the average."

Tolliver snorted contemptuously. "My dear child," he remarked paternally, "you do some very clever china work. Don't try to get beyond it and set up as a critic. There never was a man who settled here with new furniture. He can't be an artist." Then the conversation dropped. There was no arguing with Tolliver when he called one "dear child."

A few weeks later she had a birthday party. Early in the morning the occupants of the other studios began to arrive, each with some little token and the invariable inquiry as to whether Bascom had been invited to the evening festivities. It seemed odd to her that they should be so interested in his possible appearance, but she readily answered that he would. No objection being offered, she personally rounded up Bascom when the time of the party arrived and got him across the hall on the plea that she needed help in the preparation of the supper.

Bascom had interposed many objections when she had invited him, but she had pleaded with him, and on her assurance that the attitude of the others had materially changed he decided to risk it because she wanted it.

She never realized that the abatement of the criticism was because she was openly his champion and the rest had decided to respect her "delusion," as they termed it. She was so happy getting the spread ready that she never noticed the clock until all of the preparations had been made.

"Why, it's 9!" she said wonderingly. "I asked them to come in about 8. I'll take a little run down the hall and remind some of them."

Bascom sank into the easy chair in front of the cannel coal fire. Cannel coal was a luxury in the Holbein flats, but he had sent two scuttlefuls that morning in honor of the event. Alice ran down the hall to Tolliver's door. There pinned to a panel was the sign, "Gone to the theater." She retraced her steps to the stairway. On every door was some card giving notice that the owner had gone out. She descended to the lower floors. Apparently not a soul remained in the building. Bascom by the fireplace was startled by the tiny figure that darted in and sank sobbing upon the homemade cozy corner.

It took small questioning to get at the trouble. The cause he already knew. The form the opposition had taken was all he needed to ask.

"I wouldn't have minded so much," she sobbed, "only I did so want them to meet you and see how nice you really were."

"Did you get it all up for me," he demanded eagerly.

She nodded. "That isn't the worst of it," she confessed. "I even invented the birthday. Mine was seven months away and I couldn't wait. I thought they would be more apt to come to a birthday party. Now I have all their presents and they wouldn't come."

"He drew the tearful little face down upon his shoulder. "Little girl," he said gently, "don't you think they would be more apt to come to a wedding?"

"I couldn't invent that," she protested in a muffled voice.

"It's very easy," he presisted. "Just say 'yes.' I will look after the rest. I have wanted to ask you for a long time."

Even Tolliver came to the wedding and led the chorus of "He's a jolly good fellow" as he poured several quarts of rice down the elevator shaft after the departing pair. James had discovered that Bascom really had to work for a living, and that the studio had been furnished by a maiden aunt, who insisted that he be started right.

An Armenian Legend.

Ararat, one of the most majestic mountains in the world, rises 17,000 feet above the vast flat plain which bears its name and reigns over the surrounding mountains. Early in the morning, while all the valleys of Ararat and the neighboring mountains are buried in shadow, the white top of the Scriptural mountain gleams beautiful in the first beams of the sun.

The Armenian people tell this story about the inhabitants of Pharbee:

Once the devil and a Pharbee man laid a wager as to which should first see the sun. The one who saw it first was to box the other's ears. "Very well," said the Armenian, and he lay down and slept sweetly, while the devil, itching to punish his enemy, stood looking eastward, and with eager eyes watched the whole night for the sunrise. Early in the morning the Pharbee man rose and pointing to the top of the Ararat, which was already shining in the sun, cried joyfully, "I see it!" The devil was vanquished. The Pharbee man, with his strong hand, boxed the devil's ears. Ever since that time the devil has been afraid of the people of the Armenian village of Pharbee.

Her Reward.

"The brute!" exclaimed the bride of a year.

"Have a cup of tea, dear," said her fondest friend, "and tell me all about it. What has he been doing now?"

"You know I told you he has been encouraging me in learning to cook, has praised my nice little entrees, takes me to the theater as an occasional reward and all that."

"No good ground for a separation in that, I imagine," said the dearest friend, with slight sarcasm.

"Your sympathy is worse than your tea," retorted the bride, who was obviously out of sorts. "But I'm going to tell you anyway. Not long ago he promised me a surprise if I would turn out a nice dinner cooked all by myself, from soup to coffee. Last night I did so. Everything pleased him.

"'My pet,' he remarked, 'I believe I promised you a surprise on an occasion like this.'

"'Yes, darling,' I answered. 'Oh, do tell me what it is?'

"'I shall discharge the cook at the end of the month,' he said."—New York Press.

Sauce.

"The impudence of that young brother of mine!" exclaimed Mrs. Nagger. "He just told me I was no chicken when I married you."

"Well," replied her unsympathetic husband, "that's true enough. You weren't a chicken, were you?"

"No, I was a goose."—Philadelphia Press.

Numerous.

Investigator—I understand the relatives are disputing over the will. What is the principal bone of contention? Friend of the Family—Bone? Great Scott, mister! He left 200,000 of 'em. —Chicago Tribune.

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THE WATWA OF AFRICA.

A Curious Tribe, Low Down In the Scale of Humanity.

A hunter of big game in Africa gives a description of a tribe of natives whom he found there, the Watwa. "These natives," he says, "live in the swamps, their staple article of diet being fish and flour made from the seed of the water lily, although during the rains they grow patches of cassava root and sweet potatoes at the edge of the swamp. They smear their bodies with mud to protect them from mosquitoes and are extremely dirty and evil smelling in consequence. They are very low down in the scale of humanity and have a bad reputation among tribes living on the high ground, which reputation they upheld during our visit. We engaged several Watwa natives as carriers, but they only came to see what they could steal. One day I shot a reed buck in sight of the camp and left two Watwa to carry it in while I went after a hartbeest, but I never saw either men or buck again. It was no use following them into the swamps, as they knew every inch of the ground and water. They had small canoes hidden everywhere, and immediately they crossed a stream they sunk the canoe again where they alone knew where to find it. Our boys were afraid to follow them, as they used poisoned arrows and sometimes set poisoned stakes in the tracks leading to their haunts."

DAME JULIANA BERNER.

She Was a Fifteenth Century Authority on Fly Fishing.

The first printed English book on angling was Dame Juliana Berner's "Book of St. Albans," which appeared about 1450, and contained a chapter entitled "A Treatyse on Fyshynnge With an Angle."

Fly fishing must have been practiced much earlier than this, as nothing but a gradual evolution could account for the complete list of flies for the fishing months of the year which it gives.

To Dame Berner belongs the honor of first telling that the salmon could be caught with the fly. She says: "Also ye may take hym, but it is seldom seen with a dubbe at such times as when he lepith in lyke fourme and manere as ye do a trought or a grayling." Her knowledge seems more complete than could have been that of the original inventor, so that the time when fly fishing originated in British waters must remain uncertain. Dame Berner's flies will kill trout today, and her twelve were the foundation of those of which Izaak Walton said quaintly in 1653: "Thus have you a jury of flies, likely to betray and condemn all the trouts in the river."

LOGGERHEADS.

This Name Is Given to Some Turtles and Other Animals.

The giant turtles which are found along the Atlantic coast and frequently in southern waters in great numbers are known as loggerheads. They commonly attain a weight of 1,600 pounds, are rapid swimmers and are often seen far from land, floating asleep upon the waves.

Carnivorous by nature these huge tortoises feed on crabs and fish, especially on a large species of conch, which they break open with their massive jaws. The flesh of this terrapin is leathery and oily, with a strong smell of musk. Young specimens are more palatable and are often on sale in the markets.

A duck, as large as our goose, which is native of the shores of Tierra del Fuego and the Falkland isles is also called loggerhead, from its seeming stupidity and helplessness.

In the West Indies this name is also given to two or three sorts of fly catchers.

Protected the Judge.

After the jury in a Texas case had listened to the charge of the court and had gone to their room to deliberate upon the verdict, one of the twelve went right to the point by saying: "That thar Pike Muldrow orter be convicted an gen'ral principles. He's bad as they make 'em."

As the hum of approval went around a weazened little juror said, "I heerd that Pike guv it out that he'd go gunnin' fur us, if we sent him up, jes' soon's he got out, an' fur the jedge too."

"We must pertect the jedge," they agreed, and the verdict was "Not guilty."—Detroit Free Press.

A Peculiar Ornament.

Berlin has probably one of the most peculiar ornaments for a reading room that has ever been seen in a similar position in a civilized country. This is a gravestone which stands, large and massive, in one corner of a small room. It is not only a gravestone, but is in its legitimate position at the head of a grave. The history of its location in the house is interesting. It was not put up in the house, but the house was built around the stone. Its original position was in the burial grounds in the churchyard at St. Hedwig's.

How Could He Help It?

He—Do you think marriages are made in heaven? She—I don't know. Perhaps they are, but I'd be satisfied with one made in—or, that is, of course, I wasn't thinking what—oh, Charlie, do you really mean it?—Chicago Record-Herald.

Nothing Definite.

Her Mother—Mr. Sloman has been coming to see you for quite a long while, Maude. What are his intentions? Do you know? She—Well, I think he intends to keep on coming.—Philadelphia Press.

Disraeli's Gorgeous Costume.

When Disraeli was a young man he once went on a vacation trip to Corfu in this extraordinary costume: "A blood red shirt with silver buttons as big as shillings, an immense scarf for girdle, full of pistols and daggers, red cap, red slippers, broad blue striped jacket and trousers. His servant, engaged for the occasion, wore a Mameluke dress of crimson and gold, with a white turban thirty yards long and a saber glittering like a rainbow."

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1904.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican State Committee have chosen 10.30 o'clock a. m., October 7, as the date, and Tremont Temple, Boston, as the place, for holding the Republican State convention this year.

U. S. Attorney General Moody has been selected to preside, and Dana Malone of Greenfield for Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions.

Where the Luce law is in operation the caucuses are to be held on Sept. 27, and where it is not they will be held on Sept. 28.

☞ Many bloody scenes were enacted in West Cambridge (now Arlington) on April 19, 1775, the most important of which are preserved in memory by historical tablets placed by the town years ago. In view of the National G. A. R. Encampment in Boston next month, and the interest which will be taken by the Veterans in viewing the section of country where Revolutionary history had its origin and was made, Editor Parker of the Arlington *Advocate* went to work last week and compiled and published an account of the march through West Cambridge of the British troops from Boston to Lexington on the memorable 19th of April, giving the location and inscriptions of the tablets which mark the grounds and buildings where armed conflicts occurred between the British and Yankees on that eventful day, and accompanying it with much valuable historical information. As a guide through Arlington the Veterans who attend the Encampment cannot but greatly appreciate Editor Parker's good work.

☞ Rev. William H. Scott, pastor of St. John's Baptist church in this city, a gentleman of parts, tells the public, in an able article recently published in the Boston *Transcript*, why he cannot longer march in the Democratic procession. For 8 mortal years he trailed along with the Democracy, during the whole of which period the Republican Party were doing all in their power to ameliorate the political and social condition of his race in the South, while, all the time, his Democratic associates were pulling the other way. The Republicans freed his people in 1863 and have been their friends since; but because the Party honestly believed it better to hold the Philippines and civilize, enlighten and Christianize the people of the Archipelago, rather than suffer them to go on in their savage and semi-savage state, our esteemed clerical Brother quit the Republican Party and made his bed with the Democracy. We rejoice that he has at last seen the folly of that step, sincerely repented of it, and hope he is now ready to return to the true fold.

☞ Bright and early last Monday morning an agent of Henry M. Whitney, one of Boston's Democratic bosses, was discovered canvassing this city for Republican signatures to a Canadian Reciprocity petition, but we failed to learn that his success was monumental. It is a Democratic movement, confined to Boston and vicinity, discountenanced by the National Republican Party, engineered by Whitney and other Democrats for the purpose of cutting down the Republican vote of the State and defeating the reelection of Henry Cabot Lodge to the U. S. Senate, as recent developments go to show, and which will fail by a large majority. It is strange indeed that any intelligent man, calling himself a Republican, should be gulled by this Democratic trick.

P. S. When last seen by the JOURNAL Mr. Whitney's signature soliciting agent had secured about 20 names of men here who want Canadian Reciprocity, not one of which was that of a Republican!

☞ One of the strongest arguments submitted at the hearing in Boston last week by the Railroad Commissioners on a petition for a 5-cent fare over the Lexington & Boston trolley line between Woburn and Lexington, was that of Mr. Winthrop Hammond, President of the Woburn Business Men's Association. He had all the facts in hand, and marshaled them in a manner that ought to have convinced the Board of the justice of his claim for a 5-cent fare. He had studied the situation and stated it clearly; but that availed nothing, for the Board had prejudged the case, decided it against the interests of Mr. Hammond's constituents, and that was the end of it. The Board's decision gives no relief to the public, and is an absurdity on the face of it.

☞ Mayor Feeney of Woburn, who has clung to Williams through thick and thin, did not get such a reception from him in St. Louis as would make Mr. Feeney still more of a Williams boomer, and he found it harder to obtain tickets to the convention than some of the most loyal machine men found it.—*Practical Politics*

Mayor Feeney has had but little to say concerning the Democratic convention since his return from St. Louis; but from hints he has dropped it is safe to say that George Fred is no longer his idol.

☞ President Roosevelt was officially notified of his nomination by the National Republican convention as the Party's candidate for President, at Sagamore Hill last Wednesday. Speaker Cannon of the National House made the speech accompanying the announcement, which was replied to in a masterly address in which he accepted the nomination and summed up the deeds of the Republican Party, by the President. About 175 distinguished statesmen and political leaders were present.

☞ The National G. A. R. Encampment is to be held in Boston on August 16-20, where it was held 10 years ago. The authorities and people of Boston and the Veterans of the State are making great preparations for the event, which, it is calculated, will be the most notable in the history of the organization.

☞ Evidence of the fact that Senator Francis Appleton of this District is in the race for a third term accumulates every day. A Boston newspaper called *Practical Politics* appears to have charge of his campaign. He is a fine gentleman and able Senator, but Essex county ought to keep its pledge to Middlesex county, in which case the nomination would come to the latter this year and next.

☞ Hon. Eugene N. Foss of Boston, proprietor of our own Cummings Park, has not yet decided to become a Congressional candidate this fall.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.

— Yesterday was another hot one.

— Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Curtis are at Cottage City.

— The South End Club will not hold their picnic Aug. 6.

— Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Tripp have returned from Newport.

— Miss Mary Pollard has gone to York State to visit a brother.

— Candidates for the High School vacancy are still on tenterhooks.

— The United five had a successful trolley trip to Revere last Wednesday.

— Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Tripp went on a visit to Worcester a few days ago.

— Harry Brown of the Towanda Club is at Newfound Lake for a short stay.

— Mr. John Fitzgerald of this city has gone to Bath, Me., for a month's vacation.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

—Mrs. John S. Wheeler and daughter are staying with friends at Swampscott Beach.

— Officer Austin G. French and wife went to New Hampshire last Tuesday on a visit.

— Addie Heald, Alice Damon and Wilbur Damon, are at Bootbay, on the Coast of Maine.

— L. E. Hanson & Co. are the boss jewelers, silversmiths, and watch repairers in this city.

— Capt. W. C. Parker and wife have been spending their vacation at Cotuit on the Cape.

— Mr. F. A. Flint will go to Camden, Maine, for his vacation, as he has done for the last 25 years.

— Mrs. Belle Bachelder and Miss Maude Harrison have been spending 2 weeks at Newport, N. H.

— Several butchers left here a few days ago for Chicago where they get $5 a day at the stockyards.

— John H. Sweetser and family are at Southport on Penobscot Bay for a season of rest and pleasure.

— Miss Agnes M. Larkin is to teach in the Lowell school at Watertown, having accepted a position there.

— Mrs. Clara Stetson and Mrs. Geo. W. Kimball have been entertaining Mrs. Geo. E. Kimball from Hingham.

— Mrs. Ambrose Higgins of Park Hill, N. H., is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. I. C. Preston, 19 Vernon street.

— The family of James Skinner, Esq., are at Chatham by the Sea. The Pater Familias is a frequent visitor at that port.

— Mrs. Ann Harrison of Montvale avenue has just returned from a 2 week's visit to her former home at Wilton, N. H.

— Lawyer Samuel W. Mendum and family will spend their vacation at Lewiston, Maine, the former home of Mrs. Mendum.

— Joseph Kenney, Duffy Bros. best man, has severed his connection with them, and is now in the employ of the Jaquith Ex. Co.

— Old Home Week opens at Wilmington on July 31, and closes Aug. 4, with a daily jubilee from first to last. Let's all go.

— No band concerts here this summer, and not a yip concerning any. Is the town going to seed, or has it been struck with mildew?

— Nine trolley loads of picknickers went north through here about 9 o'clock last Saturday morning when the rain was pouring in torrents.

— George Durward is popular as a public caterer in food matters. He keeps a prime market, sells cheap, and everybody likes George.

— The house owned and occupied by John Griffin on Cambridge street was struck and wrecked by lightning last Wednesday. week.

— Please make a note of Mr. Deland's new ad in this paper. No more reliable real estate dealer than he is can be found anywhere.

— It is reported that the sub-committee of the School Board at a meeting Tuesday evening agreed on a drawing teacher for the schools.

— The First church Quartet went out on vacation on Monday last, having done their final singing for the season on the previous Sunday, July 24.

— Michael Mulkeen, Jr., the crack second baseman of Woburn High team, will enter Princeton College next fall. He is also a crack football player.

— There were a few Woburn boys in the contests at the McKay Picnic at Lowell last Saturday. The rest of the sports will be pulled off at Winchester tomorrow.

— The other day an agent secured quite a number of leather workers in this city to go to Harriman, Tenn., to work there for the Harriman Leather Company.

— W. Fred Davis, Esq., Attorney and Counseller at Law, now nicely located in the National Bank block, will open an office in Boston soon after the close of the present vacation season.

— Water Commissioner Hayward and lady passed a delightful day at Salem Willows on July 22. Our informant said they went there for pleasure and recuperation.

WOBURN
Real Estate

The time to buy Real Estate is when it is way down in price. EVERYBODY says REAL ESTATE is so low in WOBURN that you can't get the cost price of the buildings.

This is a most fortunate thing for the prospective HOME buyer. The man who buys for a Home does not buy for speculation. If it has the elements of a successful speculation so much the better. But the main point to consider is the HOME.

The low condition of the Real Estate Market is not confined to WOBURN. The general prices have sagged to the lowest point all along the line. Now is the time to purchase. Values must advance very soon. People must be sheltered. Building will begin as soon as the public realizes the fact that building materials and labor have advanced to the normal point. It is cheaper to own your own home than to pay rent. Where will you find better conditions for moderate living than in good old Woburn.

If you have only a small sum of ready money for investment, don't let that deter you from buying a home. We can make arrangements to sell for a small amount down and the balance in monthly payments.

Call and talk it over with J. FOSTER DELAND, General Real Estate and Fire Insurance Agent.

Room 5, First National Bank Building.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— A letter from Uncle James Callahan, now in Ireland, announces that he will resume business at the old stand at the Church avenue B. & M. crossing some day next month.

— Miss Alice M. Williams, the City Treasurer's right bower, accomplished in the art of keeping accounts and paying out money, is now in the full enjoyment of a well earned vacation.

— Two young men of this city went to Boston last week to try to get over to England, but were disappointed, as only one of them could be taken. So, they decided that the best place was home.

— Mr. John C. Andrews, the printer, is now rusticating, and probably taking great comfort, at Enfield, N H., where his paternal grandfather was born and bred and many relatives still reside.

— The Boston & Northern need better men when it comes to making people walk from East Woburn and Stoneham at 1 o'clock in the morning as was the case on the special car last Friday night.

— Mr. Sparrow Horton, the conveyancer, fire insurance and pension agent, accountant, and general utility man with pen and ink, who was quite ill last week, is again at his office and able to do business.

— Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilbur Brown have returned from Squam Lake, N. H., in good health and fine spirits. They left the family of Mr. Elwyn G. Preston at that lovely sylvan retreat contented and happy.

— In jumping from a runaway team on Bedford street last Wednesday morning, Miss Isabella Bustead, Mrs. Williamson, and Mr. Charles O'Brien were so severely injured that the services of a physician was necessary.

— Mr. Ward W. Hart and Mrs. Hart were, at last accounts, guests at the Pawnee House, Cottage City. Choosing that famous place for a summer outing is an exhibition of good judgment and correct taste.

— Mr. and Mrs. T. Marvin Parker, and their daughter, Mrs. Francis, have gone to Lebanon, Maine, the old home of Mr. Parker, for the summer. Later on stories respecting scientific farming may be expected from Mr. P.

— Last Wednesday morning, after a pleasure outing of nearly four weeks at Southport, Maine, Mr. James H. Linnell reappeared at Linnell's market, of which he is the popular manager. He was as brown as a berry, and bright as ever.

— The old East Middlesex Street Railway car barn on Salem street has at last gone the way of all the earth—been snuffed out of existence and become history. By and by it will be a fine theme for the pens of Woburn antiquarians.

— Mr. Frank E. Cotton and family leave here early next week for their home in Malden. They are prominent and highly respected people in this community, and their removal to other green fields and pastures new is generally regretted.

— The assemblies given by Graham's Orchestra at Johnson's Auditorium every Saturday evening from 8 to 11 are largely patronized and greatly enjoyed. The popular prices and excellent music attract many dancers at every assembly.

— The Robbins Drug Co. make an important announcement concerning candy in their ad this week. It is a bonanza, and will be apt to fill their store fuller than a tick every Saturday evening. Don't fail to read the ad—it will do you good.

— Miss Mertena Bancroft and her friend, Miss Thompson of West Medford, are at West Compton, N. H., from whence they will, in due season, move to the other side of the mountains and remain there the balance of their vacation of six weeks.

— John W. Johnson, Esq., and family go to the seashore on their annual vacation next week. The Esquire does not really hanker after summer outings, but the youngsters must have their day off, and the will of the youngsters is law on Warren Avenue.

— Mr. A. W. Pinchard, 464 Tremont street, Boston, is a true artist in photographic portrait finishing. He employs a new process which excels all others in bringing out lifelike facial expressions and beautifying the picture. Many Woburn people are his patrons.

— The Lexington *Independent* is "down on" the decision of the Railroad Commissioners in the public contention for a 5-cent fare between Woburn and Lexington. So is every other fair minded, sensible person. A peculiar feature of the proceedings was the decision of the Commissioners arrived at before the evidence and arguments of the petitioners were heard! They knew all about the case, they said, and didn't want to hear any more talk on it!

— Mrs. C. M. Strout is with friends at Onset Bay.

— Mr. L. W. Fowle has recently returned from a 2 weeks visit to Colorado and on his way home was some days at the World's Fair.

— Mr. William Pickens, the young colored Yale College graduate, eloquently addressed a good sized audience at First church last Wednesday evening. He handled his subject with marked ability and held the listeners to the strictest attention all through his discourse.

— It would be no easy matter to convince the residents of Church avenue and Bennett street that the Highway Department of this city is not about the thing; they know better. The concreting on those thoroughfares tells the story. Kelley and Martin are all right.

— Mr. Frank M. Pushee, one of Woburn's most prosperous farmers, brought the first green corn of the season to this market early this week, and it was fine. When corn can be grown and got to market in July the season, Mr. Pushee thinks, ought not to be grumbled at.

— The late storm was a godsend to the farmers and cultivators of flowers. It had become quite dry when it set in on Saturday and vegetation had began to feel the ill effects of the situation; but the rain, which falls equally on the just and unjust, came in time to revive things and do good.

— Walter Parkins, Acting Florist at Church Avenue Crossing during the absence of Uncle Jim Callahan, Chief, son of Station Agent Parkins, is making the flower beds there bloom like the roses of Sharon and lilies of Siloam. Walter is one of those chaps who knows what they want and how to get it.

— The Department Reports of the City of Woburn for 1903 are printed and are being distributed by City Clerk Finn. They are the product of the Woburn *News* job printing office, and are bulky. The charactor of the mechanical execution of them will be reported on by us at a later date.

— Mrs. Frank M. Pushee and Master Harold, 14 and wideawake, are at Thetford, Vt., the native place of Mr. Frank M. Pushee, for a fortnight's vacation. Harold took along a full stock of fishing tackle, and is giving the finny tribes of the Connecticut River a good deal of trouble and anxiety.

— Messrs Edward Caldwell and Frank C. Nichols went to Littlejohn Island in Casco Bay a few days ago and had a pleasant time of it. Mr. Caldwell's health has greatly improved of late, so much so, indeed, that he does not consider a prolonged outing necessary to its permanent re-establishment.

— Ellis & Buswell, who constitute a prominent contracting firm in this city, are engaged on a job of stonework of considerable magnitude for the B. & M. Railroad Company over Mousam River at Kennebunk, Maine. Mr. Hayward, clerk, found the work progressing very well indeed on visiting it last Monday.

— Last Monday, July 25, was the first of the 40 days commonly called Dog Days, the ruling characteristics of which are heat and humidity. Last Monday's weather conditions were a true type of the period, it being hot, muggy, steamy, much like laundry rooms in full operation. The Dog Days term closes on Sept. 5.

— Some weeks ago it was stated in these columns that a prominent retail dealer of Woburn had had the best business for the month of May in any month of any year for a period of over ten years. He was asked recently how his June business footed up. He said that he had not yet examined his books but that trade was uncommonly good during June.

— Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D., was at Ambleside, England, on July 12, from whence he was about to move on via Southern Scotland and the Eastern Cathedral towns, to London. Ambleside is in the Lake Country where Wadsworth had his home, and in his old church there Dr. Norton went to meeting on the Sunday before his letter was dated.

— Drawing bids fair to become a permanent branch of instruction in our city schools. If, in addition to this, the Board would invent some plan to learn the children how to spell, and to teach them a proper use of the English language, in speaking and writing, there would be hope of greater, and greatly needed, proficiency in those important branches of learning.

— Mrs Frank A. Winn and her daughter Miss Dora A. Winn of 6 Highland street expect to go to Pine Point, Maine, on Aug. 8, to enjoy their summer outing. Miss Carrie W. Thompson, who has just returned from there, reports a paucity of summer visitors at hotels and cottages all along the southern Maine coast. August however may pull anxious landlords through.

— One of the most successful business men of Woburn and the owner of considerable unimproved real estate has stated within a few days that if Woburn would continue the policy of no license he would build three or four firstclass houses. He stated that during the past few years while rum was rampant in Woburn he has not been encouraged to invest money in improving real estate.

— A good many Woburn people have gone, or are going, over to Ireland this summer to visit their old homes. The low price at which the Salmon Steamship Agency, No. 480 Main street, is selling tickets across, by the best lines, induces people to make the trip which higher fares would preclude them from doing. At present cost of passage almost anybody can go to Europe these times.

— In an article published in the Boston *Transcript* last Saturday Major Henry C. Hall of this city corrects record and other reports of the number of soldiers engaged, on both sides, in the Civil War, and renders valueless the statements and figures of a previous correspondent of that paper. The Major makes it clear that there were less Federal and more Confederate soldiers engaged in that War than are given in the records.

— Merchants Day Aug. 3.

— Thos. J. Feeney and family are at Old Orchard.

— E Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— According to the reports of railroad managers present travel to the seaside and mountains is not nearly so large as it was last year. Roads running out of Boston have cut off some of their trains to reduce unnecessary expenses, having in the early part of the season made preparations to meet a rush equal to, or greater, than during the summer of 1903, and slipped up on their calculations. No reason for the falling off in travel is apparent.

— Mr. Charles F. Barter, who is engaged in his fourth season as Superintendent of the children at Winning Farm, Woburn, started on Saturday, for the World's Fair, as a guest of the Boston *Traveler*. Mr. Barter secured third place in the voting contest, and attributes a great measure of his success to the support of his appreciative children friends, who worked enthusiastically to insure this splendid trip for their popular care-taker.—*Boston Paper*.

— Mr. George F. Blake of Commonwealth avenue, Boston, died at his summer home at Phillips Beach on July 22, aged 85 years. He was a brother of the late E N Blake of Abbott street, this city, and an uncle of our townsmen Mr. Warren N and Dr. H. G. Blake. He was an inventor of wide note, his principal achievement in this line being the Blake steam pump, which stands at the head of that class of machinery, and from which he reaped a large fortune.

—We had a pleasant visit from Mrs. McGarry, Matron at Winning Farm, last Wednesday afternoon. She is getting on finely with the city boys and girls who Dr. Perin's Boston church sends to that fine country resort, and will remain until early in September. She is the right person in the right place. A picnic, or party, was held at the Farm last week which was attended by Dr. Perin and several other eminent clergymen, and many ladies and gentlemen from Brookline, Boston and elsewhere. The Farm is doing a great deal of good.

— The Chicago strike of stockyard employees is now in full blast. Over 25,000 butchers, meat handlers, mechanics, teamsters, and allied crafts, are in the strike, and killing and packing are at a standstill. This seriously affects the entire country, but it can be met by the people without much trouble or sacrifice of comfort by a partial or total disuse of meat. At this season of the year, or any other, as for that matter, going without meat at meals does not mean crucifixion, and a general abstinence of that form of food will fetch the packers and their employees to time in short order.

— Rev. Doremus Scudder, whilom the beloved pastor of First Church, Woburn, now Honolulu, H I, is expected to visit this city next October, to which event many people are looking forward with pleasure. During the several years that he faithfully ministered to the spiritual needs of First church he made hosts of friends among all classes of community, every one of whom will be glad to shake hands with him once more. If the Doctor is really to come, as seems probable, our advice to him is to prepare for a great ovation, upstairs and down, in the meetinghouse.

— On the 88th anniversary of his birthday last week Rev. Dr. March was remembered by his hosts of friends in the shape of beautiful bouquets and cordial greetings. The Doctor is modest; he don't like show and display and frothy things; but nobody loves good neighbors better than he does, and nobody appreciates their kindness and tokens of respect more keenly. So, he was glad when numbers of them came in on the day he reached his 88th milestone and brought floral gifts for his pleasure, and his thanks were hearty and sincere. He is in the enjoyment of good health, vigorous, preaches at First Church every alternate Sunday, and people like to hear him.

— Mrs. Ianthe C. Preston, Secretary of the W. C. T. U. of Woburn visited the Life Saving Station at Hull, one day last week. She was finely entertained by Mrs. Sparrow, wife of the Captain of the Station. It was a most interesting place to visit, all the appliances being shown for the saving of life from the shipwrecked vessels that are driven ashore on that dangerous coast. This station was the recipient of the comfort bags made and filled by the ladies of the W. C. T. C. and were most gratefully appreciated by the Captain and his Crew. A cordial invitation has been extended to the Woburn Union to visit there in September when all the men will be on duty, and an opportunity given to witness the weekly drill of the crew, which is interesting and instructive.

— Judging from frequent remarks heard on the streets, the conclusion we have reached is that more than ordinary interest has been aroused by the report of the number of lobsters Mr. Fred Lowell ate at a clambake at Southport, Maine, several days ago. The number reported has ranged all the way from 5 to 12, but the JOURNAL, which has exclusive knowledge of the subject received from a trustworthy source, is happy to be able to announce that the exact number was 7. A paper in this city (not the JOURNAL, as the Boston papers would say) has signally failed in its quest for the above facts. The reticence of Mr. Lowell on the subject has effectually blocked its hunt for reliable news concerning the number of lobsters he ate at the Down East clambake.

— Whitcher, the well known druggist at "Busy Bend," shows a large picture in his store window this week which will, no doubt, interest people who remember Woburn as it was 20 years and more ago. It brings to view several objects that have nearly, or quite, passed out of memory; for instance, the Captain Woodberry residence, with its great pine tree, over the site of which the "Woburn Loop" of the Boston & Maine railroad was built in 1885; the Mrs. Hinckley house where the Putnams lived, and William W. Hill, Dr. Seth W. Kelley, and others boarded, and where the elegant building of the Five Cents Savings Bank now stands; Tom Hill's famous fence on the south side of the Common; a slice of the Dr. Drew lot; and, above all, a street car drawn by a weary old horse, with driver Burnham on the platform and two passengers inside, moseying along Main street. The picture was taken by Legg, the photographer, from his studio window in the Dodge building, corner of Main street and Montvale avenue, in 1883. It is a rare and valuable souvenir of a generation ago, reduced copies of which Mr. Whitcher will soon put on sale.

The Innitou Float.

It is characteristic of Woburn people in all the pursuits of life, to do things a little different and better than other folks do them. This is true not only of their daily affairs, but in the matter of amusements, sports, and the like, they excel. They pattern after nobody, but produce plans from their own brains and execute them according to their own fashion, and never stop to enquire whether, or not, somebody else has done the same things the same way. They exhibit an independence and capability in practical things which are sought for in vain in other communities. They are a class by themselves, sui generis, so to speak.

These remarks apply with especial force to the grand exhibition float of Innitou Canoe Club last Monday evening on Horn Pond. It was the evening of the full moon, and never did fair Luna shine more resplendently than on this notable occasion. The atmosphere, too, was soft and balmy, and every natural condition for the float was perfect.

Immense crowds of people gathered on the banks of the lovely Pond to witness the finest canoe exhibition Innitou ever gave, which is tantamount to saying it was superior to anyone ever seen anywhere else.

Seventeen splendidly illuminated canoes composed the fleet of competitors, which, at a seasonable hour, under the direction of Commodore William W. Crosby, a waterman of rare qualities, manned by stalwarts, put out from the shore and the merry dance was on. They carried flags, lanterns and other dazzling ornaments innumerable, and produced a spectacle which would be hard to match anywhere. The scene was brilliant and beautiful beyond compare.

The Commodore's mother, Mrs. Florence W. Crosby, had generously, and in the interest of clean aquatic sports, offered a silver cup for the handsomest illuminated canoe, and it goes without saying that the competition for its possession was as sharp as anything could be.

The judges were Winthrop Hammond of Innitou Club; Arthur A. Brown of Wawbewawa Canoe Club, Auburndale; W. J. Ladd of Winchester Boat Club—all experts. Not a single feature of the brilliant exhibition escaped their observation, and a perfectly judicial attitude towards the competitors was maintained all through the trial.

The awards were as follows:

First prize, Crosby Cup, Frank H. Smith.

Second prize, Hugh J. Walker.

Third prize, Frank S. Eaton.

Honorable Mention, Fred T. Hovey for airship.

Mrs. Crosby in the neatest sort of manner presented the cup to the happy winner, Smith.

The balance of the evening was devoted to dancing, refreshments and social intercourse in the Clubhouse, in which a large number of invited guests joyfully participated.

The Woburn Brass Band furnished fine music appropriate to the festive occasion.

Root's Tribute.

Elihu Root, temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention, paid a tribute to President Roosevelt which rang with sincerity. At the conclusion of his splendid speech, he said:

"Our President has taken the whole people into his confidence. Incapable of deception, he has put aside concealment. Frankly and without reserve, he has told them what their government was doing and the reason. It is no campaign of appearances upon which we enter, for the people know the good and the bad, the success and failure, to be credited and charged to our account. It is no campaign of sounding words and specious pretences, for our President has told the people with frankness what he believed and what he intended. He has meant every word he said, and the people have believed every word he said, and with him this convention agrees because every word has been sound Republican doctrine.

"No people can maintain free government who do not in their hearts value the qualities which have made the President of the United States conspicuous among the men of his time as a type of noble manhood. Come what may here—come what may in November, God grant that those qualities of brave, true manhood shall have honor throughout America, shall be held for an example in every home, and that the youth of generations to come may grow up to feel that it is better than wealth, or office, or power to have the honesty, the purity, and the courage of Theodore Roosevelt."

This tribute coming from a man like Elihu Root is no servile flattery; no mere sounding of words, but perfect truth in consonance with the life and work of Theodore Roosevelt who places honesty, purity and courage above wealth, office or power.

The Good Old Way.

A severe cold or attack of la grippe is like a fire, the sooner you combat it the better your chances are to overpower it. But few mothers in this age are willing to do the necessary work required to give a good old-fashioned reliable treatment such as would be administered by their grandmothers, backed by Boschee's German Syrup, which was always liberally used in connection with the home treatment of colds and is still in greater household favor than any known remedy. But even without the application of the old fashioned aids German Syrup will cure a severe cold in quick time. It will cure colds in children or grown people. It relieves the congested organs, allays the irritation, and effectively stops the cough. Any child will take it. It is invaluable in a household of children. Trial size bottle, 25; regular size, 75c. For sale by all druggists.

The Way It is Done in Woburn.

Woburn has a School Committeeman who left that city two months ago, moving to Roxbury, and yet he claims membership in that body. The most singular thing is that he is allowed to still continue in office with the acquiescence of the other members. Now another member is to seek a residence elsewhere, and he proposes to take his associate's case as being within the law. Politics in Woburn are indeed of a queer nature, as appears to be the case judging from this, when such a thing is permitted.—*Winchester Star*.

That's a fact; politics in Woburn are indeed queer. But be patient, Neighbor; we will show you a trick or two next December that will change your opinion in political affairs in this city.

Wilmington.

Mr. Milton T. Holt is to be Chief Marshal of the grand parade.

A great program has been laid out for celebrating Old Home Week in this town, which opens at the Congregational church at 10.30 a. m. Sunday, July 31, and ends on Thursday, Aug. 4, by a picnic at Silver Lake, Band concert, and athletic sports. Services are to be held in other churches, with sermons, addresses, special music, and social gatherings, in all of them, and the celebration is to be one long to be remembered.

NOTICE

The depositors of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank are hereby requested to bring in or send to said Bank, during the month of August, 1904, their books of deposit for verification, agreeably to the Statutes of the Commonwealth relating to Savings Banks and Institutions for Savings.

See Revised Laws Chapter 113 Section 53, which reads as follows: "During the year 1901, and every third year thereafter, every such corporation shall call in the books of deposit of their depositors for verification under rules to be prescribed by their respective Boards of Investments, duly approved by the Board of Commissioners of Savings Banks."

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.

Woburn, July 8th, 1904.

Whitcher's

SPECIAL SALE
of high grade assorted
CHOCOLATES
At 29c. lb.

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The best of everything at the lowest prices.
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WINCHESTER.

Our Assessors have fixed the tax rate for this year at $16.80, the same as in 1903.

About Aug. 1, Mr. I. W. Lawrence of Canada is to take charge of the Y. M. C. A. of this town. He is said to be well qualified for the position.

The Boston *Post* gives our good townsman, Mr. George H. Gilbert, now at Senator Cottage, Nantasket, a loving pat on the shoulder this week.

Every Saturday afternoon until September the Winchester Boat Club are to hold water sports on the Mystic with a view of capturing the Tufts cups.

Our town is pretty well deserted these days. Scores and more people are away at the seaside or woods, and empty houses and quiet streets are the result.

The *Star's* "A Bird Lover" is a queer one, to say the least. If he, she, or it would learn something about the English sparrow, and had sense enough to appreciate its value, he, she, or it might meet with a change of heart. But for a person who writes two columns of stuff that might be better said in 20 lines of newspaper print, there is but little hope. "A Bird Lover," indeed!

Literary Notices.

McCLURE's midsummer fiction number for August is simply a marvel of modern magazine making. In past years McCLURE's has made a great record with its fiction numbers, but the issue of this year surpasses all others. In both text and illustration it fixes the standard of excellence. The stories, without exception, are gems of their kind and serve admirably to illustrate how far the American short story has been perfected. The number opens with a novelette of child life by Frances Hodgson Burnett, whose Little Lord Fauntleroy has been generally voted the most wonderful child story ever written. This is the story of a little girl, and to it Mrs. Burnett has brought all the charming fancy of her earlier efforts. It is most beautifully and sympathetically illustrated in colors by Jessie Willcox Smith. This is followed by A Tempered Wind, The Coming of Maestra, A Winter's Courting, A West Point Regulation, King Coal, The Loss of the Leo, Red Saunders, The House of Fulfilment, Illinois: A Triumph of Public Opinion, Poetry, etc., nearly all of which are splendidly illustrated by the foremost artists of the country. McCLURE's leads.

The METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE for August reaches the high-water mark of magazine production. No more beautiful or interesting periodical has ever been seen in this country. The striking feature of the number is the quantity and quality of its fiction. Its leading article, At the Strait's Mouth, is a vivid word-picture describing Tangier, the city wonderful of Morocco, which is especially interesting at the present time in view of the recent kidnapping of Ion Perdicaris and his stepson from their home in that city. The article is profusely illustrated with reproductions of some remarkable photographs taken by the author, Charles Wellington Furlong, expressly for this article. Bridge, by George Hibbard, is a cleverly told story of love and high stakes at cards. Some of the other papers, all finely illustrated, are: The Tale of Oohoo, the Greatest of These, The Romance of a Private Secretary, Love and the Dancing Bear, The Summer Girl at Play, Eve of the Wild Apple, The Minus Sign, The Pinch of Comfort, The Princess Passes, Salt Duty. There are nineteen reproductions from recent notable paintings of children, accompanied by an article by Perriton Maxwell on The Portraiture of Children, in which the author advocates the establishment of an art gallery in which all the paintings shall be of children. A dainty frontispiece in color by John Cecil Clay, and a seasonable cover designed by Blendon Campbell, help to beautify this exquisite number of the most progressive of high-class American periodicals.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Daniel March, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., preaching by Dr. March.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Spirit." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Married.

In this city, July 18, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Harry Peabody Farnham of Boston and Edith Ella LeBarron of Woburn.

In Medford, July 17, by Rev. William J. Bacon, George Albert Miller of Burlington and Bertha Pauline Ball of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Boston, at Mass. General Hospital, July 22, David A. Foster, aged 26 years, 3 months, 5 days.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Natalie A. Butters to Chester W. Clark, dated June 18, A. D. 1896, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the Northern Middlesex District in Book 275, Page 509, and for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, will be sold at public auction at the Post office on Main street in Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY the sixth day of August A. D. 1904,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the premises described in said mortgage, to wit:—A certain parcel of land situate in the westerly part of said Wilmington, being a part of the Robert's Meadow, so called, now used for the cultivation of cranberries, and also called a cranberry meadow, to wit, all that portion of the aforesaid Robert's Meadow lying on the southerly or southeasterly side of a line described as follows, to wit, a line running through the center of a ditch, which is the first ditch to be reached in going from Lubber's Brook northerly, there being a bridge across said ditch; the said ditch extending and the aforesaid line therein extending through the entire breadth of said cranberry meadow from the most westerly side thereof to the most easterly side thereof. A description of the whole of said cranberry meadow may be found in the deed from Francis M. Pushee and Alice M. Pushee to the said Natalie A. Butters dated October 21st, 1882, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds in Book 156, Page 123, to which reference is made.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes thereon.

Terms: $100 to be paid at time and place of sale; balance in ten days on delivery of deed.

CHESTER W. CLARK, Mortgagee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Frank W. Grinnell, personally and as Trustee, Joseph A. Gillis and Frank H. Greenough, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, James Corrigan, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, all in said Commonwealth, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Richard W. Hale and Moses Williams, Jr., Trustees of the Massachusetts Tax Title Company, to register and confirm their title in the following described land:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, containing about 4,200 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 561 and 562 shown on Plan C of the Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded: Northerly by lots 530 and 531, on said plan, seventy feet, owned by James Corrigan; easterly by Wilbur street, seventy feet, said Wilbur street being a private way, southerly by said Wilbur street seventy feet; and westerly by lot 560 on said plan, seventy feet, owned by Joseph A. Gillis.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the eighth day of August, A. D., 1904, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of July, in the year nineteen hundred and four.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL] CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

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At This Office

Shirt Waist Suits,
House Dresses,
Wrappers,
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In light weight material suitable for warm weather. These garments are made well, fit well, and wear well.

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Save Time And Mistakes

By having a reliable Watch. Whether in your pocket, at home or in the workshop, every man should have a time-piece that will not fail. You Can Have One like this if you purchase the one we recommend, and they are fully guaranteed. All sorts of the best cases.

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Fine Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing.

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That Deals Death to Disease.

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Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
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Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. Keep saying this over and over again. The best laxative. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Best New Creamery BUTTER! 23c. lb.

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TELEPHONE 109-6.

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Toilet Soaps

But at the head of them all we place

Woburna Toilet Soap

15c. Cake. 40c. Box.

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361 Main St.

For Sale.

An Oak Chamber Set, Mattress and Spring, a child's bed, 18 yards linoleum, 15 window shades.
F. E. COTTON,
92 Pleasant St., Woburn.

MR. EDWIN N. C. BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.
The Virgil Clavier System { A well trained mind. A hand able to do its bidding.
Church Organ practice privileges for rent.

Peach Ice Cream
FROM
New Fruit.

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Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
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LAWYER,
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Residence, 7 Winn St., Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Michael Boyle to Thomas Salmon (now deceased) dated May 17th, A. D., 1884, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1668, Page 303, which mortgage has been duly assigned by Julia A. Scalley, administratrix of the estate of Thomas Salmon, to John G. Maguire by instrument of assignment dated July 26th, A. D., 1904, recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, August 27th, A. D., 1904,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of said Woburn, at the junction of Grape street with Washington street, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at the junction of said Grape street with Washington street, from thence the line runs southerly on and by said Washington street about eighty-seven and one-half (87½) feet to land of Margaret Kerrigan; thence westerly by land last named one hundred and two (102) feet to lot numbered 102 on a plan of lands of the Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company; thence northerly by lot numbered 102 on said plan eighty-seven and one-half (87½) feet to said Grape street; thence easterly on and by said Grape street one hundred and two (102) feet to the point of beginning.

The above described premises is the northerly half of lot numbered 103 on said plan of the Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company, recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 2, Plan 29, and is a part of the premises conveyed to Michael Boyle by John Bigelow by deed dated July 15, 1871, and recorded with said Deeds, Book 1181, Page 502, and is conveyed subject to the conditions and restrictions therein named.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and municipal liens which may be upon said premises.

A deposit of $100 will be required at the sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., July 28th, 1904.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass. Notary Public

The Borrowed Days.

According to a Scottish fireside rhyme, alluded to by Sir Thomas Brown in his "Vulgar Errors," three days were borrowed by March from April, with a view to the destruction of some sheep, but the popular fiction of the borrowed days is really of older date.

In the "Complaynt of Scotland," printed in 1548, we find: "There eftir i entrit in ane grene forest, to contempill the tender yong frutes, becaus the borial blastis of the three borouing dais of Marche hed chaissit fragrant flureise of evyrie frut-tree far athourt the fieldis."

The origin and meaning of the expression are obscure. It may probably be founded upon that relapse into wintry weather which is often noticed at the close of March and which seems to snatch a few days from the promise of opening spring. A similar fancy has prevailed in the highlands of Scotland in connection with the first two months of the year.—London Answers.

A Quaint Introduction.

It is told of the late Clarence King, the ethnologist, that he met John Ruskin in a picture shop, and his comments were so delightfully phrased that Ruskin took him to his heart, inviting him to Coniston and offering him one of his two greatest water colors by Turner. "One good Turner," said King, "deserves another," and took both.

King once wrote from San Francisco to John Hay the following letter of introduction: "My Dear John—My friend, Horace F. Cutter, in the next geological period will go east. It would be a catastrophe if he did not know you. You will 'swarm in,' as the Germans say, when you meet. Lest I should not be there to expose Mr. Cutter's alias I take this opportunity to divulge to you that the police are divided in opinion as to whether he is Socrates or Don Quixote. I know better; he is both."

A Japanese Gardener.

Sir Edwin Arnold had a great many stories in illustration of Japanese traits.

"The Japanese gardeners," he once said, "have carried their art further than we have carried ours. A landscape gardener in Japan is esteemed highly. He is looked on quite as we look on a poet or a painter. And these Japanese gardeners are truly remarkable men. I was riding with one of them near Kioto on an August afternoon, and we came to a steep hillside.

"'Tell me,' I said, 'how would you plan a road to the top of that difficult hill?'

"The gardener smiled humorously.

"'I think,' he said, 'that I would first turn some cows loose and see how they got up.'"—Collier's Weekly.

Peculiar Time Regulations.

Chatham island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the south Pacific ocean, is peculiarly situated, as it is one of the few habitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just on the line of the demarcation between dates. There at 12 noon on Sunday, Sunday ceases, and instantly Monday meridian begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side and becomes Monday by the time it passes out of the western door. A man sits down to his noonday dinner on Sunday, and it is Monday noon before he finishes it.—London Globe.

The One Who Wasn't Whipped.

It was in a large school, and one of the boys had committed some grave infraction of discipline. The teacher announced that he would thrash the whole class if some one did not tell him who had committed the offense. All were silent, and he began with the first boy and thrashed every one in the class until finally he reached the last one. Then he said, "Now, if you will tell me who did this I won't thrash you." "All right, sir, I did it," was the reply.

Tomorrow's Money.

Money counts today, but the money of today is worthless tomorrow. The multimillionaire of Monday dies on Tuesday, is buried on Wednesday and is forgotten on Thursday. The real man who has something to him above and beyond trading, who neither reckons himself nor is reckoned by his dollars, never dies.—Hayfield Mower.

A Turkish Riddle.

Here is an old Turkish riddle which has been handed down for many centuries and yet has never been answered: "There was once a beggar who always dreamed he was a pasha, and there was a pasha who always dreamed he was a beggar. Which was the happier?"

Perfection.

Husband—H'm—er—what's the matter with this cake? Wife—There can't be anything the matter. The cookery book says it is the most delicious cake that can be made.

KING OF BEASTS.

The Way an Old African Hunter Points Out the Monarch.

In discussing the question, "Which is the king of beasts?" an old African hunter says:

"Come with me to a desert pool some clear, moonlight night when the shadows are deep and sharply cut and the moon herself in the dry, cloudless air looks like a ball. All is nearly as bright as day, only the light is silver, not gold. Sit down on that rock and watch the thirsty animals as they drink—buffalo, rhinoceros, antelope, quagga; occasionally, if the water is large, lions too. But what has frightened the antelope and quagga that they throw their heads up for a second and fade away into the shadows? The other beasts, too, are listening and now leave the sides of the pond. Nothing but the inevitable, irrepressible jackal, that gamin among wild things, remains in view.

"As yet your dull human ears have caught no sound, but very soon the heavy tread and low, rumbling note of an oncoming herd of elephants reach you. They are at the water. The jackals have sat down with their tails sraight out behind them, but not another creature is to be seen. The king drinks. Not a sound is heard. He squirts the water over his back, makes the whole pool muddy and retires solemnly, leaving his subjects, who now gather round, to make the best of what he has fouled.

"This is the king in the opinion of beasts."

THE DINNER TABLE.

Some Hints on How to Behave When Accidents Happen.

Accidents will happen. If one happens to spill something he is unfortunate, but a ready, earnest apology to the hostess is all that he can do to remedy the difficulty. A careful hostess will acknowledge the apology and immediately change the subject.

This story is told of a hostess at whose table a beautiful china cup was broken. "Never mind," she said pleasantly. "They break so easily. See!" And she crushed one in her hand.

Her method was rather too elaborate. It would have been quite as satisfactory to the offender and far more genteel had she said: "I hope you have received no injury. The cup doesn't matter in the least."

If a morsel of food drops from the fork to the tablecloth do not attempt to remove it. If a guest drops a fork or a spoon he should let it lie. The hostess will provide another.

If anything distasteful be taken into the mouth it may be removed on the corner of the napkin, when it can be folded away or placed quietly on the plate.

If a bit of food falls on the waistcoat of a guest he should remove as much of it as he can quietly with the corner of his napkin.

Damascus Swords.

To the lovers of strange goods the bazaars of Damascus are far more alluring than those of Cairo or of Constantinople. The capacious chests of the merchants contain much that we would buy were our purses longer. Old embroideries of wonderful colors, delicate china, silks of many hues, swords of cunning workmanship, all these lie piled beside us on the floor. It is but seldom that a really good specimen of the Damascus sword can be obtained, for the art of working and engraving steel is dead.

These swords were made of alternate layers of iron and steel, so finely tempered that the blade would bend to the hilt without breaking, with an edge so keen that no coat of mail could resist it, and a surface so highly polished that when a Moslem wished to rearrange his turban he used his sword for a looking glass.

In the Great Western Wheat Belt.

One square mile of wheat. Ever see it? Transcontinental trains used to stop in the Smoky Hill valley of Kansas to allow passengers a view of such a wonder. It realized all the travelers' dreams of agricultural splendor. Hundreds such visions now mark the great grain area of the plains, but their beauty is none the less. Six hundred and forty acres of wealth! It shimmered beneath the perfect opalescent blue of the sky, the tall straws bending with their weight of grain. Standing on the seat of the reaper one might see in the distance a glimmer of green pastures and catch glimpses of rustling fields of corn, but here was the heart of summer.—C. M. Harger in Scribner's.

Justifying His Lecture.

A lecturer who had a very fine lecture on "The Decadence of Pure English" gave his address before a woman's club. At the close of the talk a very much overdressed woman of the "fuss and feathers" type came up to him and said: "I did enjoy your talk ever and ever so much, and I agree with you that the English language is decading awfully. Hardly no one talks proper nowadays, and the land only knows what the next generation will talk like if nothing ain't done about it."

The Boston Maid and the Author.

Garnish—I see you have my novel. I'll bet you had to look at the last page to see how it came out. Miss Quizzer—No, I looked at the name of the publishers on the title page to see how it came out, and even now I can't understand how it was.—Boston Transcript.

Reformed.

Patience—Peggy used to sing all over the house before she married that man. Patrice—So she did, dear, but you know he married her to reform her.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Color of Man.

The color of the skin in the various races of man has never yet been scientifically accounted for, although numerous mythological stories have been told and senseless theories advanced as reasons for the remarkable variations in hue. Nor have we any certain data concerning the color of the cuticle of the primeval man, the original "lord of creation." A pretty African legend is that he was as black as the proverbial ace of spades and that the present pale color of the Caucasian race is the result of the scare God gave Adam at the time of the fall.

It is proper to state here that the same legend says that the present black race are descendants of one of Adam's sons that was born and left Eden before the great change in color overtook our first parents. The Chinese believe that the original man was a creature half god and half man and that his color came about as a result of bathing in a river of liquid gold. The Mussulmans, the American Indians and several oriental tribes and nations account for their prevailing red or copper color by telling the story of the Great Being creating the first pair from red kaolin, the common fire clay of the potter shops.

Best Selling Book in the World.

The Bible is the best selling book in the world. It leads, and by a long interval, all other publications in copies purchased in the ordinary channels of trade without regard to what may be called the official distribution.

Every bookstore which undertakes to carry a full line of stock sells the Bible. Several important corporations confine themselves to the manufacture and sale of Bibles, and others find in the Bible their leading feature. Of no other book can this be said. Speaking some time ago of the insatiable demand for the Bible as an article of merchandise, an officer of the Methodist Book Concern said: "Like all publishers, we have to keep watch of the sale of books in general, even the most popular, so as not to get overstocked. But this never occurs in printing the Bible. We just keep the presses steadily at work, and if we happen to find that we have 40,000 or 50,000 copies on hand it gives us no uneasiness. We are sure to sell them, and we go straight ahead printing."—Century.

The Dirtiest People in the World.

With possible exceptions in the cases of Tibet and Lapland we are compelled to admit that the English working classes are probably the dirtiest bipeds in the world, alike in their clothes and in their persons, and that they display themselves in public and even travel by public conveyances in conditions which would not be tolerated in any other civilized country.

Nothing like English working class dirt is ever seen in public on the continent of Europe unless in its far eastern portions, and dirt is prejudicial to health not only by its direct physical operation, but, in a still greater degree, by reason of the absence of self respect which it entails and which removes from the dirty man or woman at least one safeguard against drunkenness and against misconduct.—London Lancet.

Asparagus.

Asparagus, deservedly a favorite vegetable, was extensively cultivated by the ancient Romans, but was not introduced into England before 1660. In some parts of Europe the seeds are used as substitute for coffee, and a spirituous liquor is made from the ripe berries. Asparagus is both lithic and diuretic, and its roots used to be extensively used in medicine. In some old recipe books directions are given for boiling asparagus one hour, but this is a great mistake—twenty or thirty minutes is long enough to cook it sufficiently—but there was one suggestion worth following. Instead of cutting off the white parts it advised that they be broken, saying that if they were too tough to break they were unfit to eat.

Sheep Sorrel Pie.

A Kansas editor pays tribute to the sheep sorrel pie, which was one of the luxuries of primitive Kansas. "It was dried apple pie from December until grass, or until the squaws came around with wild gooseberries. But, happy thought, with the coming of the johnny jumpup came sheep sorrel, and, with sorghum sweetening, what lovely pies were made! Corn bread and Missouri bacon, sorghum and buttermilk, with a quarter section of sheep sorrel pie to finish up! Kansas people of this day and generation don't know what real good living is."

On the Pyramids.

It is said that Richard Harding Davis once made a joke about the pyramids that is still repeated at Shepheard's hotel, the fashionable hostelry of Cairo. Mr. Davis was studying the pyramids, and a guide approached and said to him:

"It took hundreds of years to build them monuments, sir."

"A government job, eh?" said the novelist.

Pleasant Anticipations.

"Why can't you marry me? It's true I'm not enormously rich; still I have an income plenty big enough to support us nicely."

"Yes, but think how ridiculously small the alimony allowed out of it will be."—Town Topics.

Made His Own Jail.

Among the early Comstockers, the makers of Virginia City, Nev., were some of the toughest specimens of humanity loose in the world in those days, and perhaps the most primitive one in the lot was "Red Mike." The fellow appeared to be equipped only with brute instincts, but there was human intelligence of a sort in the back of his head, and he gave an exhibition of prudential forethought that would have been creditable to a wiser man.

"Red Mike" was employed as bricklayer in the building of a jail, which was one of Virginia City's first and most imperative needs, and he thoughtfully omitted the mortar and laid a number of bricks dry and loose at several places in the wall.

In the natural order of things "Red Mike" committed a serious offense and was thrown into jail to await trial, for even in the early days the Comstock usually tried a man before hanging him. The next morning the jail was empty. "Red Mike" had made a hole in the wall by taking out some of his own handiwork, and when he went out he took all the other prisoners with him.

Italy and the Evil Eye.

It is hard for us to realize the deadly significance to an Italian of the suggestion that one may have the evil eye. I was walking one day with a young American girl to whom I had been unfolding some of the tragedies I have known connected with the superstition. She took it all lightly and joyously, after the manner of her kind, and later, during our walk, when a saucy, tormenting beggar pursued us, she made the sign of the corni as I had described it to her, shaking the hand slightly, with the first and the fourth finger extended. Then the beggar became convulsed with anger and seemed almost beside herself, shrieking out such a torrent of abuse that we were glad to jump into a cab and fly from the wrath to come. The poor creature was not to be blamed; she knew that once the shadow of suspicion falls it means social excommunication, banishment outside the pale of whatever society one belongs to.—Century.

Whistler's Fine Airs.

Mortimer Menpes, the artist, in his book on Whistler, says: "Sometimes we visited a dealer who owed him money, and Whistler would receive a check. Once the check was not handed to him in what he thought a sufficiently dignified manner, and he said to the dealer: 'This is careless of you. You push this check toward me, and you do not realize what a privilege it is to be able to hand it to the master. You should offer it on a rich old English salver and in a kingly way.' Once a dealer borrowed a gorgeously embossed silver salver for the occasion, and when the master arrived for his check—he was very punctual—presented it on the salver with a carefully worded and elegant little speech that he had taken some pains to rehearse. The master was pleased. 'This,' said he, 'is as it should be.'"

A Curious Freak of Lightning.

The old adage that "lightning never strikes twice in the same place" has often been disproved. Here is an instance in point: In the summer of 1884 the farmhouse of Henry Axtell, in Chemung county, N. Y., was struck by lightning three times in one day. First it split the chimney from top to bottom, ruined stove and pipe and bored several large holes in the floor. An hour later a "bolt" struck the same house and tore a milk bench, upon which several cans of milk were setting, all to pieces. The same evening a third flash entered the roof and tore the legs from a bedstead.

Quaint Cures of Old.

For epilepsy wear a ring made from a coffin ring and take seven drops of blood from the tail of a cat. These remedies are equally efficacious either separately or in conjunction. For toothache carry in the pocket the tooth of a soldier killed in battle or eat mouse nibbled bread or trim your nails on a Friday. To cure warts, rub a potato and give the potato to a pig, or rub them with a piece of chalk, then put it in a little bag and throw it across cross roads. Holding the affected finger in the ear of a cat for half an hour was reckoned an excellent remedy for a felon.

His Estimate.

"How far do you travel in crossing the ocean from Liverpool to New York?" asked the instructor at the night school.

"Four thousand miles."

"Oh, no. Think again."

"That's right," persisted the shaggy haired pupil. "I know the book says 3,000 miles, an' that's what it is in a straight line, but I'm countin' in the ups an' downs. I've been acrost."—Chicago Tribune.

His Trade.

"And you say you have a trade?" asked the kind lady at the door.

"Yes'm," said the tramp, "I'm a worker in precious metals and stones."

"Indeed! And can't you get anything to do?"

"No'm, de perlice and de jewelers are all on to me."

Used to It.

Tommy was visiting a neighbor's. At dinner the hostess apologized to him because the table linen was soiled at his plate.

"Oh, that's nothing," he assured her promptly. "Ours is worse'n that at home."—Brooklyn Life.

Why, Indeed?

He—Why does a woman always think she ought to wear a smaller shoe than she can? She—Why does a man always think he ought to wear a larger hat than he can?—Yonkers Statesman.

How the Mussel Travels.

Of all the absurd forms of locomotion practiced by the creatures of the deep the most preposterous is that of the mussel. Squids will startle you by darting backward, crabs hustle off sideways at a lively gait, but nothing save the dull brain of "some kind of clam critter," pondering over the transportation problem in those remote epochs when time was no object, could have evolved so slow and cumbersome a method.

You may often see mussels climb up the pile of a wharf toward the high water mark. Notice the black threads attached to the clam. They do the business. The mussel shoots out a spray of gelatinous stuff in the direction he wants to go and this hardens into those black threads. He lets go the old ones and climbs up by the new. You can trace his progress up the pile by the bunches of old threads, which he leaves behind at intervals. It has never been figured out whether he could go a mile in less than a year, but it would be safe to back the mussel in the animals' "slow race."—Country Life in America.

French and English.

The celebrated Mrs. Ticknesse undertook to construct a letter every word of which should be French, yet no Frenchman should be able to read it, while an illiterate Englishman should decipher it with ease, and wrote the following:

"Pre, dire sistre, comme & se us, & passe the de here if yeux canne, & chat tu mi dame; dine here, & yeux mai go to the faire if yeux plaise; yeux mai have fiche, mutin, porc, buter, foule, hair, fruit, pigeon, olives, sallette for ure dinner, & excellent te, cafe, port vin, & liqueurs; & tel ure bette & poli tu comme; Ile go tu the faire & visite the baron. But if yeux dont comme to us, Ile go tu ure house & se oncle, & se houe he does; for mi dame ses he beant il. But doux comme, mi dire; yeux canne li here, yeux nos—if yeux louve musique, yeux mai have the harp, lutte, or viol here. Adieu, mi dire sistre."—London Globe.

The Real Unicorn.

Early in the last century the unicorn of ancient myth came within the realm of scientific knowledge in the form of the white rhinoceros, the largest, next to the elephant, of modern quadrupeds. For long years the unicorn's only known habitat was on a coat of arms. Ancient writers who had told of it were discredited until a one horned rhinoceros, found by Marco Polo in Sumatra, received this name. And early in the last century Burchell also discovered in South Africa, between the Orange and Zambezi rivers, the huge white pachyderm. It had, in truth, two horns, but one was so small as to be scarcely perceptible, while the other, tufted with bristles at the base, was so many as four feet long, curving and tapering to a hard, sharp point.

It Is Good to Laugh.

Health, an English publication, says: "It is good to laugh. There is probably not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the central man. The blood moves more rapidly. Probably its chemical, electric or vital condition is distinctly modified. It conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing from what it does at other times. The time may come when physicians shall prescribe to a torpid patient so many peals of laughter to be undergone at such and such a time."

SOCIETY MEN.

That Is What Society Needs, According to a Society Woman.

"What we need is society men," declared a weary matron. "Our men are so fagged by their attention to business that they are next to worthless. They regard the average social function as an awful bore and leave everything pertaining to entertaining and to going about to their wives. In case the poor wife succumbs to the strain they hunt around for a spinster or widowed sister or sister-in-law or other relative who will consent to take upon her shoulders this social side of the matter.

"As for looking after a daughter, their duty is done when they've given carte blanche with a check book. An Englishman of high title often chaperons his motherless daughter during an entire season and from his knowledge of ineligibles is able to keep her well informed. How about the American papa? His only ammunition consists in an occasional rabid, blustery remark about the nincompoop fortune hunters who hover about the daughter of the house. As for sane, thoughtful counsel, he gives not a bit of it. Society is a game he got into without intention or effort, and he utterly refuses to take any trouble about his fellow players. Even his own daughters have to go it blind. As I said before, what society needs is society men."—Philadelphia Record.

SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

They Were Common In Peru In the Days of the Incas.

Suspension bridges, some of them of considerable length, were common in Peru in the days of the Incas. They were formed of cables of twisted osiers passed over wooden supports and stretched from bank to bank, then bound together with smaller ropes and covered with bamboos. The road from Cuzco to Quito is still noted for frail bridges of this sort, which are in constant use and span deep chasms.

The Chinese also, according to Kircher, have for centuries been familiar with the "suspension" theory and have constructed chain bridges in which the weight of the roadway is supported by the tension of the chains.

The first iron suspension bridge in Europe was built over the Tees, near Middleton, in 1741, for the use of miners. Two chains were stretched in a straight line, steadied by ties from the banks below, and the roadway for foot passengers was supported by the chains.

The modern suspension system practically dates from 1816, when bridges, both over 100 feet in length, were successfully completed at Galashiels and Peebles.—London Standard.

THE FIRST HENCHMEN.

They Were Young Nobles Who Acted as Pages to the King.

Skeat derives the word henchman from hengstman (Anglo-Saxon), horseman, groom. It is probable that henchmen were in the first instance young nobles who at state ceremonies attended on the king as mounted pages.

History speaks of these henchmen in this capacity, for we read that Henry VI. had three and Edward IV. six of them. We find, too, that they were mentioned in the royal ceremonies as belonging "to the riding household" and took part in tournaments.

The last time "henchman" is mentioned in connection with the court is in the reign of Henry VIII., and gradually it came to mean an ordinary page. The word is used by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare in this sense.

In an English journal of April 6, 1861, a Mr. W. Henchman claims that his family took their name from words spoken by Henry VII. to an ancestor in the hunting field, who had ridden as his page throughout an arduous day. "Crossborough," cried the king, "thou art a veritable henchman!"

Homeopathy.

Homeopathy is a theory of medicine promulgated by Dr. Samuel Hahnemann (1755-1843) of Leipsic in 1810. It asserts that any disease should be treated by medicines in minute doses that would produce in a healthy patient symptoms similar to those manifested by the disease requiring treatment. This is the principle of "like diseases are cured by like remedies" (Latin, similia similibus curantur) and is based on the theory that two similarly diseased conditions cannot subsist in the same organ at the same time.

Irresistible.

First Contractor—How did you fellows happen to get a job of repairing the pipes in Smug street? They were laid only a few years ago, and there was nothing the matter with them. Second Contractor—I know it, but the sight of that elegant new pavement on that street was altogether too tempting.—Chicago Tribune.

The Country's Simple Joys.

"Gracious! It's an awful muddy walk this evening, isn't it?" said Mr. Backlotz on the way home from the Lonesomehurst station.

"Yes," replied Subbubs, "but I rather like it. We bought a new door mat the other day, and I wanted to see how it works."—St. Louis Republic.

It Fell.

"What's that racket down there?" shouted the old gentleman from the head of the stairs.

"I think," promptly replied his up to date daughter, "that it was Bob dropping his voice when he proposed to me."—Detroit Free Press.

The only two animals whose brains are heavier than that of a man are the whale and the elephant.

Why She Was In It.

Phyllis—Charlie Short told me the other day that he preferred blond girls. Isabel—You must be mistaken. He proposed to me last week, and I am a decided brunette. Phyllis—True, dear, but then you have a fair income.—St. Louis Republic.

The Convincing Argument.

Young Lady Shopper—This piece of dress goods suits me, except that I do not think the figure in it is pretty. Subtle Salesman—Ah, but you surely will when it is made up and you have the dress on.

Something to Give Them.

"Mary," said the invalid to his wife, when the doctor pronounced it a case of scarlet fever, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that I am at last in a condition to give them something."

During a long life I have proved that not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later returns to bless the giver.—Lord Shaftesbury.

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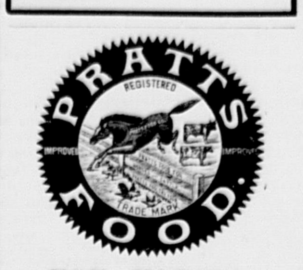

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Her Management

By Euphemia Holden

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The shaded light from the library lamp fell on her hair, bringing out its golden glints, which refreshed his tired eyes. He had an hour for recreation before going uptown to edit the morning edition of a big daily paper.

A few years ago she had been his chum's jolly little sister. Lately he had discovered she was a woman whose smile was more to him than clubs, theaters or books.

"You are certainly printing the worst things in your paper," she burst out suddenly—'How to Capture a Man's Fancy,' 'How to Get Married,' 'How to Manage a Man,' how to do everything no nice girl would think of doing."

His boyish hoot interrupted her.

"You dare to pretend you don't manage men, when you do it with such perfection the poor things never discover the machinery."

The corners of her mouth turned up, though her voice was sulky.

"Well, anyway I'm not up in the art of getting married, and there are startling exceptions to my management."

The flash from her eyes aroused his boyish mirth again.

"Am I difficult to manage?" he asked, with pleased satisfaction.

"Impossible," she declared emphatically.

"Don't I always do what you want me to?" She considered.

"In a question of actual service, yes; otherwise what I want when you want to."

"The same old question," he burst out, almost in earnest. "You want me to dine with a mob of your friends. Ten dollars' worth of agony for me to 10 cents' gratification for you."

She raised her round chin.

"I like men who don't count costs," she sniffed.

"Spoiled and unreasonable," he muttered.

"I should say so," she replied, with a slight lift of her shoulders. "A girl with an older brother and seven unmarried uncles and aunts is so apt to be, especially when each one is more critical than the next wherever you begin or end."

"But you forget Howells and the others. He's certainly done a lion's share."

"If you mean a man spoils a girl by showing her consideration, attention, perfect manners"— she began hotly.

"Are you going to marry him for his manners or his money?" he interrupted.

"I haven't decided," she returned, with sudden chilliness.

"You're engaged to him, then?" he asked suddenly.

"What right have you to ask?"

The lines of his face drooped.

"None," he replied humbly.

"Well, I'm not," she retorted, more than appeased at his humility. After a pause he spoke softly.

"My mother always said I'd be very easy to manage."

"But you know she spoiled you. You were her only boy. Personally I wouldn't try it if you were the last man on earth."

She was almost sorry when she saw his mouth tighten and the fine nervous lines in his face grow deeper.

"That's a blow," he said, with dry lips. "Yet you told me once that I had never failed you."

"In service—no."

"Only in the little things, then?"

"They're what count with a woman."

"That's not reasonable. I'm abrupt—disagreeable at times, I guess—but you know quite well that is only manner."

She gazed into the light without replying. His eyes were on the rug pattern again.

"I have always thought," he began after a minute, "that marriage is a partnership of equals, the capital stock personal liberty and of course love and respect. Then if the wife wanted to do one thing and the husband another they'd either go it alone with perfect pleasantness or compare notes. Whoever showed the best case would win the day.

"For instance"—the interest in her face warmed him to his theory—"if you and I were married"—her face changed to roguish disgust—"and you wanted to go to a dinner and I wanted to stay at home you'd give your reasons, I mine. If you wished to go more than I wished to stay, we'd go. Isn't that fair?"

"No, no, no!" she cried excitedly. "Who'd be judge? You, of course. I'd be as bad a hermit as you in a little while. I'd rather give in than have friction."

"I'm not frictional," he pleaded. "You can't or won't understand me. Besides, if you don't like me as I am take me and edit me."

"You told me you never touched rejected manuscript. Why should I?"

He laughed, though the shaft found a tender spot. After another interval of silence he began to speak in a curious, controlled tone.

"I can't realize my dream is done. I hadn't any right to it, of course, but just the same I've thought of a time when you would care enough to marry me. I wanted a little house, not very large or wonderful; it wouldn't need to be if you were there. Think of having one's own brand of sunshine! What a fool I've been! You couldn't care for a man older, unpolished, his enthusiasm and freshness gone. I suppose some fellow will be lucky enough to sit opposite to your smile."

"I hope so," she said quietly. "I don't care to be an old maid."

"You won't be. I wonder who—not Howells—he's not clever enough. It's rather a wonder you have stuck it out so long. You're unusually fascinating. Did I ever tell you that?"

"You never told me anything nice," she said pettishly.

"But you knew that for me you were the prettiest, sweetest woman in the world. And I believed in your talent. Why, if you'd been willing to marry me we'd have made you a famous artist. You won't find many men who hold the theory of a woman's right to individuality."

"Oh, theories!" she cried impatiently. "You'd feed a woman on theories when she was starved for a kiss."

He sprang to his feet, his face flushing.

"That's cruel and unjust! You condemn me without knowing. Lots of times your face has been so close to mine I had only to put my arms about you and—and instead I've clinched my hands and moved away because I knew you held a kiss a sacred thing and I had so little to offer except my love."

"You merely mean," she said, her breath coming a little queerly, "that you refrained from gratifying a passing temptation"—

"Why will you try to hurt me?" he demanded, stopping his quick pacing and looking down at her. "I mean I refrained from telling you I loved you with all my heart and soul, that you are the one woman in the world who satisfies all my imaginings, and then—and then"—

"I can't see why you didn't," she murmured, half bold, half tremulous. "I've kept my lips for such a kiss"—

Something dropped from him like a dark garment.

"But you said," he faltered. She put two trembling hands upon his shoulders.

"You've never told me you loved me, and I've waited so long." Her face was hidden now.

"You said," he choked, holding her very close—"you said you wouldn't marry me if I were the last man on earth."

"I said manage—I don't want to manage, I just want to be loved."

Took the Rooms.

"In every house, Miss Powell," said young Mr. Benson with some agitation, "there is a spare room. It is kept for the use of some honored guest. In every heart, too," and he laid his hand impulsively on his own, "there is a spare room"—

"Yes," she murmured dreamily.

"Miss Powell—Irene," the young man exclaimed, choking down a large and expansive lump of rising sighs, "in my heart there is a spare room sacredly set apart for you!"

"Only one, Mr. Benson?" she whispered.

"Do not mock me, Irene Powell! It shall be a whole suit if you like. More than that, you shall have the entire premises if you'll only say so, and if that isn't enough we'll tear down and build bigger."

"This spare room, this suit of rooms, Arthur," said the maiden softly, "that you are speaking of, how—how are they furnished?"

"In first class modern style, Irene," replied the young man, with a businesslike ring in his voice. "Uncle Bullion died last week."

"Say no more, Arthur," whispered the girl as she pillowed her head over the young man's heart and listened to the wild thump, thump, that resounded through its spare chambers. "I'll take them."

Old English Cookery.

Speaking of old English dishes and the wonderful mixtures as to seasoning, etc., which prevailed down to the sixteenth century the Quarterly Review says:

"Buckuade was the name of a typical preparation, and this was made of meat hewn in gobbets, pounded almonds, raisins, sugar, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, onions, salt and fried herbs, thickened with rice flour and colored yellow with saffron.

"Momene or mawmony was a sort of porridge to which the cuisine of our own day affords no parallel. Its components were 'plenty of wine and sugar, a quart of honey, a gallon of oil, a pound of powdered spices, together with ginger, cinnamon and galangale' (Cyperus longus), a plant much used for flavoring. All these were boiled together with the pounded flesh of eight capons and the mess served in bowls like porridge, with, according to one recipe, a lighted wax candle stuck in the middle of each.

"Mortrews, a dish mentioned by Chaucer in his 'Canterbury Tales,' was held in great esteem. It derived its name from the mortar in which the meat used in making it was pounded."

Bad Way to Bet.

"If you wish to get on the outs with your best girl just make a bet that will interest her to see you lose," said a forlorn chap to a friend this morning. "It was like this," he continued. "I had been smoking so much that my health was becoming impaired. She wagered that I could not quit. I took her up and staked a five dollar bill against a necktie. At the end of thirty days I could return to my dear old weed. I have not used tobacco in any form now for ten days, and as the young lady in question believes I shall persevere to the end she is showing me a spirit that indicates her displeasure at my daring to abstain so long. To tell the truth, I think she imagines me absolutely mean because I am determined not to lose.

"What would you advise me to do?"

"I would suggest," replied the friend, "that the next time you desire to give your lady friend a five dollar present you should not pretend that you are going to quit smoking in order to secure her acceptance."

A passing policeman prevented an altercation.—Philadelphia Press.

A Costly Ton of Coal.

On Jan. 10, 1789, thirteen men brought a wagon with a ton of coal from Loughborough, in Leicestershire, to London as a present to the then Prince of Wales. When the coal was emptied into the cellar the clerk of the cellars gave them 4 guineas, and as soon as the prince was informed of it his highness sent them 20 guineas and ordered them a pot of beer each man. They performed their journey, which is 111 miles, in eleven days and drew the coal all the way without any relief.—London Tit-Bits.

Infinitesimal Webs.

Mexico, the land of Montezuma, prickly pears, sand, volcanoes, etc., has many subtropical wonders both in vegetable and animal life. Among these latter is a species of spider so minute that its legs cannot be seen without a glass. This little araneida weaves a web so wonderfully minute that it takes 400 of them to equal a common hair in magnitude.

Keeping Score.

Mrs. Honeymoon (to husband, in railway train)—Do you love me? Old Party (confidentially from other seat to bridegroom)—She's asked you forty-seven times already. I get out here, but I'll leave the score with this gentleman by the window.

An Early Answer.

Mistress—Why don't you put off your letter writing until after breakfast? Maid—Please, ma'am, whin me cousin wrote to me he said he wanted me to wroite him an answer as early as possible.

Euphony.

"Why did you ever name your daughter Clytemnestra?"

"Oh, I dunno, except that my wife seemed to think it would go well with Sniggs."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Telephone Shocks.

She—Is it possible to receive a shock through the telephone? He—Sure. But the shock usually depends upon who is at the other end of the line.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE AFTERNOON NAP.

Modern Conditions Killing the Siesta Habit In Mexico.

There are people in Mexico City who take their afternoon nap every day, and are greatly benefited thereby, but their number appears to be growing less year by year. Whether the siesta is beneficial or not, or whether in this high altitude it is a necessity for many persons, as is claimed by some, its death knell as a general custom seems to have been sounded since the city adopted its modern enterprise and push. Many old residents will tell you of the time when a person in the city of Mexico would have been considered almost crazy if he neglected his afternoon rest, but gradually, with the advent of the railways, the street cars and the electric lights, came the inevitable sleeplessness which is one of the most noticeable characteristics of modern civilization.

There are several supporters of the siesta idea in this city who express regret that the custom appears to be passing away. These persons, who are themselves devotees of the practice, claim that it is a healthful and nerve restoring habit and that if it were indulged in systematically by the people of the United States and other progressive countries there would be fewer cases of nervous wrecks for the newspapers to report. "Early rising and a short nap after dinner" is what these people advocate, claiming that the best work of most persons is performed in the morning.—Mexican Herald.

FIRST USE OF TEA.

An Ancient Legend Ascribes It to a King of China.

By whom or when the use of tea for drinking purposes was first discovered is lost in antiquity. It is spoken of as a famous herb in Chinese literature as far back as 2,000 years B. C., at which time its cultivation and classification were almost as thorough and complete as they are today. One of the ancient legends says that its virtues were accidentally learned by King Shen Nung She, the Chinese monarch who is also known as "the divine husbandman," who, the record says, flourished forty centuries ago. He was engaged in boiling water over a fire made of the branches of the tea plant and carelessly allowed some of the leaves to fall into the pot.

The liquid which he expected to come from the vessel simply as sterilized water was miraculously converted into an elixir of life by the accidental addition of the tea leaves. Soon after it became highly esteemed in all the oriental cities and was used as a royal gift from the Chinese monarchs to the potentates of southern and western Asia.

This same King Shen Nung She not only earned the title of respect by which he was known through the discovery of the virtues of tea, but because of being the first to teach his people how to make and use plows and many other implements of husbandry.

Silkworm Fishing Lines.

A tourist friend who has recently returned from a trip through the south of Europe was telling the other day of the large proportions assumed by the production of silkworm gut for fishing lines in Spain since the decline of silk culture there. The grub is fed on mulberry leaves as usual in silk culture, but before it begins to spin—that is, in May and June—it is killed by immersion in vinegar. The substance which would have formed the cocoon is then drawn out from its body in the form of a thick silken thread, which is treated with chemicals and afterward dried. These threads are made up in bundles of a hundred each, and the Spanish peasants travel with them along the shores of the Mediterranean as far as France. The best quality of the gut, as every fisherman knows or ought for his own protection when shopping to know, is round. The flat shaped article is always inferior and is due, not, as often supposed, to careless drawing of it, but to unhealthiness in the worm which furnished it.—Forest and Stream.

South Pole Seals.

Seals, according to the crew of the antarctic exploring ship Discovery, are abundant near the south pole. They are very tame and can be clubbed by any one without showing more fight than opening their jaws and making a harsh noise. They are possessed of extraordinary vitality and are not easy to kill. Antarctic seals are not provided with marketable fur. The skins of the majority of seals in the antarctic regions show an extraordinary number of cicatrices, some old and some recent, which for some time have been a puzzle to zoologists. It is a question whether they are the result of warfare among the bull seals or are caused by attacks of some monster not yet known to science. Some light has been shed on this subject by the discovery of remains of an ordinary seal in the stomach of a sea leopard, which is provided with a very fierce set of teeth, quite in keeping with the possible habit of feeding on other seals.

Scolding.

Scolding is mostly a habit. It is often the result of nervousness and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tried or annoyed at some trivial cause and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody within reach. Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get into the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there is nothing else, they begin scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. It is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain in a short time to affect all the members.—Exchange.

For a Rainy Day.

Smith (newly married)—Don't you think we had better lay aside something for a rainy day? Young Wife—Charley, dear, I am so glad you said that. While I was out shopping this morning I bought two lovely silk umbrellas, one for you and one for me.

His Public Speech.

Mrs. Littlewit (proudly)—Only just think! Charles has gone to address a public gathering. Friend—I didn't know he was a speechmaker. Mrs. Littlewit—Nor I, but he's been called upon to make a statement before a meeting of his creditors.

His Recipe.

Long Haired Poet (singing)—There is no breeze that can cool the heat of love. Disappointed Benedict—Ever tried the marriage refrigerator, son?—New Orleans Picayune.

WAIT FOR AN APPETITE.

You Should Never Eat Simply For the Sake of Eating.

A prolific cause of chronic indigestion is eating from habit and simply because it is mealtime and others are eating. To eat when not hungry is to eat without relish, and food taken without relish is worse than wasted. Without relish the salivary glands do not act, the gastric fluids are not freely secreted, and the best of foods will not be digested. Many perfectly harmless dishes are severely condemned for no other reason than they were eaten perfunctorily and without relish and due insalivation.

Hunger makes the plainest foods enjoyable. It causes vigorous secretion and outpouring of all the digestive fluids, the sources of ptyalin, pepsin, trypsin, etc., without a plentiful supply of which no foods can be perfectly digested.

Wait for an appetite, if it takes a week. Fasting is one of the saving graces. It has a spiritual significance only through its great physical and physiologic importance. If breakfast is a bore or lunch a matter of indifference, cut one or both of them out. Wait for distance and unmistakable hunger and then eat slowly. If you do this you need ask few questions as to the propriety and digestibility of what you eat, and it need not be predigested.—Exchange.

THE PENGUIN.

It Is Awkward on Land and a Gymnast In the Water.

A kind of penguin, the adelie, is a laugh provoking bird. Adelies are most inquisitive and at times are in such a hurry to follow up a clew that they will scramble along the ice on the belly, pushing with their legs and using their flippers alternately like the paddle of a canoe. They get over the ground at an astonishing rate, and it is hard work to overtake a penguin when it takes to this means of locomotion, especially when it doubles. In the water the penguin is perfectly at home, diving and steeplechasing in grand style. It can jump clean out of the water and pop down on the ice exactly like some one coming up through a trapdoor on the stage and dropping on his feet. The penguins collect in enormous numbers and are sometimes seen marching about like a regiment of soldiers in Indian file, all acting in unison.

A much larger penguin, the emperor, weighs sixty or seventy pounds and stands well over three feet high. It possesses the most extraordinary muscular powers in its flippers. When presented with the end of the skee stick the emperor gives it such a smack that one's hands tingle. At the same time it utters an angry guttural exclamation.

SHEEP IN INDIA.

They Are the Favorite Beasts of Burden In Mountainous Regions.

In Tibet and among the mountainous part of India sheep are employed as carriers. The mountain sheep of these districts, true to its nature, is remarkably sure footed and can carry loads of twenty-five pounds, or even more, over steep crags and precipitous paths where hardly any other animal could find a footing.

In the inner ranges of the Himalayas the yak cow and the hardy mountain sheep are the favorite beasts of burden. Sheep withstand the intense cold of the higher parts of Tibet much more easily than the yak and can better face the stony roads.

Sheep carrying from seventeen to twenty-five pounds of baggage and living entirely on the scanty grass found growing by the way accompanied Nain Suigh, the famous Indian explorer, on a journey of more than a thousand miles. It is very common in the Himalayas to load sheep, high up in the mountains, with borax and then to drive them down to the plains, where they are shorn of their wool and return laden with grain or salt.

Money Thrown Away.

"So that city doctor helped ye right smart, did he, Silas?" asked Mrs. Giles on her husband's return from a week's visit to a specialist in a neighboring town.

"Well, I guess he did! I'm feeling fine as a fiddle now, an' he says I won't likely have any return of it if I just keep ter what he tells me."

"What did he say was the matter with ye?" inquired the wife eagerly.

"I forgit now what he called it, but"—

"Silas," she cried, "ye don't really mean ter say ye paid out all that money an' didn't git no good of it after all!"—Exchange.

Modest Abbe Delille.

It is said that the French Abbe Delille once had in his household a very quick tempered relative, with whom he sometimes had animated disputes and who sometimes went so far as to throw books at the abbe. The abbe must have been a person of great amiability and self control. Once, when a particularly large and heavy volume was thrown at him, he caught it gracefully and said:

"My dear friend, I must beg of you to remember that I prefer smaller gifts."

Making a Sure Thing of It.

"What in the name of Jupiter have you sewed up all the pockets of my overcoat for?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"My dear," said Mrs. Wilson, "I have an important letter to my milliner that I want you to post."

An orator or author is never successful till he has learned to make his words smaller than his ideas.—Emerson.

The Dead Sea.

There are no fishes in the Dead sea—no life of any kind. The percentage of solids in the water is enormous—about 26 per cent. The principal solid ingredients are the chlorides of sodium, magnesium and calcium. The deepest part of the Dead sea's bed lies 2,600 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Its depth there is 1,310 feet. Oddly enough, it has a cloud system of its own, for one may frequently see cloud banks lying over the Dead sea which are 600 or 700 feet below the level of the ocean.

Had Her Own Impressions.

"Your husband says he established his hotel by honest toil," remarked the woman who hears all that is said in the village.

"Yes," answered the tired looking woman, "but he didn't say whose toil, did he?"—Washington Star.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—Longfellow.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 31.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings xvi, 23-33—Memory Verses, 30-33—Golden Text, Prov. xiv, 34—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Last week's lesson told us of events in Judah under Jehoshaphat, following the death of Ahab, king of Israel; now we return to consider in today's lesson two of the worst kings that ever ruled over the ten tribes, Omri and Ahab. All Scripture is profitable (II Tim. iii, 16), but it is not written that it is all equally profitable. Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope (Rom. xv, 4), and when we see the patience of God from year to year with such men as Omri and Ahab and the patience of the Lord Jesus with Judas Iscariot we do well to consider His patience with ourselves and trust Him to work in us patience with others, forbearing threatening, forbearing and forgiving (Eph. vi, 29; Col. iii, 13), as children of our Father who is in heaven (Matt. v, 45).

Our lesson says of Omri that he wrought evil in the eyes of the Lord and did worse than all that were before him (verse 25), and of Ahab, his son, that he did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him (verses 30, 33); there was none like unto Ahab who did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up (xxi, 25). The next six lessons will bring before us the story of Elijah, that great servant of the Lord, and we have just had in the last two lessons men who did right in the sight of the Lord; it seems almost a pity that we should be asked to turn aside even for one lesson to the story of such rebellion against God as is here set before us, but if we shall see, as never before, what an awful thing sin is and learn to hate it with perfect hatred our study will not have been in vain.

By one man sin entered the world, and death by sin (Rom. v, 12), and who can estimate the havoc wrought? But even before sin entered a sacrifice for sin had been ordained (I Pet. i, 18-22) and was revealed to man as soon as he had sinned (Gen. iii, 15, 21). Then developed among men the two lines of believers and unbelievers, and who accept God's way and those who rebel against Him, the former represented by Abel and the latter by Cain. So it has gone on, some believing and some believing not, until this day, and so it will continue until all the Omris and Ahabs, the Absaloms and Manassehs and all rebels against God shall be concentrated and fully manifested in the man of sin, who as God shall sit in the temple of God showing himself that he is God, but the Lord shall consume him with the breath of His mouth and destroy him with the brightness of His coming (II Thess. ii, 3-10). He shall influence the kings of the earth to gather their armies against the Lamb of God, but they shall be vanquished, and he and his companion, the false prophet, shall be cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone (Rev. xix, 19-21). He shall do according to his will and shall exalt himself and magnify himself above every god and shall speak marvelous things against the God of gods and shall prosper. * * * Yet he shall come to his end and none shall help him (Dan. xi, 36, 45).

It is written of each of the kings of our lesson that he provoked the Lord God of Israel to anger (verses 26, 33). It is written of Israel that away back in the wilderness they provoked the Most High and grieved Him, tempting Him, limiting Him and speaking against Him (Ps. lxxviii, 17-19, 40, 41), and the final testimony concerning even Judah is, "They mocked the messengers of God and despised His words and misused His prophets until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people till there was no remedy" (II Chron. xxxvi, 16). Through the prophets He cried, notwithstanding all this, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help. O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity" (Hos. xiii, 9; xiv, 1). God is love, and, though sin is that abominable thing which He hates, He loves the sinner and is not willing that any should perish (Jer. xliv, 4; Rom. v, 8; II Pet. iii, 9).

Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin (verse 26), need not have done so; Omri and Ahab, who followed in his steps, outdoing him in sin, need not have done so, but refusing to yield to the love of God or to listen to His voice, God allowed them to have their own way and gave them up to their own hearts' desire. How sadly He says: "I have nourished and brought up children and they have rebelled against me. My people would not hearken to my voice, and Israel would none of me, so I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust and they walked in their own counsels" (Isa. i, 2; Ps. lxxxi, 11, 12).

Samaria became the center of their iniquity (verses 24, 29), yet long afterward the Lord Himself there first declared Himself as Israel's Messiah to a sinner of that city, and through her many believed. There also, as Philip preached Christ to them, many were healed and many saved and there was great joy in that city (John iv, 25, 26; Acts viii, 5-8). Oh, the love of God and the sin of man, how wonderful and how awful. Yet every purpose of the Lord shall be performed, notwithstanding man's rebellion, and the kingdom shall be the Lord's, earth filled with His glory.

Ancient Preservation of the Dead.

Herodotus gives a good description of the manner in which the early Ethiopians preserved their dead. Having thoroughly dried the corpse, they plastered it over with a paste made of gypsum and then painted the face and exposed parts so as to make them look as natural as possible. Dead bodies served in this manner remained intact for hundreds of years.

Quite Different.

Mother—You've been sitting in the conservatory all this time, and with young Charlie Brown! Am I never to instill a sense of decency in you? Daughter—'Twas Lord Copperbulge I was with, mamma, dear. Mother—Oh, that's a different matter. Girls will be girls!

A Serious Matter.

She—Are your intentions toward the widow serious? He—Oh, very. I am going, if possible, to get out of marrying her.—Illustrated Bits.

Peace is rarely denied to the peaceful.—Schiller.

The Silence of Butterflies.

After all, the chief charm of this race of winged flowers does not lie in their varied and brilliant beauty, nor yet in their wonderful series of transformations, in their long and sordid caterpillar life, their long slumber in the chrysalis or the very brief period which comprises their beauty, their lovemaking, their parentage and their death. Nor does it lie in the fact that we do not yet certainly know whether they have in the caterpillar shape the faculty of sight or not, and do not even know the precise use of their most conspicuous organ in maturity, the antennae. Nor does it consist in this—that they of all created things have furnished man with the symbol of his own immortality. It rather lies in the fact that, with all their varied life and activity, they represent an absolutely silent world. * * * All the vast array of modern knowledge has found no butterfly which murmurs with an audible voice and only a very few species which can even audibly click or rustle with their wings.—T. W. Higginson in Atlantic.

Material Used In Making Note Paper.

It is not a pleasant thought that the brilliant white note paper which your hand rests upon may have in it the fibers from the filthy garment of some Egyptian fellah after it has passed through all the stages of decay until it is saved by a ragpicker from the gutter of an Egyptian town, and yet it is a fact that hundreds of tons of Egyptain rags are exported every year into America to supply our paper mills. At Mannheim, on the Rhine, the American importers have their ragpicking houses where rags are collected from all over Europe, the disease infected Levant not excepted, and where women and children, too poor to earn a better living, work day after day, with wet sponges tied over their mouths, sorting these filthy scraps for shipment to New York. Our best papers are made of these rags and our common ones of wood pulp, which is obtained by grinding and macerating huge blocks from some of our soft wooded forest trees.—National Geographic Magazine.

This Cat Bathes.

Time was when I felt that the cat was an animal which civilization had no power to corrupt. The dog, I knew, does his best to be human, but the cat has always seemed to me above any such shallow pretense. I thought I could count on the cat, but now I find that even the cat can be perverted and humanized. I went to see a friend of mine the other day who has recently adopted a plain, valueless alley cat of no particular breed. She told me she was about to give the animal its daily bath.

I felt sorry for the creature, because I had seen cats bathed before. The bathtub was half full of warm water. The cat was lifted in its mistress' arms. The intelligent animal gave a mew of delight and hopped down into the water. It swam two or three times around the tub with every indication of enjoyment, and then looked up and mewed to be taken out. The perverted creature seemed to enjoy even the rubbing which followed. After that, I have no faith in anything. I have no doubt that hens enjoy a daily plunge, and as for the gentleman who has always been represented as disliking holy water, I haven't the slightest doubt in the world that he drinks it iced three times a day.—Washington Post.

The Passion For Giving.

"Giving becomes a disease in time," remarked a West Philadelphia woman who had had some experience in very practical forms of charitable work. "It is delightful to most of us to be assured that some deed of ours has given great pleasure or done much good. Indeed, it gives more satisfaction than many deeds acted out from the most purely selfish motives and will appeal to us after these more selfish pleasures cease to please. It takes a terrific hold on many people. Women who have been able to give liberally have continued after they had nothing of value, sending silly, wornout finery that could not possibly be of use to anybody. But they have tasted the joy of conferring benefits, of receiving gratitude, and they simply can't deny themselves. Why, people have stolen that they might not have to give up the pleasure of bestowing gifts! Nothing can exceed the lengths to which this passion for giving will carry its victims."—Philadelphia Record.

The Robin and the Rat.

One day while a gentleman of Porthallow, St. Keverne, was walking past a farm in the neighborhood he was attracted by a robin, which flew about him, flapped its wings in his face some two or three times, and appeared greatly excited and distressed. He watched the robin for some time, and followed it toward a hedge a short distance away. There he found a rat which had got into the bird's nest and was devouring one of the young birds. At the sight of the gentleman the rat jumped out and was promptly knocked senseless. When the robin saw the rat lying on the road she flew at him and pecked him viciously. There were four young birds in the nest; one was killed, but the other three were unhurt.—St. James' Gazette.

Testing a Razor.

The economical young man took his razor to one of the best barbers in town to be honed. Returning to get it, he found it ready for him.

"I'll warrant that edge," said the barber.

"It does look pretty sharp," said the man, and he began to feel of the edge with his thumb.

"But I won't warrant it if you do that," declared the barber. "It's the worst thing you could possibly do. You might better cut your nails with it than run your finger across the edge once, or shave with it for a month. There's nothing like knowing a thing or two," the barber added.—Exchange.

Cameo Cutting.

Before the discovery of onyx as the material specially adapted for cameo cutting the ancients cut them on soft stones, eggshells and other materials. The Greco-Roman, and especially the Augustan, period was rich in cameos, and almost every great Roman wished to have his portrait cut in onyx. One of these, an exquisite portrait of Emperor Augustus Caesar himself, is perhaps the finest existing cameo. Such portrait cameos were practically indestructible, except by accident. Some large cameos—the "Triumph of Bacchus" at the Vatican, the "Agate de Tibere" at Paris and the "Gemma Augesten" at Vienna—are splendid works of art.

There was a change from the classical and mythological designs of Greco-Roman times to Christian themes in the fourth century, when Constantine the Great became a Christian.

At the renaissance classical art recovered its lost position. Renaissance cameo cutters were very skilled workmen, but in spite of their general high level they did not succeed in making any very important cameo, although the "Hymeneal Procession of Eros and Psyche" realized a high price.

Fact and Poetry.

An English fox hunter of celebrity had been asked by a publisher for a book of reminiscences. "But I've never written a word for publication," he said deprecatingly. "Of course, I've had adventures in the field in plenty, but"—

"Have you never had any connection with literature?" asked the publisher.

The master of the hunt shook his head.

"By Jove, yes, I have!" he exclaimed, his face lighting up. "Years ago Whyte-Melville came to me with a hunting poem he had written. For my criticism, he said. I read it through, and told him it was good, only there was one place where he was a little off. 'Hounds have broth, not soup,' said I."

"Well?" said the publisher hopefully.

The master of hounds looked grave again. "I don't think that counts," he said reluctantly. "The next line ended in 'whoop,' and Whyte-Melville rejected my suggestion."

A Drop In Values.

An odd story of Emerson was told the other day by a Cambridge man.

"A New York woman," he said, "called on Emerson one morning. The philosopher was reading in his study, and near him on a plate there lay a little heap of cherry stones. The visitor slipped one of the cherry stones into her glove. Some months later she met Emerson at a reception in Boston. She recalled her visit to him, and then she pointed to the brooch she wore—a brooch of gold and brilliants with the cherry stone set in the center.

"'I took this stone from the plate at your elbow on the morning of my call,' she said.

"'Ah!' said Emerson. 'I'll tell my amanuensis of that. He will be pleased. The young man loves cherries, but I never touch them myself.'"

A Pioneer Patentee.

It is rather remarkable that the first patent taken out in America should have been secured by an Englishman. It was in the middle of the seventeenth century that an Englishman named Jenk secured a monopoly in America for the sale of a hand machine for extinguishing fires which he had invented in England some years previously, but did not test its practical working until he migrated to America. The monopoly only lasted for fourteen years, but Jenk made a very ample fortune out of his sales of the apparatus.—London Tatler.

Routed by Puppets.

Toward the close of the reign of Elizabeth, when the Spaniards were frequently hovering about the southwest coast of England, a party from their ships landed in the neighborhood of where Falmouth stands today, with the intention of burning the borough of Penryn. It chanced, however, that that same evening some strollers had set up in Penryn market place a representation by puppets of certain incidents in the life of Samson, including his victory over the Philistines.

At the point of Samson's onset upon these with the jawbone of the ass the strollers beat drums and sounded trumpets indicative of an alarm, and the Spaniards, who were at that moment about to rush the town, believing it to be full of soldiers, bolted for their boats.

This probably occurred in 1595, when there was a Spanish squadron on the coast, which landed troops and burned Penzance.

Sport on the Kafue River.

A trader in ivory and rubber writes as follows of sport on the Kafue river, in Africa: "Every morning at daybreak we got up and scanned the plains with our glasses for game. Often our boys called us first to say that a herd of water buck or hartbeest was grazing in sight, especially if the camp was out of meat. The river was full of fish—barbel, bream, pike and tiger fish. The bream were by far the best eating, but the tiger fish and big barbel gave the best sport. Spoon bait, with strong pike tackle and a stiff bamboo rod, was all that was required, and, trolling behind a dugout paddled by natives, we could soon make a bag. The tiger fish fight gamely and, breaking water repeatedly, very often succeed in shaking the hook from their mouths. Barbel run up to eighty pounds weight, and a heavy one can tow a canoe along the surface at some speed."

A Penitent Rent Payer.

Michael Davitt in his "Fall of Feudalism In Ireland" gives the following as a sample of the letters that used to reach the Land league offices in the good old days: "Ballinrobe, Mayo, Jan. 8, 1881. To the Honorable Land Lague—Gintlemin, in a moment of wakeness I pade me rint. I did not no ther was a law aginst it or i wud not do it. the people pass by me dure as if the smal pox was in the hous, i heer ye do be givin pardons to min that do rong, and if ye will sind me a pardon to put in the windy for every one to rede it I will never komit the crime again. Misther Scrab Naly will give me a Karacthur if ye write to him at Bal."

Bridges In Korea.

Some idea of the delights of traveling in Korea is given by the following description by a traveler of the "bridges" in that country: A first class bridge in Korea is simply an assortment of planks nailed together. These are scarce. A second class bridge is a series of isolated stones, from one to another of which the visitor may jump. A third class bridge, much the commonest variety, is invisible, its position being indicated by a couple of posts, one on each side of the river. They mean that you may safely wade across, as the water will—probably—not go much above your chest!

Cannon of 1812.

Cannon were small, measured by modern standard, in 1812, but the Ohio world was quiet, and the pioneers had keen senses. There is much evidence that the guns of Perry's squadron were heard by settlers living at least thirty-five miles east of Cleveland, or nearly 100 miles in an air line from the scene of the famous fight which gave the control of the lakes above Niagara falls to the Americans and did much to save the northwest for the United States.

All Have Troubles.

"Everybody worries about money."

"Oh, I don't know. Some men are so rich"—

"That's just it. Poor men worry because they can't get money, and the rich man worries for fear that it will get away from him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Business Cards.

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The Work of the Heart.

Whether it be true or not that the Egyptians 4,000 years B. C. discovered the true functions of the heart and thus anticipated Harvey, it certainly is true that Michael Servitus, whom John Calvin burned to death at Geneva in 1553, in his treatise, "De Trinitatis Erroribus," published in 1533, first maintained the imperviousness of the septum and the "transition of blood from the right ventricle by the pulmonary artery to the lungs, thence by the pulmonary vein and left auricle and ventricle and the aorta to all parts of the body."

More than eighty years later Harvey, taking up the work of that great physiologist, completed it, and in his work, "Exercitatis de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis" (1628), promulgated to the world his discovery of the true functions of the heart and of the regular and periodic circulation of the blood, and it in nowise derogates from his fame or the merit of his discovery to say that it was Michael Servitus who pointed the way to this discovery for him.—New York Times.

Horseflesh and Beef.

"Here are some means of distinguishing between horseflesh and beef," said a meat inspector.

"Raw horseflesh is a brownish red in color, whereas in raw beef there is no brown. Raw horseflesh is soft and tenacious. Touch it, and the finger sinks in, while as you withdraw the finger the tissues rise with it and cling to it, as though intermixed with glue. But raw beef is not soft nor tenacious in this way. Raw horseflesh, furthermore, has an odd, metallic smell.

"Cooked horseflesh is denser than beef. It is as dense as a lump of cheese. In taste it is sweet—a sweetness sickening, to my mind.

"The best test for horseflesh is to take a piece of the fat and melt it. Horse fat will melt to a clear oil at so low a temperature as 70 degrees F., but beef fat won't melt to a clear oil under a temperature of 112 degrees."—New York Telegram.

The Gallery Gods' Applause.

Lawrence Barrett once told of a conversation he had with Edwin Booth. The latter had been congratulated upon an ovation given him by a crowded house on the opening night of an engagement. "The sweetest music to my ears," said the great tragedian, "is the shouting of the boys in the gallery. I know they are not applauding because I have a reputation or because they wish to make a display. They simply give vent to their natural enthusiasm. When they shout I know that I am giving a good performance. As for the parquet, it may clap its hands out of politeness. A dramatic critic who had certain notions as to how a line should be read will applaud if I read it his way; otherwise he will remain quiet. I can never analyze the applause of the front rows, but the gallery is sincere in its likes or dislikes."

Memory of Sleepwalkers.

The memory of sleepwalkers is extraordinary, not to say phenomenal, especially when under the peculiar impulse of the disease which prompts their movements. Moritz gives an instance of a poor basket maker who was unable to either read or write, yet, strange as it may appear, when in one of his somnambulistic vigils he would preach fluent sermons, some of which were recognized as having formed parts of discourses which he was accustomed to hear when he was a child attending his parish church forty years before.

Coffee a Disinfectant.

"Drink plenty of coffee if there is sickness around you," said a physician. "Coffee is a good preventive of typhoid fever and cholera. This has been proven. Cholera germs and typhoid germs have been thrown into coffee and the aromatic drink has not once failed to kill the germs within an hour. Hence, amid contagious conditions do not neglect, among your other precautions, to drink three cups of strong coffee at each meal."

Stands No Chance.

Fond Mother—I am not surprised, Edith, that young Mr. Highmus prefers your society to that of Kate Garlinghorn. She may be more dashing and coquettish, but she is far from being your equal in the enduring qualities of intellect and culture. Miss Edith—Yes, that's where I've got the bulge on poor little Kit.—Chicago Tribune.

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In effect June 6, 1904.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.11, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.05, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.20, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 3.25, 5.29, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.58, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.20, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.13, 9.49, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.15, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.31, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

9.13 P. M. to Boston in effect June 27, 1804.

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M.. and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
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Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
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Undertaker & Funeral Director
211 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
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John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
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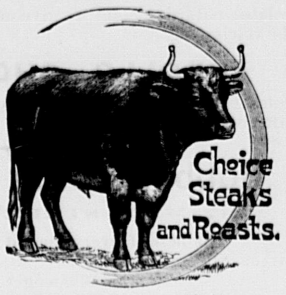
Choice Steaks and Roasts.

450 Main St., Woburn

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Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

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NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after June 27, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.07, 6.22, every 15 minutes until 9.52 A. M then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M then every 15 minutes until 7.52 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 11.07 A. M then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M then every 15 minutes until 9.07 P. M and then every 30 minutes until 12.37 A. M

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 8.37; then every 15 minutes 9.37 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.07, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 10.07 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour then 12.37 A. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

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VIA
JOY LINE
BOSTON
NEW YORK
THROUGH LONG ISLAND SOUND BY DAYLIGHT
Folders and Information on Request.
B. D. PITTS Agt., 308 Congress St., Boston
Phone Main 6460.

HIS OWN HEART

By Oliver L. Mitchell

Copyright, 1904, by K. A. Whitehead

Phil Trenton was something of a matchmaker. He wanted his friend Howbridge in the family and was pleased to introduce him to his only sister, Joanna.

"He's all right, Jo," Phil said, "and I hope you won't break his heart badly enough to keep him from finishing the story I'm to illustrate—if you'll pose for me."

Joanna's blue eyes danced—then, and a little later when Phil made an insufficient excuse and left them alone. Howbridge felt as if he had been told to play with a strange little girl. Joanna was quite at ease. The mischievous freedom of her glance contradicted the reserve of her bearing. Howbridge decided that she was fit to be the heroine of an unusual story. She was blond and beautiful and magnificently tall.

"Are you waiting for me to say I enjoyed your last book?" she questioned at last.

"Follow your conscience, Miss Trenton. But did Phil make you read it? I wouldn't mind knowing whether you cried at the right places. Did you?" He leaned toward her. His strong face was clean shaven. His gray eyes were noncommittal. He had the sad mouth and gentle manners of a humorist.

"Oh, I didn't read it," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because I did read your first book. I don't like your women. I'd like to be polite, but you mentioned my conscience."

"Don't mind my feelings and tell me what is wrong with the women in my tales."

"They are all right. It's you. You make them do what they never would do of their own free will. Now, you married Fanny to that Burson. He wasn't even interesting." He waited for her to continue, his fertile fancy fitting literary situations about her personality.

"You can't know women very well, do you? You're too"— she paused roguishly.

"Too young?" he hazarded.

"I don't know how old you feel, but it's not age that gives insight, is it? By the way, Mr. Howbridge, where do you get your material? For your new story, for instance, that's announced for September? The title—isn't it weak? And how do you know 'What Life Is Made Of?'"

"Suppose I came down here just to find out?" he said mysteriously. "Perhaps you can show me? They say that women know. The story is hardly begun. Can't you find me a model for a heroine? It would be a charity to the reading public."

Joanna mused.

"There aren't ten interesting women in this neighborhood, not even counting my sister-in-law"—

"And you."

"Thank you, since I couldn't say it myself."

Their conversation was cut short by the abrupt entrance of Phil and his wife, who liked her husband's friends and had invited Howbridge to spend his six weeks' vacation and write his story at "The Place Apart," as they called their summer home, which was near. Phil was an illustrator, and between him and Mrs. Phil, who had been an interior decorator, the cottage was a thing to dream about artistically. They had a keen sense of what not to put into a house. Joanna, who was practical, lived with them, did the housekeeping, which she loved, posed for her brother and roamed the woods with her big St. Bernard dog.

Howbridge was given a room, absolute disposal of his time and potluck in a family that had all the charms and none of the discomforts of camping. Joanna treated him like an amusing playmate, teased him about his literary abstractions and his writing and pretended to search for a model for his heroine. She knew little of books, but could caricature effectively, sing like a thrush and play the piano with musicianly instinct. She was twenty-two and had always lived. He was thirty-three and had always written—with moderate success.

Howbridge studied Joanna impersonally, as he had studied all girls since his betrothed married another man while Howbridge was at college dreaming and writing her sentimental love letters. The other man had always wanted her, so he stayed on the spot, saw her every day and did things till he got her—which taught Howbridge a lesson. He woke up, and after that his characters were more real—not like those in his first book.

Joanna had no heart history. Men who saw much of her did. They, always to her surprise, fell in love with her and to their own surprise married other women and sighingly remembered her as a lost love when they had indigestion or lost out in some project. Joanna liked men in a comradely way and never flirted, for she was very sincere and hated to hurt anything. Besides, she wanted to keep her heart all in one piece.

She and Oliver walked and drove and canoed together and talked much about nothing in particular and said a lot that they did not mean, which was a sure method of learning each other's tastes. She ridiculed his commonplace title and began posing to Phil for the illustrations.

Howbridge tried to get down to work on his story, which was to be of no great length and which ordinarily he could have written in a few days, but he made no headway. He could not suit himself, he made a jumble of it, and each morning's installment was written in a different mood. At last he destroyed it and began over again, wondering what was the matter with him.

He soon found out. Meanwhile he found himself at an inexplicable standstill in his acquaintance with Joanna, who seemed to avoid him. One day he entered the studio while she was posing, and her eyes met his with a question new to them. The same day she broke off in the midst of a song to ask:

"To compose a heart breaking thing like that did he have to have the experience himself?"

"Not necessarily. If he had sufficient artistic imagination he would get a better perspective of the suffering of another."

She struck up a gay melody, but her face was thoughtful. Then her mood changed, and he could not keep up with her brilliant sallies. She teased and dared him, half bewildered and wholly charmed him. He decided that she could flirt most gloriously and was ready for her, but by evening she was again unapproachable.

The next morning he was called to the studio, where he found Joanna posing listlessly. Phil was irritated and critical.

"She can't get it. Help her, Howbridge. There has to be a man anyway. You know how the scene ought to go."

"I may do for attitude," he said calmly, "but keep my face out—the dear public knows it. Ready? Tell me if the pose is not right."

But he knew it was. He walked to her side and drew her into his arms, with his face against her hair and her hands in his. He quivered, knowing his touch meant nothing to her—that she was only posing.

When it was over he thought it out in his room. And nearly all night he wrote his own story—and Joanna's—just as it was—how he had met and came to love her. He put into it his heart and soul, going beyond fact only in making her finally yield to his plea for her love. It was morning when he finished.

After breakfast he told Phil to let the pictures go for awhile, got the sketches of Joanna, locked them up and went to touching up his work of the night preceding. Surely it would move her—it would tell her better than spoken words.

After luncheon he slipped the manuscript under the door and waited. He heard her enter the room. He walked the floor, but all afternoon she made no sign.

At dinner her head was high, her cheeks pink and her eyes very bright, and later she asked Howbridge to go up the river. They walked silently to the canoe. Joanna took the paddle, and bade Howbridge not to talk. He did not wish to. It was enough to look at her and wait till she let him ask her about their story. As they glided near the shore in blurring tree shadows she spoke.

"That is a good story. I congratulate you on your success." Could she be joking? "The plot is clever, the characters are true to life and it is full of feeling." Her tone was cutting.

"Joanna! Don't you understand? Don't"—

"I understand perfectly. You came for material, and you got it. Phil says you are going to see your publishers tomorrow. Well, you needn't return. I despise you. You not only made me care, but you dared to show me to what advantage you use my love. I shall get over it."

"Joanna!" Her eyes blazed.

"And you dared to touch me when my brother's presence made me powerless to resent it, and you knew what it meant to me? Oliver Howbridge, you"— but he stopped her.

"It's my turn now. I love you. The story was written for you alone—no one else will see it. It is the story of my heart, dear. I thought you would understand. It was my way of telling you that life is made of wanting you. Don't you see? Can't you love me, Jo?"

Her anger died away. Tears stood in her eyes, but her laugh was saucy, provoking.

"Yes, Oliver, but not enough to die with you just yet."

"Die?"

"Yes. We will, if you don't stay where you are and stop tipping the canoe." She was her old teasing self. It was shamefully late before she would land and let her lover take her into his arms, and into his heart for all time.

A Promising Customer.

The brisk, well dressed stranger stepped into the corner drug store and, passing by the boy who usually attended to casual customers, approached the proprietor, who, with his back turned, was rearranging some goods on a showcase.

"Mr. Sawyer, I presume," he said pleasantly, and the druggist turned and bowed gravely.

"I have heard my friend, Senator Brown, speak of you often," said the brisk man. "He told me if ever I needed anything in this line to come to you. He spoke of you as a man on whom one could rely with perfect confidence, who carried only the best of everything, and with whom it was always a pleasure to deal."

"The senator is very kind," said the druggist, beaming with gratification. "He is one of my best customers. What can I do for you this morning?"

"Well—er—this morning, as it happens," said the stranger, with a shade less of briskness, "this morning I should like, if you will allow me, to consult your directory."

"Certainly," said the druggist. "We also have a fine line of postage stamps if you ever need anything of that kind."

Easy Stairs.

The very acme of ease is reached in stairs that have treads twelve to fifteen inches broad and risers five to seven inches high. The run or distance in most houses is too short to allow of this, but they should come as near it as the architect of the house will permit. It is so easy to climb such stairs that one hardly is aware of any effort. Numbers of incurably broken down women owe their bad health to the steep stairs which they have been obliged to climb daily.

The Crucial Moment.

One of the favorite maxims of General Grant and one certainly in accord with human nature was that in every closely contested battle there comes a time when both sides are exhausted. When this condition arises, he said, the army that first breaks the lull and puts itself in motion is likely to win. A blow then is worth a dozen previous ones.

Duty Before Pleasure.

Hostess (to new curate)—We seem to be talking of nothing but horses, Mr. Soothem. Are you much of a sportsman? Curate—Really, Lady Betty, I don't think I ought to say that I am. I used to collect butterflies, but I have given up even that now.—London Tit-Bits.

It Didn't Pay.

Jones—Morris is now convinced that advertising does not pay. Smith—Why, I thought he advertised for a wife and got one. Jones—So he did, and that's why he says it doesn't pay.

Unreasonable.

Customer—The last fish I had from you didn't seem very fresh. Fishdealer—Well, mum, 'ow can you expect fresh fish to come out o' salt water?—New Yorker.

Different Points of View.

The Proverb Girl—A burned child dreads the fire, you know. The Bachelor—Oh, but I don't know. The majority of widowers marry again.—Pittsburg Press.

A Strong Word.

Dr. Blunt—We must wake her, because I want to ask her if she has obeyed my orders. The Patient's Husband—Er—ah—doctor, it might be as well to—ah—put that question in a somewhat different form.

Much Bigger.

Y.—Do you think Ike ever lies about the fish he catches?—C.—No, I don't, but I think he lies about the fish he doesn't catch.—Stray Stories.

Being asked the name of the world's greatest composer, a smart university young man said "Chloroform."

A Lesson In Arithmetic.

Teacher—Tommy, if you gave your little brother nine sticks of candy and then took away seven, what would that make? Tommy—It would make him yell.

Consulting to Profit.

First Doctor—Then we decide not to operate. Second Doctor—Yes. What do you think we ought to charge him for deciding not to operate?—Brooklyn Life.

By the Hand of Providence

By Martha M'Culloch-Williams

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Jemmy was explaining to Amelia: "This is the way you make a hortus siccus: You get a big book with no printin' in it, and then paste it full of weeds and flowers and grass and little bits of bushes, but you have to dry, dry, dry 'em. Siccus is Latin for just as dry as a bone."

"I wonder could we put in Benjamin Byram, Esq.?" Bess speculated plaintively. "Heaven knows he's dry enough just as he stands. Then think of the relief if he was once where you could shut him up and off at will."

Prue giggled outright. "He does talk thirteen to the dozen," she said. "But who wouldn't, with all his chances? Nature made him a fool of the first water, and fate chipped in by giving him a fortune and a doting family."

"Benjamin the Blatant, Tom Rodman calls him," Bess began, still plaintive. Jemmy came charging at her, with Amelia hot upon his heels, and shouting: "You hush, Aunty Bess! You wanter lose me my pony! Mister Byram says he'll give me a Shetland if I don't let nobody say a word against him in this house."

"I b'lieve he wants Jem to fight with Mister Tom Rodman," Amelia interrupted sagely, her head the least bit aside. "And I ain't goin' to help him there," she added pointedly, "'cause Mister Tom says I'm his sweetheart. He's goin' to wait for me to grow up. He thinks I'm a heap prettier'n Aunty Bess right now."

"How about me?" Prue asked, giggling more than ever. Amelia looked reflectively, but Jemmy stuck his hands in his pockets, set his feet far apart and said, sticking out his chin after the manner of his model, Benjamin Byram, "Why, Prudy, you know nobody will ever look at you so long as Aunty Bess and Melia are around."

"Won't they, indeed?" Prue queried, drawing down the corners of her mouth meekly, although her eyes twinkled. Jemmy swung on his heel, saying magisterially: "Course not. Why, you're all freckled same as a turkey egg and haven't hardly got meat enough to wrap up your long bones."

"Upon my soul! Say, Miss Prue, shall I take him out and drown him?" Tom Rodman asked, coming through the door as he spoke. But Jemmy only grinned at him—Jemmy was nine and Prue eighteen. They were the best of comrades, despite his brutal frankness. Prue made a dash at him, stood him upon his head, then swung him by an arm and a leg, chanting:

"Here he goes! Fingers and toes!
Up the chimney when the wind blows!"

ending in a feint of flinging Jemmy upon the open fire. Amelia improved the opportunity to pull her brother's hair until he howled. They were twins and pretty badly spoiled, as was but natural, since they had grown up motherless in their grandfather's house.

"I'll swing you by your legs, Prudy, when I'm a man. You see if I don't," Jemmy said, trying to scowl, but grinning in spite of himself. Tom Rodman picked the boy up and flung him across his shoulder, saying gravely: "I hate to do it, but there's nothing else for it. Jemmy, I've been telling you this ever so long I'd carry you to the gypsies if you did not behave better. Stop wriggling. You can't get away. But I'll let you kiss Melia and the others goodby. Be quick! You won't ever see them again."

"Kiss 'em all yourself. That's what you're after," Jemmy, the astute, piped huskily as Tom carried him close to Aunty Bess. His arms were free. Impishly he laid hold of the two heads and yanked them together, locking his arms behind the two necks and holding them tight, laughing uproariously all the while. Tom was a gallant fellow. He could do no less than kiss Bess, if all his heart did belong to sweet Miss Prue. And just as he kissed her who should come in to them but Mr. Byram, the rich distant cousin, who had been for three weeks a guest at Fairlaw.

Mr. Byram had come there exploring. He felt the need of a wife rather than the want of one. Bess, who was tall and twenty and the very moral of gracious stateliness when she chose to be, had captivated him out of hand. He would have proposed to her the second day of his visit, never doubting what answer she would make, but that his sense of propriety forbade. Besides, it would not do to dazzle her too suddenly. He must let the great prospects break gently upon her as dawn broke over the world. So he had been nobly impartial in his devoirs, so much so he had twinges of conscience whenever he thought of Prue. She was hardly more than a schoolgirl, to be sure, but quite mature enough to break her heart over loss of him if she once let herself seriously believe she had a chance of being Mrs. Byram.

Of Tom Rodman he had taken no more account than to set him down as an impertinent puppy, with a knack of coming in at all hours, especially when Mr. Byram least expected or wanted him. To discover him kissing Bess in the face of everybody made Benjamin the Blatant simply furious. All the more furious that Jemmy cried out gleefully: "Mister Byram! Mister Byram! Come help me hold 'em! They tried to skeer me, but I'm beatin' 'em at their own game!"

"Let loose, you little varmint! Shut up!" Tom commanded. Prue made a dash at the tangle and deftly untwined Jemmy's fingers, letting Bess escape. Mr. Byram stood speechless in wrath and amazement until Amelia, sidling up to him, slid her hand within his and said, with the least toss of the head: "They ain't behavin' ugly. Mister Tom will be Aunty Bess' nephew when he marries me, and the Fairlies always kiss their kinfolk, if they ain't too far off and great big stuffs into the bargain. Prue and Aunty Bess said so the first night you came."

"Indeed!" Mr. Byram exploded. "With my coming, I suppose, for a text. Well, young ladies, I see in all this the hand of Providence. A just and ever watchful God would not permit me to fall victim to your mercenary designs. No doubt you were tempted by my wealth and position, although you are so wholly incapable of appreciating a man of my character"—

"Kindly come outside with me before you say any more," Tom Rodman interrupted, setting Jemmy down with a thump and putting himself in front of Bess, who had grown very white and had eyes of scorching flame. Prue, contrarywise, had flushed so scarlet it hid all her freckles. Tom reached a hand to her and drew her toward him, while he went on steadily: "Your talk needs a man to hear and answer it. I'm that man. Bess and Prue have no brother, and Mr. Fairlie is past fighting age. But Prue belongs to me, and that gives me the right to stand up for 'em. So you come along! We'll settle this the minute we strike the turnpike and neutral ground."

"Hush, Tom! Remember he's our guest!" Bess pleaded. Prue gave her sweetheart a roguish and heavenly smile. Amelia looked fit to cry over the toppling of her air castle, but Jemmy turned a handspring by way of showing his joy in the "melley." As he came up standing, he stepped in front of Byram, swelled out his chest and said stoutly:

"Don't you try no crawfish games! You know you wanted to marry Aunty Bess! You told me so and said I must court her for you. I ain't very big, but if you try to go back on her I'll let you know I can shoot my little gun, and that's more than you can do. We won't have a regular duel, like grandpa tells about. Let's try a buttin' match instead, and if I butt you over, like David did Goliath, you'll propose to Aunty Bess same as ever and gimme that Shetland you've been talkin' so much about."

"Ladies and gentlemen, goodby," Mr. Byram began in his most ceremonious voice. He got no further. Jemmy went at him like a catapult and bowled him down and out of the door, only stopping when his enemy lay prostrate upon the hall threshold. There the grownups came to the rescue and so managed it that Mr. Byram went off an hour later, somewhat bruised in his person and self esteem, but as to his outer man whole and speckless. When the carriage rolled away with him Tom Rodman drew a long breath and said as he tossed a foreign letter to Bess: "Your sweetheart is coming home by the next steamer. Had a cable this morning. You see, I have been writing him things. He will agree with me and the late Byram that in all this there is unmistakably the hand of Providence."

Talent Promptly Recognized.

The businesslike young man approached the man at the desk.

"I'll ask only a minute of your time," he said. "I want to know if you wouldn't like to subscribe for a copy of this book. I've sold 150 of 'em in this building in the last three days."

The man at the desk took the book and looked at it. He noted its utter worthlessness from a literary point of view, its tawdry binding and the cheapness of the paper on which it was printed. Then he said:

"Young man, do you mean to tell me seriously that you have sold 150 copies of that book in this one building?"

"Yes, sir. Here's my order book. You can look at the signatures yourself. Every one of them is genuine."

"I see. Young fellow, I don't know how much you are making out of this business, but I'll give you twice as much, whatever it is, if you'll take hold of a patent nose ring I was fool enough to drop a lot of money in a few years ago and help me to dispose of a stock of 2,000 dozen of 'em I've still got on hand."—Chicago Tribune.

Ivory Carving In China and Japan.

In China and Japan ivory has been carved, the ivory balls inclosed inside one another being specially noted. Many theories have been formed as to how these balls have been cut. Perhaps a probable one is that a ball of ivory was taken, around the upper and lower ends of which four small holes were carved out, gradually diminishing in size toward the center until the axis of the one hole met the axis of the other or lower one at right angles in the center of the ball and that then small tools were inserted and a thin layer of ivory forming a part of a circle from one hole to its lower corresponding one was cut and loosened from the whole mass. So, gradually cutting from one hole to the next one, a complete inner circle was eventually loosened, the circles themselves afterward being cut into the required pattern.—Chambers' Journal.

Too Tame.

"Do you think that a young man ought to go into politics?"

"No," answered Broncho Bob. "There's nothing in it. I went to a political convention once. All they did was to holler and wave their hands. There wasn't a shot fired."—Washington Star.

Ayer's
Don't try cheap cough medicines. Get the best, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. What a record it has, sixty years of
Cherry Pectoral
cures! Ask your doctor if he doesn't use it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.
"I have found that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best medicine I can prescribe for bronchitis, influenza, coughs, and hard colds."
M. LODEMAN, M.D., Ithaca, N. Y.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for Bronchitis
Correct any tendency to constipation with small doses of Ayer's Pills.

HANG THE PRISONERS!

An Exclamation That Was Interpreted as an Order.

The young laird of Lochnow was a character in the Scotch camp life of the early eighteenth century. He was cool in action and full of fun in daily life. One day he was detailed to command a burial party, and as he strolled over the battlefield his orderly came to him in great perplexity.

"Sir," said he, "there is a heap of fellows lying out yonder who say they're only wounded, and they won't let us bury them like the rest. What shall we do?"

"Bury them at once," replied young Agnew, without moving a muscle of his countenance, "for if you take their word for it they won't be dead for a hundred years to come."

The man saluted and started off in all simplicity to carry out the order, and Agnew had to dispatch a counter order in haste to prevent his joke from becoming a tragedy.

This recalls an "o'er true" tale of border life. Some Galloway moss troopers were brought before Sir William Howard, who was an enthusiastic mathematician. He was deep in his studies when the prisoners were marched into the castle courtyard, and a lieutenant came running up to get orders as to their disposal. Enraged at being interrupted, he cried, "Hang the prisoners!" and went on with his work.

He finished his problem and went down with a cheerful mind, only to learn that his exclamation had been taken for an order, and the prisoners were all hanged.

ATHLETICS IN GERMANY.

Wrestling Is One of the Most Popular Forms of Exercise.

Wrestling is one of the most popular forms of athletic exercises in Germany, and it seems as if the heavy and muscular build of the Germans peculiarly adapts them for this kind of sport.

The general public interprets the word "athlete" as meaning a wrestler, weight lifter or "strong man." When the English style of athletics was introduced into Germany, it was termed "light athletics." Wrestling is termed "heavy athletics." In every town there are many clubs indulging in "heavy athletics," and numerous public contests are arranged, in connection with which challenges to "all comers" are issued. Here one can often witness a pitched battle between science and brute power—see an "all comer" of stupendous build, probably a butcher, brewer or furniture remover, laid flat on both shoulder blades in the most approved style by a little, wiry fellow as slippery as an eel. On the occasion of the world's championships held in Berlin an open arena, roofed only in the center, where the wrestling took place, was erected, with tiers of seats for the public all around. As luck would have it, the weather proved boisterous and the public shy of the fair. The championships ended dismally, and the impresario, unable to pay the men's retainers, very discreetly decided to "leave town."—Fry's Magazine.

Flying Fish.

Flying fish swim in shoals varying in number from a dozen to a hundred or more. They often leave the water at once, darting through the air in the same direction for 200 yards or more, and then descend to the water quickly, rising again and then renewing their flight. Sometimes the dolphin may be seen in rapid pursuit, taking great leaps out of the water and gaining upon his prey, which take shorter and shorter flights, vainly trying to escape, until they sink exhausted. Sometimes the larger sea birds catch flying fish in the air. The question whether the flying fish use their fins at all as wings is not fully decided. The power of flight is limited to the time the fins remain moist.

The Meaning of Orange Blossoms.

The orange tree is regarded as a prince among trees and the emblem of genius. A peculiarity of this tree is that it bears fruit and flowers at the same time. Its leaves are evergreen and as it grows older it grows in beauty and fruitfulness, its blossom filling the air with its fragrance. It is indeed a fit emblem of marriage promise and hopes. The orange tree is considered typical of love because, though its fruit is golden and its flavor and scent delicious, its rind is bitter, and as every one knows who has experienced it Cupid's dart causes pain. The orange is emblematic of gratitude as well as of genius and love.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The First Ice Cream.

A French chef who prepared a snowlike dish for the Duc de Chartres in 1774 is said to have been the first to make that cool luxury known as ice cream. Lord Bacon was possessed of the knowledge that there was a process of congelation by means of snow and salt. But to him this was a scientific fact, and he little dreamed of the idea that in after years this congelation would prove such a delightful refreshment.

Generous.

Baron (to his valet)—Johann, I have received quite a large number of offers in reply to a matrimonial advertisement. I have selected one out of the lot, and here are the rest if you like to make any use of them.—From the German.

Mean.

Jane—When I reach my twenty-seventh birthday I'm going to settle down. Mary—I'm afraid you'll find it out of reach, my dear. It passed so long ago.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The motto of chivalry is also the motto of wisdom—to serve all, but love only one.—Balzac.

In Plain English.

Doctor—I found the patient to be suffering from abrasion of the cuticle, tumefaction, ecchymosis and extravasation in the integument and cellular tissue about the left orbit.—Judge—You mean he had a black eye? Doctor—Yes.

Just plain, ordinary stubborness often masquerades as strength of character.—Atchison Globe.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG. 5, 1904.

ABOUT SENATOR APPLETON.

The candidates for the Presidency of the Massachusetts State Senate are still at work in their respective campaigns, but the situation has been changed somewhat during the past week. A week ago *Practical Politics* noted that that there were five gentlemen in the field, any of whom could worthily fill the important post. Since that time, however, the withdrawal of Senator Francis Appleton of Middlesex-Essex has been rumored. There seems to be something substantial behind the rumor and close students of the game will not be surprised to read within a few days a letter from the Senator announcing the fact that he will not stand for re-election. Senator Appleton has many friends and strong followers. Incidentally, there is some feeling in his District and some opposition on the ground that his return would disturb the order of succession. — *Practical Politics*.

It was generally expected that Senator Appleton, on due reflection, would adopt the course indicated above. There is no objection to him anywhere in the District on personal or official grounds, nor, under different conditions, would there be serious opposition to giving him another term in the Senate; but the compact between Middlesex and Essex still exists, and that, in honor, bars him out.

RILEY AND NOWELL

There appears to be no opinion to the contrary but that Representative Nowell can succeed himself if he so desires and the Democrats do not rally with too many votes—an unlikely proceeding. *The Chronicle* has not heard from Representative Nowell of his intentions, but interprets his silence as consent. As Representative Riley of Woburn is serving his first term, the ethics of politics suggests him as the nominee another year. A close scrutiny of the records of these Representatives confirms what their well known abilities and probity suggest—that they have been faithful to their trust.—*Reading Chronicle*.

Of course, they have; they are built that way. And equally of course, Messrs. Riley and Nowell will be returned to the next Legislature from this District by a big majority.

☞ The newspapers down about Medford and over Malden and Melrose way are still fighting (on paper) the brown-tail and gypsy moth and shouting for an appropriation. A late prolonged period of intense itching (claimed to be caused by the moths) and consequent hard scratching of their bodies and limbs have increased their vociferousness to a mighty chorus for State aid to exterminate the pestiferous insect. Possibly the scratching may result in the removal of some of the moss from their backs. They only wish that those impudent and heartless Editors who have been laughing at their ground and lofty tumbling over the moth question might be similarly afflicted! We wonder whether, or not, they took the U. S. Commissioner, Dr. Marlatt, the expert bugologist, over to Saugus swamp and showed him that tree, killed by lightning several years ago, which the Gypsy Moth Commission of sweet memory printed regularly and tearfully in their reports every year as an Awful Example of the destructive powers of the Gypsy and B. T.? The JOURNAL has, all along, stoutly maintained that the moth could not be exterminated, and the JOURNAL was right, for the *News*, across the street, says that Dr. Marlatt, the bugologist aforesaid, says "that the only way to keep these pests in a reasonable degree of subjugation (not extermination) is by importing from Europe the parasites that *pray* on them." Now the question is, do the papers above referred to, and the *News* especially, believe that the prayers of the parasites will do the business? or, even, that parasites do really *pray* at all?

☞ The State Board of Agriculture has received many calls for information as to the best means of combating the gypsy moth, and having no literature bearing directly on that point, has arranged to include an article in its Crop Report for July on "The Gypsy and Brown-Tail Moths," by A. H. Kirkland, M S., of Boston. Mr. Kirkland was formerly the Entomologist in the employ of the Board, and during the last year of its work against the gypsy moth was acting Field Director. He has kept in close touch with the situation since that time and has recently assisted Dr. Marlatt, the United States government expert, in his inspection of the territory. This report will be sent on application to J. Lewis Ellsworth, Sec. State Board of Agriculture, State House, Boston, and those wishing it may have their names placed on the mailing list for future issues.

☞ On July 28, *The Suburban*, a sprightly and fair featured hebdomadal published at the Hub of the Universe, contained a portrait, accompanied by a brief biographical sketch, of Mr. Theodore P. Wilson, Editor of our esteemed contemporary, the Winchester *Star*, one of the best and most prosperous weeklies issued in the environs of Boston. Although the picture "flattered" the original in no small degree, we found but slight difficulty in recognizing the comely physiognomy of our friend, and felt that the portrait deserved to be framed. In the closing paragraph of the sketch it was stated that Mrs. Wilson, the estimable wife of the Editor, was among the first women reporters on Boston papers to do active field work, and we'll warrant she did it well, for she is a dabster with the reportorial pencil.

☞ We learn from a circular issued by the Republican City Committee of Holyoke that Mayor Arthur B. Chapin of that city is a candidate for State Treasurer and will compete for the nomination at the Republican State Convention next October. The Committee say he is all right and would make a firstclass Treasurer, if elected.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

☞ At the O. H. W. banquet at Wilmington last Wednesday Judge Emmons, Chairman of the Boston Board of Police Commissioners, unanimously nominated Hon. Chester W Clarke of Wilmington, State Senator, for Governor of the Commonwealth. There was not one solitary opposing voice or vote to the nomination.

LOCAL NEWS.

— Miss H. Josephine Ellis is at Auburn, N. H.

— Dr. Bixby's son has returned to New York.

— Herbert B. Dow and family are at Marblehead Neck.

— Maud Ayer and Alice Conant are at East Edgcomb, Me.

— Jack Watts is doing a fine business at Revere Beach.

— Miss Helen Maguire of the *Times* staff is on her vacation.

— Mr. Julius F. Ramsdell and family are at Chatham.

— Clarence A. Pierce, wife and child are at York Beach.

— Miss Calnan is a prominent figure in the City Treasurer's office.

— Mr. Alvah J. Foster and family are to take their vacation at the seashore.

— The next thing on the programme should be a public playground, or bathhouse.

— Mr. Leon L. Dorr will go to Maine for his vacation the last of this month.

— Particular attention is asked for Mr. Deland's real estate notice in this paper.

— It was intensely hot last Sunday, but Monday saw it and went one better.

— Josephine and Helen Hart enjoyed their outing at Rockport, Maine, firstrate.

— Janitor James McGovern of the Public Library is taking a well earned vacation.

— Walter I. Ashbee is out on vacation. He is bookkeeper at the Chemical Works.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Miss Annie Cook of the Woburn Savings Bank goes to Littleton, N H, for her vacation.

— Mr. William T. Kendall attended the Old Home Week celebration at Burlington last Sunday.

— Dr. J. P. Bixby of No. Woburn has an office in Savings Bank Block from 3 to 4 P. M. daily.

— Baseball is at fever heat at the South End Hall. It is the subject for discussion every evening.

— Capt. John P. Crane proposes to sample the virtues of Poland Springs, Maine, as a summer resort.

— The Ladies Auxiliary of Div. 5, A. O. H., had a successful trolley party last Wednesday night.

— Take particular notice please of the change in Copeland & Bowser's advertisement. It is all right.

— Rev. Norman E. Richardson, pastor of the M. E. Church has returned from New Hampshire.

— William A. Prior and family are at Duxbury, the home of his ancestors, and a fine place for a vacation.

— Mrs. Bertha Taylor of 23 Pleasant street has returned from a month's pleasant stay at Salisbury Beach.

— Miss Jennie Connors had one of her hand seriously injured in the Southboro trolley disaster a few days ago.

— The family of John J. McCarthy of Salem street have taken a cottage at Winthrop for this month.

— Miss Margaret Comer of this city and a friend from Winchester are spending this week at Revere Beach.

— Rev. F. H. Allen of Sag Harbor, N. Y., is to fill the sacred desk at First Church next Sunday, providence permitting.

— Rev. H. C. Parker and his sons had a good time camping at Kingston It was Parson P's first experience at inhabiting the woods.

— Mrs. Mary A. Carter of Bennett street and her daughter Ada D., a teacher at Milton, N. H., will visit the Fair at St. Louis in October.

— A breeze of considerable proportions was raised over the expenditure of highway appropriations at the Council meeting last Monday night.

— Newfound Lake, N. H., is the present address of the members of the families of Messrs. John C. N. Parker, D. C. Gifford, and Mrs. S. S. Hovey.

— Ald. Corrigan and family of Montvale, after an absence from the Old Sod of 12 years, started last week on a visit to the home of their childhood.

— Veteran Rufus R. Whitten, as well as a good many more Woburn soldiers of the Civil War, comes in under the new law for a pension. That's right.

— Mr. J. F. Deland says the construction of the Burdett College building at Lynn is progressing finely. It is to be one of the best business blocks in the "Shoe City."

— Mr. E. Prior, the real estate agent and dealer, goes to his ancestral home at Duxbury in a few days. He expects to do some deep sea fishing while down there.

— The electrical branch of the Fire Department was badly disorganized by lightning in the storm last Tuesday morning. And some of the water mains were bursted.

— Mrs. John F. (Margaret) Towle of Roxbury has been entertaining the children of her brother-in law, Ex P. M. Timothy Hagerty of this city, at her cottage at Hull.

— Mr. Fred Stanley, of the firm of Fitz & Stanley, proprietors of the old and reliable Boston Branch grocery, and Mrs. Stanley went to Intervale, N. H., last Monday for their annual vacation. Intervale is one of the choicest summer resorts in the N. H. Mountain region.

WOBURN
Real Estate

The time to buy Real Estate is when it is way down in price. EVERYBODY says REAL ESTATE is so low in WOBURN that you can't get the cost price of the buildings.

This is a most fortunate thing for the prospective HOME buyer. The man who buys for a Home does not buy for speculation If it has the elements of a successful speculation so much the better. But the main point to consider is the HOME.

The low condition of the Real Estate Market is not confined to WOBURN. The general prices have sagged to the lowest point all along the line. Now is the time to purchase. Values must advance very soon. People must be sheltered. Building will begin as soon as the public realizes the fact that building materials and labor have advanced to the normal point. It is cheaper to own your own home than to pay rent. Where will you find better conditions for moderate living than in good old Woburn.

If you have only a small sum of ready money for investment, don't let that deter you from buying a home. We can make arrangements to sell for a small amount down and the balance in monthly payments.

Call and talk it over with J. FOSTER DELAND, General Real Estate and Fire Insurance Agent

Room 5, First National Bank Building.

— Members of Posts 33 and 161 are getting things ready for the National Encampment in Boston on the 16 20 of this month. It is expected that they will turn out strong for the grand parade.

— Prudent people are taking advantage of the remarkable low prices at Hammond's clothing store, to buy hats, summer outfits and other nice things. They offer a bonanza to buyers.

— Miss Ruth Bishop, 10 years old, was given a delightful birthday party by her parents at their home, 142 Montvale Avenue, last Saturday afternoon. A whole lot of young people enjoyed it.

— The present terms of Chairman Geo. F. Bean, Dr. Josiah Peet Bixby and Dr. Robert Chalmers of the School Board expire this year, and 10 to 1 all three of them will be re elected next December.

— After a confinement of 5 weeks in a Boston hospital on account of injuries received while employed at the South Station there, Mr. Albert H. Munroe came home last Saturday nearly well.

— Copeland & Bowser, leading dry goods dealers in this city, and the best kind of people to do business with, are selling goods right along every day, even if it is vacation time and general trade is dull.

— The Central stables, owned by Mrs. Jones, and leased by Cummings, Chute & Co., have been renovated, revamped, and put into firstclass condition. They are well patronized and are making money.

— Mrs. Arthur B. Wyman is at Edgartown, the daughters also by the seashore, and Mrs. Seeley, who annually flocks with Mrs. Wyman, is at Cottage City. Arthur B. and son are keeping Bachelor's Hall.

— Major and Mrs. Ambrose Bancroft have got home from their vacation visit in New Hampshire, and now the Major has got his mind fixed on the National G. A. R. Encampment, and is acting accordingly.

— Mr. Fred H. Rogers, Teller at the First National Bank, finished his vacation on the Cape and returned to his post of duty last week. He came to town vigorous, abounding in health, "sassy able," and brown as a berry.

— Hon. E. E. and Capt. Abijah Thompson, brothers, led the vanguard of Woburn visitors to the Wilmington Old Home Week parade and banquet last Wednesday. Warm hearts for the old town beat under their waistcoats.

— Miss Mary D. Prior, one of the star teachers in the Woburn High School, is passing a most delightful vacation at Kennebunk, and "down't the Port." It is just as nice as anything can be down there, and the Port is a quaint old place.

— Miss Grace Buck, daughter of Deputy Sheriff Joseph H. and Mrs. Buck gave a delightful lawn party in honor of her cousin last Friday evening at the residence of her parents on Montvale avenue. It was a merry gathering of young folks.

— Mr. Marcus H. Cotton leads the congregational singing at First Church every Sunday morning, and the music is inspiring and good. The change from the Quartet to singing by the pews, during vacation, is greatly appreciated by the congregation.

— At the age of 76 Mrs. Horatio W. Symmes, who before her marriage was Rhoda C. Fowle, sister of Mr. Luke Warren Fowle, of Woburn, died at her home, 13 Mt. Vernon street, Winchester, last Monday, August 1. She had been an invalid many years.

— Whitcher, the druggist, at Busy Bend, has been appointed local agent to sell coupon books of 20 tickets each for $1 00, or 5 cents apiece, on the Lexington & Boston Street Railroad between Woburn and Lexington. Mr Whitcher received his appointment from the Company a few days ago.

— Mr and Mrs. Herbert B. Dow took their two cats along with them to Marblehead Neck the other day. Our informant said the cats are precious in the eyes of their humane owners, who couldn't bear the thought of leaving them behind to stay all alone at their home on Academy Hill for a month.

— During the thunderstorm late Monday afternoon the residence of Henry Curtis corner of Ward and Webster streets, N. W., was struck by lightning and so badly riddled that its repairs will cost several hundred dollars. Mr. Curtis was stunned, but neither he, his wife, nor the baby was seriously hurt.

— The remains of Charles H. Hoffman, who was drowned in Concord River at Bedford on July 26 during a severe thunder storm, were interred in Woodbrook Cemetery, this city, after the funeral held at his late home, 45 Newbury street, West Somerville, and burial services at the grave. It was thought that the canoe he was in was struck by lightning. He was perfecting an airship at his camp on Concord River.

— Robert J. Durward is in Connecticut selling neckwear to the wooden nutmeg manufacturers down there. He can do that trick "by a simple twist of the wrist," if anybody can.

— Crawford furnished ice cream for the Wilmington Old Home Week banquet last Wednesday afternoon, and Wilmington never tasted a better article of the kind in all its life, for Crawford's ices can't be duplicated by anybody. He took two wagon loads of it up there in the morning, and it went like hot biscuits well buttered.

— Rev. H. C Parker and family are in the Berkshires, having left here August 1. Pittsfield is to be their headquarters for a week or ten days, after which they go to Saratoga and Lakes George and Champlain to Ausable Chasm. From there they go to Waitsfield, Vt., the native town of Parson Parker, where they will remain till Sept. 1. next.

— A man, 25 or 30 years old, jumped from a moving car of the Boston & Northern line near the city farm in Medford about 10.30 a. m. last Sunday morning, to recover his hat that had blown from his head, and was so severely injured that he had to be taken to the Mass. Gen. Hospital. It was supposed that he boarded the car at No. Woburn.

— Last Tuesday morning Mr. James W. McDonald, the well known and well liked piano dealer and tuner of this city, and wife left here for Salisbury, N. H., which spot has been their favorite summer outing locality for several years. They intend to stay there a month, at the end of which period they will return to their friends and rooftree here.

— Mr. J. E. Herrick, Jr., contractor, began work on the Foss houses in Cummings Park on May 20, and the three will be finished and ready to occupy by Aug. 15. He did good jobs, and the residences are fine ones. Mr. Herrick has just contracted to build a large mill in New Hampshire which will take a year to complete. The work on it will begin at once. He will continue his business here.

— Several of our people went to Burlington last Sunday to enjoy the Old Home Week celebration in the church there, and made highly favorable reports of the exercises Others went to Wilmington, where an elaborate 3-days celebration programme was splendidly executed. Wednesday was parade day at Wilmington, of which Postmaster Holt had charge.

— Mrs. Collamore, President of the Woburn W. C. T. U. Flower Mission, is grateful for the weekly contribution of flowers for distribution among the Boston sick and deserving and hopes the Mission will be generously remembered each Friday by the good people of this city. The flowers are received at the vestry of First Church, and shipped to Boston regularly Friday evening.

— Rev. Dr. March preached an admirable sermon on "The Tale of the Years" at First Church last Sunday morning. He took for a text Psalms 90: 9, and expounded it to the edification and pleasure of a congregation of good size, considering the hot wave, and that it is vacation time. Dr. March's sermons always appeal strongly to both the heads and hearts of those who hear them.

— Winchester merchants complain, through the columns of the *Star*, because the people of that handsome town come to Woburn or go to Boston to buy their goods instead of trading at home, and doing something for the support of home business. We don't blame them for grumbling; but, then, folks will go where they can get what they want and at the lowest prices. That's Woburn!

— One of the heaviest thunder storms of the season was that of last Monday afternoon, night, and Tuesday morning. It had been preceded by extremely hot days of the dogday type, and succeeded by as muggy weather as one would wish to see. The height of the performance occurred about 3 a. m. Tuesday. The lightning was intense, the thunder tremendous, and the rain poured in torrents.

— Mr. George Durward, marketman 450 Main street, says that the price of all kinds of meat is higher now than it has been at any period since he has been in business, and the worst of it is, there seems to be no relief in sight. There had been a steady advance in prices before the Chicago strike, and since then they have rose rapidly and are now nearly out of reach of common people.

— Mr. Marcus H. Cotton, Treasurer of the Independence Day Celebration Committee, submitted his report of receipts and expenditures for the celebration this year, and the same was duly audited by Frank E Wetherell, Chairman of the General Committee. The receipts were $820 61. Disbursements: Fireworks, $269 06; Music, $235; Sports, $181; Parade, $61.50; Children's Entertainment, $45; Sundries, $29.05; Total, $820 61.

— On Thursday evening, July 28, Miss Dora A. Winn of Highland street, with several others, graduated from the Eastern Department of the American Institute of Normal Methods, an institution for the advancement of students in the art of music, corresponding to State Normal Schools, and preparing them for teachers and conductors. The graduating exercises were held in Jordan Hall, N. E. Conservatory of Music, Boston, and were attended by a crowded house, including several Woburn people, and a considerable number of the Porto Rican teachers at Harvard summer school.

— A pretty home wedding of next month will be that of Miss Florence Helen Pane, to First Lieutenant Homer B. Grant, U S. A, which will take place Tuesday evening, Aug. 9, at the bride's home on Centre street, Newton —*Exchange*. Lieut. Grant is the son of Mr. Alexander Grant of this city, brother of Beatrice A. Grant, teacher in the High School, and Woburn born and bred. He belongs to the artillery arm of the service, a square edged young man, and is worthy of the best woman in Massachusetts for a wife, which he probably thinks he has secured. Long life and a merry one to our friend and his bride.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— Miss Annie B Seeley, teacher in the Highland School, prefers North Conway, the "Artist's Paradise," to any other spot for a summer vacation, unless it might possibly be Nantucket.

— Reporters for Woburn papers (not the JOURNAL, as the Boston dailies would say) are bitterly complaining of the dearth of local news these days. They are smart and ought to be able to manufacture good fresh news with neatness and despatch at their desks, but appear to have conscientious scruples concerning that mode of filling their local columns, which said local columns bear living witness of the fact. They give heat and vacation as a reason for their signal failure to keep the public posted on current sayings and doings of this community, but it will hardly pass muster with well informed people. The trouble is, there is a screw loose somewhere.

— Woburn's "Traders Day" was observed universally and with spirit last Wednesday, Aug. 3, by our business men. Every place of trade was hermetically sealed all day and evening, and quiet and calm pervaded the streets and the buildings thereon. At an early hour in the morning there occurred a great exodus of citizens, but no organized picnics or flocking of clans was seen, destinations being selected in conformity to individual tastes and ability to gratify them. The beaches received a large share of the outers, and ponds, woods, green pastures, Wilmington, and a few lakelets, the balance. It was a great day for Woburn.

— Today Commodore William W. Crosby, E F. Wyer, Walter D. Eaton, and Chester Holland of the Innitou Canoe Club of this city, leave here for Sugar Island in the St. Lawrence River, the annual rendezvous of the American Canoe Association, a choice spot in the famous Thousand Islands, to attend the meet of 1904. Their canoes preceded them, and on their arrival they will be ready to engage in the aquatic contests and sports of the occasion. Our boys will remain at the meet two weeks, which will make up three weeks of canoeing for Commodore Crosby, who returned a few days ago from Lake Winnepesaukee, where he passed the first one of the period. Innitou Canoe Club was organized in 1886 by 7 young men of Woburn, 4 of whom are still in active service, and they have had many and many a good time in those nearly 19 years—you bet!

— The Directors of the First National Bank of this city favor winding up the institution and organizing a new one with less capital for reasons succinctly set forth in their notice to the stockholders published in another column of this paper. The Bank's present managers are intelligent and careful financiers, and it is fair to presume that the stockholders will readily fall in with their idea as to the best plan for future operations. One of the strongest reasons for wiping out the present Bank and establishing a new one, in our judgment, is the fact that it is owned largely by outside people whose interest in it extends, as President Johnson says, only to drawing dividends. The Bank ought to be owned chiefly by Woburn stockholders, who would not only give it their financial support, but take pride in its success. There are other cogent reasons for the contemplated change.

School Meeting.

A hot session of the School Board was held on Thursday evening July 28. There was the usual exhibition of personal antagonism, ginger, and fighting spirits.

Miss Mary S. Small, who had been favorably reported on by the sub committee and bitterly opposed by the minority of the whole committee on the ground that she was not a Woburnite, was elected teacher to fill a vacancy in the High School by a vote of 5 to 3, and that ended the contest that has been going on, not creditable to the city, for some time past.

The matter of repairs on the schoolhouses, which Dr. Chalmers truthfully said ought to be attended to speedily, was referred to the same committee to give all plumbers in the city a chance to bid for the work.

Miss Florence J. Charlton of Lowell was recommended for teacher of music and drawing at a salary of $600, and elected.

Adjourned to Aug 2.

Clan MacKinnon, O. S. C.

At our last meeting we received a friendly visit from Past Grand Chief Walter Ballantine, and F. S. Abercrombie, Tanist of the Grand Clan; also Chief Oligvie of Clan McPhail One candidate was initiated, making the seventh since Jan 1.

The attendance lately has been remarkably good, and much interest has been shown, especially in the ritualistic work of the Order. We have five applications on hand, and more to be heard from.

Icecream, cake and cigars were served before the meeting closed.—X.

Charles B. Platts.

Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R., has lost another of their members by death in the person of Mr. Charles B. Platts. He died at his home 56 Union street on Sunday evening, July 31, 1904, after an illness of only a few days. He was born in Boston on August 18, 1844, had lived here since 1867, and up to three years ago, had been employed by the B. & L. and B. & M. Railroad Companies for 26 years. He was a ship keeper at the Charlestown Navy Yard at the time of his death.

In 1862 Mr. Platts enlisted in Company D, 50th and went to New Orleans, taking part later in the siege of Port Hudson in 1863. March 31, 1864 he joined the signal corps remaining to the end of the war.

He left a wife and four sons to mourn his loss.

The funeral was held at the late home of the deceased at 2 o'clock last Tuesday afternoon.

Life and Death Struggles

are continually taking place in the sick-room between the forces of health and disease. The great destroyer and eradicator of all that propagates and furthers the spread of sickness and disease is CABOT'S SULPHO NAPTHOL. It is the best germicidal agent for cleansing all vessels, utensils, clothing, etc., the best deodorant for purifying the air, an important factor in the care of the sick, and, from its germicidal and anaesthetic properties, one of the best antiseptics for sores, wounds, inflammation, irritation, etc.

The First National Bank of Woburn.

The charter of this Bank expires on January 18, 1905, and its right to do business will cease on that date, unless the charter shall be extended, by the affirmative vote of holders of two-thirds of the capital stock.

The Directors have unanimously reached the conclusion that it is not advisable to continue the present organization.

The Bank was organized as a State institution with a capital of $100,000, on April 28, 1853. The first meeting of its stockholders was held on June 24, 1853. They were, for the most part, resident business men of Woburn, and personally interested in the success of the Bank.

On January 18, 1865, the Bank was reorganized under a National charter with a capital of $150,000, and the shareholders of the State Bank exchanged their stock, share for share, for new stock in the National Bank. Subsequently the share capital of the Bank was increased to $300,000 and later it was reduced to $200,000. In 1885 the charter of the Bank was extended for another twenty-year period or until January 18, 1905.

In the fifty, and more, years since the Bank was started the personnel of the stockholders has undergone great changes. Time has brought it about that non-residents, women, and legal representatives of former stockholders now deceased, make up nearly five-sixths in number of the shareholders, and three-fourths in value of the stock. Thus, in place of active resident manufacturers and merchants who brought business to the Bank, the stock is now largely held by those whose only interest in its success is to draw the dividends that may be earned for them by the management. And of the one hundred and twenty-six shareholders, thirty-seven only keep an account with the Bank as depositors.

Again, the present capital of the Bank is $200,000 and its surplus $90,000, thus making a share value ownership on the books of $290,000. This amount is far in excess of the banking needs of this city. With the deposits, it makes the investment items of the Bank aggregate about $600,000. Of this amount local loans and discounts call for about $100,000 only, and the remainder has to be invested in outside securities and in the purchase of commercial paper. It is recognized that there is local public need of the convenience and facilities of a National Bank in this city. A new National Bank can be organized with a capital stock of $100,000 to succeed to the business of the present Bank. The facts above stated regarding our shareholders and business emphasize the need of adding strength to such new Bank by vesting its ownership in those who will be personally interested in its financial success beyond the receipt of a stated semi-annual dividend.

We therefore advise that the corporate existence of this Bank be allowed to expire at the close of its business, on January 18, 1905, and that its assets be distributed in liquidation among the shareholders. Nevertheless, it is within the power of holders of two-thirds of the capital stock of the Bank to extend the charter and continue the name and business of the present organization.

A special meeting of the shareholders of the Bank will be held on Monday, September 12, 1904, at four o'clock in the afternoon at its banking room, No. 397 Main street, Woburn, to determine whether an application shall be made to extend the charter of the Bank from and after January 18, 1905, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before it. John W. Johnson, Julius F. Ramsdell, John M. Harlow, Benjamin Hinckley, Charlie A. Jones, Squire B. Goddard, William Beggs, Directors.

Woburn, July 25, 1904.

Read This.

The publication and statistics committee of the Woburn Civic Association have recently made an investigation of the status of the E. N. Foss building operations in the Highland District and the following is the report:

The value of the no-license policy to the City of Woburn, from a material point of view, is well illustrated by the building operations now being carried on by Mr. E. N. Foss, at Woburn Highlands.

Mr. Foss has, for some time, been the owner of unimproved land in this section of the city, and immediately upon the adoption of the no-license vote in December last caused plans to be made for its improvement. Three houses are now under construction, and when they are completed the present plans contemplate the construction of a much larger number, ultimately some twenty or thirty houses.

Both Mr. Foss and his representative have stated in the most positive manner that no movement looking to the construction of these houses would have been started except for the belief inspired by the decisive vote in December last, that the City of Woburn had entered upon a permanent no-license policy. It is possible that the construction of the remaining houses in the project will be delayed until after the December elections in order that further evidence may be given as to the character of the future policy of the city, although Mr. Foss' representative has recently stated that he feels sure the City will not take a backward step, and his confidence of this is so great he believes the construction of another group of houses will be begun the coming fall.

Concrete illustrations like this of the material benefit to the City of Woburn from the no-license policy ought to go a long way to convince the voters that the future welfare of the city will be largely, if not wholly determined by its position upon this important question.

The Secret of Success.

Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unfailing success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the two greatest enemies of health and happiness? Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders?—that it has proved itself the best of all liver regulators? August Flower has a matchless record of over thirty-five years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints—a success that is becoming wider in its scope every day, at home and abroad, as the fame of August Flower spreads. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by all druggists.

Wilmington.

The returns are not all in yet, but as far as heard from, this town beat them all on an Old Home Week celebration. It was splendid from beginning to end. Not a flaw could be picked in it, or a hitch discovered. It opened by appropriate preaching and music in the Methodist, Catholic, and Congregational churches Sunday morning, the services being attended by everybody in the town and hundreds from out of town. The ministers, choirs and orchestras did the handsome thing all round. On Wednesday forenoon there was a grand civic and trades parade, of which Milton T. Holt was Chief Marshal. It was witnessed by an immense crowd of highly delighted people from everywhere. At 12.30 p. m. the great O. H. W. dinner came off in the Congregational church vestry. It was fine, and the diners were as thick around the tables "as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa," but much livelier. The Governor of the State, an ex-Governor, a Congressman, a State Senator, a County Commissioner, the veritable Emmons, ministers, and distinguished citizens, made rousing after dinner speeches, and there was music and high spirits galore. The grand celebration wound up on Thursday, Aug. 4, with a basket picnic at Silver Lake, band concert, and athletic sports with prizes.

NOTICE

The depositors of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank are hereby requested to bring in or send to said Bank, during the month of August, 1904, their books of deposit for verification, agreeably to the Statutes of the Commonwealth relating to Savings Banks and Institutions for Savings.

See Revised Laws Chapter 113 Section 53, which reads as follows: "During the year 1901, and every third year thereafter, every such corporation shall call in the books of deposit of their depositors for verification under rules to be prescribed by their respective Boards of Investments, duly approved by the Board of Commissioners of Savings Banks."

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.

Woburn, July 8th, 1904.

15 VARIETIES
SPECIAL SALE
CHOCOLATES
The only days on which you can buy for
29c. lb., the 40c.
grade, sold on other days are
Saturdays and Sundays

Whitcher's
Originator and only Druggist in Woburn having
Saturday Sale Chocolates

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

LATEST STYLES, 1904

Spring and Summer Weights. Great Variety of Fabrics. For Gentlemens Wear.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Given Away Free

Don't forget that we give a numbered soda check to every soda customer during the week, and to the one holding the correct number Saturday night we give an elegant two pound box of the celebrated

APPOLLO CHOCOLATES

During this hot weather, if you feel all tired out, try a dozen of GRABOW MALT EXTRACT. $2.00 dozen.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
The best of everything at the lowest prices.
Green Stamps. Public Telephone.
Free Messenger service.

The Assessors.

The Board of Assessors have reported in good season. Below are the figures, by which it will be observed that the tax rate is $1.10 more than in 1903. This is the result of a considerable shrinkage in values which was unavoidable, and which the Assessors could not overcome. There are 80 more polls this year than last, from which some little comfort is derived.

The Assessors find the tax rate to be $19.60 a thousand.

The valuation is:

Real Estate	$8,824,332	
Personal	2,010,681	
		10,835,013

There is a shrinkage from last year of $128,371. This was caused by the loss of two pieces of real estate—the Dow and Thompson properties, also in stock on hand of the American Hide and Leather Company and the security value of the company, which latter the Assessors cut one half.

The amount to be raised is as follows:

City Tax	$177,787 01	
County	11,727 90	
State Highways	101 65	
Metropolitan Sewer	10,712 66	
Metropolitan Park	5,039 28	
State	8,675 00	
Executions	3,550 22	
Overlays	3,086 53	
		$220,680 25
Valuation $10,835,013 at $19.60	$212,366 25	
4157 polls at $2.00	8,314 00	
		$220,680 25

A Day Nursery.

At the Exposition under the auspices of the United Commercial Travellers of America, Oct. 3 to 29, at Mechanic's Hall, Boston, a part of the working exhibit will be a Day Nursery and Playroom where children may be left "checked" like an umbrella. The playroom will be a true "Land of Heart's Desire," with its sand-box, clay table, parlor swing, child's library, toys and dolls, candy booth, puzzles and games

There will also be a model nursery, bed room and bath for little folks which will show all modern applications, inventions and convenience for the use of children.

The exhibits of Kitchen Garden, Kindergarten, Grade Schools, and Manual Training work will be interesting.

Mrs. Estelle M. H. Merrill, Editor of *American Motherhood*, is in charge of the Children's Department.—X.

Burlington.

The opening of Old Home Week was duly observed in this town on Sunday, July 31. Elder Bacon preached an able and highly entertaining sermon in the Meetinghouse, which was heard and greatly appreciated by a large audience. Old fashioned hymns and psalms were sung by the people assembled in the pews, and I can truly say they sang "with the spirit and understanding also." The sermon and music were well adapted to the occasion and both greatly enjoyed. A fine collation followed the religious exercises, at which speeches were made, and more singing followed. The whole affair was of the happiest and most enjoyable kind, and I doubt if any place had a better one. Our people are never backward in a good cause. They know how to do things and take right hold and do them.

Upton—Corbin.

Miss CARRIE AGNES CORBIN, daughter of Mrs. Marietta Corbin of No. 36 Arlington Road, was united in marriage with Mr. WINTHROP LANE UPTON of this city, on Tuesday evening, Aug. 3, 1904, the ceremony being witnessed only by immediate relatives.

Many friends expressed their kind wishes by appropriate tokens.

Mr. and Mrs. Upton will be at home after Sept. 1, at No. 6 Arlington Road.

A Dig at Mayor Feeney.

Mayor Feeney's pet project, "Woburn teachers for Woburn schools," gets a bad beating at the hands of the city's School Committee, which apparently believes that the best teachers to be obtained, regardless of their place of nativity, are none too good. And that's the common-sense way of looking at it.—*Boston Journal*.

A Sick-room Necessity

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

DISINFECTANT
ANTISEPTIC
DEODORANT

Used and recommended by physicians and nurses as the only reliable and economical article for hospitals and homes. Arrests and prevents disease, cleanses, purifies and maintains sanitary conditions.

Protected by above Trade-Mark on all labels and packages. Avoid substitutes and imitations.

WINCHESTER.

Epiphany Parish are to have a new church edifice.

Epiphany church will stand closed until Sept. 2.

Everything quiet here and news scarse. Many people are away.

Material alterations and improvements are going on at the Congregational church edifice.

Like Capt. Scott's coon, torpid liver and ague microbes throw up the sponge and come down as soon as they catch sight of Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets.

Ex-Representative Samuel W. Twombly celebrated the anniversary of his 82d birthday last Sunday. The event found him in the best of health, lively, vigorous, and ready to go to the Legislature again. His portrait appeared in the Boston papers with a notice of the celebration.

A silver mine has been discovered near Middlesex Fells and Mr. Morande, the owner, is determined to find out how much, if anything, there is of it. I would not throw cold water on his hopes and expectations, but, in my humble judgment, it will be a long day before he digs silver to any alarming extent in Middlesex county.

Samuel J. Elder, Esq., one of the foremost Lawyers in the State, and a citizen held in high regard by our people, has bought land and laid plans for building one of the largest and finest residences in this town. He has selected an admirable site for it, and has a plenty of the wherewithal to produce a splendid home for himself and family.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Soul." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. F. H. Allen of Sag Harbor, N. Y.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., preaching by Rev. F. H. Allen.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, August 3, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Everett Edward Marshall and Ida L. Thompson, both of Woburn.

In Winchester, July 31, by Rev. H. J. Madden, Richard B. Phelan of Wakefield and Ellen Marlowe of East Woburn.

In Medford, July 28, by Allston P. Joyce, Justice of the Peace, John O'Connell of Winchester and Mary (Hession) Peterson of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 31, Charles B. Platts, aged 59 years, 11 months, 13 days.

In this city, July 31, Patrick Farrey, aged 75 years, 4 months.

In this city, July 29, Maggie E. Phinney, aged 32 years, 1 month, 28 days.

In this city, August 3, Ingvar Neergard, aged 18 years, 3 months, 23 days.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass. Notary Public

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

SEMI-ANNUAL
REMNANT SALE
Thursday, Friday and Saturday,
AUGUST 11, 12, 13.

Special Bargains in every department of our store. At this season as we have for several years past, we offer to our customers a chance to buy goods much below the market price. We have Short Lengths, Remnants, Odd Lots, Soiled and Shop-worn Goods which we intend to mark low priced enough to close them out very quickly after the sale opens.

COPELAND & BOWSER.
WOBURN

Save Time
And Mistakes

By having a reliable Watch. Whether in your pocket, at home or in the workshop, every man should have a timepiece that will not fail. You Can Have One like this if you purchase the one we recommend, and they are fully guaranteed. All sorts of the best cases.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.
Fine Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing.

NEURALGIA
PNEUMONIA
MALARIA
COLDS
GRIPPE
DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Why not stop this falling of your hair? At this rate you will soon be without any hair! Just remember that Hall's Hair Renewer stops falling hair, and makes hair grow. If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Best
New
Creamery
BUTTER!
23c. lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

We Have a Large
Line of
Toilet Soaps

But at the head of them all we place

Woburna
Toilet
Soap
15c. Cake. 40c. Box.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

For Sale.

An Oak Chamber Set, Mattress and Spring, a child's bed, 18 yards linoleum, 15 window shades.
F. E. COTTON.
92 Pleasant St., Woburn.

MR. EDWIN N. C. BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio · First National Bank Building.
The Virgil Clavier System { A well trained mind. A hand able to do its bidding.
Church Organ practice privileges for rent.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Michael Boyle to Thomas Salmon (now deceased) dated May 17th, A. D., 1884, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1668, Page 303, which mortgage has been duly assigned by Julia A. Scalley, administratrix of the estate of Thomas Salmon, to John G. Maguire by instrument of assignment dated July 26th, A. D., 1904, recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, August 27th, A. D., 1904,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of said Woburn, at the junction of Grape street with Washington street, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at the junction of said Grape street with Washington street, from thence the line runs southerly on and by said Washington street about eighty-seven and one-half (87½) feet to land of Margaret Kerrigan; thence westerly by land last named one hundred and two (102) feet to lot numbered 102 on a plan of lands of the Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company; thence northerly by lot numbered 102 on said plan eighty-seven and one-half (87½) feet to said Grape street; thence easterly on and by said Grape street one hundred and two (102) feet to the point of beginning.

The above described premises is the northerly half of lot numbered 103 on said plan of the Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company, recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 2, Plan 29, and is a part of the premises conveyed to Michael Boyle by John Bigelow by deed dated July 15, 1871, and recorded with said Deeds, Book 1181, Page 502, and is conveyed subject to the conditions and restrictions therein named.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and municipal liens which may be upon said premises.

A deposit of $100 will be required at the sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., July 28th, 1904.

EDWARD K. SCOTT,
MANUFACTURER OF
Umbrellas, Parasols. Canes
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Recovering, Fine Order Work.
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LAWYER,
847 Tremont Building, BOSTON
Residence, 7 Winn St., Woburn.

MEASURING MEDICINE.

Places Where They Still Take a Dimeful as a Dose.

A man went into a New York drug store and asked the clerk for a remedy for indigestion. The clerk sifted a pink powder into the scales.

"Take a heaping dimeful of this," he said. "It will bring you around all right."

The man's astonishment was almost powerful enough to drive away the indigestion without the aid of the powder.

"A dimeful?" he ejaculated. "What kind of a newfangled system of measurement is that you have here?"

"It isn't new," replied the clerk. "And it is very simple. Just take a dime and pile as much of this powder on it as will stick. That will be the proper dose. You couldn't get it any more exact if you measured for half an hour with scales and spoons."

"Well," said the customer, "this is a new one on me." Then he proceeded to measure out a dose of the pink powder. As he did so a man standing close beside him sighed reminiscently.

"It makes me feel young to see you do that," he said. "They used to measure medicine that way when I was a kid. I supposed modern appliances had driven all those old methods of measurement out of the market."

"Not at all," said the clerk. "There are lots of places where they still take medicine by the dimeful."

MANAGEMENT OF WIVES.

What the Tactful Husband Does When His Helpmeet Weeps.

One thing the tactful husband does is to let his wife cry. I don't mean that he drives her to crying or that he lets her weep while he stands unsympathetically by with his hands in his trousers pockets, his feet apart and grinning sardonically. I mean that when an emotional woman needs a good cry he realizes that it will relieve the tension. He does not get up and rage about and kick footstools out of the way and say, "Oh, for heaven's sake, stop crying or you'll drive me to drink!"

No. He goes and pats her shoulder soothingly and says:

"There, little woman! I'm sorry the cook has left and your new gown hooks up crookedly, but cheer up. Let's go out and have a jolly little dinner, and tomorrow I'll write that tailor a letter that will make his hair curl."

Then she looks up through her tears and thinks how handsome and big and strong and glorious he is, and before the dinner is over she has thought up two ways in which to economize and so pay for the extravagance of his order to the waiter, for the common purse is not elastic, and she knows it. —Lilian Bell in Harper's Bazar.

THE ANCIENT DRAGON.

Its Nearest Representative Now Is the East Indian Tree Lizard.

The pterodactyl, whose fossil remains have been found in the chalk at Cambridge, England, and elsewhere, with a very varied spread of wings, which in the largest specimens must have reached twenty-five feet, is almost identical with the dragon of fable.

A bat-like creature, with an elevated body and long neck ending in an absurdly small head with a portentous beak, it could run very swiftly, was a fish eater, and could swim, or it flew by means of huge membranous wings, which connected its long fore quarters with its hind legs.

The nearest representative now of the ancient dragon is the tree lizard of the East Indies, which resembles its fossil ancestors in form, but is infinitely smaller in size. The pterodactyl itself, however, evidently existed down to a comparatively recent geological period, and it is not at all improbable that the traditional dragon is described from the last living specimens, as met with by primitive man.—London Telegraph.

When an Iceberg Turns Turtle.

Think of sections bigger than Rhode Island being torn from a glacier and swept off into the ocean, to be ferried 3,000 miles on the bosom of the Labrador current until the heated waters of the gulf stream cause them to vanish from human ken. Then can one form some idea of the immensity of the ice area discharged from the Greenland seas each year. Thousands of miles of valley are constantly emptying their contents into the bays and fiords of the north waters, whence the tides hurry the detachments southward to cumber the wide Atlantic.

The disposition of icebergs to turn turtle is one of their most dangerous propensities. It arises from several causes. When they start out from Greenland their bottoms are heavy with the detritus gathered in their glacial period, and this drops off at intervals as they move south, causing their center of gravity to change and the berg to assume new positions. The scientific theory of the formation of the vast submarine plateaus which extend from Labrador to Fundy, and are commonly known as the Grand banks of Newfoundland, is that they are the products of bergs during countless ages.—Leslie's Magazine.

Cannibalistic Scorpions.

During many years of scorpion hunting I never remembered to have seen two individuals living together in amity, and even their more tender relations are tainted at times with the unamiable habit of cannibalism. The males are decidedly smaller than their mates, whom they approach accordingly with the utmost caution. If the fair inamorata doesn't like the looks of her advancing suitor she settles the question offhand by making a murderous spring at him, catching him in her claws, stinging him to death and making a hearty meal off him. This is scarcely loverlike. On the other hand, if a dubious wife, the female scorpion is a devoted mother. She hatches her eggs in her own oviduct, brings forth her young alive—unlike her relations, the spiders—and carries them about on her back, to the number of fifty, during their innocent childhood, till they are of an age to shift for themselves in the struggle for existence.—Cornhill Magazine.

First Person Cremated In America.

The first white person lawfully cremated within the present limits of the United States, according to wishes and desires expressed by himself, was Colonel Henry Laurens, one of the Revolutionary patriots. He was born in Charleston, S. C., in the year 1724, and died on his plantation near that place on Dec. 8, 1792. His will, which he had requested them to open and read the next day after his death, was supplemented with the following: "I solemnly enjoin it upon my son, as an indispensable duty, that, as soon as he conveniently can after my decease, he cause my body to be wrapped in twelve yards of towcloth and burned until it be entirely consumed." The request was carried out to the letter and was the beginning of cremation in America.

English Characteristics.

The Englishman is less social than men of any other nationality; I mean he is less conscious of the ties which bind humanity together, his moral formation owes little to his relations with other men, he scarcely troubles himself about what they think, and if he ever considers the matter at all it makes no difference in his sentiments and actions. In short, the Englishman is to a certain extent a recluse; he is more aloof from the world in which he lives and the neighbors whom he elbows than the men of any other nationality.—Boutmy's "The English People."

Spanish Etiquette.

There is a curious story of how the Duke d'Aosta, when king of Spain, told a muleteer to whom he was talking to cover himself, the sun being hot, forgetting that by so doing he made him a grandee. Marshal Prim, to prevent this catastrophe, knocked the man's hat out of his hand, and according to some the muleteer had something to do with the assassination that followed a few days afterward.

The Exception.

"I am getting up a subscription list for the relief of the poor. Can't you put your family down, sir?"

"Madam, since you ask a personal question, I don't mind telling you that I can put 'em all down, except my wife's mother."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Sensible.

Cholly—Charming widow, isn't she? They say she is to marry again. Algy—I wouldn't want to be a widow's second husband. Cholly—Well, I'd rather be a widow's second husband than her first, doncher know.

Expensive.

"They say her wedding beggared description."

"Oh, more than that!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes. It beggared her father."

To Be Ironed.

Mr. Troomer—Where on earth is my new silk hat? I've looked everywhere for it. His Bride (sweetly)—You said you wanted it ironed, dear, so I have sent it to the laundry.

Caught the Idea.

Bluster—Do you mean to say that I am a liar? Blister—I hope that I could not do so ungentlemanly a thing. But I see you catch my idea.

There would not be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears.—Hall.

A Sensitive Horse.

Harsh treatment, though it stop short of inflicting physical pain, keeps a nervous horse in a state of misery. On the other hand, it is perfectly true, as a besotted but intelligent stable keeper once observed to me, "A kind word for a hoss is as good sometimes as a feed of oats."

A single blow may be enough to spoil a racer. Daniel Lambert, founder of the Lambert branch of the Morgan family, was thought as a three-year-old to be the fastest trotting stallion of his day. He was a very handsome, stylish, intelligent horse, and also extremely sensitive.

His driver, Dan Mace, though one of the best reinsmen in America, once made the mistake, through ill temper or bad judgment, of giving Daniel Lambert a severe cut with the whip, and that single blow put an end to his usefulness as a trotter. He became wild and ungovernable in harness and remained so for the rest of his life.

Long Winded Orators.

Edmund Burke's greatest speech is generally considered to have been the one on "Conciliation with America." The report of the speech, supplied by Burke himself, runs to as many as thirty-two pages. It contains over 30,000 words. It, therefore, could not have been delivered under less than five hours. It is curious, by the way, how long winded all the great British orators were in Burke's time. The older Pitt was the first to indulge in long speeches in the house of commons. After he had delivered one of these famous orations he was hailed by crowds outside the house with enthusiastic cries of "Three hours and a half! Three hours and a half!" "Just as if a man can talk sense for three hours and a half," remarked the cynical Chesterfield, who happened to pass by.

A Railroad of Curves.

The first railroad west of the Alleghanies was built from Lexington to Frankfort, Ky., in 1831. The road was laid out with as many curves as possible, the engineers declaring that this was an advantage. The cars were in two stories, the lower for women and children, the upper for men, four persons being seated in each compartment. The cars were at first drawn by mules, but after a time a locomotive was made by a Lexington mechanic. The tender was a big box for wood, and a hogshead was provided for water which was drawn in buckets from convenient wells. In place of a cowcatcher there were two poles in front fitted with hickory brooms for sweeping the track.

The First Phenix.

Legend tells us that the first phenix was born in the garden of Eden and had its nest in a great red rose—the first rose that ever bloomed. When the angel drove Adam and Eve out of paradise a spark of fire fell from the angel's fiery sword and burned up the phenix and his nest. Out of the ashes sprang a glorious bird, which also lived 500 years before mysteriously burning itself, at every recurrence of which a new phenix is said to arise.

His Explanation.

"All men," said Mr. Meekton, who was preparing a speech, "are created equal."

"What did you observe?" asked his wife.

"I said all men are created equal. That is to say, that they are equal to one another. This, of course, is not meant to imply that they are the equals of their wives."—Washington Star.

His Experience With Love.

"Do you think that love is a disease?"

"Well, it makes me feel far from well at times."

"You? Why, I didn't know you were in love."

"I'm not. But I sit opposite it at a boarding house table three times a day."—Kansas City Journal.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Some Curious and Varied Beliefs as to His Identity.

According to Pratorius, the man in the moon is the patriarch Isaac, carrying the bundle of sticks which were to be lighted to sacrifice his own body on the mountain top. Dante believes him to be Cain, carrying a bundle of thorns, the meanest offering his lands afforded, as a present to God. In Iceland the people claim that they can see the face of Adam in the moon and that of Eve in the sun. Among the Frieburgers there is a superstition which says that the marks and spots on the moon's face are the outlines of the traitor Judas Iscariot, holding his hand over his face while sneezing just prior to hanging himself. This last belief accords with the old Frankish legend which says that there was no spot on Luna's bright face until after the time of the crucifixion of Christ. Still another story tells us that in the time of the creation God threw an offending angel against the face of the moon, while another is to the effect that the moon witnessed the creation of Adam and Eve and took an impress of their features on his surface, intending to people his own land with similar beings. When he essayed to imitate God's works, he made nothing but a slimy serpent, which since that day has continued to fold and unfold its mighty coils in full view of the descendants of the God created beings.

THE TOMB OF CAIN.

It Is Said to Be Not Far From the City of Damascus.

The early traditions concerning the city of Damascus are curious and interesting, even though untrustworthy and contradictory. By some of the ancient writers it was maintained that the city stands on or near the site of the garden of Eden, and just opposite there is a beautiful meadow of red earth from which, it is said, God took the material from which he created Adam. This field is called Ager Damascenus, and near its center there formerly stood a pillar which was said to mark the precise spot where our first parent was created. A few miles out there is an eminence called the Mountain of Abel, supposed by some to be the place where the first two brothers offered their sacrifices, also the spot where the first murder was committed. The most interesting spot pointed out, however, is about three leagues from the city, where an old ruin is shown which all the orient believes to be the tomb of Cain. The traditions respecting this famous spot are known to antedate the Christian era by several hundred years. Up to the time of Vespasian the interior of the tomb is said to have been lighted and warmed by one of the "ever burning" lamps so commonly used by the ancients.

THE FERRONNIERE.

An Ornament That Probably Dates Back to Remote Antiquity.

A ferronniere was a band or chain round the head, holding a jewel in the center of the forehead. The last instance of its being in fashionable use was furnished by America early in the nineteenth century. Mrs. Earle, the historian of transatlantic costume, vouches for this curious survival.

This ornament is known to have been popular in Europe in the sixteenth century, and in the east it could probably be traced back to remote antiquity. Biblical students know that the Jews, following a custom of the ancient Egyptians, often adopted this method of wearing their phylacteries, or frontlets, between their eyes.

The modern application of the name is, according to Mrs. Earle, obscure, but there does not appear to be much doubt about the matter. One of the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci goes by the name of "La Belle Ferronniere." It would seem to be a portrait of Lucrezia Crivelli, a favorite of Ludovico Sforza, and, as the lady is depicted wearing one of these ornaments, it is clear that the name owes its revival to this picture.—London Standard.

Pumice Stone.

Pumice stone is a porous feldspathic scoria from volcanoes. The pores are linear and so fine as often to be barely visible except by means of a magnifying glass. Its specific gravity is 2.2 to 2.4—water being the unit—but by reason of its spongy texture pieces are often buoyant enough to float on water. It consists chiefly of silica, with sometimes 17 per cent of lumina, 6 per cent of soda and 4 per cent of potash. It is of grayish shades of color, passing into yellow and brown. The chief source from which it is obtained for commercial purposes is Campo Bianco, one of the Lipari islands, where it forms a hill nearly 1,000 feet high. In the arts pumice is largely employed, mostly in a pulverized state, as a polishing material for ivory, wood, glass, marbles, etc. It is also used in lump for grinding and smoothing metallic surfaces, leather, etc., and in the preparation of parchments, etc. Quantities of the pulverized pumice are used in making fancy soaps.

Meerschaum Pipes.

"A meerschaum pipe that would have brought $25 ten years ago wouldn't bring more than $10 now," said a tobacconist. "Meerschaum pipes used to be fashionable and popular in America, but they are not much sought for today.

"It isn't strange that the liking for them should have waned. The meerschaum is an unsatisfactory pipe at the best. Drop it and it is irretrievably broken. Try to color it, and for a month it tastes like soap.

"It isn't the meerschaum in one of these pipes that colors anyway. It is a mixture of beeswax and oil that the carvers rub into the block before they carve it. You could smoke a pipe of pure meerschaum all your life, and at your death it would be as white as it had been at your birth. It is the oil and beeswax—only that—which colors." —Washington Post.

Faults In Conversation.

Dean Swift once said: "There are two faults in conversation which appear very different, yet arise from the same root and are equally blamable. I mean an impatience to interrupt others and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among or to receive those benefits ourselves, which whoever will consider cannot possibly run into either of those two errors, because when any man speaketh in company it is to be supposed he doth it for his hearers' sake and not his own, so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention if they are not willing to lend it, nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense."

THE TRICKY GROUSE.

He Has Hundreds of Devices For Eluding the Hunter.

The grouse has a hundred tricks of defense. It will lie still until the hunter is within a yard of it, then soar straight upward in his front, towering like a woodcock; again, it will rise forty yards away, and the sound of its wings is his only notice of its presence. It will cower upon a branch under which he passes, and his cap will be not more than a foot below it as he goes, and, though it has seen him approaching, it will remain quiescent in fear until his back is turned. It will rush then, and when he has slewed himself hurriedly around he will catch only a glimpse of a brown broad wing far away.

Wounded and falling in the open, it will be found—if it is found at all—with the telltale speckles of its breast against the trunk of some brown tree, against which its feathers are indistinguishable, and the black ruff about the neck of the male will be laid against the darkest spot of the bark. Often it will double like a fox; often as a man draws near it will spring noiselessly into some spruce and hide until he passes, dropping then to the ground and continuing its feeding; often, too, it will decline to take wing, though unhurt, and will run fast for half a mile—so fast that the most expert woodsman will be unable to keep pace with it. This it will only do on leafy ground and never when snow would betray its tracks.—Outing.

FEAT OF A MACGREGOR.

Wonderful Physical Strength That Was Used to Good Purpose.

Sir William MacGregor was the hero of such an adventure as one expects ordinarily to read about only in fiction of a certain hue.

The steamship Syria, with a lot of Indian coolies on board, struck on a rock about twelve hours from Suva, the capital of Fiji.

Dr. MacGregor, then acting colonial secretary, organized a relief expedition, clambered over a broken mast that was the only path to the emigrants and again and again returned with a man or woman on his back and sometimes a child, held by its clothes between his teeth.

A man of vast physical strength, MacGregor wanted it all for his final feat. Down below on the reef was a woman who had fallen overboard, had got at the spirits and was mad with drink. The captain of the ship and a police officer who had gone after her were being swept out to sea. MacGregor slid down a rope, caught the knot of the woman's hair in his teeth and with his hands seized the two men and dragged them both into safety. He went back to Suva in a borrowed suit of pajamas, having left all his clothes and a good deal of his skin on the coral reef.

Modest, like many heroes, MacGregor left himself out of his own report, and it was from the governor that the queen first heard the whole story.

Woes of an Editor.

When a newspaper tells the simple truth about a bad man who is trying to get into a public place where he can steal, the truth is called "attack." If when the same man runs for office the facts of his past career are printed to show the people what they may expect, the editor who prints these facts is abused, and the rascal poses as a martyr. When a man turns out wrong, as the editor said he would, if the editor says his prophecies came true, the people accuse him of persecuting a man and "kicking him when he is down." Yet if the paper says nothing about bad men who are trying to rob the people they say that the editor is bought off and that he has taken hush money.—Emporia Gazette.

Imitation Perfumes.

"It may seem peculiar," said a perfumery manufacturer, "but perfumes are adulterated and imitated just as baking powder and other things are. For instance, we make a high grade carnation pink perfume from the flowers themselves. This, of course, is costly, but the perfume retains its odor, and a handkerchief that has been scented with it will retain the perfume even after it is washed. A hot iron will bring out the odor again. Now, a perfume that is just as good to all first appearances and that for ten minutes will have the same effect can be made out of the oil of cloves mixed with alcohol. At the end of ten minutes the odor will be gone."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Origin of Vaudeville.

The word "vaudeville," which now means a play in which songs are introduced, is a corruption of Vaux de Vire, the names of two valleys in Normandy. A fuller in Vire, in the fifteenth century, composed some humorous and satirical drinking songs, which were very popular throughout France, under the name of their native place, "Vaux de Vire." The terms seem to have been corrupted into voix de ville. A collection of songs was published at Lyons in 1561 entitled "Chansons Voix de Ville," and another at Paris in 1576 called "Recueil des Plus Belles Chansons en Forme des Voix de Ville." Both these publications were probably reprints of the original songs. At any rate, the name "vaudeville" has in some way grown out of them.—Boston Globe.

What Our Eyes Do Not See.

Suppose that our eyes were attuned to the vibrations revealed to us by the bolometer. Instead of seeing the stars that we now see we should perceive those whose light has long been extinguished, whose existence the methods of modern physics have enabled us to prove. The sun would appear surrounded by its corona, changing in form and position every instant, and we should no longer be obliged to wait for total eclipses to study this phenomenon. Currents of hot air would become visible like snow squalls, and the science of heat would have no more secrets.

The Rod of Aaron.

The "divining rod," also known as "wand of Mercury," or "rod of Aaron," is a forked branch, usually of hazel, sometimes of iron or brass and copper, by which minerals and water are supposed to be discovered beneath the surface of the earth. Suspended by the two prongs or between the balls of the thumbs it is thought to show by a clear inclination the spot where a mine or spring is hidden under ground.

Fooling Baby.

Mrs. Noopop—My baby cries all night. I don't know what to do with it. Mrs. Knowitt—I'll tell you what I did. As soon as our baby commenced to cry I used to turn on all the gas. That fooled him. He thought it was broad daylight and went to sleep.—Trained Motherhood.

The Skylark.

Skylarks are rather prolific birds, having two broods in the year, and often laying as many as five eggs, though four is the usual number. The nest is so difficult to find that it is practically never discovered except by accident, as when, for instance, the hayfields are mown, or what is being hoed. The bird very seldom nests near the margin of a field, where it might be put off its nest by passersby. On the shores of the North sea skylarks will nest in the "bents" and "marram" close to the edge of the sand hills, though they have to fetch food to their young from a considerable distance. There is always something very pleasing in the sight of a lark's nest. It is usually sunk in a hollow, and, unlike the nests of many ground building birds, is most carefully made, the cup being deep and perfectly circular, and lined with very fine grasses, though the outer part is made of rough, dead bents, and often of a most irregular shape in order to fill up the hole in which it is made.—London Spectator.

Night Blossoms.

Many flowers, natives most of them of regions where the day is intensely hot, expand their blossoms at night. Notable among them is the Victoria Regia, which opens its splendid calyx near the Amazon at nightfall and closes it at dawn.

The queen of the night blooms for one night only, and has its home on the islands of the Caribbean sea. The triangular cactus, whose flowers are a foot in length and width, follows the same habit.

From Virginia comes the biennial oenothera, or "night light," which was brought to England in 1614 because its twisted red root could be eaten as salad.

Among British night flowers are the rocket, or night violet, the evening primrose and the campion. The white or yellow color and the fragrance of these flowers of nocturnal habit attract roving moths, which carry the pollen and so fertilize the plants.—London Standard.

The Bloody Hand.

The noted English family of the Holtes has for its badge a bloody hand, and this sinister badge commemorates a wager that ended in a crime. Sir Thomas Holte, one day in 1612, was hunting. He invited his comrades home with him to dinner, and as he rode along he made a heavy bet on his cook's punctuality. But the cook failed him for once; when he got home dinner was not ready. The jeers of his companions at this failure, together with his huge loss in the matter of the wager, enraged him so that he ran into the kitchen, seized a cleaver and split the cook's head open with it. Afterward his family, to keep this crime alive, adopted for its crest the bloody hand of the cook killer.

Two Missouri Towns.

When the presidential struggle between Clay and Jackson was at its height it is related that a band of emigrants from Kentucky and the then other western states commenced to settle on the north side of the Missouri river and called their county Clay and the county seat Liberty.

At the same time another lot of emigrants from Virginia and other southern states pitched their tents on the south side of the Big Muddy and called their county Jackson and the capital Independence. And so it remains to this day, Clay stood for liberty and Jackson for independence.—Oak Grove (Mo.) Banner.

The Daisy.

In French the daisy is called la Marguerite. It was the device of Marguerite of Anjou, and also of Marguerite of Valois, a much more appropriate emblem of the latter princess, who withdrew from the glitter of courts to become a recluse, than of the ambitious Lancastrian queen of England. The daisy is the national flower of Italy, chosen in honor of Queen Marguerite. In the language of flowers it signifies innocence, peace, hope. In the age of chivalry it was the emblem of fidelity and worn by knights at tournaments in honor of their ladyloves.

The First Newspaper.

The Acta Diurna of ancient Rome is the earliest approach to the newspaper of which we have any authentic record. The Acta appeared daily until the downfall of the empire, A. D. 476. It was published under the auspices of the government and posted in some public place, the contents consisting of a digest of public dockets, a summary of daily occurrences and all news of a general character.

An Extenuating Circumstance.

Rector—Ah, my dear Mr. Cumming, glad to see you—glad to see you! But why are you so rare a worshiper with us? Cumming—Well, there's one thing I can honestly say, doctor—yours is the only church I ever go to.—Brooklyn Life.

He's Probably Alive.

"I don't know whether I killed Cholly or not."

"What do you mean?"

"He proposed to me a little while ago and said he couldn't live without me—and I refused him."—Chicago Journal.

His Chance Coming.

Young Mother—Harry, dear, you mustn't go near the baby. Young Father—Mayn't I just look at him a minute? Young Mother—No, dear; he's asleep. I'll let you take him when he wakes up in the night.

Blinds Sometimes.

"Do you think," said Willie, "that it actually hurts a man to be hit with one of Cupid's arrows?"

"No," replied Bell. "As a rule, he merely becomes senseless for a time."

His Whiskers.

Mrs. Vernon Greene—Why on earth don't you get your husband to cut off his whiskers? Mrs. Smiffian Perle—I wouldn't have him do it for the world. I want him to let them grow and get them all out of his system.

Something In Danger.

"Does the captain say whether we shall break the record or not?"

"Yes. He says either the record or the boiler must go."

"How lovely!"

God hath yoked to guilt her pale tormentor, misery.—Bryant.

Red a Favorite Flag Color.

Red seems to be the most popular of national colors, if flags may be used as criterions. Of the twenty-five leading national flags nineteen have red in them. The same cannot be said of any other color. The chief flags that are marked with red are those of the United States, England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, Mexico, Chile, Portugal and Venezuela.

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ANGEL'S VICTORY

By F. E. HAWSON

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Hill hated her, chiefly because Morton, the smooth tongued horse dealer, got the better of the bargain when he sold her to the manager of Cowara. Hill prided himself on his knowledge of horseflesh, but Angel, the chestnut, was old, or, rather, middle aged, and not the young thing Morton had represented her to be.

Moreover, her temper, soured by long years of ill treatment, was none of the best. She was nervous, too, though with Hill she was only mulish, vicious and obstinate. She hated but did not fear him. She evidently divined his dislike and returned it in kind.

With Wilfred Paton, the overseer, a man of passionate temper, but kind and tender to women and children and dumb creatures, by whom he was blindly adored, Angel was gentleness itself. It could readily be believed when one watched him handle the mare that under happier circumstances she might have fitted her name.

From the first it had been a series of battles between the chestnut and Hill, in which the man usually won out by sheer brutality.

There had been no rain for months. Each day the men watched the sky, but the pitiless sun poured his scorching rays on the parched earth, with never a cloud to veil his face or temper the heat. The water in the dam was getting low, and when that was gone the station people would have either to perish or get out, unless water were reached in the well Hill was sinking on the flat. Water was a priceless commodity on that inland Australian station.

One close day late in February came the crisis of that awful summer. Not a leaf stirred. The air at each inhalation burnt the lungs, and the limit of human endurance seemed to have been reached. Yet it was this afternoon of all others that Hill ordered Paton and Malcolm to fill the big iron tank.

"The fool!" exclaimed Paton as they walked through the hot sand to the dam. "Hasn't he sense enough to wait until evening?"

They worked hard for an hour, Malcolm filling the buckets and handing them up to Paton, who poured the contents into a tank. When their task was finished they returned to the house.

"We've filled the 500 gallon tank," said Paton, coming up to where Hill half recline in a steamer chair on the veranda. "It's down at the dam in the tip cart, but I hate to leave it to evaporate in the sun, and there isn't a horse to drag it up to the house."

"Where are Bones and Myope?"

"Smiles has them working at the new dam, and Charlie has taken the two blacks and gone over to the well sinkers' camp with rations. The other horses, as you know, were sent away to McLellan's yesterday to save our water," answered Paton.

"Well, Angel is in the paddock, isn't she? Put her in."

"It's too heavy a load for Angel. She isn't built for such work."

"I say she shall!" cried Hill. "I'm boss here, and when I say a thing is to be done it's going to be done."

"All right! Go ahead and do it yourself!" responded Paton. The overseer and the manager never did hit it very well, and the heat hadn't improved their tempers. "But stay," Paton added, a thought striking him, "I'll try what I can do first."

With that Paton went down to the paddock, caught Angel, harnessed her, put her in the cart, and then coaxed her to drag the load. By striving and straining she dragged the cart a few steps through the heavy sand, then paused and turned her eyes on Paton entreatingly, as though to say:

"I'd do it for you, but I can't."

Hill was watching the performance from the veranda, for the house was built on the top of the sand hill, the dam was in the creek at its foot and no bushes intervened. When the manager saw the horse stop he got up and went quickly down.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's just as I said," answered Paton, "the mare hasn't the strength to haul such a load."

"Hasn't she? I'll see about that. It's her obstinacy, that's what it is. Angel? It's Devil she ought to be called."

"Let me get the other tank, put half the water in it, and then she can easily manage it in two trips," suggested Paton, controlling his rising anger.

"No! She'll haul the tank as it is!"

"Then I'll wash my hands of the whole business."

Paton walked up the slope. As he stepped on the veranda Mrs. Hill, who was standing at the door, looked back into the house and called to her young cousin:

"Muriel, come out and see this brute! She won't pull the tank up the hill, but Horace will soon make her. He knows how to manage horses." And she shot a scornful glance in Paton's direction.

Muriel Everton came out. She was a tall, slender girl, dressed in white. Her delicate throat was bare and her cheeks blanched by the heat, but her beautiful brown eyes were clear and deep and tender. She and Paton exchanged quick glances, then she looked down at the man and the horse, shuddered and turned away.

Hill by thrashing the chestnut had forced her to haul the cart a few steps, then Angel stopped. With kindness she might have made a further effort, but Hill had roused her obstinate spirit, and she would not budge an inch. This infuriated the man, and he beat her over the head with the butt of the stock whip he carried. Still she did not move. Then, as he continued to beat her, in her agony she stepped backward, plunged and reared, the cart tipped back, the mare was drawn up and in her struggles broke the shafts, the tank fell out, the cover rolled off and the whole of the 500 gallons of precious water was swallowed up by the burning sand. Hill took the horse from the cart and, insane with rage, commenced to thrash her again.

Then there was a sudden rush of something white, as though a cloud were flying down the hill, and Muriel threw herself between Hill and Angel, clasping the mare's head in her arms, and the heavy whip descended on the delicate shoulders, which showed pink and then scarlet through the thin muslin of her gown.

Before Hill's raised arm could fall again it was grasped by a strong hand, and a fierce voice hissed:

"Madman, would you strike a woman?"

For a moment Hill's glance met the stern eyes of the overseer, then it wavered and fell on the girl.

"Muriel, are you there? Did I hit you? I didn't mean to," he said weakly. "Did it hurt?"

"Hurt!" cried Paton, his eyes fairly blazing. "Do you know that you might have killed her?"

"She shouldn't have interfered," said Hill sullenly.

"Not another word or by heaven I'll kill you," said Paton. Hill shrank from the fury in the other man's eyes and slunk away to the house.

"My darling," said Paton in a voice so fraught with love that the girl's heart quivered with a joy that was almost pain, "did he hurt you very much?" And his lips tenderly pressed the bruised shoulder.

"It does hurt most awfully, but I really think that he did not know I was here," answered Muriel, glancing up through her tears. "But, oh, look at poor Angel."

The chestnut, lying huddled in the sand, was truly a pitiable sight. She had won out, indeed, but at what a cost! Her head was cut and bleeding, her eyes swollen and closed, and she panted and groaned with pain.

"Oh, do you think she will die, Wilfred?" asked Muriel.

"No; but you'll get sunstruck here, go back to the house, dear, and get Mrs. Hill to bathe your shoulder. I'll tend to the mare. And, Muriel, I can't stay at Cowara now. I've been repeatedly offered the management of Murta, but—I—I could not leave until I knew if you cared. I'm not worthy, I know, I've such a vile temper"— Muriel shook her head. "But now, now—you'll let me come for you when I get straightened out over there, won't you?"

Again Muriel looked up, and his eyes drank deep from the radiance of hers.

"And Angel?" she whispered.

"Oh, I'll buy her from Hill. He won't refuse to sell her for the price I'll offer, I know."

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Three months later Angel was one of the leaders in the four-in-hand behind which Paton drove his bride to her new home. It was a new world through which they traveled, for the rain had come and green grass covered the once arid earth; flowers bloomed on every side and birds sang in the trees. And it was a new Angel, who, with arched neck, led the team, proudly conscious of the precious burden she carried and of the confidence reposed in her by her new owner.

Wolfe Tone.

A desultory and enormous reader of plays and novels, with an impish humor and a facility and felicity of quotation which never deserted him under the most terrific circumstances, Wolfe Tone's style is throughout literary and in that sense artificial, but he had a passion for facts and a healthy determination to see things as they really were. He was perfectly free from every kind of illusion, delusion and humbug.

He was very much alive to the humorous side of all things, including himself. The diaries are full of entries like this:

"I cannot help this morning thinking of Gil Blas when he was secretary to the Duke of Lerma. Yesterday I dined with Carnot. Today I should be puzzled to raise a guinea."

Wolfe Tone at the bottom of his heart was grave enough. His death is warrant for this. But he belonged by the order of his mind to the mockers. Tone's widow, though she had doubtless a good deal to put up with, mourned her husband's loss for seventeen years, when she married one who shared her veneration for Tone's memory. His son grew up to be proud of his father's sufferings in what he was taught to believe was a good cause. Ireland has never forgotten Tone and probably never will.—Contemporary Review.

Needed No Entertainment.

Mrs. Granger looked at her suburban neighbor and decided that a person with such a becoming hat must be in a state of vanity to need chastening of spirit.

"Isn't it a real trial to have Mr. Joyce so devoted to the new club?" she said in a soft tone fraught with tender sympathy. "Mr. Granger, of course, likes the club, and we go sometimes, but he'd just as soon sit quietly at home with me, evening after evening."

"It's lovely for you," said Mrs. Joyce, and the face under the becoming hat was sweet and guileless, "but then, you know, the two men have always been different ever since they were boys together. Mr. Joyce always wants a good deal of pleasure and entertainment, whereas Mr. Granger has never cared for anything of the sort."

In Old Stagecoach Days.

There used to be rate wars in the old stagecoach days in England. At one time, early last century, one stagecoach company not only cut the price from Lewes to London to a very low rate, but gave also other inducements. As the coach started from Lewes at a somewhat uncomfortably early hour in the morning, by way of tiding over the difficulty the proprietors allowed the more slothful of their passengers to go overnight to Brighton, where they were accommodated with good beds free of expense and could proceed comfortably to London by the company's morning coach.

Of Two Evils Choose the Least.

Doctor—If you are to recover, you must spend the next three months in traveling. Patient—But I can't afford it, doctor. Doctor—Very well, stay at home if you must, and I will visit you daily. Patient—Never mind, doctor; I think I will travel after all.

An Expensive Wedding.

"The bride nearly fainted during the ceremony and had to be supported by her father until it was over."

"Yes, and now I hear her father is supporting both of them."

Fooling His Stomach.

Landlady—You did not wear glasses when you first came here. Why do you wear them now? Boarder—I want to make the food look as large as possible!

"Rush the season!" cried the man to the waiter, desiring the salt and paper in a hurry.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Headwork.

Doctor—It is especially important that you refrain from all head work for a few weeks. Patient—But, doctor, it's by head work that I earn my living. Doctor—Are you a literary man? Patient—No, sir, I'm a hairdresser.

His Impressive Highness.

Jenkins—I met that new butler of yours today and had quite a talk with him. Nuritch (anxiously)—What does he think of us? Did he say?—Philadelphia Record.

WEALTHY ROMANS.

Immense Fortunes Were Not Uncommon In the Old Days.

When L. Calpurnius Piso was appointed governor of Macedonia for one year, he drew for his outfit from the public treasury 18,000,000 sesterces, or £150,000. He did not want the money for that purpose. Everything required by a proconsul was supplied to him by the province. Piso simply took the money for himself and lent it out in Rome at high interest. C. Verres was charged by Cicero with having robbed Sicily of £350,000 in three years, besides many valuable works of art. He practically admitted his guilt by retiring from Rome without attempting any defense. Cicero when governor of the poor province of Cilicia found himself the richer in one year by £20,000, and he was perhaps the only proconsul who ever handed over his surplus to the state.

There can be no doubt that Cicero and the younger Pliny received large sums from their clients while those clients were still living. Balbus is not likely to have secured the argument "Pro Balbo" for a mere trifle. And the gratitude of Sicily for the prosecution of Verres undoubtedly took a very substantial form. Apart from all such honoraria, it is recorded that Cicero and the younger Pliny received legacies from clients to the amount of £170,000. Gibbon tells us, on the authority of Olympiodorus, that several of the richest senators had an income of £160,000 a year without computing the stated provision of corn and wine.—London Globe.

ROYAL ASCOT.

This Famous English Race Course Was Queen Anne's Idea.

Ascot well deserves its proud prefix "royal," for it may claim to be the child of a queen, and certainly it has been a prime favorite with nearly all her successors on the throne.

It was Queen Anne who, when she was riding one day over Ascot common, saw what a splendid site it would make for a race course, and she forthwith determined that a course there should be and that she herself would offer a plate to be raced for. Thus it came about that the London Gazette of July 12, 1711, contained this announcement: "Her majesty's plate of 100 guineas will be run for round the new heat on Ascot common, near Windser, on Tuesday, Aug. 7 next, by any horse or mare, being no more than six years old the grass before, carrying twelve stone, three heats, to be entered the last day of July at Mr. Hancock's at Fern Hill, near the starting post."

Three times that year Queen Anne traveled in state to see the racing on Ascot common, and on one occasion, we are told, she was accompanied by Miss Forester, a maid of honor, who was "dressed like a man, with a long white riding coat, a full flapped waistcoat and a small cocked hat, three cornered, bound with broad gold lace, the point placed full in front over a white powdered, long flowing periwig."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Way Jokai Worked.

One who knew Jokai, the Hungarian writer, says that the novelist never troubled to work out his plot in detail beforehand. "He trusted to his imagination for guidance as to what his characters were to do at a given moment, and often when he had completed a chapter of feuilleton which half Hungary was waiting to read he would remark to his friends as the printer's devil rushed away with the copy, 'I should like to know what those people will find to do and say tomorrow.' Jokai started his characters on their careers, eulogizing them if he liked them or caricaturing them if he meant them to excite amusement or derision, and then let them work out their own destinies across the pages of his manuscript."

End of the Game.

It was his move.

He made it, captured a pawn and announced:

"Mate!"

"I see," she pouted. "But you had the advantage of a bishop."

"Some day, Bella," he whispered, pursuing the advantage, "may I mate you with the assistance of just a common preacher?"

After which there was no more chess playing.—Chicago Tribune.

Inherited, as It Were.

Professor—Yes, sir, your daughter is pretty well grounded in French, but it will, of course, take some time and trouble for her to acquire fluency. Father—Well, you know, that's rather strange to me. I had an idea that the fluency would have come sort of natural to her.

How the Engagement Was Broken.

"I can't make you out at all," he said angrily. "You're so fickle and changeable. You're just a riddle to me."

"Yes?" replied his fiancee. "Since you're so stupid perhaps you'd better give me up."—Philadelphia Ledger.

What Did She Mean?

"If you feel chilly," said he as they strolled, "remember I have your shawl here on my arm."

"You might put it around me," she said demurely.—Philadelphia Press.

Reason of His Alacrity.

"How on earth did you ever get a messenger boy to deliver your note and bring back the answer so quick?"

"I took his novel away from him and held it as security."—Exchange.

I like the laughter that opens the lips and the heart—that shows at the same time pearls and the soul.—Victor Hugo.

His Little Joke.

Said the regular customer of the restaurant as he stopped at the desk to pay his bill: "Where did you get that beef you are serving today?" "What's the matter with it?" aggressively asked the cashier, who scented another kick. "There's nothing the matter with it; that's why I asked."

Nine Points of the Law.

Success in law requires, first, a good deal of money; second, a good deal of patience; third, a good cause; fourth, a good lawyer; fifth, a good counsel; sixth, good witnesses; seventh, a good jury; eighth, a good judge, and, ninth, good luck.—Exchange.

Didn't Ask the Impossible.

Her Father—My daughter can never be yours. Her Lover—That is obvious, and I do not ask it. I want her to be my wife.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.—Carlyle.

THE LONELY PRAIRIE.

A Trackless Waste Without Water or Human Habitation.

"I had almost as soon be set adrift in a small boat in midocean as to be dropped down on the vast prairie near the Kansas-Colorado state line," said a man who is familiar with the west.

"One cannot realize the loneliness of the western plains until he has crossed them. There are very few human habitations, comparatively little of the land is under cultivation, and water is a scarce and precious commodity. In every direction nothing meets the gaze of the eye except a trackless, treeless waste which is bounded only by the lowering sky. Prairie dogs are the chief denizens of this region, and as the rain whirls past they perch themselves on their hind legs and sit bolt upright as motionless as a statue. There are a few houses, but they are at wide intervals. The one single advantage that a lonely pedestrian has in that region is that by following the railroad track sufficiently far he will reach a town some day.

"It is positively tiresome to the eye to ride across the prairies in a comfortable Pullman car surrounded by all the luxuries of life. This being true, it must be next to appalling to have to tramp over this region without food or water except what one begs at the few way stations along the route. I have never been able to see anything picturesque or inviting about the wide stretching plains."—Birmingham News.

WINDSTORMS.

The Distinction Between a Cyclone and a Hurricane.

The term cyclone is applied to a tornado of limited diameter and destructive violence. All storms, therefore, in which the wind has a circulating movement about a central area of low barometric pressure may properly be termed cyclones. Cyclones occur most frequently in those parts of the world which are subject to monsoons and take place at those seasons when the monsoons are changing. They sometimes extend over many thousands of square miles.

Tropical storms are known in the West Indies as hurricanes. These violent windstorms are of a diameter of from fifty to a thousand miles, wherein the air moves with a velocity of from 80 to 130 miles an hour round the central calm. Hence this term is applied to any storm or tempest in which the wind blows with terrific violence. In the Philippine Islands and on the southeastern coast of Asia such tropical storms are known as typhoons. The general disturbances of the middle latitudes are usually referred to as simply storms or areas of low barometric pressure.—London Answers.

SCOTLAND'S KILT.

The Origin of This Ancient and Picturesque Dress.

Some say that the kilt was the outcome of sumptuary laws enacted during the reigns of Mary and of her son, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. These laws more or less directly suppressed the ancient tunic, which fell from the shoulders to below the knees, and had in the remoter parts of Great Britain and Ireland formed the outer dress of men from Roman times. When this was condemned, the wearers evaded the law by dividing the tunic at the waist, the upper part becoming a doublet and the lower the kilt.

The kilt, however, must have been of earlier date, for it is shown as a separate garment, neatly quilted from waist to knee, on many mediaeval crosses and memorial slabs, including those at Kilkerran and Kilmorie, which date from before 1500.

It is from this plaiting, or "quilting," that it takes its name, and no doubt the sumptuary regulations promoted its general adoption.

Rough on the Doctor.

In the middle of the night not long ago there came a terrific ringing at a London doctor's bell. "Who's there?" he called down his speaking tube. In response a voice came back asking him to go at once to a house a mile and a half distant. The doctor got up, dressed and went out with the man whom he found waiting for him at the door. Together they walked over to the caller's residence. The disturber of his slumbers told the doctor that he had illness in his house and would like him to have a look at the case. When they entered the sickroom he said, "Now, be good enough to tell me if the case is serious enough for me to send at once for my own doctor or if it will do if I wait until morning."

Not Timid.

"They say capital is very timid," remarked the young man with the gold headed cane.

"Well, I guess you wouldn't think so," answered the young man with the cigarette, "if you'd have seen the way Mazie Goldrox's father treated me when I asked for her hand."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Open Door.

"I—I would k-kiss you," stammered the diffident young man, "if I d-dared."

"Oh, don't be afraid!" rejoined the girl in the parlor scene. "I wouldn't strike a defenseless man."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Conclusive.

Little Dot—Folks say there is people on the planet Mars. Little Dick—There isn't. Little Dot—Why isn't there? Little Dick (triumphantly)—How could they get up there?

When you meet a friend who is not looking well, what point do you hope to make by telling him so?—Atchison Globe.

Walking on the Ceiling.

Few people probably know what it is that enables flies to walk on the ceiling. It has been supposed that their ability to do so was due to the fact that each of their feet is a miniature air pump. This theory was found to be unsound, and it was then explained that the feat was made possible by means of a viscous substance which exuded from the hairs on their feet. This theory also was abandoned as being only partly accountable for the facts, and the preferred explanation is that flies are enabled to walk upside down on smooth substances by the help of capillary adhesion. An investigator has found by a series of nice calculations, such as the weighing and measuring of hairs, that a fly would be upheld by capillary attraction were it four-ninths as heavy again as it is. Each fly is supposed to be furnished with from 10,000 to 12,000 minute foot hairs. These exude an oily fluid, and it is because of the repulsion between a watery surface and this oily liquid that a fly finds it difficult to mount a dampened glass.—Harper's Weekly.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 7.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings xvii, 1-16—Memory Verses, 13, 14—Golden Text, I Pet. v, 7—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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We are now introduced to and are to spend six weeks with Elijah, the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead. This first record of him contains all that we know of his birthplace and parentage. Like Melchizedek, he stands before us on the pages of Scripture without any record of father or mother or ancestry, and he appears as suddenly. He is spoken of by some as one of the grandest and most romantic characters that Israel ever produced. His name signifies "My God is Jehovah," and before Jehovah he stood, and unto Him he lived. The first recorded sentence from his lips, "The Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand" (verse 1), gives us his constant attitude. The rule of his life was to please God, not fearing the frown nor seeking the favor of mortal man. His opening words are repeated in xviii, 15, and make us think of Gabriel's words in Luke i, 19, "I am Gabriel that stand in the presence of God." They also carry us back to the Lord's word to Abram in Gen. xvii, 1, "Walk [illegible]fore Me and be thou perfect" (margins—upright, sincere). This is the only way for those who would be the Lord's messengers.

Concerning his message to Ahab, "There shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to My word," we must consider Jas. v, 17, where it is written that he prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and also Deut. xi, 17, where we have the authority for such a prayer, the Lord having threatened to shut up the heavens and withhold rain if they turned from Him to worship idols. That the heavens were thus shut up in the days of Elijah is confirmed by our Lord in Luke iv, 25. Believing prayer must be based upon some plain assurance in the word of God or some clear revelation from God concerning His will. George Muller has called the former the grace of faith and the latter the gift of faith. In one way or the other God will guide us.

Verses 2 to 6 give us the story of the brook Cherith and the ravens, and all was according to the word of the Lord, which both Elijah and the ravens obeyed. The first time this title or expression, "The word of the Lord," is used is in Gen. xv, 1. It may mean a message from God or it may mean the Son of God, who is called "The Word" (John i, 1; Rev. xix, 13). Either way it is God controlling, and our part is "willing and obedient" (Isa. i, 19). The prophet is now told to hide himself; he has delivered his message and that is all that is required of him at present.

May the life of every child of God be summed up in this: "Striving according to His working, which worketh in Me mightily" (Col. i, 29), for unless it is God working in us it cannot stand. But when we thus seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness we may be sure that all temporal things shall be added, even though ravens feed us or poor widows minister to us. In these days of unbelief and scoffing, if any should hear it said that Arabs, not birds, fed Elijah, just ask what kind of an Arab flew out of Noah's ark, for the word "raven" in our lesson is the same in the Hebrew as the word "raven" in Gen. viii, 7. By whatever instrumentality the Lord may minister to us, while truly grateful to Him and to His ministering servants, we must be stayed upon Himself alone, lest some Cherith dry up and we thereby grow discouraged. Hab. iii, 17, 18, is a fine word to appropriate, for whoever or whatever may fail us we can always truly say, "Thou, O Lord, remainest forever" (Lam. v, 19; Heb. i, 11).

It was not for Elijah to think out some new place to go to, for the Lord who sent him to Cherith and hid and sustained him there had his eye upon him (II Chron. xvi, 9), and saw all the circumstances, and doubtless Elijah talked with Him about it. Well, at the right time, not too soon nor too late, the same word of the Lord who sent him to Cherith commands him to go to a widow woman at Zarephath, or according to Luke iv, 26, Sarepta, and there is our Lord's confirmation of this part of the story also. Zarephath signifies a place of refining, and, while at Cherith he was cut off from all human help, he is now to be refined still more by most unlikely human ministration. Safely he journeys, for the Lord can hide us while journeying as well as while abiding, and when he arrives at the gate of the city the widow is there gathering a few sticks to make a cake, for herself and her son, of the last handful of meal in the house, and after that they expect to die. What a boarding house! What a welcome for a weary traveler! And yet it is the Lord's way.

Listen to Elijah: "Fear not; go and do as thou hast said, but make me a little cake first" (verse 13). Had this been all, the woman might have thought him some crazy tramp. But listen yet: "After that make for thee and for thy son, for thus saith the Lord God of Israel, the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail until" * * * And so it came to pass according to the word of the Lord, and the meal and oil were multiplied for a full year (verses 10-16 and margin of 15). This poor widow gave all to the Lord; the widow who had two mites gave all; the lad with the five loaves gave all. When we as unreservedly give all, we shall see the Lord's increase. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth" (Prov. xi, 24). The rest of the verse tells why many are poor who might be rich.

The Peruvians' Sacred Number.

The Peruvians cared nothing for any of the supposed mystic properties of either three, five or seven. To them the four was sacred, and around it they entwined the main features of all their religious ceremonies and queer beliefs. They believed the earth to be a square divided into four parts and suspended from the heavens by four cords—one at each of the four corners. All of their cities were quartered by four principal streets running from a square in the center. They held four annual feasts in honor of the moon, the "silver sister of the sun."

To them eternity was to be divided into four periods of time, each composed of four times 4,000 years, and at the end of each of these cycles the sun is to be blotted out of existence. They prayed to the four winds, or to "ye gods that dwell at the four corners of the earth." To them the rains came from four enormous heavenly turtles that vomited dampness, and the four winds from the lungs of the four gigantic caryatides which stand at the four cardinal points of paradise. The above are but a small portion of the fours alluded to in the legends of the Incas.

An Antelope That Dwells In Swamps.

The general idea of an antelope pictures it as a swift runner, fleeing in graceful bounds over stretching brown plains. There is an antelope in the Congo region, however, which rarely ventures to the upland, but actually lives in water, spending practically all of its time wading around in the swamps and feeding on swamp growth, such as papyrus and other water plants.

This swamp antelope represents among animals what the heron and other wading birds do among birds, and like these wading birds the swamp antelope has extraordinarily long and thin legs, while its hoofs are wonderfully long and spread out almost as wide as bird's claws when the animals wade in the mud, thus supporting them on the soft bottom.

These swamp antelopes are by no means small animals, but belong to the larger forms of their species. A full grown male is as big as the buck of the fallow deer in Virginia.

Gondolas of Venice.

A tourist writes: "Like most characteristic objects appertaining to Venice, the gondola is suitable to the place. Even as the hansom cab suits London or the rickshaw suits Japan or the jaunting car suits Ireland, so the gondola is the vessel for Venice. You cannot separate the lagoon from the gondola. One completes the other." The gondolier is a man given to many oaths and imprecations, of which the most terrible is, "Thy saint is a rascal who does not know how to make a decent miracle." The gondoliers are not as much given as they used to be to the singing of the sonorous verses of Tasso by moonlight in their musical patois. Occasionally an outburst of melody is secured by a traveler's coins, and there are always singing, playing and dancing at the inevitable festa.

Ringing Bells to Swarm Bees.

It is a foolish notion to suppose that the ringing of bells or "tanging" of tin pans will cause a swarm of bees to settle, says Country Life In America. The real origin of this custom dates back to the reign of Alfred the Great, who, in order to prevent disputes regarding the ownership of a swarm, ordered that the owner should always ring a bell when his bees swarmed, and ever since then the good farmer's wife has been rushing out with ringing bells whenever the bees swarmed, and the fact that they settled verified, in her own mind, the belief that the bell did it.

Force of Habit.

Speaking of force of habit, some years ago there was an iron railing around the capitol grounds at Washington. The appropriation bill provided for a watchman to close and lock the gates every night at a certain hour and open them at a certain hour every morning. In the course of time the railing or fence was removed, but the gates swung between their Egyptian pillars for a long time, and all that time the watchman came and went regularly, closing and opening the gates according to law and drawing his salary.

Monkey Puzzle Tree.

One of the most remarkable trees in the world grows in California and in place of leaves has spiky scales. The trunk and all of the branches are entirely covered with these scales, which are so sharp that even a monkey would find it out of the question to climb such a tree. Hence its name, "monkey puzzle tree," which is admirably descriptive.

What She Played, Merely.

Bacon—What I did say was that my daughter played the grand piano. Egbert—Yes. That's what I understood. Bacon—Well, it's all right if you understood it. I was afraid perhaps you thought I said she played the piano grand.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Opinion.

Artist (at work)—Now give me your honest opinion of this picture. Visitor (who fancies himself a critic)—It's utterly worthless! Artist (dreamily)—Y-e-s—but give it, all the same.—Punch.

A Close Call.

First Physician—So the operation was just in the nick of time? Second Physician—Yes, in another twenty-four hours the patient would have recovered without it.—Harper's Bazar.

When a man marries a second time, the neighbors hang around to see if his first wife's children call his second wife mother.—Atchison Globe.

Black Snakes.

It is true that the rattlesnake and the black snake are mortal enemies, and the black snake is the victor in their battles, breaking the neck of his adversary before the rattler has time to strike. The black snakes of this country are as harmless as frogs. On many of the large plantations in the south they are tamed and kept as a protection from their enemy, as the warm climate prevents keeping the houses closed so as to keep them out.

Humoring a Lunatic.

Some years ago a very wealthy man in England got it into his head that he had lost all his money. To pacify him his sons told him that they had saved the remnants of the estate and were able to offer him employment as a clerk. At $7.50 a week he worked as happy as a prince for the last twenty years of his life. When he died his estate amounted to nearly $15,000,000.

Two Effects.

Mr. C.—What are you crying about, my dear? Mrs. C.—I have just been reading the old love letters you sent me before we were married. Mr. C.—That's funny. I was reading them myself the other day and they made me laugh.

Proved.

Magistrate—The evidence clearly shows that you threw a stone at this man. Prisoner—An' the looks of the man shows more than that, your honor. It shows that I hit him.—Scraps.

Making Home Happy.

Mrs. Geyer—Men have different ways of making home happy. Mrs. Meyer—How so? Mrs. Geyer—Some do it by staying at home and some by going away.

A Sarcastic Rejoinder.

Mrs. Goode—See here, why did you throw away that bread I just gave you? Tramp—Because, mum, I never eat between meals.

If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.—Cecil.

The Guillotine.

The striking thing about the execution was the appalling quickness of it all. Action was so rapid from the instant the condemned appeared in the doorway of the prison to the moment the knife fell that it was almost impossible to distinguish the slight chain of incidents. He flung himself eagerly against the plank, was strapped to it, and in the flash of a glance the plank was pushed forward on the platform of the guillotine. An instant's vision of a recumbent figure, face downward. In the same moment a head, with two staring, wide open eyes, whirled almost defiantly, as it seemed, and with a slight zigzag movement, to the rightward, while simultaneously the pinioned body rolled, inert, convulsive, into the capacious basket, also at the right hand side of the guillotine. The swiftness, the mechanical promptness of the business, fairly stupefied the spectator. It was impossible to realize that a human life had ended in less time than it would take to draw a full breath. The guillotine had done its work well. There was scarcely a sense of horror in the sight.—London Standard.

Place and Price In New York.

Prices on Broadway and on Nassau street are notoriously at variance, but the value sometimes placed on a well known business name is even more pretentious. Jones has a watch that was carried by his father—a costly gold timepiece that in its prime was one to be proud of. The other day he decided to have it "restored," and naturally took it to a well known Broadway store.

"I'll have to look it over," the clerk told Jones when the latter modestly asked the cost of putting the watch in good running order. "Leave it and come back tomorrow."

Jones did so, and caught his breath as the clerk remarked that it would cost exactly $28.50 for repairs. Then he took his watch and fled. At noon on the same day he took his watch to a little shop on Nassau street.

"It just needs a new mainspring and a cleaning," he was told. "That'll cost you $2.50."—New York Post.

Some of Swift's Sarcasm.

Swift's "Rules and Directions For Servants" are quoted in What to Eat as an evidence that the servant of the seventeen century did not differ materially from the modern American article. Among these rules are the following: "Scrape the bottom of your pots with a silver spoon, for fear of giving them a taste of copper." "Write your name and your sweetheart's with the smoke of a candle on the roof of the kitchen to show your learning." "Whoever comes to call on your master or mistress when they are abroad never burden your memory with the person's name, for, indeed, you have too many other things to remember." "When you cut bread for toast do not stand idly watching, but lay it on the coals and mind your other business."

Shakespeare's Greatness.

"The more I read Shakespeare," said Keats, "the more I find in him all that I need." It has been said of Wagner that his greatness was due to the fact that he knew no Latin. Perhaps Shakespeare's "little Latin and small Greek" also saved him from a sterilizing bondage to dead classics. However that may be, his genius transcended all schools and all the limitations of coteries. He is our supreme national asset. If we were asked the question whether we would be without India or Shakespeare, is there one true Englishman who would not say, with Carlyle, "India or no India, we cannot give up our Shakespeare?"—London News.

Killing a King Cobra.

Tales of tiger shooting in India are common enough, but one does not hear much about king cobra hunting. A. Mervyn Smith tells how, accompanied by two natives, he went to a spot where a pair of king cobras were known to be. On arrival at the place he was made to get under a basket, the meshes of which were too small for a king cobra to put his head through. While he was beneath this basket one of the snakes came out and was shot with arrows by natives. The other cobra then appeared and endeavored to overturn the coop. Describing the incident the writer says: "The terror of that moment I cannot express. What if it should overturn the basket? The strength of thirteen feet of muscle must be enormous, and if used in the right direction would soon overcome my pull at the cord. What would then happen? Certain death for me, I felt sure. Again the whiz of an arrow and I saw a gaping wound along the neck of the fierce brute as it quitted its hold to look for this new foe. Fixing my knee on the cord, I now placed the muzzle of my gun just through one of the square openings in the basket and, aiming at the hood, fired both barrels in rapid succession, and had the satisfaction of seeing the horrid brute fling up the leaves and dust in its death throes."

Vegetable Rock Builders.

The vegetable rock builders are found in the ooze which covers the marine plants drawn up from the bottom of the sea. As shown by the microscope, they are seen to consist of zigzag links or boxes, attached at their corners. These vegetable forms, so minute as to be invisible to the human eye, have the power of secreting the elements of flint or silica from the water in which they live. They are very curiously marked, and there are many varieties of them. It will be seen that in their structure the lines of beauty have not been forgotten. The city of Berlin was built on an immense bed of the remains of these minute vegetable forms, and the unstable foundations of the houses is due to this fact. They are so small that one of them is but the seventy-millionth part of a grain. They increase by subdivision, one being capable of increasing to a million by this process in twenty-four hours. Their method of building is simply by living and then dying and leaving their flinty skeletons to form the solid rock. They block up rivers, give the green tinge to the Arctic ocean, form a white stone which has been found in masses 500 miles long and 800 feet thick, and the clouds of dust which are blown from the desert are made up of them.

The Dictionary Habit.

"Yes, it's a good thing for a man to refer to the dictionary, but this practice can often be carried to excess," said a well known magazine writer. "Why, I've seen a man get so much addicted to this habit," he continued, "that he could not write an ordinary letter without turning to the dictionary three or four times in order to ascertain some big words that he could use. This, I think, is a very great waste of time, as he does not express his meaning a bit better than if he had used some shorter and really English words."

Business Cards.

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HE WAS A REAL FARMER.

Hence He Couldn't See the Poetic Side of Farm Life.

"Oh, yes," a man in the hotel lobby was overheard to say. "I'm a real farmer now. My farm only costs me about $75 per month now, so you can see I'm getting along." Then the man was heard to comment upon farm labor.

"It's all right to talk about the poetry of farm life," he said, "but if farm life is poetry I want the prosiest sort of prose in mine. Is there any poetry in greasing harness? Do you find any rhyme and rhythm in milking a double jointed, back action cow twice a day? Well, I guess not."

"But there's the scenery," his companion interjected, "and the smell of grain"—

"Yes," said the amateur farmer, "and the chiggers, and the red bugs, and holes in the fence, and rats in the seed corn, and the potatoes sprouting. And if you are through plowing for awhile and haven't anything better to do you fix the wheelbarrow for recreation, or you can see that the pen is made hog proof, or that the water trough doesn't leak too much. Then if everything else fails and it's too rainy to do anything else you can get out a secondhand kit and fix the crupper on the harness or nail strips of boiler plate on the feed box so that crib eater of a plug won't have too many splinters in him when he dies. Oh, you can bet I'm too much of a farmer to look at the poetic side of it. I'm a realist farmer; that's what I am."—Dallas News.

TOBACCO SALARIES.

A Custom of the American Colonies Before the Revolution.

Before the Revolution, ministers of the Anglican church in those American colonies where that church was established by law were remunerated "in kind" instead of in money. Maryland gave an incumbent forty pounds of tobacco a year for every tithe payer in the parish, whether churchman or dissenter, white or colored. These terms were handsome enough to secure the pick of the clerical market. In Virginia the stipends represented a fixed and unvarying quantity, by weight, of the manufactured leaf. These stipends were rather beggarly in quantity. In a bad year even the "sweet scented parishes," where the minister's salary was calculated on a high priced and exceptionally fragrant tobacco, yielded only about $500 a year. The parishioners sometimes refused to induct a clergyman unless he would consent to take one salary for serving two parishes. In 1758, when the price of tobacco had greatly risen, the house of burgesses passed a law fixing the cash equivalent of debts payable in tobacco at one-third their true value, thus wiping out two-thirds of the incomes of ministers. Patrick Henry made his first fame in defending this law when a test case was brought in behalf of the injured clergymen.

A Dead Moose.

When a bull moose lies dead in the forest he looks like some strange antediluvian animal, with his square prehensile muffle and horns spreading laterally, a peculiarity which he shares with the prehistoric Irish elk and the nearly extinct European elk of later times. The huge form tells of strength and swiftness, and withal the still dangerous gleam of the eye, glazed in its last stare, bids the hunter pause and feel almost guilty of a crime in the destruction of so much that is grand and weird, a feeling very different from the sentiment supposed to attend the slaughter of a deer. But the triumph of mastering the wariest and bravest animal in the woods by fair still hunting and by grimly sticking to the track for many a weary mile amply atones for any regrets.—Century.

Sneak Thieves In Churches.

An old sexton was discussing the amount of stealing that is done in churches. "Scarcely a day passes," he said, "when the church is open without some distracted woman coming to me bowed down with grief because somebody has stolen her purse. There are certain contemptible thieves who prey on unsuspecting women who pray so hard that they forget to look after their pocketbooks. The thief watches until the woman is deep in prayer and then leans over, grasps the purse and sneaks out."—Philadelphia Record.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 6, 1904.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY—To Boston,** 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05, P.M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.05, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.20, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 3.25, 5.29, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.58, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. **For** Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30, 8.20, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.13, 9.49, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.15, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.31, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

9.13 P. M. to Boston in effect June 27, 1904.

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after June 27, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.07, 6.22, every 15 minutes until 9.52 A. M then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.52 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 11.07 A. M then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M then every 15 minutes until 9.07 P. M and then every 30 minutes 12.37 A. M

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 8.37; then every 15 minutes 9.37 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.07, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 10 07 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour until then 12.37 A. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

THE OGLESBY BRIDE

By KEITH GORDON

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When the senior partner is young, handsome and unmarried and the woman in the office of a quiet elegance of face and form, subtly suggestive of drawing rooms, it is apparent that complications become possible.

Oglesby himself had a vague consciousness of the fact at the end of Miss Wentworth's first year there. It was not so much that, under the charm of her personality, a Turkish rug, not originally included in the plan of office furnishings, had found its way into her room—that was a small matter! But that he perceived a certain incongruity in the fact that her slender, well shod feet rested upon a polished floor, while he and Stanton walked on rugs, was more significant. When incongruities of this sort attract a business man's attention he should beware.

Miss Wentworth, to be sure, had an atmosphere all her own, which seemed to demand a proper setting for her. To this silent demand of her individuality Oglesby made a good many concessions from time to time, almost without knowing that he did so. He had a whimsical theory that she was like fine china and should be treated with the greatest delicacy.

She herself never seemed to suspect that there was anything unusual in the attention that was paid to her comfort. If a rug were put down in her room, well, surely it was no more than proper that there should be a rug there. If Mr. Oglesby showed a real anxiety to know whether the chair that she occupied was as comfortable a one as could be procured, Miss Wentworth supposed that it was but the usual kindliness displayed by employers for their employees.

It was not until the little room occupied by her contained every office convenience that Oglesby was brought to a consciousness of the fact that there might be some personal motive in his thoughtfulness.

"Um! Seems to me, old man, that you're daft on the subject of our fair assistant," observed his partner when for the third time in as many months he had suggested some improvement to be made in the stenographer's equipment.

Oglesby answered him somewhat tartly and in a manner meant to convey that an Oglesby could under no circumstances whatever become interested in a woman not of his own class.

Still the fact that Stanton had noticed anything unusual in his behavior irritated him. He remembered, with sharp discomfort, a number of times when he had worked hard—harder by far than he ever had with any woman of his own world—to win a smile from her. He even found relief in the thought that with a tact rare in a girl untrained to social life she had added zest to his efforts by her calm, well bred, but by no means encouraging manner.

"An Oglesby and daft on the subject of a stenographer!" he repeated to himself with scorn as Stanton's remark rankled in his mind. "I guess not!"

It was fortunate that he should have encountered Miss Wentworth on the street one day while this resentment was still warm in his mind. At the office, in spite of his resolutions, his manner was unchanged. Over and over again he forgot that the cold, serene young woman who looked at him very much as if he were a mere detail of the office furniture was simply his stenographer.

But when he met her on the street that day a sudden remembrance of Stanton's speech embarrassed him. After all, the Oglesby pride whispered, "Stanton was right." With this thought in his mind he checked the smile of greeting that rose to his lips and bowed with elaborate and somewhat patronizing gravity.

"Intends to be just as courteous to me as if I did not write his letters for so much per month," was the thought that flashed wickedly through Miss Wentworth's mind. Her acknowledgment of his greeting was reduced to a flicker of the eyelids that came perilously near to being imperceptible.

The effect was by no means lost upon Mr. Oglesby and produced in him a queer mixture of triumph and indignation.

"Jove," ran his thoughts appreciatively, "she has the air of a grande dame!"

Then a quick transition took place in his view of the matter, and he experienced a thrill of righteous indignation at her treatment. Had he not bowed to her precisely as he would have done to Miss Ten Eyck, with a mere trifling, impalpable difference of expression, which a person in her position could scarcely be expected to detect?

Just what was going to happen in the future can never be definitely known, for at that moment the vision of a tall, fair girl, whose eyes seemed to look into his with quiet mockery, terminated his train of thought. He felt almost as guilty as if the vision had been Miss Wentworth in the flesh, and somehow the dignified displeasure that he had meant to show when next they encountered each other at the office did not seem so possible as it had.

And, indeed, the "dignified displeasure" was not at all discernible in the reference that he afterward made to that meeting, which showed plainly his anxiety to efface any impression of patronage that Miss Wentworth might have absorbed—a reference that was received by her with an indifferent smile and a quick reference to business matters in hand that left him feeling neatly and beautifully snubbed.

Subsequently, in the stenographer's room, Miss Wentworth took a letter head from the drawer at her side with the air of a person in deep thought. Then, with a scornful smile playing about her lips, she dropped the paper into the machine, gave the roller a quick contemptuous turn and murmured to herself:

"A perfect cad!"

Fight the conviction as he would, Oglesby became more and more convinced as the days went by that a dire thing had happened to him. Why, otherwise, was he forever furtively watching her clear, pure outlines with satisfied delight?

Yet his very soul winced at the thought of an Oglesby in love with a typewriter girl—and one, moreover, who scarcely noticed him! With that thought the queer, unreasonable exultation that he had experienced before at being snubbed darted through him. He was proud of her—proud of her as if she had been himself.

For two generations the Oglesbys had married belles of their day. Indeed, to be born an Oglesby—and a man—was much the same thing as being born a prince of the blood.

And now the head of the Oglesby family was absolutely dependent upon a girl of the people—a young woman who earned her living by means of the skill by which her long, white fingers ticked off the letters that pertained to the vast Oglesby interests.

Admitting that the impossible could happen, he reflected, wouldn't it be sweet? Glaring headlines in the daily newspapers: "Oglesby Weds His Pretty Stenographer!" "Romance In a Wall Street Office!" The thought was too much. And he turned to the papers that lay on his desk with his lips shut in a cruel smile. She must go!

"She is a queen, all right," he was thinking as he held a portentous document before his eyes in the delusion that he was reading it. "She's a queen, but we Oglesbys cannot marry queens who have got lost from their queendoms!"

At that moment there was a tap at the door, and in response to his mumbled "Come in!" the lady of his thoughts entered. In less time than it takes to write it the Oglesby pride slunk out of sight. After all she need not go! The mere thought of some round cheeked girl with a belligerent pompadour filling her place made him feel murderous.

He rose to place a chair for her, dimly aware through the confusion of his thoughts that she had expressed a wish to speak to him upon a personal matter. Then a shiver of intuition caused him to look at her keenly.

"And I should like to get away as soon as I can, Mr. Oglesby, without inconveniencing the firm in any way," were the first words that Oglesby heard clearly as he recovered from his dazed surprise.

For a moment he did not speak. For the first time in all his elegant, arrogant life Hubert Oglesby felt forlorn, bereft! In that moment the Oglesby pride was forgotten.

"May I ask why you have decided to leave us?" he asked at last, very humbly and with a fear clutching at his heart as a very probable reason for her action suggested itself to his imagination.

"Of course," he went on soberly, not waiting for her to speak, "I do not need to tell you how much I—how much we have appreciated your presence here. We"—

She interrupted him by a little gesture at once imperious and girlish. Now that she was about to leave, the cold reserve of her manner had disappeared.

"You've all been so very kind to me here that"—

Something in the intense gaze that he bent upon her caused her to leave her sentence unfinished. Then slowly the color burned in her cheeks like the fire in an opal, and Mr. Oglesby was speaking, rapidly, eagerly and as a man rather than an Oglesby.

"Don't tell me that it is too late," he pleaded, "and that there is some one else. I think I have loved you from the first, but"—

He stopped in embarrassment. Miss Wentworth looked up at him with a quizzical smile.

"The Oglesby pride?" she queried, with gentle raillery.

It was a trying moment. Oglesby turned hot and red with shame. The Oglesby pride suddenly seemed to him a contemptible thing. Then he looked up and nodded with dull hopelessness. She would never forgive such an admission as that, he felt sure.

Miss Wentworth laughed delightfully—unaccountably.

"The Wentworths of Boston," she observed demurely, "are unused to being scorned!"

"But how in the world came you to be earning your living?"

"Family and fortune," she smiled back at him, "sometimes part company."

And in that smile Oglesby read that there really might be a chance for him—some time!

To Be an Angel.

Small Martin, aged four, ventured a few steps down the street away from his own doorway. A big black dog, frolicsomely inclined, ran after him. The terrified youngster dashed back to his own gate, up the steps and into the house, where his mother sat sewing.

"Oh, mamma, I wish I was dead," he sobbed, clinging to her knees.

"Oh, Martin, dear, don't say that!" cried his mother, clasping her darling to her breast.

"'Es, I do. 'Tause ven I'd be a little angel, an' I'd have wings an' vere wouldn't be a dog in town 't could tatch me."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Quaint Story of Victor Hugo.

In the diary of Sir Montstuart Grant Duff the following story is told regarding Victor Hugo: An ardent admirer once said to Hugo: "The nation has never treated you quite properly; no street has been called after you; there ought to be a Rue Victor Hugo." "That will come, my children; that will come," said the master. Then another disciple took up the running and said: "A street! That indeed would be nothing; a whole quarter of the city should be called after you." "That will come, my children; that will come," said the master. Thereupon a third disciple joined in: "Paris should cease to be Paris, and be renamed City of Victor Hugo." "That will come, my children; that will come," said Hugo serenely.

Reflected Light.

A dead white surface has decided advantages for reflecting light over a looking glass or a bright surface. Good white blotting paper reflects back 82 per cent of the light cast upon it. Many persons are under the impression that a looking glass must be a better reflector than paper or whitewashed surface because with looking glass a strong shadow can be cast, while from a dead surface no heavy shadow is obtained. The reason is not so much that the reflected light is less from the dead surface, but that the reflection is concentrated in the case of the looking glass. With paper or whitewash it proceeds from a vast number of points.—New York News.

Curious Advertisements.

Some of the Japanese tradesmen in the smaller towns of Nippon have a curious way of advertising their business. On their right forearms they tattoo figures—the shoemaker a shoe, the woodcutter an ax, the butcher a cleaver. Underneath these emblems are such inscriptions as "I do my work modestly and cheaply," and "I am as good at my trade as most of my fellows." When they are looking for work they bare their arms and walk about the streets.

The Ruby as a Fruit.

The people of Burma believe that the ruby is a kind of fruit which will ripen if you give it time. They say that most rubies do not ripen simply because they are not allowed to do so. If you want to "ripen" the ruby in your ring, according to the Burmese idea, you must take your ring and lay it in the sun for one month without disturbing it at all, and at the end of that time it will be "ripe" and good to eat.

Two Pairs.

Mrs. Egerton Blunt—But why did you leave your last place? Applicant—I couldn't stand the way the mistress and master used to quarrel, mum. Mrs. E. B. (shocked)—Dear me. Did they quarrel very much then! Applicant—Yes, mum. When it wasn't me an' 'im it was me an' 'er.

His Wanderings.

Stranger—What wonderful tales old Blinks relates! He must have been a great traveler in his day. Native—He was never outside the county in his life, but, you see, his mind has wandered for years.

A GOLDEN LINK

By A. M. Davies Ogden

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"Follow this path, ma'am, and you will find the house," explained the coachman as he drew up before the stately stone gates of Ellesmere Abbey. "Carriages are not permitted inside the grounds, but visitors on foot can walk through and view the lake and terraces."

The path, leaving the driveway, led between sturdy oaks, through whose branches the flickering sunlight fell in golden shadows—oaks that had stood for generations, the pride of the county. Mrs. Lincoln and her daughter walked slowly forward, exclaiming in delight at the grand old trees, until a sudden fork in the path caused them to halt in some perplexity.

"Although, as the caterpillar said, if you don't care where you are going, it cannot matter much which way you go," laughed Ethel Lincoln. "And both look attractive," she added. As they hesitated a young man, clad in knickerbockers and carrying a gun, came down one of the paths. Mrs. Lincoln looked relieved.

"Here is a gamekeeper, or poacher, or something," she said. "He can probably tell us which is the best way to go."

The man, who had stopped on seeing the two ladies, now came toward them, lifting his battered cap.

"Can I be of any service?" he inquired. His voice was prepossessing, and Mrs. Lincoln assented.

"We are anxious to see the house and the lake," she said. "Could you direct us how to reach them?"

"The right hand path will take you directly to the house," he answered civilly. "And the lake—the lake is a bit out of the way." He paused a moment, then went on, "I belong here, and if you would care to have me show you about"—

Mrs. Lincoln smiled kindly.

"If you would be so good."

Ethel Lincoln, wandering somewhat behind the others, was enchanted with the place. The lovely mere, laden with heavy white lilies, the brilliant hued parterres, the cool green terraces, all evoked deep breaths of admiration.

"It is like a page from a novel," she declared. "I never imagined anything so romantic. It's—it's perfect," abandoning a vain search for suitable adjectives. The gamekeeper looked pleased.

"It is indeed a fine place, miss," he said. But Mrs. Lincoln glanced longingly at the house.

"How I would like to see the interior," she said. "Is it quite impossible?"

The man considered.

"It is not usually allowed," he answered. "But I will ask this gardener."

The gardener, when appealed to, looked up in surprise.

"Why—I don't know," he declared doubtfully. "You"—

"Don't you think they might make an exception this once?" interposed the gamekeeper hastily. The gardener, a faint twinkle creeping into his eye, nodded.

Mrs. Lincoln turned away.

"If it is against the rules, of course we would prefer not to enter," she said quietly. "Thank you just as much. Only I happened to know Lady Ellerslie well many years ago and should have been glad to see her home."

"Indeed," said the gamekeeper respectfully. "You might have a chance next week then. Lady Ellerslie's son is giving a garden party on Thursday, and if you send a card to Lord Ellerslie I have no doubt that he would be glad to have an invitation sent you."

"Thank you, perhaps we may do so," said Mrs. Lincoln. "Will you be good enough to call my carriage now?"

As he turned and beckoned the coachman Ethel Lincoln sighed.

"How beautiful it all is," she exclaimed. "Really, I could marry Ellerslie just to live here." The gamekeeper, his faced unmoved, stepped forward.

"May I help you in, madam?" he asked decorously.

Mrs. Lincoln, slipping her fingers into the tiny gold purse swinging at her wrist, pulled forth a coin and, without looking at it, held it toward the man. To her surprise, he flushed and drew back. But at sight of the look of unconscious dismay on the girl's face his half uttered protest died and he quietly accepted the money.

As they drove homeward Mrs. Lincoln laughed.

"No wonder that man stared," she said. "These English coins are so much alike in size that instead of a shilling I gave him a sovereign. But how abnormal for any foreigner to hesitate at a tip. Shall we send Ellerslie a card, Kitten? I suppose he would hardly remember us, and it is many years since his mother died. Do you think it would be worth while?"

"I suppose not," agreed Ethel, not, however, without a secret twinge of disappointment.

But the next day, on returning from their drive, the innkeeper met them. In his hand was a letter and a card.

"His lordship was here this afternoon," he said, "and asked if you were the lady who had lost this locket," producing a small gold ornament. "If you were, I was to give you this letter."

"Why, I must have dropped it yesterday," exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln in surprise, tearing open the envelope. It contained a card of invitation and a few lines on a crested sheet of paper.

> My Dear Mrs. Lincoln—From the name engraved on the locket which was found in the grounds yesterday I judge you must be the old friend whom my mother so loved. Will not you and your daughter do me the honor of coming to the garden party I am giving next Thursday and let me have the pleasure of renewing an old acquaintance? Faithfully yours,
>
> ELLERSLIE.

When on Thursday afternoon Mrs. Lincoln and Ethel drove under the porte cochere of Ellerslie Abbey already the lawns and terraces were dotted with bright frocks and parasols, while from a gay marquee came the strains of a military band. Ethel's spirits rose.

"I feel that I am going to have a good time," she declared. "My new gown is becoming, my hat perfect, so cheer up, mumsie."

"Mrs. and Miss Lincoln," shouted the flunky, and into the great hall, paneled to the roof with oak and hung with the family portraits of three centuries, they passed. A gentleman turned from the nearest group of people and came forward. Tall, slim, frock coated, with a white flower in his buttonhole, there was yet no mistaking him. For a moment Mrs. Lincoln stared, then a slow smile curved her lips.

"So it was you—you all the time," she declared. "You were the gamekeeper." The man looked repentantly back.

"I really didn't mean to," he pleaded. "You see, I only expected to stop a moment and pass on. But then that seemed uncivil, and so"—

"And so you merely deceived us instead," laughed Mrs. Lincoln. "Ethel, dear, this is Ellerslie, bad as ever."

"No, no," he protested. "It was my cap that deceived you, not I. At first I hardly appreciated the situation, and then—it seemed too late. And I never hoped to see you again. But when you spoke of my mother I began to think who you might be, and of course the name on the locket settled it. Indeed, I was innocent."

Mrs. Lincoln laughed.

"Certainly you took the tip badly enough."

"But I still have it," he asserted, "and always shall, if only as being the first money I ever earned."

As host Ellerslie's duties kept him busy through the afternoon, and it was not until the long shadows lay wide across the lawn that he was able to follow the direction in which his eyes had often strayed and join Ethel where she stood under a huge Japanese umbrella.

"I have been talking to chaperons until I am exhausted," he urged. "Do take pity on me and let us make an escape. Oh, no, it is not yet late," as the girl hesitated. "And there is the view of the mere that you have not yet seen," he added mischievously.

Ethel smiled and let him take her parasol from one of the group of men about her.

"Don't keep her too long, Ellerslie," said one in rather an injured tone.

Ellerslie shook his head. "I cannot promise. Miss Lincoln and I have much to discuss," he laughed.

But as they paused on a little rustic bridge commanding a view of lake and woods stretching away to the red sunlit sky Ellerslie seemed to have suddenly lost the desire to talk. When finally he turned to her there was an odd little glint in his eye.

"Well," he said, "do you like it?" waving his hand toward the picturesque reach of wood and water.

"Indeed I do," she answered earnestly. The glint in his eye deepened.

"Then you are prepared to keep your word?"

"My word?" demanded the girl, startled.

"That you would marry Ellerslie to get all this." He pulled a coin from his pocket and gazed meditatively at it. "This precious coin—I fell in love with a girl when it was given to me. Wasn't it an odd thing to do? But I am so delighted with the fact that I am going to have this bit of gold made into the best thing I know of, and that is a wedding ring. Shall I? Do you think she might wear it in time?"

Although he spoke jestingly, there was an undercurrent of seriousness in his tone which the girl was quick to catch. For a moment a new, strange shyness kept her silent, then she spoke.

"Of course I am hardly competent to advise on such a subject," she began demurely, "but," with a swift upward glance that suggested bewildering possibilities, "there could certainly be no harm in having the ring made."

It was several years before Ellerslie admitted to his wife that as Mrs. Lincoln had dropped him the coin she had dropped the locket and that he, willfully and deliberately, had pocketed it. To his astonishment, however, Lady Ellerslie only laughed.

An Odd Swimming Contest.

Sir John Pakington, a courtier of Queen Elizabeth, was a reckless layer of wagers. He once bet £3,000 that he would swim the Thames from the bridge at Westminster to the bridge at Greenwich faster than three relays of young noblemen. Sir John won this bet. The relays of noblemen, though they swam hard, were badly beaten. The queen was present at the race, and to the losers she gave, by way of a consolation prize, a butt of sack.

Character Analysis.

"He is a great deal of an optimist," said one bright girl.

"Yes," answered the other, "and an egotist as well."

"Certainly. He is cheerful because he firmly believes that the world cannot go wrong so long as he lives in it and looks out for it."—Washington Star.

OLD BAVARIAN TOWNS.

Many of the Smaller Ones Are Merely Walled Farm Villages.

In old Bavarian districts many of the smaller towns are merely walled farm villages. These settlements of agriculturists reproduce the ancient laager for all. Each is built in the form of a parallelogram, the shorter sides having each a gateway, with double gates, over which rise central square watchtowers capped with conical red roofs. A narrow road or street runs from gate to gate, with old half timber houses set back close to the inclosing wall. The ground floor of these houses affords stabling for cattle, and from these stables the cows are driven out through the town gates in the morning and brought in at night. Townships like this are merely clusters of houses intimately connected with the farm lands that lie beyond their gates. The peasantry, whether peasant proprietors or allotment leaseholders, go in and out to their work.

In eastern Bavaria, toward the Danube, where the better class farms are to be seen, one finds farmhouses of wood, a great shingled roof covering—as in Holland—not only the large living apartment, with many bedrooms, but also the stables for the horses and cattle. On such farms much of the farm work is done by girls, who usually wear short petticoats, tight bodices and kerchiefs on their heads. Most of the men are either in the army or working at trades.

SMOKING A CIGAR.

Some Things That Every User of Tobacco Does Not Know.

"It's really remarkable, considering the 12,000,000,000 cigars smoked in the United States every year, how few men really know how to smoke," said a prominent tobacco dealer. "There is one mistake in particular that even experienced smokers sometimes make—that is in not keeping the tobacco burning properly.

"About 90 per cent, I should say, of all the cigars sold are better on the outside than the inside. This isn't wholly to deceive the prospective buyer. It requires a good quality of leaf to shape the outside of a cigar, while the filler may be more readily composed of inferior tobacco. The smoker who permits his cigar to burn inside the wrapper loses the best part of it. Practically any cigar is rank when smoked through the center. The aroma is lost and the smoke is bitter and acrid.

"Puffing on a cigar that is not burning properly only increases the difficulty. The smoker gets more of the smoke of the inside leaves, and the whole cigar becomes hot from the effects of the increased combustion in the center of it. The proper thing—the only thing—to do under the circumstances is to light the cigar again, taking care that wrapper and all are included in the lighting. If this plan were followed a good many smokers wouldn't change their brand of cigars so often."

Looming Mirages.

In what are called "looming mirages" distant objects show an apparent extravagant increase in height without alteration in breadth. Distant pinnacles of ice are thus magnified into immense towers or tall, jagged mountains, and a ship thus reflected from far out at sea may appear to be twelve or fifteen times as tall as it is long. Rocks and trees are also shown in abnormal shapes and positions, while houses, animal and human beings appear in like exaggerated shapes. Before the sandy plains of our southwestern states and territories were converted into verdant fields by the ingenuity and tireless energy of man mirages were very common in those regions, the Indians regarding the phenomenon as being the work of evil spirits.

Reflecting Lighthouses' Origin.

Accident, not necessity, was the parent of the invention of reflecting lighthouses. During a meeting of a mathematical society at Liverpool some years ago one of the members laid a wager that he could read a newspaper paragraph at ten yards distance by the light of a farthing candle. This he succeeded in doing by covering the inside of an earthen dish with putty and sticking bits of looking glass on it and then placing his reflector behind the candle. Captain Hutchinson, a dock master, was present, and from this experiment gained the idea from which he evolved the reflecting lighthouse as built in Liverpool.

Cheaping.

In parts of Switzerland the baker's wife carries round the bread in a sort of hamper, and she has not a fixed, immutable charge, but chaffers for a price with the customers. The old English word for this process was "cheaping," which in many places in England has been corrupted into chipping. Chipping Norton, for instance, is really Cheaping Norton, or the place where goods were cheapened—that is, sold by chaffer.

A Sad Predicament.

Mabel—I was so mortified at the Pouch mansion the other night. Flo—What happened? Mabel—I wanted to laugh in my sleeve, but I had on my decolette gown and had to hide the laugh in my glove.

Nothing Free.

Bacon—Do they give you prunes often at your boarding house? Egbert—They give us nothing! We have to pay for prunes, and we get 'em six times a week!—Yonkers Statesman.

A Remarkable Feat.

Old Salt—Oh, the ocean's a big place, dearie! Why, many's the time I've stood for three days on one tack, and—

"My sakes, grandpa! I hope you had your shoes on!"—Brooklyn Life.

The First Gingerbread.

The homely luxury, gingerbread, has been popular ever since the fourteenth century. It was then made and sold in Paris. In those days it was prepared with rye meal made into a dough, and ginger and other spices, with sugar or honey, were kneaded into it. It was introduced into England by the court of Henry IV. for their festivals and was soon brought into general use, treacle being after a time employed in the manufacture instead of honey.

ALL THE WAY BY WATER
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Ayer's
Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only
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hair food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.
"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems to me a splendid result after being almost without any hair."
MRS. J. H. FIPPS, Colorado Springs, Colo.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Short Hair

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG. 12, 1904.

A VALUABLE RECRUIT.

In its issue of July 29, ult. our neighbor, the Woburn *News*, which has always been consistently non-partisan in politics, appeared an Editorial in which the Democratic party was vigorously arraigned for its short comings, and its candidate for President, Judge Parker, severely taken to task. A bill of particulars was filed with the charges, everyone of which was true. Evidently the Editorial was well considered and deliberately uttered as the *News's* political platform. Its length precludes us from giving more than a few extracts from it. The Editor said:

"The Democratic party, well battered from its successive attempts to stop the car of progress, after a chaotic struggle to suppress its well recognized divisions and factions, has presented a name which but for mere weariness from battling with each other, the majority of the convention would have withdrawn. To the vast body of American citizens Judge Parker is unknown. His political sentiments, his economic theories, his standard of statesmanship are as much a matter of mystery as the authorship of the Junius Letters. No measure of great statesmanship has made his name famous. No ringing utterance on any momentous question in any emergency in our history has pointed him out as a man of national size. No great rebuke of any corrupt scheme or any corrupt men, has shown to the people that he is a great man blazing with the fire of civic virtue and patriotic honor. * * *

"His support before the convention was wholly a matter of shrewd political intrigue and almost open political barter, managed by August Belmont and David B. Hill. These two sponsors fail to impress the people as exemplars of disinterested loyalty to popular interests or high minded devotion to moral standards in political affairs. One is a political banker and the other a political broker. They led the ante-convention fight for Judge Parker. * * *

"What a marked contrast between such a nomination secured by such manipulation for a candidate who conceals all his political thoughts and opinions until his party is committed to his nomination and the genuine, hearty, and unanimous party demand for the nomination, by the Republican party of Theodore Roosevelt!"

Speaking of the delegates to the Republican National convention at Chicago and their work the *News* pays them and President Roosevelt the following hand some compliment, and much more equally flattering, for which we have not room:

"The convention was a happy gathering of men whose leadership has made the name America spell 'success' in statesmanship, in business and in finance, in all parts of the civilized world. They were the American leaders 'in letters, arts and arms.' They had no failures to apologize for and no treason to repent. They represented the best sentiments of a constituency which has lofty sentiments and high standards on all questions affecting the public weal. They spoke the voice of the best intelligence of this greatest of all lands. And all together they spoke for the conscience and the judgment and the patriotism of their country when they placed in nomination our present beloved President, Theodore Roosevelt. He is a great, a fearless, and a noble man. He is of Presidential calibre. His record and his opinions, his patriotic purposes and his competent statesmanship are known not only in every village and hamlet throughout our own land but are recognized and appreciated all over the civilized world. His administration has not been one of "innocuous desuetude." His capacity for constructive statesmanship has been demonstrated."

The entry of the *News* into the Republican ranks is highly gratifying to the friends and supporters of the present Administration. As an index to the trend of present political sentiment and action its significance is apparent and encouraging.

RECIPROCITY.

Last Saturday, August 6, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge delivered a speech before the Dorchester Republican Club at Point Shirley. In closing he said a few things about Reciprocity, not in any way discussing the policy, but to show the attitude of the Republican party of the Nation and the Massachusetts Republican Members of Congress towards it, and also the real intent of the Whitney-Foss agitation, the ostensible aim of which is to bring about reciprocal trade with Canada, but is in reality engineered and pushed for the accomplishment of purely personal ends, and those anything but creditable so far as Hon Eugene N Foss is concerned. Among other things Senator Lodge said:

"First let me define the attitude of the Republican party. The national convention at Chicago declared as follows:

"We have extended widely our foreign markets, and believe in the adoption of all practicable methods for their further extension, including commercial reciprocity, wherever reciprocal arrangements can be effected consistent with the principles of protection and without injury to American agriculture, American labor or any American industry.

"Upon that platform all Republicans, as I apprehend, are united and stand together.

"The President of the United States on Wednesday July 27th in his reply to the Committee of Notification, spoke as follows:

"We believe in reciprocity with foreign nations on the terms outlined in President McKinley's last speech, which urged the extension of our foreign markets by reciprocal agreements whenever they could be made without injury to American industry and labor.

"With this utterance of President Roosevelt I agree absolutely and entirely, and I know no Republicans who do not agree with him precisely as I do." * * *

"This is what this reciprocity movement as conducted by Mr. Whitney means: It is to be an attempt to get votes for Judge Parker and help the Democrats by breeding dissensions among Republicans, and by inducing Republican business men who rightfully favor reciprocity to believe that their own chosen and trusted leaders are opposed to it when the exact reverse is the case, and when every successful reciprocal arrangement we have ever had in fifty years has been the work of the Republican party."

The points taken by the Senator were duly amplified, and the statements made ought to have convinced any Republican follower of Whitney and Foss that he is on the wrong track.

SILENCE NOT A PLEDGE.

In his role of Advisor Emeritus of the Democratic party, Mr. Grover Cleveland has been discussing the action of the St. Louis convention. Referring to the money question he says that he does not "overlook the fact that two clear and unimpeached verdicts of the people stand recorded in favor of the Gold Standard, and that its perpetuity has been secured by Federal enactments." Then, the distinguished ex-President goes on to argue that the telegram of Judge Parker to the convention supplies a "blank in a disabled platform," and pledges the Democratic party to the maintenance of the Gold Standard.

With all deference to the opinion of Mr. Cleveland, who is offering a mitigating circumstance in behalf of a client who has already pleaded guilty, the Parker telegram does nothing of the kind. The money question was ignored in the St. Louis platform because the delegates in favor of the Republican system of sound money did not dare force their demands. The Bryan followers, wedded to free silver and flat money, were too strong to be turned down and the convention comprised its differences on the question by a cowardly dodge. So far as the Democratic party are concerned, and they must be judged by their platform utterances, the money planks of 1896 and 1900 stand, and they must stand, as tenets of the Democratic creed until changed by a vote of the Democratic party in convention assembled.

The tariff question is also a "Federal enactment," as Mr. Cleveland would say. It would be just as logical as Mr. Cleveland's argument to insist that the omission of the tariff plank from the Republican platform would remove the issue from the field of politics. The money question is just as much an issue as the tariff and must continue to be so long as the stability of our currency is opposed by probably a majority of the Democratic party.

☞ The Massachusetts Republican State Committee have just had printed a useful book of politics, copies of which ought to be in the hands of all Town, City, and District Committees It is called "Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts relating to political committees, caucuses, conventions, and the nomination of candidates," on which subjects it is perfectly reliable authority.

☞ The newspapers report a larger flocking of summer visitors into Maine this season than ever before. One day last week the arrivals at Portland over the Boston & Maine Railroad beat all former records. The Boston & Maine is a great system, and those who ride over its lines once never have to be urged to repeat the pleasant experience.

☞ The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic is to be held in Boston on Aug. 16-20, where it was held 10 years ago. Our local Posts are preparing for it, and will be well represented in the Grand March.

☞ The annual reunion of the 32d Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers —Major Ambrose Bancroft's old Regiment—will be held at Ward's Hotel, Nantasket Point, next Wednesday, Aug. 17, at which a fine old time is expected.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

C. E. Smith—Auction.
H. G. Gowing—Citation.
E. H. Richards—To Let.
F. P. Shumway Co.—Mass. Coll. of Com.

— Trolley trips are getting scarce here.

— Ex-Ald. Carter is having a fine house built at No. Woburn.

— Tomorrow is the day fixed for the Industrial School exhibition.

— Labor Day comes on Sept. 5 next. And may it be duly observed.

— The Blue Bells held a trolley trip to Revere Beach last Friday evening.

— Please read the ad of Mr. E. H. Richards. He has a fine house to rent.

— Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Wentworth are visiting in New Hampshire and Vermont.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Mr. F. Chandler Parker of Arlington Road is at Erie, Pa., visiting his daughter.

— Rev. N. E. Richardson of the M. E. church will finish his vacation down in Maine.

— Miss Lena H. Thurlow of Newburyport is visiting her mother at Woodside, Wyman street.

— John W. Johnson, Esq., says the seashore is all right and proper from a pleasure point of view.

— John G. Flagg, wife and daughters, and Marion Spaulding, are vacating in the Maritime Provinces.

— Miss Lotta W. Wyman, clerk in the office of J. W. & E. F. Johnson, is away for a month's vacation.

— Rev. George H. Tilton, pastor of the North Congregational church, is at Willoughby Lake, Vt., for a month.

— Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Burnes and children left here last Wednesday for a week's outing in the British Provinces.

— The engagement of Miss Edith M. Payne of this city and Mr. Charles N. Wright of Norwood is announced.

— The business men of this city are to give Hon. E. N. Foss, proprietor of Cummings Park, a reception on his visit here next Monday.

— At the G. A. R. Encampment in Boston in 1890 there were about 30,000 Veterans in line accompanied by 91 Bands and 108 Drum Corps; how many will there be next Tuesday? The fierce artillery of time has made sad havoc in their ranks since then.

WOBURN
Real Estate

The time to buy Real Estate is when it is way down in price. EVERYBODY says REAL ESTATE is so low in WOBURN that you can't get the cost price of the buildings.

This is a most fortunate thing for the prospective HOME buyer. The man who buys for a Home does not buy for speculation If it has the elements of a successful speculation so much the better. But the main point to consider is the HOME.

The low condition of the Real Estate Market is not confined to WOBURN. The general prices have sagged to the lowest point all along the line. Now is the time to purchase. Values must advance very soon. People must be sheltered. Building will begin as soon as the public realizes the fact that building materials and labor have advanced to the normal point. It is cheaper to own your own home than to pay rent. Where will you find better conditions for moderate living than in good old Woburn.

If you have only a small sum of ready money for investment, don't let that deter you from buying a home. We can make arrangements to sell for a small amount down and the balance in monthly payments.

Call and talk it over with J. FOSTER DELAND, General Real Estate and Fire Insurance Agent.

Room 5, First National Bank Building.

— The highway appropriation of $12,000 passed at the Council meeting held last Monday evening after sharp debate.

— The Barnard estate on Main street is to be sold at auction by C. E. Smith on Aug. 20. See notice of same.

— Rev. Norman E. Richardson has returned from Old Orchard. He will preach at the M. E. church here next Sunday.

— Mrs. James Walker of Pleasant street is at the seashore for a month in company with her daughter from West Medford.

— Crawford's icecream marches at the head and leads the procession. Lovers of the genuine article always go to Crawford's for it.

— Leather making in the Hide & Leather factories here is dull enough. A scarcity of hides is given as a reason for the slack times.

— Mrs. Mary L. Allen has returned to her home at Franklin Falls, N. H., after a pleasant visit with friends here for several months.

— The best and most artistic specimens of sign painting and ornamenting to be seen in this city are from the brush of Mr. W. H.

— A good congregation attended First church last Sunday to hear their former townsman, Rev. F. H. Allen, preach good sermons.

— Copeland & Bowser's semi-annual remnant sale is panning out big. Goods are going for little or nothing right along every day.

— Miss Margaret Comer of this city has returned from Revere Beach where she and a lady friend from Winchester had been enjoying the summer breezes.

— Mrs. Nancy W. Chamberlain and her daughter, Miss Sarah W. Chamberlain of Wyer's Court, have gone to Hillsboro, N. H., for a vacation visit.

— Mr. Albert P. Barrett, a Civil War Veteran, bookkeeper for the Woburn Machine Co., is taking a vacation, with his family, on the farm at Hanson.

— Frank A. Meriam, druggist clerk at Whitcher's, is enjoying himself at famous York Beach, the most fashionable watering place on the southern Maine Coast.

— Six dwellings were burglarized in Winchester last Monday night, among them policeman Dotton's, and money stolen from each. Let Woburn people take warning.

— The city concreters, under the direction of the Highway Department, did a fine job on Bennett street and Church avenue. There are no flies on the sidewalks there now.

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to hold their annual lawn party this evening, Aug. 12, on the Dow green corner of Water and Pleasant streets. They always have a good time.

— Nobody can say that dog days haven't done the square thing this year, or that they have stultified themselves by furnishing anything but genuine typical dog days weather.

— The Bailey—Bayley Family Association are to hold their 10th gathering this year at Canobie Lake Park, Salem, N. H., on Wednesday, Aug. 17. Woburn Baileys will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

— Smith's Real Estate agency has rented the Pierce Estate, 635 Main street to E. Fuller Norton of Boston. Also rented lower flat of Shaw house 529 Main street to Rev. G. Sigfred Swensson.

— It is reported that Pat Meagher of this city now playing with Fitchburg will soon be playing with Haverhill, the leaders in the New England League. Billy Roup is Captain of the Fitchburg team.

— Principal Henry Henshaw of the Goodyear school is rusticating in New Hampshire. He is a graduate of Woburn High School, Harvard University, and last, but not least, of the Woburn JOURNAL office.

— Mr. C. Winfield Smith and Mr. Guy N. Ordway have returned this week from a vacation of camp life at York Beach, Me. Mr. Smith considers a camp life an ideal way to spend a vacation.

— The finest and most luxuriant crop of ragweed that we have seen this season is that now growing, and nearly ready for harvesting, on the Armory grounds. It is rank and does ones eyes good to look at it.

— Mr. Frederic A Flint, of the old firm of G. R. Gage & Co., left here last Wednesday for Camden, Maine, there to enjoy his summer vacation. He has done the same thing regularly and annually for 25 years past.

— The music in last Sunday's *Globe* was the production of John C. Buck, composer of the music, and Leonard B. Buchanan, author of the words, it being one of the several songs produced by them for the great Towanda Club jubilee some time ago. Judges say it was good.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Mr. Charles E. Tripp is gradually recovering from a severe and prolonged indisposition, the result of blood poisoning, and is able to do some work at the B. A. & C. E. Tripp undertakers establishment on Prospect street.

— Angelo Crovo's strong point in the fruit line just at present is peaches. His store is fully stocked with the best that grows, and one doesn't have to pay all out doors for them. His is the leading fruiters store in the city.

— What with lightning breaks of mains and other matters the Water Department was kept busy last week. Commissioner Hayward and Supt. Spencer had their hands full. Breaks in the mains have become more frequent than pleasant of late.

— Mr. Frank Gilcreast, son of Capt. John Gilcreast, and his boy Rogers are expected to arrive here today from their home at Hazleton, Pa., for a short visit. The Captain wants to keep them here to see the great parade in Boston Tuesday, but has his doubts.

— Ellis & Buswell, contractors, have gangs of men at work on four large jobs of stone masonry down in Maine. In early spring it was feared by them that the season was to be a dull one in their line of contracting, but it has turned out to be a prosperous one, after all.

— Mr. Charles W. Fitz of the firm of Fitz & Stanley, proprietors of Boston Branch grocery, is to start about Aug. 19, for a month's vacation. His itinerary will include a trip to and through California and regions there away, and a good long visit at the St. Louis Fair, with a possible halt at Chicago.

— Woburn blueberry pickers received warning yesterday in the anteroom of the Lowell Courthouse not to bother East Billerica residents again. They were told of the law which compels persons to leave land at once when the owner or his agent notifies them. One of the men notified is said to be a call fireman in Woburn.—*Lowell Reporter.*

— A public exhibition of the season's work of the Warren Industrial School is to be held tomorrow, Aug. 13, at the Academy building. It is said the term has been highly successful, and the display of the work will be a fine one. Many prominent people of this city are deeply interested in the School, which is a useful institution.

— Failure to reconsider the vote by which Miss Small was elected teacher in the High School the other night settled the controversy for good and all. She is to be the teacher, and from all accounts will make a capable one, at least, the School Board thought so. She is a graduate from Colby College, Waterville, Maine, and so is Master Owen, therefore, they ought to pull together harmoniously.

— Mr. Thomas Moore is one of the youngest G. A. R. Veterans in this city. He is only 58 years old, and was but 20 when honorably discharged from service in the Civil War. Mr. Clarence H. Kean, policeman, is 56, and Mr. Arthur B. Wyman 59. Mr. Moore first suggested the propriety of closing stores and suspending business in this city next Tuesday in honor of the parade day of the National G. A. R. Encampment in Boston.

— Mayor Feeney went to Bethlehem, N. H., one day last week for a season of meditation and rest. It was at that favorite spot in the White Mountain region that he meditated and rested with Mr. Thomas Moore last summer and came back to run for Mayor later on. Which moves us to remark that the people hereabouts may possibly hear something drop not long after the Mayor gets back from his season of meditation in the Mountains.

— The reunion of the Newhall Family at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Albert Dickinson of Franklin street, this city, on Aug. 4, brought together a large number of the clan who had one of the best times of their lives. They gathered from all points of the compass, from near and far, and it took them all day and a part of the night to get enough of the pleasures of the meeting, which everyone present said would never be forgotten.

— A lady agent has been canvassing for funds here this week with which to establish a mission in this city by Rev. S Kimball, an evangelist, whose address is P. O. B. 384 Concord, N. H. The object of the mission is the rescue of unfortunate men and women, and is said to have been successful wherever located. In the absence of the canvasser our people are asked to send their contributions to Evangelist Kimball at the above address.

— The 39th Mass. Regimental Association are to hold their annual reunion at Nantasket Point next Friday, Aug. 19, that date being the 40th anniversary of the Battle of Weldon Road, Va., in which the 39th took a heroic part. Company K of the Regiment was mostly composed of Woburn citizens, not a few of whom are still engaged in active life here. They always make it a point of attending the reunions, and it is expected that they will turn out en masse next Friday.

— It would not be the most surprising thing in the world if at the close of 1914, there were very few, if any, leather manufacturing establishments in Woburn. Things at present seem to point in that direction, and taking into account the ownership of a large share of the plants, and the Western tendency of the business, there are grounds for the belief that this city is not always to remain an important leather making centre. Such a prophesy is freely made by men who are able to look quite a distance into the future.

— From 2 30 to 5 o'clock each afternoon Dr. Fred A. Roberts will promptly respond to calls for professional services at his office, 57 Pleasant street (Mrs. Chase Cole's), this city, where he has been located since last June. He won his diploma by proficiency in the science of medicine, and has since acquired a good reputation in the practice of it. Dr. Roberts is a young man, understands his business, keeps step with the times and medical progress, and will appreciate a fair share of Woburn patronage.

— At the present writing the JOURNAL family have for a guest their friend, Hon. A. Lieberknecht who, with his family, is on his return to Zurich, Switzerland, where he has been American Consul for the last seven years. Since early last June they have been at their home in Geneseo, Illinois, where Mr. L. has owned and published a newspaper since 1863, which was during his Consulship at Tampico, Mexico, and has been since his appointment to Zurich, successfully conducted by his three sons. This is Consul Lieberknecht's first visit home since assuming the duties of his present office in 1897, and his furlough was very highly enjoyed. Mrs. L and Miss Amalia spent last summer in America. Our old friend and business partner was gladly received at the JOURNAL homestead, and a longer stay here would have been agreeable to the party of the first part, to say the least. Consul L., wife and daughter sail from N. Y. tomorrow.

— Mrs. Harriet Sawtelle, relict of the late Joseph B. Sawtelle, who for a long time was an active business man of this town and city, was 80 years young last Sunday, Aug. 7, 1904, having been born in Woburn in 1824. Her home is at 7 Johnson street, and there she passed the 80th anniversary of her birthday in peace and quietness, and received friendly greetings and congratulations. She and Joseph B Sawtelle were united in wedlock by Parson Bennett on Nov. 30, 1842. The husband died some 14 years ago. Two children and two grandchildren minister to her comfort and happiness, and she enjoys the respect of many friends and a goodly number of relatives. But, then, Mrs. Sawtelle is a young woman yet. Why, her school teacher, Miss Susan Edgell, now 92 years old, has lived many years within a short distance of her home, and some of her schoolmates are still active on the stage of life. She is one of the best, and everybody hopes that she may survive to celebrate her centennial.

— The report of the Soldiers Memorial Treasurer, Mr. Winthrop Hammond, printed in this paper, is a highly satisfactory one. The Committee and their financial officer were faithful in the discharge of the trust reposed in them, and patriotic, besides. Committees handling considerable amounts of money are not generally in the habit of turning back a surplus to the contributors; but that is what our Memorial Committee have done, and for which they are entitled to credit. They worked long and diligently on the enterprise, and the report of the Treasurer shows that the labor was performed in the most economical manner. The expense for hacks to convey members to the studio of the artist in Arlington, the largest item in their bill, was unavoidable, and the others were unexpectedly small. No doubt the report will prove gratifying to all those who contributed to the erection of the beautiful Memorial to Woburn soldiers and sailors, now an object of pride and pleasure in Woodbrook cemetery.

— From 7 30 to 8 o'clock last Monday morning it looked as though we were to have a repetition of the "Dark Day" so well remembered by many of our people as having occurred on Sept. 8, 1881, but it failed to make a record. Although the sky was overcast and there was an appearance of rain, no especial warning of the approaching darkness was given, so, when it came on suddenly and unexpectedly people didn't know what to think of it, unless perhaps the event of 23 years ago was to be repeated. Although at that hour it should have been as light as at noontide, it became necessary to set gas and electricity to work in buildings all over the city; but the darkness lasted only a half hour, or so, and was succeeded by a smart rainfall. It lacked all the characteristics of the 1881 phenomenon except the absence of light, and failed to excite popular alarm as that occurrence did. It was caused by a suspension of smoke by just the right degree of humidity in the atmosphere to hold it at just the right altitude to produce the singular, and to some, alarming effect; while the cause of last Monday's darkness was variously accounted for, and all wrong, perhaps.

— We learn from several issues of the El Meno (O. T.) *Daily American* that our former townsman, Lieut. L. E. Hanson of the 26th Regiment, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, has been winning honors as a rifleman in Regimental contests by representatives of the Southern Division of the U. S. Army for high positions and government medals. It will be remembered by people here, and especially by Company G. of which he was Captain before leaving for the Spanish-American War, that he was handy with the rifle; and it is probably true that his skill in using that weapon was not dulled by his military experience in the Philippines. In the matches at El Reno week before last Lieut. Hanson was one of the lucky 10 Champion Riflemen in the Infantry competition who will compose the team to represent the Southwestern Division of the U. S. Army in the National contests, an honor that anyone might well be proud of. There were some 60 competitors, and 4 of the successful ones were members of the 26th Regiment. From El Reno Lieut. Hanson, with his fortunate fellow riflemen, went to Fort Sheridan, Chicago, for further competetive practice. He expects to return to Fort Sam Houston late in August.

— Amesbury celebrated Old Home Week in a right royal manner. The 7 days were devoted to orations, poems, music, visiting historical scenes and ancient places, dedicating monuments and a whole round of other pleasant exercises. One of the most interesting items in the programme was a visit of 600 people to the schooner *Polly* which the Amesbury Boat Club had on exhibition during the week. She is, beyond doubt, the oldest vessel in active service in the United States, having been built in 1804-5, and is as sound as a nut and a swift sailer today. As a privateer in the War of 1812 the *Polly* captured six British craft and took them, with their cargoes, into Salem and other American ports. She was a terror to English merchantmen all along the coast, and deserves to be honored as long as she lives. She was the first vessel that our esteemed townsman, Mr. George Buchanan, who passed his boyhood days in Amesbury, ever saw, and when she sailed into Boston Harbor the other day loaded with good Essex county hay, he went in to get another look at her. He remembers distinctly his first sight of *Polly*, although it was probably more than 70 years ago. The fame of *Polly* rests on her achievment as a privateer in the "War of '12."

☞—We return our best thanks to Mr. E. C. Colman, one of Woburn's foremost agriculturist, for a big invoice of prime apples from his fine farm.

— E Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

Report of Winthrop Hammond, Treasurer of the Woodbrook Cemetery Memorial Fund.

RECEIPTS.

From	4 Subscr's of	$100 00 each,	$400 00
"	1 " "	75 00 "	75 00
"	7 " "	50 00 "	350 00
"	18 " "	25 00 "	450 00
"	3 " "	15 00 "	45 00
"	29 " "	10 00 "	290 00
"	50 " "	5 00 "	250 00
"	1 " "	3 50 "	3 50
"	3 " "	3 00 "	9 00
"	12 " "	2 00 "	24 00
"	38 " "	1 00 "	38 00
"	1 " "	1 50 "	1 50
"	4 " "	50 "	2 00
"	1 " "	25 "	25
"	C. B. Winn, Camp 66 Sons of Veterans		50 00
"	Burbank Relief Corps No. 84		25 00
"	Volunteer Aid Committee, Spanish War, B. Hinckley, Treas.		754 95
"	Women's Relief Corps, Post 161		500 00
"	City of Woburn		3,000 00
"	Interest on deposits during construction		241 71
			$6,509 91

PAYMENTS.

Postage, Printing and Stationery	$24 86
Survey and Plans of lot	5 50
Hack to Arlington Heights, to approve work of Sculptor 4 times at $6	24 00
Cyrus E. Dallin, Sculptor, Bronze Tablets, as per Contract	2,500 00
Imlah & Co., and J. M. Portal, Granite work; End Tablets; Foundations and Grading, as per Contract	3,700 00
J. M. Portal, re-setting of headstones	24 75
City of Woburn, Woodbrook Cemetery Dept. Unexpended Balance for Perpetual Care of Monument	230 80
	$6,509 91

Respectfully Submitted:
WINTHROP HAMMOND, Treasurer.

I have examined the foregoing report of the Treasurer of the Woodbrook Cemetery Memorial Fund Committee and find it in agreement with the subscription books and other sources of receipts; with the contracts for the two principal items of the work, and I find that all the payments are properly vouched.

H. C. HALL, Auditor.

Woburn, Mass., Aug. 6, 1904.

The following gentlemen composed the Memorial Committee: Hon. E. D. Hayden, Chairman; Capt. E. F. Wyer, A. R. Linscott, William Beggs, Winthrop Hammond, Treasurer.

Mary E. Conn.

While visiting her son Chauncy B. Conn and family at their home in Auburndale, Mrs. Mary Eliza Conn, widow of the late George H. Conn, suffered a paralytic shock last Sunday morning, Aug. 7, 1904, which resulted in her death on the same evening. She had been in the enjoyment of fair health, and her sudden death was a severe blow to her family and this community. Her home was with her son Horace N. Conn, at 150 Montvale avenue, this city.

Mrs. Conn was born at North Woburn on Oct. 3, 1841, the daughter of Stephen and Mary A. T. Nichols, and was married to George H. Conn in 1861. She left to deeply mourn the loss of a kind mother four sons, Horace N. of Woburn, George C. of Milwaukee, Wis., Chauncy B. of Auburndale, and Wallace of Cleveland, Ohio. The funeral was held in the First church parlors yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and attended by many friends and acquaintances.

Mrs. Conn was as well known and highly esteemed as any woman in Woburn. She was active and prominent in church and charitable work, and accomplished much good. She was a model Christian. In 1877 she united with the First Congregational church of Woburn; for years, and at the time of her death, she was President of its Ladies Charitable Reading Association; her services as Secretary of the Home for Aged Women corporation were highly appreciated; and she was active and useful in many ways.

Mrs. Conn will be greatly missed in religious, benevolent and social Woburn circles.

The Secret of Success.

Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unfailing success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the two greatest enemies of health and happiness? Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders?—that it has proved itself the best of all liver regulators? August Flower has a matchless record of over thirty-five years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints—a success that is becoming wider in its scope every day, at home and abroad, as the fame of August Flower spreads. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by all druggists.

NOTICE

The depositors of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank are hereby requested to bring in or send to said Bank, during the month of August, 1904, their books of deposit for verification, agreeably to the Statutes of the Commonwealth relating to Savings Banks and Institutions for Savings.

See Revised Laws Chapter 113 Section 53, which reads as follows: "During the year 1901, and every third year thereafter, every such corporation shall call in the books of deposit of their depositors for verification under rules to be prescribed by their respective Boards of Investments, duly approved by the Board of Commissioners of Savings Banks."

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.
Woburn, July 8th, 1904.

Paragraphs.

The dinner pail is never rusty except during a Democratic administration.

The Democratic donkey will feel a little awkward wearing a blanket embroidered with $ marks.

The Republican candidates are running on a gold platform; the Democratic on a gold telegram.

The Democratic party professes to be ardently in favor of education, but it wants an expurgated edition of its party history.

Every vote for Parker and Davis is an attempt to change the hands on the dial and block the wheels that move forward.

The Democrats are looking for a new party emblem, the only requirement being that it be made large enough to conceal a knife.

"Tammany extends her hands to the Democratic candidate," says Bourke Cockran. Tammany always extends her hands palms up.

Mr. Bryan says that Parker's nomination "nullified the party's anti-trust declarations." If there is any doubt about that, make an inquiry as to the name of the treasurer of the Democratic national committee.

G. A. R. Parade in Boston,
TUESDAY, Aug. 16.

KODAKERS

Secure your films at

Whitcher's

ON THE BUSY BEND.

See the extensive window display

New Folding Brownie $5.00
No. 3A Folding Pocket $20.00

☞ Kodaks rented to vacationists.

Try Mezzo-Tone, the New Paper
Only salt and water.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

LATEST STYLES, 1904

Spring and Summer Weights. Great Variety of Fabrics. For Gentlemens Wear.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Robbin's Chain Lightning

INSECT POWDER *Kills* Fleas, Bed Bugs, Roaches, Moths, and Ants. This is not the common insect powder but something we manufacture and GUARANTEE TO KILL INSECTS.

Do you hold the lucky soda check this week. It's good for 2 pounds of Appolo Chocolates Saturday night.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
The best of everything at the lowest prices.
Green Stamps. Public Telephone.
Free Messenger service.

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

An educational institution of the highest order, devoted exclusively to practical business training, will open its

Fall Term Sept. 6.

Large and able faculty.
Four complete courses.
Advanced educational appliances.
Finest equipment.
Individual instruction.
Efficient employment department.
Reasonable tuition rates.

Open Now for Inspection and Registration.

Call or write for catalogue.

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
30 Huntington Avenue, Boston

"Not the oldest; not the largest; just the best."

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To Albert G. Ames, an absentee who formerly resided in Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, having property in said County; to all persons claiming an interest in the property hereinafter named; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to appoint Henry G. Gowing of Wakefield, in the County of Middlesex, or some other suitable person, receiver of the following described property of said absentee, and whereas a warrant to take possession thereof has issued to an officer who has taken and now holds the same, to wit: 1-12 interest in five lots of land situated in said Wilmington; 1-12 of mortgage on house and lot on Forest Avenue in said Wilmington; and 1-12 of mortgage on lot on Burlington Avenue and Chestnut street in said Wilmington:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of September, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this notice once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be seven days, at least before said Court; and by posting a copy of this notice, not less than thirty days before said Court, upon each parcel of land named herein, and in two or more conspicuous public places in Wilmington, the town in which the absentee was last known to have been, and by mailing, postpaid, at least thirty days before said Court, a copy of this notice to said absentee, addressed to him at his last known address.

Witness CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Public Auction

The BARNARD ESTATE, 905 Main street, North Woburn, will be sold

Aug. 20, 1904

at 1 o'clock, P. M. House contains 15 rooms, city water, furnace, &c. Stable, fruit of all kinds. Also, the Household Furniture.

☞ Sale Rain or Shine.

C. E. SMITH, - - - Auctioneer

A Sick-room Necessity

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

DISINFECTANT
ANTISEPTIC
DEODORANT

Used and recommended by physicians and nurses as the only reliable and economical article for hospitals and homes. Arrests and prevents disease, cleanses, purifies and maintains sanitary conditions.

Protected by above Trade-Mark on all labels and packages. Avoid substitutes and imitations.

To Let.

House of nine rooms, No. 12 Lowell street, opposite Wyman Green, two minutes to cars, all modern improvements $20.00 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount Street.

Local Notes.

— Mrs. Carrie E. Dow of 9 Arlington Road is at York Beach.

— Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Pollard are visiting at Hillsboro, N. H.

— There was a fine fall of rain on Wednesday and the night following.

— The Co-operative Bank held their regular monthly meeting last evening.

— The Woburn Brass Band are to play for the Detroit (Mich.) G. A. R. Post on Monday.

— Yesterday was a hot one, and but for a good breeze would have been one of the toughest of the summer.

— In the *Times* of August 10 "A Reader" makes a strong argument against the proposed plan of sewer assessments.

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. will hold their lawn party this evening on the Dow grounds corner of Pleasant and Water streets.

— The handle of the faucet on the watering trough at the corner of Mann's Court was broken off and the water flew briskly around for awhile yesterday afternoon.

— The Deland Real Estate Agency has sold the Hill estate off Bow street to J. W. Fields and also rented house 19 Davis street to Supt. Arthur King of Prudential Insurance Co. for occupancy about Sept. 1.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST.—No public service during August. The reading room will open Tuesday, Sept. 6.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Daniel March, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., preaching by Mr. March.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "Secrets in Availing Prayer."
12 M. Sunday School.
6.30 P. M., "Some Peculiarities in John's Gospel."
Wednesday, 7.42 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In Newton, Aug. 9, by Rev. William H. Cobb, Homer B. Grant of Woburn and Florence Helen Paul of Newton.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, August 4, Mary Ann Moreland, aged 30 years, 1 month, 12 days.

In this city, August 9, Sarah Reynolds, aged 22 years, 4 months, 18 days.

In Auburndale, Aug. 7, Mary L., widow of George H. Conn of Woburn, aged 62 years, 9 months, 16 days.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
National Bank Building.
Woburn, Mass. Notary Public

WINCHESTER.

Mr. James A. Lawrence is the new General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. here.

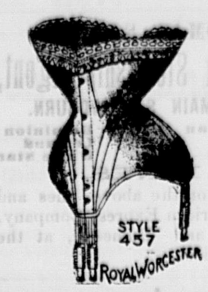
The Winchester Veterans of the Civil War are preparing for the National Encampment in Boston.

I see that Judge Littlefield has resumed operations as a trolley excursion conductor, which is as it should be.

Prof. Currier, who recently lost one of his legs by amputation is rapidly mending at the hospital in Brookline.

Burglars have struck this town hard. Last Monday night no less than 12 entries were made into private houses and much loot carried off. It has the appearance of the work of a gang. Our people have reason to sleep with one eye open, to say the least.

When, years ago, this town was thought to be crazy on the subject of internal improvements, and in appropriations for them was going to wreck and ruin at railroad speed, and short sighted economists were amazed and frightened—when all that was going on, this town was laying the foundation for a future prosperity seldom enjoyed by a suburban community. That seeming recklessness was her salvation, and today she is reaping an abundant harvest of good fruits from her wise foresight of 20 years ago.



THOMSON'S GLOVE-FITTING
PARIS SHAPE

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.

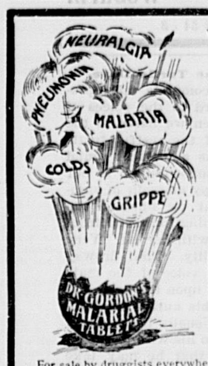
The Latest and Most Popular Models in Royal Worcester and Thompson's Glove Fitting Corsets.

Save Time And Mistakes

By having a reliable Watch. Whether in your pocket, at home or in the workshop, every man should have a timepiece that will not fail. You Can Have One like this if you purchase the one we recommend, and they are fully guaranteed. All sorts of the best cases.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing.



THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

Ayer's Pills
The dose is one, just one pill at bedtime. Sugar-coated, mild, certain. They cure constipation.
J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Best New Creamery BUTTER! 23c. lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

We Have a Large Line of Toilet Soaps

But at the head of them all we place

Woburna Toilet Soap

15c. Cake. 40c. Box.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

For Sale.

An Oak Chamber Set, Mattress and Spring, a child's bed, 18 yards linoleum, 15 window shades.
F. E. COTTON,
92 Pleasant St., Woburn.

MR. EDWIN N. C. BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.
The Virgil Clavier System } A well trained mind. A hand able to do its bidding.
Church Organ practice privileges for rent.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Michael Boyle to Thomas Salmon (now deceased) dated May 17th, A. D., 1884, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1668, Page 303, which mortgage has been duly assigned by Julia A. Scalley, administratrix of the estate of Thomas Salmon, to John G. Maguire by instrument of assignment dated July 26th, A. D., 1904, recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, August 27th, A. D., 1904,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of said Woburn, at the junction of Grape street with Washington street, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at the junction of said Grape street with Washington street, from thence the line runs southerly on and by said Washington street about eighty-seven and one-half (87½) feet to land of Margaret Kerrigan; thence westerly by land last named one hundred and two (102) feet to lot numbered 102 on a plan of lands of the Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company; thence northerly by lot numbered 102 on said plan eighty-seven and one-half (87½) feet to said Grape street; thence easterly on and by said Grape street one hundred and two (102) feet to the point of beginning.

The above described premises is the northerly half of lot numbered 103 on said plan of the Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company, recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 2, Plan 29, and is a part of the premises conveyed to Michael Boyle by John Bigelow by deed dated July 15, 1871, and recorded with said Deeds, Book 1181, Page 502, and is conveyed subject to the conditions and restrictions therein named.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and municipal liens which may be upon said premises.

A deposit of $100 will be required at the sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., July 28th, 1904.

EDWARD K. SCOTT.
MANUFACTURER OF
Umbrellas, Parasols. Canes
REPAIRING.
Recovering, Fine Order Work.
Shades Made Up of Ladies' own material.
493 Washington St., Boston
Near Temple Place.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 151 5.

WINFIELD R. LANG,
LAWYER,
847 Tremont Building, BOSTON
Residence, 7 Winn St., Woburn.

STICHOMETRY.

A Book Custom That Never Attained Any Very Extensive Usage.

Stichometry, from the Greek stichos, a row, line or verse, and metron, a measure, is used in two senses. The first applies to the subject matter of Hebrew literature, whereby the rhythmic lines which constitute the parallelism of the poetical books are portioned off from one another; the second to an entirely artificial method of measuring off the contents of each book by so many lines of fixed or average length.

The former is of great antiquity and may have been introduced by the sacred writers themselves. The latter is due to Euthalius of Alexandria, 458, who applied it to the Pauline epistles and later to the gospels.

St. Jerome professed to have founded his method upon a similar treatment of the text in existing manuscripts of Demosthenes and Cicero. His original arrangement is thought to be represented by the Codex Amiatinus at Florence and that of Euthalius in the Codex Claromontanus at Paris.

As this system left a large proportion of each page blank and as vellum was costly, stichometry never attained any very extensive usage.

GROUND PEARLS.

The Product of the Young of Certain Scale Insects.

The large order of hemiptera includes what are known as scale insects (coccidae), some of which are very destructive to fruit trees, while others are the source of cochineal, and, perhaps, were the manna upon which the children of Israel fed in the wilderness.

The life history of these insects includes a motionless pupa stage, similar to the chrysalis of a moth or butterfly. Before passing into this dormant and helpless condition, the young of certain scale bugs make their way into the earth, and then a sticky fluid exudes from their bodies and quickly hardens into a protective coating, resembling plain or colored glass, and causes them to look something like beads, so that in some parts of the world they are known as "ground pearls."

The best known of these are dug out of the earth in the West Indies and strung into necklaces or other ornaments. Similar objects are prized and worn by the natives of other regions.

KEROSENE OIL.

It Is Paraffin In Great Britain and Refined Petroleum Elsewhere.

Petroleum (petra, rock; oleum, oil) is a liquid bitumen exuding from rocks.

Paraffin (parum, little; affins, akin), discovered by Reichenbach in 1830, in investigating the tar produced in the distillation of wood, is a colorless waxlike solid, which he named from its extraordinary chemical indifference, its "little affinity" with anything. He afterward isolated from the same material a liquid oil, which he called eupion, "very fat." For years both were regarded merely as chemical curiosities until it was realized that eupion forms the body of petroleum.

Pure paraffin resembles spermaceti and is inodorous and tasteless. Paraffin oil is chiefly a mixture of fluid hydrocarbons, and as it approaches gas more closely than any other illuminating agent and is cheap it has come into general use. Illuminating oils manufactured from petroleum are sold in Great Britain as "paraffin oil," in the United States as "kerosene" and on the continent as "refined petroleum."—London Globe.

Copperhead and Rattler.

The copperhead isn't a bad looking snake, as snakes go, but it has a mighty bad reputation. In fact, it is generally regarded as a mean sort of snake and is apparently without a friend or even an apologist. Although it won't chase you nor go out of its way to get a crack at you, it probably does more business per snake than does the rattler, the moccasin or any other of the venomous kind. It is said that where there is one there are always two copperheads, so when you smell green cucumbers look out, for that seems to be the only warning you will get of the presence of this reptile. The rattler is a little more polite, also more vicious, for after giving you timely warning it will stand its ground and fight like a good fellow, while the copperhead will run and hide.

Queens' Names on Oaks.

Many English queens have chosen oak trees in Windsor forest whereon their respective names, with the dates of their choice, have been commemorated by means of brass plates. In different parts of the forest, with seats round them, are oaks bearing the names of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Caroline, Queen Charlotte and Queen Victoria. "Herne's Oak," mentioned in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" as being in Windsor park, was destroyed by a gale on Aug. 31, 1863.

Proved.

"But do you think you can support a wife?"

"Of course. Why, we've been engaged two years."

"Well?"

"Well, if I can buy flowers and candy for a fiancee for two years and not go broke I can surely support a wife!" —Illustrated Bits.

Closed Ears.

Mabel—Mamma says our consciences should tell us when we are naughty. Kitty—Yeth, but I don't lithen to gossip.—Harper's Bazar.

Advice.

Emeline—Sarah and I can hardly understand each other over the telephone. Edgar—Well, talk one at a time!—Tit-Bits.

The Wisdom of Babes.

A lady and her little daughter were walking through Grosvenor square when they came to a portion of the road strewn with straw. "What's that for, ma?" said the child, to which the mother replied, "The lady who lives in that house, my dear, has had a little baby girl sent to her." The child walked along for a few yards and then, turning and nodding at the straw, said, "Awfully well packed, ma!"—St. James' Gazette.

Sympathetic or Otherwise.

"Oh, just listen to me," finally exclaimed Mrs. Chatters self reproachfully, "annoying you with all this talk about Mrs. Nexdore's shameful treatment of me and all my other troubles!"

"Not at all, my dear," replied the man rather ambiguously. "I'm glad to hear it."—Philadelphia Press.

Putting Him Right.

"Next time I marry," said the widower, "I'll get a wife I can make shut up."

"You don't want a wife," replied his friend. "What you want is a folding bed."—Houston Post.

SAVED BY A GYPSY.

An Incident of the Austro-Prussian War of 1866.

An incident of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 was told as follows by the Archduke Joseph: "On our retreat before the advance of the Prussian army," said the archduke, "we camped in the neighborhood of a Bohemian town. I was lodged in a peasant's cottage when about midnight I heard the sentry challenging some newcomer. My adjutant entered and reported that a gypsy wanted to see me in private. A soldier (a gypsy) entered, and on my asking what was the matter he told me that the enemy was approaching to surprise us.

"'The outposts have not heard anything suspicious,' I said. 'No, your highness, because the enemy is still a long way off.' 'But how do you know this?' I asked. 'Come to the window, your highness,' answered the man. 'Do you see those birds flying over the wood toward the south?' 'Yes, I see them. What, then?' 'What, then? Do not birds sleep as well as men? They certainly would not fly about if they were not disturbed. The enemy is marching through the wood and has frightened all those birds.'

"'Very well, my lad. You can go.' I at once ordered the outposts to be reenforced and the camp to be alarmed. An hour later the outposts were fighting with the enemy, and our camp was only saved by the keen observation of a simple gypsy."

AT BUENA VISTA.

The Only Preparations General Taylor Made For Defeat.

Santa Anna was the greatest military leader the Mexicans have ever known. Santa Anna with 25,000 veterans went to the battle of Buena Vista with the avowed purpose of exterminating the entire army of the United States, and there was no doubt in the mind of Santa Anna that this great feat could be accomplished with comparative ease. General Taylor, with his 5,000 men, prepared for the unequal contest, and not only defended himself successfully, but won a substantial victory from his aggressive antagonists and drove them from the battlefield of Buena Vista.

Some time after the battle was fought and the Mexican war concluded General Taylor was criticised for having made no preparations for the retreat of his army in the event of defeat. General Taylor promptly replied: "I made every preparation necessary for the battle of Buena Vista. I wrote my will, and so did nearly every man in my army. If we had not won that battle, we would have needed no lines of retreat. It was, from our standpoint, victory or annihilation. The only preparation necessary for the contingency of defeat at Buena Vista was that we should write our wills."

Cloths For Presents In Japan.

Of one singularly attractive and decorative detail of Japanese daily life little is known in this country. Yet it touches all classes, from nobles to coolies—the use of present cloths. These are squares of all sorts of materials, from twenty inches to two yards across. They are used to tie up the gifts which are exchanged on all possible occasions. After the presentation of the gift the cloth is removed and returned to the giver by a servant. These cloths are handed down from generation to generation, and among them are found some of the finest specimens of the old embroidery and dyeing. Many of the square pieces of Japanese embroidery used in this country for pillow and table covers were originally used as coverings for presents.—House Beautiful.

The Noble Red Man Today.

"Yes," said the portly and consequential gentleman in the observation car, "these plains were once roamed over by savage red men. The Indian in those days was a famous hunter. When he was not on the trail of the bear or the buffalo he was on the scent of the white man."

"He is on the cent of the white man yet," said the dapper little tourist with green goggles.

The portly one smiled indulgently, "How do you make that?" he asked.

"I don't. It was made at the mint." And the observation car grinned appreciatively.—Kansas City Journal.

Proof of Woman's Amiability.

One thing stands as a sure proof that woman is an amiable creature, easily pleased and satisfied with her lot. And that is that when she buys a dress ready made she rejoices because it is much better and cheaper than fussing to have it made. And when she has it made herself she wonders why people ever get things ready made when one can have clothes made "just as one wants them and cheaper!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Under Cross Examination.

Counsel—Your age, signorina? Young Lady (bashfully)—Oh, I hardly like to tell you. Counsel—Yet I must insist on knowing it. Pray tell me how old you were ten years ago. Young Lady (cheerfully)—Oh, twenty-three!—Fanfulla.

The Proper Term.

Cholly Gayboy—I heah you wemarked that no girl would be wise to marry Gussie Whitless or me because we were too fastidious. Miss Sharpe—You haven't got it quite right. I said you were "two fast idiots."—Philadelphia Ledger.

With Respect to Fish Stories.

Harry—Fish diet is said to be good for the brain. Harriet—That may be so, but going to catch fish seems to be awful hard on the morals.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Got His Dose Later.

Mr. Courtney (flatteringly)—I had the blues awfully when I came here tonight, Miss Fisher, but they are all gone now. You are as good as medicine. Miss Fisher's Little Brother—Yes; father himself says she'll be a drug on the market if she doesn't catch on to some fellow soon.

Important Query.

Impatient Young Man—Nellie, how is our romance—yours and mine—going to end? Nellie (suddenly apprehensive)—Why, Goeffrey, you don't want to skip to the last chapter yet, do you?—Bangor News.

On Matrimonial Seas.

"Is she the captain of the family ship?"

"Oh, yes; he is her second or third mate, I understand."—Puck.

The Other Way.

Inquiring Bore—And do you come down the same way you go up, Mr. Sandbag? Balloonist—No, sir; I try to come down feet first.

No Love Lost Between the Arnolds.

John Denison Champlin told an amusing story of Matthew Arnold and Sir Edwin Arnold. "Some years ago," he said, "when walking with Matthew Arnold on the banks of the little river Test, near Romsey abbey, conversation turned on Sir Edwin Arnold and 'The Light of Asia,' published four or five years previously. It is not necessary to enter into Mr. Arnold's opinion of the poem. During the conversation I took occasion to ask him if he were related to Sir Edwin. He paused a moment, as if shocked at the suggestion, and then said: 'No, we are not of kin. Indeed, I doubt if he had any right to the name of Arnold. I have been told that he is of Jewish descent.' A few weeks later I happened to meet Sir Edwin at a dinner in London and, prompted by, I hope, a not unpardonable curiosity, propounded a similar query to him. 'No,' he replied quickly, with what seemed a shade of asperity in his tone, 'I am not related to Matthew Arnold. We are of wholly different families.' Then, his face breaking into his peculiar smile, he added: 'Matthew Arnold is an intellectual dyspeptic. His brain does not digest properly.'"

"Maarifsh" River.

Maxwell Sommerville of the University of Pennsylvania spent nearly forty years of his life in oriental travel and study.

Professor Sommerville used sometimes to narrate the strange error that was once made by a French explorer he had known. This explorer had made a journey to Kairwan and had drawn a map of the country he passed through. The singular thing about this map was that the name "Maarifsh" appeared so many times on it. A river would be the Maarifsh river; a mountain would be Mount Maarifsh; a village, a lake, a valley, each would be called Maarifsh.

When Professor Sommerville saw this map he laughed.

"Don't you know," he said to the traveler, "what 'maarifsh' means in Arabic?"

"No," said the other. "What does it mean?"

"It means 'Don't know.'"

A Jealous Ape.

Sir Harry Johnston, the English explorer, once traveled on a ship with a pet ape. It was a great favorite with all the passengers until there came aboard at Madeira a lady with an infant. The latter received a good deal of attention and the ape in consequence became neglected and jealous. Sir Harry Johnston followed it on deck one day just in time to prevent a tragedy. The child had been left unguarded for a moment in its cradle. The ape had made for it, pulled it from the cradle and was in the act of throwing it overboard when the traveler pounced upon it. Says Sir Harry, "It would certainly have hurled it into the sea had not my arrival caused the guilty ape to drop the child on the deck and scramble away." The ape was relegated to a strong iron cage for the rest of that voyage.

Medical Use of Whisky.

Whisky as an alternative to wine may undoubtedly be employed medicinally with advantage in certain cases, both for men and for women. But this is very different from the constant recommendation which is suggested, as if, indeed, doctors regard whisky as a sort of panacea for every disease under the sun, and take a perfect delight in urging its consumption upon their patients. As a matter of fact, there never was a time when medical men were more slow to prescribe the use of alcohol in any form than they are in the present day, nor a time when so many refrained from advising its use at all.—Hospital.

Queer Nest of the Tontobane.

The oddest of all birds' nests is the one built by the tontobane, a South African songster. It is built of cotton and always upon the tree producing the material. In constructing the domicile the female works inside and the male outside, where he builds a sentinel box for his own special use. He sits in the box and keeps watch or sings nearly all the time, and when danger comes in the form of a hawk or a snake he warns the family, but never enters the main nest.

Not Neglected.

"The art of letter writing is sadly neglected nowadays," said the man of literary taste.

"That remark," said his more practical friend, "shows that you haven't a son at college who is applying himself to showing you why his allowance ought to be increased."—Washington Star.

Nothing If Not Original.

Mrs. Smith—Have you named your twin girls, Lucy? Lucy—Yessum; we's done name 'em "Flops'm" an' "Jeps'm." Powerful pooty names. Dave, my ol' man, he done got dem names outen de rivah colyum.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Jumping at a Conclusion.

Bragg—About a month ago I fell into a nice job as assistant manager, and the manager told me if I made good he'd raise my salary. Newitt—Is that so? What are you doing now?—Catholic Standard.

Sex In Eating.

A woman enjoys well cooked, well served food, but her happiness does not depend upon it so completely as does a man's. Without regular, abundant meals a man is disturbed in spirit and considers himself abused. When a man loses his appetite it is because of some physical ailment, never a mental one. A great blow may make the touching of food an actual impossibility for his sister for hours, or even days; but, no matter if the foundations of the earth were shaken, the ordinary man can eat. He can eat at any time or all the time. I know a man who is "living on the street" during his wife's absence, and he confesses to averaging five meals a day.

Food so often is not more than raiment with a girl. Investigate the light housekeeping arrangements of sky parlors, or even first class rooms, and consider the well gowned girl therein and see if it is. I know a girl, and a college girl, who existed on 87 cents for one week in order to buy an expensive trifle her mother's good sense had denied her. Shopgirls, they say, sacrifice their lunches to buy a Laura Jean Libbey novel, but where is the man that ever goes without a reasonable amount of good food for any need he may have?—Brown Book.

Imposing.

"I'll have you know that I belong to Chicago," said the stranger.

"'Deed, an' wha'd hae thocht it?" quoth the skeptic Scot. "Frae the wey ye've been speaking I thocht Chicago belonged tae you."—Glasgow Times.

SALT AND ICE.

The Process That Begins When the Two Are Mixed.

It is not correct to say that salt dissolves ice, since real solution only takes place when a solid, liquid or gas is dissolved in a liquid.

The true explanation of the fact that ice melts when common salt is added to it depends upon the simple physical principle that when a salt is dissolved in water heat is absorbed, and its temperature is lowered. When salt and ice are mixed together some of the salt dissolves in the small amount of water which is always present, the temperature is thereby lowered, and a new freezing point is established.

The remainder of the ice—being at a temperature higher than this new freezing point—slowly melts, and more salt is dissolved until the solution is saturated. The temperature can in this way be lowered to 22 degrees C., which is the freezing point of a definite compound of salt and water.

The salts dissolved in sea waters serve a very important purpose, as it requires a greater degree of cold to cause the formation of ice on them than on fresh water.

ANCIENT CURRENCY.

The Chinese Once Used Small Bronze Knives For Money.

Knife money, a species of ancient Chinese currency, was associated with the state of Ts'i, one of the most powerful of the early subdivisions of the Celestial Empire, which came into power B. C. 1122 and was subdued by the rival state of Ts'in, B. C. 224. This quaint form of money consisted of small curved bronze knives, some seven inches in length, with inscribed blades and handles terminating in rings.

This knife money dropped out of use with the reduction of Ts'i, but was revived by the usurper Wang Mang, who was murdered A. D. 23. The issues of this potentate were half as long again as the earlier currency. They were also much thicker, and the ring at the end of the handle was replaced by a rim and central square hole resembling the hole in the modern "cash." Other Chinese currencies of great antiquity and of similar sort were adze money, or small hatchets, with such varieties of tool currency as chisels, spades and planes, all of which passed from hand to hand in the ordinary way as a circulating medium.

THE WORD "HANDICAP."

It Comes From the Ancient Custom of Hand In the Cap.

In former days a "handicap" was conducted thus: A, wishing for something which belonged to B, say a horse, would offer his watch for it. If A agreed, C was chosen to fix the sum that should be given by one or the other to make the exchange fair.

The three then put down a stake, and A and B, each holding a piece of money, put their hands into a cap or hat, or into their pockets, while C, enlarging on the respective merits of the horse and watch, made his award in as rapid and complex a manner as possible, ending it with the words, "Draw, gentlemen!"

A and B instantly drew out and opened their hands. If money appeared in both the exchange was made; if in one only, or in neither, the award was off, and in every case C took the stakes.

The modern use of handicap has arisen from the employment of experts to make fair conditions for a race in which the competitors are of unequal age or power.

Intelligence In Monkeys.

A correspondent in the Field contributes an extraordinary instance of intelligence in the Royal park, Melbourne, Australia. He was watching some monkeys in a large cage when one of them came to the front and tried to reach a nut which had been thrown and was lying on the gravel path. Putting its arms through the bars and stretching as far as possible it found that the nut was just beyond its reach. There was straw on the floor of the cage and going to the back, where it evidently expected to find the straw less damaged, it tested straw after straw, discarding them one by one, not thinking them strong enough for the purpose. At last it found a satisfactory one, returned with it to the front of the cage and very quickly with this aid hooked the nut close enough to be picked up.

Her Sympathy.

Little Flora was complaining that her stomach felt bad, according to the Columbia Herald. "Perhaps it's because it's empty," said her mother. "It might feel better if you had something in it." Not long afterward the minister called. In reply to a question as to his health he said that he was well, but that his head felt rather bad that day. "Perhaps it's because it's empty," spoke up Flora. "It might feel better if you had something in it."

Genius.

Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought. —Alexander Hamilton.

What He Put Up.

"Has your friend Bifkins, the architect, put up anything lately?"

"Yes; I tried to collect a bill from him yesterday, and he put up a good bluff."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

We like to give in the sunlight and to receive in the dark.—Senn.

Vanity, Not Love.

Eleanor—She is very fond of him, isn't she? Gladys—Well, I don't think she's as fond of him as she is fond of having people remark that he is fond of her.

Useless.

Noggs—And a cure for insomnia is— Physician (facetiously)—An old fashioned remedy is to count 500. Noggs—Very good, but our baby can't count.—Home Notes.

It is considered that Japanese men are among the best needleworkers in the world, their only equals being the women of Russia.

Wide Awake.

Passerby—I thought you were blind? Mendicant—Well, boss, times is so hard and competition is so great that even a blind man has to keep his eyes open nowadays if he wants to do any business at all.

A dog without a tail must feel as though he were in the deaf and dumb class.—Plano (Ill.) News.

THE KITCHEN DRESSER.

It Was Originally a Bench on Which Meat Was Dressed.

Dr. Johnson tells us that the kitchen dresser was a bench in the kitchen on which meat was dressed, or prepared, for table and gives the following lines in support of his view:

'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve thus to me that love it not?
—Shakespeare.

A maple dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made.
—Dryden.

Wright, in his "Domestic Manners of the Middle Ages," says: "One of the great objects of ostentation in a rich man's house was his plate, which at dinner time he brought forth and spread on the table in sight of his guests. Afterward, to exhibit the plate to more advantage, the table was made with shelves or steps, on which the different articles could be arranged in rows, one above another. It was called in French, or Anglo-Norman, a dressoir, because on it the different articles were dresses, or arranged."

It is this to which the modern poet refers:

The pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.

LIVING SILVER.

The Process by Which Mercury Is Extracted From Cinnabar.

The chief scource of mercury is its native sulphide, cinnabar. The most important mines of this mineral in Europe are those of Almaden, in Spain, and Idria, in Illyria; in America, those of New Almaden, in California.

The silvery metal is obtained by roasting the ores in specially constructed open furnaces, where, by the action of atmospheric air alone, the sulphur is converted into sulphurous acid and passes on with the volatilized mercury into condensers. These are usually masonry chambers, with water cooled pipes, from which the fumes pass on through earthenware pipes and finally through others of wood and glass.

Most of the yield is liquid mercury, combined with soot, which is removed by agitating the mixture in receptacles of perforated iron, when the mercury falls through. The quicksilver is finally purified by straining through dense linen and is then sent out into commerce in leather bags or wrought iron bottles fitted with screw plugs, each holding about seventy-five pounds avoirdupois.

THE WORD BOGUS.

There Are Several Plausible Theories as to Its Origin.

The word "bogus" is said by Dr. Ogilvie to be derived from Boghese, the name of a notorious American swindler who about the year 1835 flooded the western and southwestern states with counterfeit bills, sham mortgages and such like. Others connect the word with "bogie," a scarecrow or goblin, and so applied to anything fictitious or chimerical.

Lowell in the "Biglow Papers" says, "I more than suspect the word to be a corruption of the French bagasse." This bagasse was the sugar cane as delivered in its dry, crushed state from the mill, called also cane trash, and fit only for burning, being thus synonymous with useless rubbish.

Again, according to Brewer, there is in French argot, or thieves' slang, a word, bogue, which signifies the rind of a green chestnut or the case of a watch, and this also brings us to the idea of an outward seeming without any solid and reputable foundation.—Pearson's Weekly.

An East Prussia Custom.

Midsummer day, or St. John the Baptist's day, is a festival of much importance among the Masur peasant girls in east Prussia. On this day they each make a wreath, and each in turn tries to throw her wreath so as to lodge it on a fruit tree. A girl must keep on throwing until her wreath stays in the branches, and the number of attempts is supposed to indicate the number of years she will have to wait to get married. When the girls are thus engaged the young men of the village stand around chaffing them when they miss. The girl who lands her wreath at the first attempt is vehemently applauded. The Masurs are Poles who live in that part of Prussia which was once part of Poland.

Donkeys In Egypt.

In Egypt the women still follow the ancient custom of riding on donkeys. The animals are small and well trained and carry their burdens about without remonstrance. The riding under these conditions demands no especial skill of horsemanship. The women make a great convenience of these little steeds, riding them to market or to their shopping as well as on considerable journeys.

Natural Cause.

"I have been told," remarked the visitor in Salt Lake City, "that your lake is drying up. What seems to be the cause?"

"I guess, mister," said the native, "if you had as much salt in you as that there lake's got you'd be gittin' purty dry too."—Chicago Tribune.

The Difference.

The Impecunious—It is just as easy to love a girl with money as to love one without it. The Heiress—But it isn't so easy to get her.—London Tit-Bits.

Look on the bright side. If there is a baby in the house, there are also enough safety pins for the grown folks to help themselves.—Atchison Globe.

Tough Flour.

Mrs. Youngbride—I've come to complain of that flour you sent me. Baker—What was the matter with it? Mrs. Youngbride—It was tough. I made some pastry with it, and it was as much as my husband could do to cut it.

The Greater Blessing.

Jawkins—Ah, my boy, it's a fine thing to have a friend whom you can trust.

Pawkins—It's a jolly sight better to have one who will trust you, old man.—Ally Sloper.

Under the Earth.

Doctor—No; I shall not pay you. You have spoiled the pavement and then covered it up with earth to hide your bad work. Paver—Doctor, mine is not the only bad work the earth hides.

Her Secrets.

He—Can you keep a secret. She—Yes, on one condition. He—What is that? She (frankly)—Provided I don't know it.

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Rose Chains

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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It was late when Rosemary arrived. The other guests were rising, and dinner had been announced. She had barely time to toss aside her furs and exchange a few hurried words with Mrs. Creighton.

There was one thing certain, she decided, after a glance at Helen and the rest. They had not heard yet, and she was glad of an hour's respite. After the scene with Dean last night, followed by the solemn one in the morning with her mother, and finally the reproaches and condolences of four younger sisters, each with her individual opinion on the fitness of the engagement, it was a relief to breathe freely without fear of conversational dissection of her case.

"Who is to take me in?" she asked at the foot of the stairs, but Helen was already bowing and smiling to another guest as she answered:

"You're always late, dear, aren't you? No excuse, though, please. Don't you see the senator looking helpless and alone over there? He's to take me in and thinks I'm lost."

"But"— Rosemary stopped short and went upstairs to the dressing room with a little sudden heartache. For a whole month one only had had the right and privilege of claiming her, and now she was free again. She hoped Helen would not give her to any one brilliant and strenuous tonight, who would bother her by trying to make an impression. She didn't want to be impressed. In a measure she blamed impressionism for her engagement to Dean. He was a royal comrade, clever and responsive, but not too clever or too responsive. There was a difference. Looking back on the joyous days of the month, she decided that it had been this element of chumship, of mindful affinity, which had been responsible for the whole thing.

As a comrade Dean was splendid, but as a lover in the role of prospective husband to be wedded to for life she had suddenly discovered that he was exacting—most exacting.

Any man who was engaged to a girl and positively forbade any other man falling in love with her was exacting. Moreover, it was foolish, because, really, it was in the abstract a compliment to his own good taste.

She could not help Jack Stowell telling her that he loved her. Of course he loved her. He had told her so on an average of twice a month for over a year. And he was a dear, dear boy.

She smiled contentedly at the mirrored image of herself in the dressing room as she paused to tuck in a few refractory hairpins. Who could help loving her? Even Dean had called her the dearest girl in the world. It was sweet to remember that. Of course he had behaved intolerably about Jack, but when a man is in love—

She laughed softly and buried her lips caressingly in the heart of a single long stemmed La France rose that lay lightly on her breast.

The last trailing gown was vanishing beyond the heavy velvet portieres of the dining room as she came down stairs. Only one lone figure awaited her coming in the wide hall, and she wondered who it could be. Not Jack. Mrs. Creighton did not approve of Jack. In fact, she had once called him a cub. Mild, but irritating—to Jack. The figure turned suddenly at the sound of her coming. It was Dean himself. Half unconsciously she hesitated, her head lifted a trifle higher than usual, her lashes drooping obstinately over telltale eyes.

He was terribly grave and dignified.

"I am to have the pleasure of taking you in, Mrs. Creighton said. She evidently does not know."

"I had no idea that you would be here." She spoke indignantly. It was almost impertinent of him, when only last night she had told him she never wished to even look at him again.

"I could hardly help myself, after accepting the invitation a week ago. We will probably meet in the same places for some time, until the breaking of the engagement is announced. At present people consider us indispensable to each other's happiness."

His quiet, courteous sarcasm was maddening under the circumstances. She resolved not to even speak to him again. Old Mr. Rathburn sat at her other hand, and she devoted herself to him with earnest fervor. He was interested in a plan for the irrigation of the great American desert by means of huge spinning hose nozzles to be operated from balloons.

"But you'll have to get the water up there before you can get it down," objected Rosemary anxiously for the seventh time. She knew that Dean was smiling amusedly. "Unless you attach it to the clouds."

Mr. Rathburn was silent, and she felt withered by a sense of his displeasure, and she hated the theory of irrigation by balloons or any other way.

Dean was talking across the table to Eleanor Lee, and she suddenly classed Eleanor with irrigation and other unpleasant topics. Next to Dean was Mrs. Chadwick. Her gray curls were just visible beyond his brown ones. She was congratulating him, Rosemary knew. She had been in Europe all summer and had only heard of the betrothal a few days ago. It seemed to Rosemary that she was unnecessarily rapturous and voluble on the subject.

"It is the sweetest time of your life," she was saying. "The betrothal hour when we laugh and love and let Cupid bind us in rose chains and drive us at his dear, capricious will, span or tandem"—

"It's generally tandem, Mrs. Chadwick," said Dean, with merry scorn. "There must be a leader, you know, and Cupid's law is ladies first."

"Ah, but they are only rose chains, Dean." The gray curls were shaken at him rebukingly. "And they break so easily. Once married, they are rose chains still, but some wise fate has slipped links of steel beneath the petals."

"And if we break them now"— Dean paused.

"Then there are only scattered roses in the dust and Cupid weeping and Rosemary—for remembrance. May it never come to you." She smiled at both young faces. "Memory is dear, but not when all it brings to mind are the broken rose chains."

There was a momentary hush. The sweetly modulated old voice had carried to the far ends of the table, and all were listening. Rosemary's gaze rested on her plate. She dared not meet Dean's eyes. The hush passed, and there was the low, light babel of voices again. She heard him speaking to her and held her breath to listen.

"Isn't she an old darling to say that?"

"She doesn't know they are already broken." He could hardly catch the half whisper.

"But are they? Only last night, and no one knows, and it was all a mistake." He bent, with pleasing eyes, toward her. "Rosemary, my Rosemary."

"For remembrance?" She laughed, a low, tremulous little laugh that was the first sign of surrender.

"For life. Roses are sweet, but they need the steel."

She hesitated, her eyes full of questioning doubt.

"Jack didn't mean anything," she said hurriedly. "He didn't really propose. He knew that I was engaged, of course. He only said that he had always loved me, and, after all, he's only a boy. It couldn't matter in the least his loving me when"—

"When what?"

His tone was full of the old imperative, proprietary command, and she met his glance for one swift, losing instant.

"When I loved you."

Mrs. Creighton was rising. As he drew back Rosemary's chair he whispered:

"Broken rose chains can be rewoven, can't they, dear? Forgive me."

He caught a fleeting glimpse of her face as she passed on in the wake of Mrs. Chadwick. She was tall and sweet as a young lily in her white lace dinner gown, and he felt a wild, sudden longing to crush her to his heart before them all and win the world of forgiveness.

She was gone, and he was unanswered, but the La France rose lay in his hand, and Rosemary was smiling as she, too, accepted Mrs. Chadwick's congratulations in the drawing room.

The Personal Equation.

Mr. Ames entered with his nose unequivocably turned up. "Those people in the flat below are cooking onions again," said he. Mrs. Ames lowered one of the windows before she replied.

"I wish you wouldn't say 'those people,'" she said. "Their name is Watson."

"Phew!" said Mr. Ames, lowering another window.

"I don't think the odor is so very disagreeable," she said cheerfully.

Mr. Ames looked at her amazed. "Why, I thought you couldn't bear the smell of onions!"

"I don't really like it, of course, but it is such a little thing to be disturbed over."

Mr. Ames looked indignant and injured and felt so; he could not understand his wife's attitude. "I wish you had felt that way sooner," he said dryly. "Last week you made me tell the janitor that if those people didn't stop cooking onions every night we should move."

"Yes, I did," said Mrs. Ames candidly; "but that was before I knew Mrs. Watson. We have exchanged calls this week, and I like her very much."

Mr. Ames made a curious noise which his wife was able to interpret.

"I expected you'd take it that way," she said. "But even you must admit that there's a great difference between the smell of a friend's onions and those of people we don't know."—Youth's Companion.

A Tough Old Invalid.

In England the purchase of an advowson, or the right to succeed to a vacant church office, is not uncommon. There is a story told of a country vicarage whose incumbent was, though but middle aged, very infirm. His tenure of the position being thus uncertain, the living was advertised for sale. The auctioneer who at the time had the disposal of all church preferments mentioned as a special advantage to intending purchasers that the then holder could not last long. To put this prospect to the test several possible buyers went down to the village to look over the vicar. A father and son attended the Sunday services at the church. A servant led in the ailing vicar, but the latter managed to get through a very earnestly delivered sermon lasting half an hour. In the afternoon he again conducted service, baptized children and preached for fifty minutes. Service in the evening was to follow. But the man who had come to buy had seen enough. "My son," he said, "that old rock ain't a-goin' yet; I am," and he forthwith departed. In the end a young parson bought the place for himself. The invalid outlived by twenty years the man who had bought his living. He lasted fifty years beyond the sale and died of sheer old age at ninety-two.

Prisons In Japan.

Prisons in Japan resemble large country houses with many outbuildings and do not, either in the solidity or details of their construction, wear a penitentiary aspect. The prisoners get food in proportion to their conduct and industry. Those who do not behave will get a cake of rice, which must last them seven days. For the deserving it is the ration for but four days, and they get with it also a little horse meat and potato or pea sauce. The labor is compulsory, but not severe, and the prisoner gets part of his earnings, though it amounts to little. The discipline is military, and serving a term in prison does not impose an indelible stigma. Systematic efforts are made to improve the prisoners. All the youths under nineteen years pass two hours each day in school. Even when their term of sentence is over they cannot be released till a surety is found for their subsequent good behavior. Till this is provided they must remain in prison and may do so for indefinite periods.

Merry Divorce.

Recently a worthy couple of Zurich, who had been married for several years, decided to get a divorce, and no sooner had the court annulled their marriage than they proceeded to show their friends how rejoiced they were at the news. The two principals went arm in arm to a leading hotel, where they ordered a supper for several guests, and a few hours later a merry party assembled there and did not break up until after midnight.

Those present say that the gentleman who had just been freed from his wife and who, by the way, paid for the supper was wonderfully gallant to her during the entire evening, paying her more attention than any other woman, and that she, too, seemed just as happy as though she had just been married.

It is easy to see what should be done, but only a few are able to do it.—Atchison Globe.

Let those who complain of having to work undertake to do nothing. If this does not convert them, nothing will.

THE OSSETINIANS.

A Race of the Caucasus Mountains With a Georgian Dialect.

In the highest parts of the Caucasus mountains, around the Kasbeek region, there is a tribe, very tall and handsome, which speaks its own peculiar dialect of the Georgian language and has its own peculiar customs, differing in many ways from those of the Tscherkesses, Armenians, Circassians and other tribes that dwell in the same country. It is the tribe of the Ossetinians.

Like the rest of the Caucasus tribes, they have recognized Russia's authority. But they adhere to the claim that they are not descended from Asiatic races, like the other tribes, but that their ancestors were German knights who had gone to the crusades and who, after the disastrous end of the last crusade, had been driven into the wild valleys of the Caucasus, whence it was impossible for them to win their way out and homeward owing to the vigilance of the Moslem foe. So at last they settled down and took wives among the Caucasus mountain women, who have always been noted for their beauty.

It is a strange fact that the Ossetinians understand the science of brewing malt liquors, and they are the only ones who drink beer, the other tribes preferring Asiatic liquors.

THE WORD LIVERY.

It Originally Meant Something Delivered or Freely Given.

Our word livery is derived, through the French, from the Latin liberare, to deliver. Hence a livery originally meant something delivered or freely given, and came to be applied to an allowance of food or clothes.

From Norman times an English nobleman allotted a fixed "livery" of bread, wine and candles to his servants for their private use. A remnant of this system still survives at Oxford and Cambridge, where the fellows of a college are entitled to a daily allowance of food called "commons."

An allowance of provender for a horse was also called a livery, and a horse fed and groomed for its owner at a fixed charge was said to be "at livery."

In the middle ages "livery" was worn by any one who was in any sense in the service of another of superior rank or station.

The trading companies of the city of London used to provide a special attire for their freemen, who became known as liverymen, a title which they still retain.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

They Were Started by the Stationers of the Middle Ages.

The earliest form of circulating library was the lending out of books for hire by stationers of the middle ages, but this was of very limited extent. In the reign of Henry IV, Richard of Bury, bishop of Durham, left his valuable library for the use of Oxford students. Two provisions are very practical, one being that no book was to go into circulation unless there was a duplicate; the other, that the borrower had to deposit security exceeding the value of the book.

Dunfermline, Scotland, established the first proper library of this description in 1711, Edinburgh following in 1725 with one founded by Allen Ramsay. The first public one in England was established in Salisbury by a clergyman, Fancourt, in 1740. This failed to survive, but others in Bath, and at London in the Strand, succeeded in becoming popular. Many London scientific societies established circulating libraries in the eighteenth century, and in the nineteenth they became far more widely spread.—London Globe.

Old Maids.

The true "old maid," like the true poet, is born, not made, old maidishness being a question of innate character rather than of incidental condition. There are old maids of every state and age and sex, says Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, creatures who revel in fuss, and batten upon detail, and abide in the narrowest of narrow ruts. Do we not all know married women with large families who are, nevertheless, old maids to the backbone, just as we know adorable elderly spinsters who have the minds of girls and the hearts of mothers? And do we not also know numbers of the (so called) stronger sex whose absorption in trifles and avidity for gossip proclaim them old maids of the purest water?

A Man to Dodge.

"Look at Baker, out on a day like this without an umbrella. Is he crazy?"

"I'm afraid he is. Let's hurry on. I don't want to meet him."

"Why not?"

"He may recognize this umbrella. It's his."

Among Them.

Clara—Do you know, Maud, Mr. Smithers paid me a great compliment last night?

"No. What did he say?"

"He said I was among the prettiest girls at the party."

"Yes, I noticed you were among them."

A Last Resort.

Little Boy—I want you to write me an excuse for being late to school yesterday. Jeweler—Eh? You are not my son. Little Boy—N-o, but mamma says I had plenty of time to get to school, so I guess the clock you sold her doesn't go right.

The masses procure their opinions ready made in the open market.—Cotton.

Came In Handy.

"The weather man said it would rain today, and I'm glad I carried my umbrella."

"Why, it didn't rain at all today."

"Of course it didn't, but I met the weather man on the street, and I used the umbrella to bang him good and hard."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Quite Probable.

The Publisher—The insolence of these authors! Here's Spiffles demanding to see the illustrations before he writes the story for them! His Partner—Absurd! First thing one knows they will be asking to have the illustrators read the stories before they draw the pictures for 'em!—Brooklyn Life.

His Exercise.

"Excuse me, Softly," remarked Pendennis curiously, "how is it you always wind up your watch immediately after dinner?"

"For the benefit of my health. You see, my doctor has recommended me always to take a little exercise after dinner."

JOHN BANISTER.

An English Violinist Who Won Fame In the Seventeenth Century.

Public concerts owe their direct encouragement to John Banister, who had won fame by his playing on the violin and who succeeded the celebrated Baltzar as leader of Charles II.'s band of twenty-four violins. Pepys, in an entry in his diary for February, 1667, tells us the court gossip of the day—"how the king's viallin Banister is mad that the king hath a Frenchman come to be chief of some part of the king's musique."

Banister's concerts at the close of the year 1672 were advertised in the London Gazette as follows: "These are to give notice that at Mr. John Banister's house (now called the Musick School), over against the George tavern in White Fryers, the present Monday will be musick performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at 4 of the clock in the afternoon, and every afternoon for the future precisely at the same hour."

Four years later on we read again: "At the Academy in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields will begin the first part of the Parley of Instruments, composed by Mr. John Banister." The admission was at this time as a rule a shilling, and these concerts seem to have been held pretty regularly down to within a short time of Banister's death, which took place in 1679.—Chambers' Journal.

BIRTH OF THE BUS.

This Class of Vehicle First Appeared In Paris In 1662.

The omnibus appeared in Paris in 1662 as a "carrosse a cinq sous" (coach for twopence halfpenny), by authority of Louis XIV., under the management of Pascal, the mystic and philosopher. Whether this eminent thinker originated the idea is not clear, but there is no doubt that his influence assisted in the establishment of the service under the auspices of a royal decree.

Later on these earliest omnibuses ceased to run owing to lack of support, and did not reappear in Paris until 1827, when Lafitte, the banker, who was among the largest proprietors, was credited with originating the revived service.

The new coaches started to ply in London on July 4, 1829, when the first one left Paddington for the Bank of England, and another ran from the bank to the Yorkshire Stingo, New road. These first British busses were known from the man who organized them as "Shillibeers," and the conductors of the first two are said to have been the sons of British naval officers. Three horses drew them, and they carried twenty-two passengers, all inside.—London Standard.

HATS OF STRAW.

China Gets the Credit For Having First Made Them.

The earliest makers of straw hats were unquestionably the Chinese. Their work was by no means rough in character, but plaited and sewn together with considerable skill, as may be seen today in the neighborhood of Canton.

In Europe hats were first made in Paris by a Swiss so early as 1404, and we find mentioned among the entries of an inventory of the effects of Sir John Fastolfe, 1459, "four strawen hattes," showing them to have been great rarities. Coryatt mentions them as worn in Provence, with a hundred seams, lined with silver and curiously worked.

Tuscany, with Leghorn as a center, took up the work early in the fifteenth century and has maintained it with considerable skill ever since. Bedfordshire, with Dunstable and Luton as centers, has been the headquarters of the industry in England ever since the early part of the seventeenth century.—London Mail.

A Story of Matt Carpenter.

Matt Carpenter, the famous Wisconsin senator, was pleading a case before the supreme court. Before he had got half through with his argument the judges had made up their minds that his case was without merit, and, moreover, that he was unprepared. When he finished his argument and counsel for the other side got up to reply, the judges whispered to each other, nodded and then the chief justice said, "I don't think it will be necessary to hear from you, sir." Carpenter's opponent was deaf, and he could only tell that the chief justice was addressing him. He turned to Carpenter for aid. "What did the chief justice say, Matt?" he whispered. "He said he'd rather give you the case than listen to you," Carpenter bawled in his ear.

The Wrong Department.

A prominent physician tells this story at the expense of the modern craze for specialization in the medical profession: A poor woman from the east side of New York went to a nearby dispensary to ask aid for her little son, who had had one of his fingers smashed by a baseball bat. At the first room where she applied she was told by a curt attendant that the boy could not be treated there.

"Wrong place," he explained. "This is the eye and ear department."

"Vere is der thumb und finger department?" inquired the woman simply.—Harper's Weekly.

Her Highest Compliment.

"What did you think of my speech?" asked the orator.

"It was beautiful," said the young woman. "It made me think of my commencement essay."—Washington Star.

It is too bad that there isn't some way for always having a girl baby just three years old in the family.—Atchison Globe.

A Compromise.

"Your account has been standing a long time, Mr. Dukey."

"Then give it a seat, my dear Shears."

"Very glad to, sir; shall we make it a receipt?"—London Tit-Bits.

Like a Good Preacher.

"You say your washwoman reminds you of a good preacher?"

"Yes. She's always bringing things home to me that I never saw before."—Yale Record.

The whale was the first ocean male carrier, and in three days thereafter he adopted the free delivery system.

Editor Versus Lawyer.

A lawyer in a courtroom may call a man a liar, scoundrel, villain or thief, and no one makes a complaint when court has adjourned. If a newspaper prints such reflections on a man's character there is a libel suit or a dead editor. And this is owing to the fact that people believe what an editor says; what a lawyer says cuts no figure.—Routt County (Colo.) Courier.

TYING KNOTS IN JAPAN.

It Is a Serious Art, as a Mistake May Mean an Insult.

Like the arranging of flowers, the tying of knots has been carried to the point of a complex art by the Japanese. There is one way—one right way, that is—to knot the cord that confines a birthday or New Year's present. There is one way to tie the brocade bag of the tea jar when the latter is empty and another when it is full. Not only general ignorance of social customs but deadly insults may be communicated by the way a knot is tied, foreigners often making dreadful mistakes either through not knowing or from ignoring the niceties of knot etiquette.

Hooks and eyes, buttons and buckles are unknown so far as Japanese dress is concerned. They do not have much to fasten, but what they do have they fasten with cord. That is why they have carried the tying of cord so far. The Japanese have hundreds of ornamental knots, some of them so old that they antedate written history.

Japanese children are taught to make knots just as they are taught to write and draw. All sorts of flower and animal forms are copied. There is the chrysanthemum knot, the iris knot, plum blossom, pine tree and cherry blossom knots. There is a stork knot, a turtle knot, a knot named for the sacred mountain Fujiyama. An easy knot is called the "old man's knot." There is also an "old woman's knot."

THE PARISIAN LUNCH.

A Substantial Meal Served In the Middle of the Day.

Noon or 12:30 is the universal hour for the strictly Parisian lunch, which commences with "hors d'oeuvres," appetizers eaten with butter—the only time butter is ever served on a French table.

The endless variety of "hors d'oeuvres" would fill a volume—sardines, shrimps, olives, radishes. Tiny salads of every description are included among them.

An egg or fish course follows, and the various ways in which both are cooked would also fill a volume. Next the meat is served—beef, mutton, lamb or veal—accompanied by one vegetable or a salad. If a vegetable, the salad follows as a separate course with fowl, game or cold meat of some kind. If a salad is the accessory for the meat then some vegetable comes after it as a single course preceding the cheese—never omitted—and which with fruit of some kind forms the dessert. Between the salad and cheese course a sweet dish, an "entremet," consisting of a custard, cream, tart or the like, is often served, but cheese and fruit are usually allowed the honors of the ordinary average luncheon dessert topped off with a good cup of coffee and a tiny glass of some liqueur.—What to Eat.

How Sea Birds Get a Drink.

"When I was a cabin boy," said an elderly sailor, "I often used to wonder, seein' birds thousands of miles out to sea, what they done for fresh water when they got thirsty.

"One day a squall answered that question for me. It was a hot and glitterin' day in the tropics, and in the clear sky overhead a black rain cloud appeared all of a sudden. Then out of the empty space over a hundred sea birds came dartin' from every direction. They got under the rain cloud and they waited there for about ten minutes, circlin' round and round, and when the rain began to fall they drank their fill.

"In the tropics, where the great sea birds sail thousands of miles away from shore, they get their drinkin' water in that way. They smell out a storm a long way off; they travel a hundred miles, maybe, to get under it, and they swallow enough raindrops to keep them goin'."—Portland Oregonian.

Oxford Training.

The average citizen, if asked what was taught at Oxford, would probably reply, "Useless learning." And in many ways it is a true answer, for its aim is not to turn out doctors, lawyers and merchants, ready made, but men with carefully trained minds, fitted not for this or that profession, but for the whole conduct of life. It is contended that such a man will insensibly take a wider view of his subject than the specialist, for he approaches it from a different standpoint.—London Outlook.

Good Living In China.

An English surgeon at Hongkong writes that "all Chinamen eat fish and pork at morning and evening meals. Fowls and ducks are always on the table of all but the most humble of the cooly class, and they do not have them because they cannot afford them. I hope this will be a sufficient answer to those who maintain that Chinamen live on rice. It is not nearly so true as that the Scotch live on porridge."

A Simple Question.

"May a man marry his widow's sister?" was a question I heard put to a prominent lawyer.

"Certainly he may," was the reply without a moment's hesitation. Then the lawyer had another think coming.—Albany Journal.

Seer.

"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are," said the seer.

The man told him what he ate.

"You're a blanked fool!" said the seer.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed the man.—Puck.

At First Sight.

"Did he fall in love at first sight?"

"Yes. First sight of her bank account."—Princeton Tiger.

A Venus.

Sister—You have told me her name, yet I know no more than I did before. Is she beautiful? Brother—Beautiful? Why, she could make even the present fashions look artistic.—New York Weekly.

Knew by the Question.

"Doctor," said the patient, entering the office with a most lugubrious expression, "how does a man feel that has indigestion?" Doctor—You haven't got it!—New York Press.

Always.

Hewitt—What is the best business to which a young man can give his attention? Jewett—His own.—Harper's Bazar.

Offering Her a Hand.

The Poet—When would you consider is the best time to offer a girl your hand? Practical Cuss—When she's getting out of a bus, I should say.—New Yorker.

Titles of honor add not to his worth who is an honor to his title.—Ford.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 14.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings xviii, 1-16—Memory Verses, 13-16—Golden Text, I Kings xviii, 12—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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In our study of the life of Elijah we must ever see him as a man of God, standing before God, hearing the voice of God and speaking the word of God. Hearing implies obeying, so we see him doing just what God told him unhesitatingly. A man of God is a God controlled man, wholly in the hand of God, that God may be glorified in him. We left Elijah in our last lesson in the home of the widow of Sarepta, the three inmates of the home witnessing day by day the miracle of the constant increase of the meal and oil according to the word of the Lord.

The incident of the death and resurrection of the widow's son and the widow's testimony, "Now by this I know that thou art a man of God and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth," closed the chapter, showing that the Lord God of Elijah could not only miraculously sustain life, but also give life to the dead. What an honor to be a representative of such a God and to be in constant and conscious touch with Him, as Elijah was!

According to the Spirit's testimony through the Lord Jesus and through James (Luke iv, 25; Jas. v, 17) Elijah spent three and a half years by the brook and in the widow's home, a full year being spent in the latter (I Kings xvii, 15), but now the same word of the Lord that sent him to his hiding places comes to him with the message, "Go, shew thyself unto Ahab, and I will send rain upon the earth" (xviii, 1); and obedient Elijah went to show himself to Ahab. When Joseph was told to take Mary and the child Jesus and go down to Egypt, the command was, "Be thou there until I bring thee word," and the same messenger brought him word when it was time for him to leave Egypt. God was managing; Joseph had only to obey (Matt. ii, 13, 20).

Turning from Elijah for a moment, we learn that Ahab had as ruler of his house a God fearing man named Obadiah, who, as his name implies (servant of Jehovah), served the Lord in that ungodly house, reminding us of Joseph in Egypt and Daniel in Babylon and suggesting to us that it is possible to serve the Lord under any circumstances in which He may permit us to be placed.

About the time that the Lord sent Elijah to meet Ahab both Ahab and Obadiah started forth, Ahab going one way by himself and Obadiah another way by himself (verse 6), to see if they could find water and grass to save the horses and mules alive. Elijah met Obadiah and said to him, "Go tell thy Lord, Behold, Elijah is here" (verse 8). Obadiah replied that it was as much as his life was worth to do such a thing, inasmuch as Ahab had caused search to be made for Elijah everywhere and had taken an oath of every kingdom and nation that they could not find him (verses 9-14). Although Obadiah feared the Lord and was brave enough to risk the vengeance of Jezebel when he saved alive a hundred of the Lord's prophets by hiding them in caves at the time that she attempted to kill them all, yet he feared death, for note his threefold, "He will slay me" (verses 9, 12, 14). But this is not strange, for Abraham asked Sarah to lie, and he himself was not truthful concerning their relationship, for fear that he might be slain.

They had not revealed to them in those days that which we have revealed to us concerning the gain that death is to the believer (Phil. i, 21, 23; II Cor. v, 8), nor was it quite the same to the believer to die before Jesus Christ died and rose again that it has been since. The captives whom He set free, according to Eph. iv, 8, may have been the redeemed of the Old Testament days, who until the resurrection and ascension of Christ had not the happiness which then became theirs. There are still many believers who are all their lifetime subject to bondage through fear of death, but there is no need of it, for He is able to deliver from all such fears.

Elijah's reply to Obadiah's fears was, "As the Lord of hosts liveth before whom I stand, I will surely shew myself unto him this day" (verse 15). Compare xvii, 1, and let us take as one of our watchwords, "The Lord liveth before whom I stand." Note in connection with it Gabriel's testimony in Luke i, 19, and our Lord's own words in John vi, 57, "As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me."

Obadiah, being encouraged and assured, went and told Ahab, and Ahab went to meet Elijah, and when they met Elijah fearlessly told Ahab that he, not Elijah, was the cause of all this trouble upon Israel, and he commanded him to summon the prophets of Baal to Carmel, with all Israel, that the God of Israel might publicly give a token that He only is the living and true God. Our next lesson will fully describe this. There is great need today of Elijahs who will promptly and fully obey God and either hide themselves or fearlessly meet the blaspheming Ahabs as the Lord may say, or do both at once, for it is only as self is hidden, reckoned dead, that God can manifest Himself to the ungodly Ahabs who would fain rule Him and His Christ off the earth, and out of His book and, as men say, run things themselves, exalting self above every god and recognizing no god but the intellect of man and no will but their own. Yet the Lord liveth (Ps. xviii, 46).

Still In Doubt.

Bookie—So, y'see, if the 'orse starts at fifteen to one you get fifteen quid, ten to one you get ten quid, five to one five. D'y'see? The Innocent—Oh, yes. I see perfectly. But what do I get if the horse starts at 1 o'clock exactly?—London Illustrated Bits.

Reconciled.

Widow Wixen—Yes, Henry died quite reconciled. I was at his bedside until the last moment. Dumley (meaning to be complimentary)—Ah, that accounts for it.—Boston Transcript.

Most men postpone happiness until the future, and the future never comes.—Epicurus.

A Physical Impossibility.

Angry Father—How dare you show your face here again? Persistent Suitor—Because I could not leave it at home.

What fine days there are for fishing when a man can't get away from his work.—Atchison Globe.

A TRUTHFUL INDIAN.

He Didn't Get Tired Like the Rest, For a Very Good Reason.

Clement Scott, the English dramatic critic, took a profound interest in the American Indian. He had at his tongue's tip a hundred incidents wherewith to illustrate odd phases of the Indian's character.

"There was a farmer in the west who was hard put to it for help upon his farm. Indians were plentiful in the neighborhood, but they were poor workmen. Always tired, they would put down the hoe or rake as soon as the master's back was turned, and, selecting a cool spot, they would lie down on the grass and sleep the day away.

"But one morning a very tall, robust Indian asked the farmer to give him work.

"'No,' said the white man, 'you will get tired. You Indians are always getting tired.'

"'Oh, no,' said the other. 'This Injun never get tired. This Injun not like the rest.'

"'Well, I'll try you," said the farmer, and he engaged the man. He put him to work in a wheatfield; then he went away for an hour or two. When he returned he found the Indian asleep under a tree.

"'Here, wake up here,' he cried. 'You told me you never got tired.'

"'Ugh,' said the other, yawning, 'this Injun don't. But if he not lie down often he would get tired just the same as the rest.'"

A THRILLING SHOT.

An Incident In a German Performance of "William Tell."

When a performance of the drama "William Tell" was given at a certain German theater it was announced that the stage effects in the play were extremely fine and that the scene where Tell's splendid marksmanship was made apparent would astonish every one. The audience waited as patiently as they could until that scene and were certainly astonished.

The scene arrived where Tell was to shoot the apple from his devoted son's head, and the apple and Tell's crossbow were connected by an invisible wire, along which the arrow was to speed to the target.

At the proper cue the arrow did speed halfway toward the apple, and there stuck, to all appearance in midair. In vain did the doughty Tell shake his bow to carry the arrow to its mark. The son of Tell looked very frightened and didn't know what was happening.

The apple, firmly fixed on his youthful cranium, was bobbing about, the audience was laughing, and the laugh burst into a roar when one of Gessler's guards took in the situation and, coming forward from his position at the side of young Tell, calmly gave the arrow a smart rap with his spear, when it sped on its way and buried itself in the apple on the boy's head.

Wisdom of the Cat.

We may like cats or we may not like cats, but we must all confess that the cat is our superior. He uses us, in his eyes we exist for his delectation, we provide warmth and milk, we are a hearth rug to be jumped on and sat on, a curry comb to titillate him. In this aspect the cat is vastly superior to the dog, which is faithful to those who maltreat him, while a cat's fidelity takes the form of gracious adherence to those who serve him. He has proof of his philosophy. We knew an old lady, lodging in the suburbs, who spreads bread on the lawn every morning for the sparrows. Every morning, as the sparrows ate, the kind old lady's cat, ready behind the box bush, took his toll. How could he doubt that his mistress, his servant, was at the normal task of doing him service?—Saturday Review.

A Hint From the Baron.

Upon a client complaining to Baron Rothschild that he had lent 10,000 francs to a person who had gone off to Constantinople without leaving any acknowledgment of the debt the baron said:

"Well, write to him and tell him to send you the 50,000 francs he owes you."

"But he only owes me 10,000," objected the other.

"Precisely," rejoined the baron, "and he will write and tell you so, and thus you will get his acknowledgment of it."

Picture Books For Foreigners.

Picture books for the benefit of travelers are kept in the Paris police stations. It frequently occurs that foreigners lose things which they are unable to describe, because of unfamiliarity with the French language. The picture books contain representations of various articles, and the inquirer has only to turn the leaves and point out the illustration which most resembles the property he has lost.

Considerate.

"I can't imagine how you can dislike work. To me it's real enjoyment," said the father to his lazy son.

"Yes, father," was the guileless response, "but I don't want to give myself up wholly to pleasure."

Benefit of Pensions.

"England pensions her authors."

"Well, that's wise. Pensions, you know, make authors get lazy and quit writing."—Indianapolis Journal.

Imperative.

"And when we're married," he said, "we'll have to take a nice little flat up town somewhere."

"Oh, no, Henry," she replied, "we'll simply have to live somewhere in the country, because I'm sure one of our wedding presents will be a lawn mower. Mrs. Subbubs as much as told me she was going to give us one."—Philadelphia Press.

Cut Rates.

Patient (regarding his lacerated face in the mirror)—You surely are not going to charge me full price for that shave? Barber—Ain't I? Why not? Patient—I think you ought to give me cut rates!

Unsuitable Business.

Doctor—What are you by profession? Patient—Oh, I'm—er—er—a gentleman. Doctor—I should try something else then. It doesn't agree with you.—New Yorker.

The One Thing Needful.

Teacher—Johnnie, if you were a man and had $5,000 and wanted to buy a $10,000 house, what would you need? Johnnie—A rich wife.—St. Louis Republic.

Confidence Necessary.

He—For the perfect enjoyment of love there must be complete confidence. She—I have heard pa say identically the same thing about sausages.

Business Cards.

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The Voice of the Turtle Dove.

One of the most complete misapprehensions with regard to the voices of birddom occurs when we listen to the monosyllabic coo of the restful turtle dove. By no means a musical sound in itself, yet it is so bound up in our minds with the sleepy glamour of summer afternoons that we imagine the sitting dove as crooning to herself from sheer contentment with her lot. Very different is the reality. That drowsy monosyllable is the voice of the male dove, not of the hen upon the nest, and while he utters it his antics are ludicrous to observe. Usually he is giving peremptory orders to his wife to get off the nest, in order that he may take her place, and if she hesitates to obey he enforces his commands with sharp pecks upon the head. At other times he seems merely to order her off the nest for the pleasure of witnessing her devotion to his person, after which he will suddenly become abstracted in manner and presently go off to the feeding place.—London Graphic.

The Tyrant Prima Donna.

It is the rarest thing to find that any famous prima donna ever "created" a new role of any artistic importance or associated herself with the interpretation of the music of any young composer, no matter how gifted. Her choice of songs in the concert room alternates between hackneyed favorites and absolutely worthless novelties. Alone among the great executants, the prima donna has been conspicuous for her abstinence from any efforts to achieve distinction as a composer.

Handel had a short way with the prima donna, and threatened to throw her out of the window if she would not sing what he had written for her. Wagner went further, and refused to write for the prima donna at all. And Verdi, in "Falstaff," did throw her out of the window and gave the leading part to a baritone. To the music lover the prima donna is a nuisance, and a very expensive one.—"Diversions of a Music Lover."

Millepeds.

The little creature which possesses the distinction of having more legs than any other animal is that which belongs to the family of insects known as millepeds, or thousand footed. There are several different species of these, but they all possess the common characteristic of having segmented bodies, each segment of which is provided with its own pair of feet. These are set so closely along the body as to resemble hairs, and when they move one after another with perfect regularity the effect is precisely the same on a small scale as that of a field of oats undulating under the influence of the wind. Some species of millepeds have as many as 350 separate and distinct legs. They are all perfectly harmless, unlike the centipeds, which frequently have the power of inflicting poisonous wounds.

The Name of Sally Lunn.

Every one knows what a Sally Lunn is, but few people have any idea how this particularly nice kind of tea cake got its name. Sally Lunn was a Bath celebrity, who kept a cake shop, which was a favorite resort of both youth and age in the old west country town. Sally orginally carried out her cakes, morning and evening, in a basket with a white cover. Later on her small shop in Lilliput alley became a favorite haunt, and Dalmer, a baker and musician, seeing that it was a very good thing, bought the business, composed a song and set it to music. This song became a popular street ditty, barrows were used to distribute the cakes, and Dalmer finally retired on the profits of the business.

Disraeli's Devoted Wife.

On the way down to Hatfield Mrs. Disraeli had a fall on the premises of a dealer in marble and cut her face most severely. When she reached her destination she took her hostess aside and said: "My husband is preparing a great speech. If he finds out that I have had this accident he will be quite upset. I want you take me straight up to my room and say I've a headache. He has lost his eyeglass, and if you put me a long way from him at dinner he will never see what condition I am in." The plan answered admirably, and Disraeli did not find out what had happened for two days.—Diary of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff.

The man who trusts to luck to make him rich is generally a strong believer in bad luck by the time he is forty-five.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

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Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 6, 1904.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.05, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.20, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 3.25, 5.29, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.58, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.20, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.13, 9.49, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.15, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.31, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

9.13 P. M. to Boston in effect June 27, 1804.

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 . p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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JAMES McDONALD,
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John G. Maguire,
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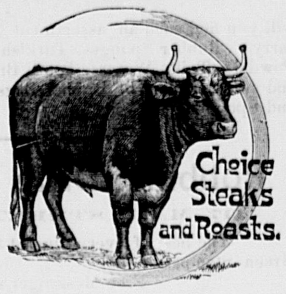

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Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after June 27, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.07, 6.22, every 15 minutes until 9.52 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.52 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 11.07 A. M then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 9.07 P. M and then every 30 minutes 12.37 A. M

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 8.37; then every 15 minutes 9.37 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.07, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 10.07 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour until then 12.37 A. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Last of the Twelve

By Lucy E. Hampton

Copyright, 1904, by Lucy E. Hampton

"Come in."

Elizabeth's voice came from somewhere near the fireplace and was so faint and lacking in enthusiasm that I hesitated where I stood in the doorway. The room was dark excepting for the firelight, which threw a ray across Elizabeth's face as she came smilingly forward to greet me.

"If you were any one else, I wouldn't be a bit glad to see you, Dick," she began, "because I'm most terribly unpleasant tonight. You don't mind not having the lights, do you? I'm so much more comfortable to be miserable in the dark, don't you think so?"

"Oh, come! What's the trouble? This cheerful fire is too cozy to have anything like unhappiness near. Tell your 'oldest counselor' what's gone wrong today, won't you?"

"No, because you will only laugh, and I don't feel like being laughed at tonight." A smile came in spite of her effort to hide it, and then a sigh.

"It's strange you should have forgotten it, Dick, when you always do remember it. Oh, I mean my birthday, if you can't guess. You know, Dick, tomorrow is the 8th."

"By Jove, little girl, so it is! But I would have remembered, of course. Have I ever forgotten?"

She smiled again and leaned toward me.

"You know I don't mean about the roses. You'd never forget them, I believe, if I lived to have a thousand birthdays. It's always very sweet of you too."

I must explain that ever since Elizabeth was a graceful little fairy of twelve and I an ardent admirer of, well, several years her senior I had sent her a bunch of American Beauties, her favorite flower, one for every year she was old on each birthday.

"Let's see, how many is it this time —twenty-three, twenty-four. Why, Bess, it will be an even two dozen this time, won't it?"

"Hush—hush—don't tell—will you? That's what I meant awhile ago about your not remembering. I hope when I keep getting older and older some time you may forget just how many years old I am. I'm ashamed even now to have any one know I'm so ancient. I can trust you not to tell, I know."

She was so serious I did not dare to smile, so I sat wondering just how long this mood of hers would last. Usually she finds it hard to be serious longer than five minutes at a time. As she sat there, her bright head in the shadow, her eyes half closed to conceal something she did not care to have me see, I know—whether mischief or something really serious I couldn't tell—I couldn't help thinking, well, of many things I have no right to think since one winter several years ago when Elizabeth decided we were to be only friends, but the very best friends that ever were. And so we are.

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"You don't know how terrible it is, Dick, to be a girl and to have a twenty-fourth birthday so near. Don't laugh. Aunt Alice says she believes I am going to be an old maid."

In spite of her warning I had to laugh now, trying to think of her as an old maid—Elizabeth the beautiful, as she was called; Elizabeth the beloved of all who ever knew her; Elizabeth the envied of all the girls, and Elizabeth as an old maid.

My mirth received a check when she remarked next in the most cheerful way:

"Mr. Herrington was here last night."

Another silence, not so pleasant as the last. I do not like Mr. Herrington, and Elizabeth's Aunt Alice does. Besides, Mr. Herrington is considered very desirable. He is rich, he is well liked—by mothers and aunts at least, though I am frank to say I do not know why exactly—and he is very fond of Elizabeth. For this I admire his taste, but it does not tend to make me noticeably fond of him.

"Poor old duffer! Did he—er—propose again for the third and last time, eh, Bess?"

"He isn't so old, and you don't need to call him names, Richard Wells! He doesn't need so much sympathy either, perhaps!" She flashed a look at me and drew herself up in such a haughty manner that I immediately subsided. What did she mean? Surely she—she couldn't have—

It was my turn to be serious now.

"Please, Elizabeth," I began—"please look at me and tell me you refused that man for the last time. You know you cannot love him."

"Why, you see—well, I—I'm ashamed to tell you what I have been thinking. I don't care enough for him to marry him, I'm afraid. But he happened to be the last—well, I'll call him the last of twelve."

"The last of twelve — what?" I demanded. "You don't mean to tell me, Elizabeth Denton, that you have had twelve separate and distinct lovers in your short life of twenty-four years?"

"Most of them did not count, they were so long ago; but they were just as serious as the others while they lasted. You can't guess who was my first lover, Dick. Billy Trenton! He proposed to me one night at a party. I was only fourteen, I think. I remember we had some sort of games, and in one of them he chose me as the one he loved best, and afterward came the declaration in the conservatory. Only a short time after this Cousin Frank proposed. You never knew he was one of my old lovers, did you? He was very desperate for a month or so and vowed he would die if I refused him. Then he met Grace, and I was forgotten."

"Well, who came next?" I was getting interested.

"The college boys, I believe. You know a girl was not considered at all popular in college there in the west unless she had at least one proposal a year."

"You were there a year, as I remember," I interrupted, "and you averaged how many?"

"Only two, and lots of the girls had four and five. With Billy and Frank, the two at college made four, and not one counts so far, you see."

"Just when and where did they begin to count, may I ask?"

She ignores my question as she comes to the fifth on her list.

"I had almost forgotten the cousin who visited Grace the winter after I came home from school. He was so funny. He must have proposed to every girl he met that winter, and I came in with the rest. Let me see, who was next? Oh, the doctor, and he really did count, for he was a 'big man,' and—I liked him."

She waited so long to continue her story that I grew impatient.

"Do go on," I entreated. "You see, we have had only one that 'counted' so far."

"Well, we went to the mountains for the summer; the loneliest place—no one around, excepting two men and one of them was a semi-invalid. It was the moonlight nights and—and—there were no other girls there."

Elizabeth looks so innocent and free from guile when she is pleading her own cause that I find it rather hard to scold her now. But I hold up eight accusing fingers.

"The next? Now who was next? That winter I stayed at home and learned all sorts of sensible things. Was it that winter Alan used to come? And, why, Dick, it was that winter that you proposed!"

Just then one of the logs broke and a piece flew out on the rug. I stooped to pick it up, and raising my head suddenly was surprised to see Elizabeth's cheeks a bright pink.

"No one would ever think to see us now that we—that"—

"That I was ever madly and hopelessly in love with you," I finish.

"You acted very foolishly about Alan. I never understood why you should have insisted that I was in love with him, because I wasn't with you."

No reply. So we both went on looking into the fire as though we expected to find some answer there. Presently she turned with one of her quick little gestures and laid her hand on my arm.

"What a good old friend you have been, Dicky, in spite of all I have done to hurt you. I often wonder if you are as glad as I that we are such good friends."

As I look into the dear face I had loved, and would go on loving until the end of time, and thought what it would mean to me not to have the privilege of being her "comrade," even though I longed to be something more than that, it was not hard to tell her that I found it my greatest joy to be considered her "best friend."

"So that is why I wanted to talk to you of Mr. Herrington," she continued. "He is the twelfth and—yes, the last of them all."

"But why the last? Why not wait until No. 13 appears?"

"The unlucky thirteenth? Never! Seriously, Dick, I am getting far too old to wait much longer. Mr. Herrington is very nice, and I'll never marry for love, I feel sure, so why not make up my mind to accept him? Dick, you aren't listening to a word I'm saying."

I drew my chair close beside hers.

"I have been thinking out a plan to help you, if you care to hear it." She nodded her head eagerly.

"It's this: To save yourself—er—from the last of the twelve or the possible unlucky thirteenth why not go back and accept one of the others—for instance"—

Her hand lay so temptingly near that I reached over and took it between both of mine.

"For instance, Elizabeth — me! No, don't think I'm not in earnest, dear. You don't love me, I know, but you like me better than—Mr.—than No. 12, don't you, dear? And I—well, the fact is, Bess, I never got over that little case of love I had for you long ago. Oh, dear little girl, did you think I could? I love you; I can't help it, and—look at me, Elizabeth, dearest — couldn't you care enough to let me save you from the last of the twelve?"

By the light from the log I had thought burned out, but which leaped into a flame and threw its brightness right over the face I wanted to see, I caught a light in Elizabeth's eyes that I never hoped to find there. What she said was—well, I am afraid Mr. Herrington's hopes will be gone forever when he knows about it.

Was She Complimented?

A certain literary woman, feeling herself under an obligation to a very eminent authoress and wishing to show her appreciation, bought a box of candy, meaning to present it to the novelist at the earliest opportunity. On the same shopping excursion she bought herself a box of tooth powder, the two purchases making packages of similar size and appearance. Then she sought out her benefactress.

"Have you a sweet tooth?" she inquired and presented one of the neatly wrapped purchases. The offering was accepted gracefully, and the donor departed, much gratified at the accomplishment of her act of recognition. When she got home she unwrapped her remaining package to try the new tooth powder. Removing the last piece of wrapping paper, she read on the box cover, "—— Chocolate Bonbons—Extra Quality."—Harper's Weekly.

The Elephant's Toilet.

In an interesting little paper upon the grooming of wild animals it says that from every point of view the toilet of the elephant is by far the most interesting performance of the menagerie It requires at least four weeks to complete the toilet of a single elephant. The operation is very expensive. The assistance of the elephant's valet de chambre must be engaged by the day or week, while an experienced valet—he is known by another name—must be engaged to superintend the work, usually at a large salary. Then, again, the soap used in the process must be purchased by the hundredweight, the sandpaper by the gross, and the oil, an important ingredient, is used by the barrel. The toilet of a single elephant will not infrequently cost as much as $400.

Joking With Royalty.

When Marshal Bassompierre was describing to Louis XIII. his embassy to Spain and how he had entered Madrid in state seated on a mule, Louis exclaimed, "An ass seated on a mule!" "Yes, sire," quietly retorted the old soldier, "and what made the joke the better was that I represented you."

Ferdinand II. was a man of very uncertain moods and would allow his jester to take liberties with him one hour while resenting any familiarity the next. One day he turned round on Jonas, his favorite fool, and thundered: "Fellow, be silent. I never stoop to talk to a fool." "Never mind that," answered Jonas. "I do. So please listen to me in your turn."

A "Lucky Thirteen" Stroke.

"Big Ben," the bell in the clock tower over the houses of parliament in London, is alleged to have struck fourteen on a recent midnight. The incident recalls the well authenticated case of the Westminster "Great Tom" going astray in like fashion.

During the reign of William III. a sentinel on duty was sentenced to death on the charge of being asleep at his post. This the man denied, and he declared that he heard the clock strike thirteen instead of twelve at midnight. The fact was deposed to by several persons at the trial, and the life of the soldier—named Hatfield—was saved. He died in 1770 in Aldersgate, aged 102 years.

Easy to Be Arrested.

In Berlin you are always forced to take the first cab in the row. If you are a family of eight and it is a one horse drosky for two, you take it. Then you hire others for your overflow. Then if you are a lone, lorn bachelor bearing a single grip, and the head of the row is an eight seat family four wheeler, you have got to take it. Not to take it is "verboten." If you don't take it you get arrested. In Germany you're liable to get arrested for almost anything, anywhere, at any time.—Argonaut.

A Diplomatist.

"I am amazed, sir, that you should propose to my daughter. You have not known her a week."

"True, madam, but I have known you for some time, and everybody says your daughter takes after you." He got the girl.

HER FATHER'S WAY

By ALLAN P. AMES

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A young man was in love with Southley's daughter Lois. The fact is noteworthy only because this particular young man happened to be the first whose ambitions had received serious attention. Like a wise parent, Southley made no overt attempt to influence her decision. Nevertheless his mind was hard at work, because among all the youngsters who aspired to be his son-in-law Robert Lorland was his choice. Had Lois shared his opinion there would have been no occasion for the discussion now progressing in a cool corner of the veranda.

"But, father," she was objecting, "his chin is so square and firm and his mouth so hard. His face is almost repellent at times."

"His features are rugged," said Southley, "but I see gentleness in them as well as strength. Robert's worth a dozen of those round cheeked, chinless boys that have been hanging around here this summer."

"But, dear daddy, how can I love a man I'm afraid of? Why, if he ever commanded me to marry him I'd just have to. Oh, I don't know what I do think. Sometimes"—

"Then he hasn't asked you yet?" said her father.

"Yes; he asked, though he looked as if he preferred to pick me up and run off without a word. How I ever denied him I don't know, but I begged him to wait, and he's coming at 5 this afternoon for his final answer."

Southley laid aside his cigar and turned to regard the perplexed face more intently. "Daughter," he said, "you don't know men like your old daddy. Those blue eyes of yours have much to learn. Take a good, long look before you send away a fellow like Robert Lorland."

"Really, I wish I could see him as you do; but I'm afraid I can't. I have the feeling that if he were ever crossed he'd be positively brutal."

"You never knew him to do a harsh or unkind thing, did you?"

"No; nor anything markedly kind or gentle, either."

"Well, it's hard luck," he sighed. "Superficially, his looks are against him."

For a long while after Lois had left him to make those changes in her appearance which she thought were essential for the coming ordeal he remained thoughtfully smoking, with his eyes fixed upon the long white stretch of road down which young Lorland would shortly come marching to his fate. Mottled shadows of the sheltering vine crept across the veranda floor until they reached the spot the old cat had chosen for her family's afternoon siesta. Apparently considering shade unhealthful, she opened her eyes, stretched and yawned, shook her clustering offspring from their snug comfort and sauntered toward the master of the house. Arriving by his chair, she gazed a moment into his preoccupied face, then sprang upon his knee and rubbed her ears against his waistcoat.

"Why, Poosie," said the old gentleman, rousing from his reverie, "deserted the nursery? For a lady of so many family cares your familiarity is shocking. There! You see? That's generally what comes of it."

One of the kittens had started to roll down the front steps. Southley sprang to the rescue in time to prevent a completion of the descent. Poosie watched him with approval, but in the end wished she had attended to the matter herself; for, after standing a moment with her venturesome child held thoughtfully before him, the man suddenly tucked it under his arm and started off around the house.

"Edward," he shouted to the gardener, "Edward, I want to borrow your high rubber boots. And see if you can find me a small wooden box."

A few minutes before 5 Lois returned to the veranda, a vision in white, but with her white face clouded with indecision. "I almost wish I hadn't told you, father," said she. "Before that I had my mind made up to send him away. Now I don't know what I shall do. And he's so masterful that if I show the slightest hesitation he's sure to make me do as he wants. Won't you stay and help me?"

Her father did not answer. He was standing at the end of the porch watching some one down the road. Lois went to his side and with a hand on his shoulder followed his gaze.

"Wonder what that chap's up to?" he remarked.

"He's too far away to make out who he is," she replied indifferently.

The unknown had halted and taken a stand beside the road with his back toward them. Something in the field had attracted his attention.

"Let's see what he is looking at," said Southley, as he handed Lois a pair of field glasses and took another pair for himself.

Without stopping to wonder how they happened to be so ready at hand, the girl received the binoculars and leveled them toward the figure on the road. Judging from his dress the man was young and prosperous, for his white flannels were of jaunty cut, and a gay ribbon encircled his stiff straw hat. Subsequent developments made the resplendent freshness of his costume all the more noticeable.

On the other side of the ditch bounding the highway was a muddy little pond, in the center of which they now remarked a box floating a small, frightened kitten. The little thing floundered at the edge of its frail support as though debating whether to remain and starve or trust itself to the dark water. Lois even fancied she could hear its appealing cries, and with an exclamation of pity she made toward the steps.

"Wait," said her father, putting out a detaining hand. "He's going to look after it. Besides, it can't fall off. It's tied."

"I don't see how you can tell," said Lois. "Your glasses must be better than mine."

In spite of the muddy water and its unknown depth, the young man seemed to be resolved upon rescue. He started to roll up his immaculate trousers, then, apparently realizing the futility of such precaution, threw off his coat and waded in. It was evident that if necessary he meant to swim. But he was spared that sacrifice. When he reached the marooned kitten the water was barely above his knees. Disregarding the ungrateful little beast's outrageous spittings and clawings, he picked it up, box and all, and started back to shore.

"Oh," cried Lois, with a long breath, "isn't he a dear! I don't believe there's another man in the place who would go to all that trouble for a poor little kitten. I wonder who he is. Won't you go out and thank him, father? Perhaps the kitten is one of Poosie's."

"I am sure he would appreciate thanks from you more," replied Southley, "and when he comes this way you'd better do it yourself. He deserves all the nice things you can say to him."

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired Lois, glancing up quickly at the significant note in his voice.

"Where are your eyes, daughter? There, he's facing us, with his hat off. Now you must recognize him."

The youth with the kitten on his arm had reached dry soil, where he stood ruefully inspecting his mud soaked clothing. After a moment's meditation, however, he put on his coat and continued his progress toward them, still bearing the kitten.

Lois took one long look, then lowered her glasses to hide a burning face against her father's coat.

"Is he still coming?" she at length whispered.

"Certainly," said Southley. "You didn't think he'd miss his appointment just because his clothes were mussed, did you?"

Lois forsook his encircling arm and began to settle her hair with deft pats. "I think," said she—"I think— No, I don't think any more; I know. Father, I shan't need your help. I'd rather thank him myself."

"All right, child," replied the old gentleman, turning to enter the house. "I never believed it wise for parents to meddle in such affairs as these."

Life, Death and Love.

A woman lay with closed eyes and quiet breath waiting to welcome an angel whose presence seemed to overshadow the white curtained room. A man knelt beside the bed, the woman's hand pressed close in his against his cheek, while his lips moved as if in prayer.

In the room were Life, Death and Love.

"What have you given her?" questioned Death of Life.

"I brought her my best gifts," answered Life. "Youth, health, beauty, joy and love."

"Has Love brought her good gifts?" again asked Death.

Said Love, with wistful eyes: "I brought her brave, bright hours; sunshine and laughter, happiness and glory in living and then a heavy cross. The sunshine she shed all about her, even with the fading of Life's glory; the cross hidden deep in her soul cast out self and made a new radiance and beauty there."

"Let her come to me," said Death. "Life had much to give, but peace and rest are not for Life to bestow. Love would give all, but must reckon with the human heart. I will crown and glorify and bless her."

Life fled from the quiet room with a sigh and one whispered tender word, but Love lingered, brave even in the full presence of Death.

"What of him?" said Love, pointing to the kneeling figure.

"He made the cross?" Death asked.

"Yes," said Love, weeping.

"We must teach him," said Death, "what he could not learn from life."—L. M. S. in Outlook.

An Erratic Memory.

Mrs. Ransom's greatest trial was her poor memory. She had tried all sorts of "systems," both original and recommended, but nothing succeeded for more than a little while.

"I'm almost wild," she said plaintively to a niece who found her with a wet compress bound about her head, "for my old school friend, Mrs.— There, I hoped perhaps it would come to me, but it hasn't. Well, she is here in New York, and I met her on the street and asked her to luncheon, and I wanted you and Emma to meet her. But what can I do? How can I introduce her when I can't think of her name?"

The niece looked properly sympathetic and murmured something about every one's having times of forgetfulness.

"But there's no reason for this," moaned the sufferer, "for we have exchanged gifts at Christmas for years! I've tried all my systems, but it's no use; her name has gone, so I doubt if I should know it if I heard it. Of course I shall just have to say, 'This is my old school friend, Mary Lane.' It seems more natural, anyway, to call her that, because that was her name before she married George Ray. I suppose I shall have to pass it off as best I can!"

Ayer's
This falling of your hair! Stop it, or you will soon be bald. Give your hair some Ayer's Hair Vigor. The falling will stop, the hair will
Hair Vigor
grow, and the scalp will be clean and healthy. Why be satisfied with poor hair when you can make it rich?
"My hair nearly all came out. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and only one bottle stopped the falling. New hair came in real thick and just a little curly."—Mrs. L. M. Smith, Saratoga, N. Y.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Thick Hair

A Trick of the Trade.

Residents of a certain block which boasts a long sustained respectability were astonished recently to see the basement of a brownstone house converted into a blacksmith shop. The block beheld with dismay, which grew when it saw the bold signs which the proprietor put upon his walls. Presently a tailor's shop was opened on the block. This was the final stroke. Property began to exchange owners, and furniture vans were busy for a time. Then the blacksmith shop and the tailor's store suddenly vanished. What had happened? Nothing more than that some designing real estate dealers had attained their ends. They had bought a few houses and had purposely set about depreciating the value of the adjoining property so that they could get it at bargain rates. The blacksmith and the tailor were allured by the bait of cheap rents in the houses which the dealers had bought, and perhaps there was a secret understanding by which the newcomers in business were to make themselves as obnoxious as possible to the residents.—New York Post.

Reconciliation That Failed.

James VI. of Scotland—afterward James I. of England—in 1587, being much perturbed by the constant quarrels among his nobles, determined to end all disputes by a summary process of reconciliation. Accordingly, having assembled the nobles on Sunday, May 14, at Holyrood, in the lodging of Sir James Maitland of Thirlstane, he drank to them and caused them all to shake hands. On the following day, after banqueting them in Holyrood, he caused the earls of Angus, Montrose, Mar and Glencairn, also the master of Glammis and many others—all deadly enemies to one another—to march hand in hand two abreast from the abbey to Holyrood along the Canongate and High street of Edinburgh to the town cross, where the provost and bailies had a table spread with wines and sweetmeats. Here the company once more drank to their eternal amity and separated. But a few weeks later they were lying in wait, as of old, to kill one another.

All Snakes Do Not Hiss.

The popular idea that all snakes hiss is incorrect when anacondas are in question, if we may believe a close observer of the serpent family. The sound they make is more like a growl than a hiss and has been well described by a traveler as a "low, roaring noise." Their powers of deglutition are sufficiently wonderful to make exaggeration unnecessary, credible witnesses testifying to the fact that one has been known to swallow a horse, while bullocks are not infrequently attacked also. Few nonscientific readers, by the way, are aware that not only do the jaw hinges of the boa tribe become dislocated in the act of swallowing a large animal, subsequently resuming their proper position by means of the elastic connecting tendons, but that the skull bones separate centrally, so the whole constitutes a sort of quadrangular orifice with apparently indefinite powers of expansion.

Coined Names.

Carrasaljo, the name of a New Jersey lake, has a Spanish sound, but it comes from a combination of the names of the three daughters of the man who named the lake—Carrie, Sallie and Josephine. Bucoda, Wash., was named from three settlers—Buckley, Coloton and Davis; Kenova, W. Va., from Kentucky, Ohio and Virginia, near the intersection of which the town is; Delmar, Del., from Delaware and Maryland; Texarkana, Ark., from Texas and Arkansas, and Cynthiana, county seat of Harrison county, Ky., is named for the two daughters, Cynthia and Anna, of Colonel Harrison, for whom the county was named. Nebraska has a town called Ohiowa, the derivation of which is easily seen.

The Modern Plow.

Thomas Jefferson invented the modern plow. There were plows, of course, thousands of years before the time of the Sage of Monticello, but he first laid down the mathematical principles that underlie the construction of the plow and so enabled any blacksmith to make one. A plow consists of two wedges, a cutting and a lifting wedge, and Jefferson discovered and enunciated the proportions of each and the relations each bore to the other. Before his day no two smiths made plows alike. Now they are all made in accordance with a mathematical formula.

Curious Contest For a Bride in Tibet.

Among some of the wilder Tibetan tribes in the Koko-nor there is a curious marriage ceremonial function. This consists in placing the girl, on her wedding morn, in the upper part of a tree, while her male relatives remain on the lower limbs, or else in the back part of her father's tent or hut, while these same relatives guard the entrance, in each case the latter being armed with lolo thorn sticks.

The groom, when these preparations have been completed, rides up and announces his intention of seizing the bride. This requires fortitude, for the relatives beat him unmercifully when he attempts to reach the woman. If he manages to elude his assailants and touch the toe of the woman she is his, he is welcomed into the family and complimented on his ardor. Should he fail he suffers not only the inconvenience of being wifeless, but the loss of cattle and other presents given during the negotiations. By the sale of a girl to one man, however, the father does not relinquish his claims upon her, but may sell her to other suitors who come afterward, until she may have half a dozen husbands.—Booklovers' Magazine.

Explained.

Towne—It's funny you don't know that man over there. That's Braggs. Browne—I never heard of him. Towne—Evidently you have never been within range of his voice, then.—Philadelphia Press.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG. 19, 1904.

AN APPEAL TO THE RECORD.

The history of financial legislation in America can be summarized into the very brief statement that the Republicans have advocated and the Democrats opposed every act of legislation calculated to perfect the system which now obtains. The consensus of mature Republican judgment has been right. The consensus of opinion of the Democratic party has been wrong, usually. The Republican party has made mistakes and rectified them. The Democratic party has made mistakes and insisted upon repeating them.

The National Banking Act was a Republican measure, calculated to redeem the country from the evils of wildcat banking. The measure was opposed by 90 per cent of the Democrats in Congress and is to-day opposed by a very large number of them, in spite of the time tests of its merits. In 1896 the Democratic platform declared the issue of National bank notes unconstitutional and so recently as 1900 the platform demanded the substitution of Government notes or silver certificates for bank notes as rapidly as possible.

Every Republican in Congress voted for the resumption of specie payments and every Democrat against it; and a Democratic House, in 1877, passed a bill for the repeal of the resumption act. A majority of the Democrats voted against the bill to repeal the silver purchase act, and only 12 Democrats voted for the establishment of the gold standard, while 178 voted against it. The Republicans in 1896 and 1900 and 1904 declared for the gold standard, in their party platforms. The Democrats declared for the free and unlimited coinage of silver in 1896 and in 1900, and remained silent on the subject in their platform of 1904.

That, in brief, is the record and yet the Democratic party comes up and asks the voters of the country to entrust the destinies of the Nation to its unsafe hands and its uncertain policies on a question that concerns the welfare of every American. It is like asking the owners of a vessel, freighted with valuable cargo, steaming strong in a known current with a trained pilot, to surrender it to an unskilled pilot and an untried crew.

THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

It was believed, and so proclaimed, that Boston reached the limit of her powers of welcome when she entertained the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1890; but it was'nt a priming to the reception she has been giving the Veteran "Boys in Blue," and not a few in Grey, all this week. Why, there was never before anything like it! No city in the Union has ever given the National Encampment such a grand and glorious welcome as the Hub has given them this week. The city was never before so lavishly decorated for any occasion. No money, labor or skill was spared to make it the most gorgeous sight ever seen anywhere. And all to honor the old soldiers.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to give even the merest outline of the innumerable attractions provided by generous hands for the pleasure of the Veterans. Uncle Sam's warships in the harbor, magnificently illuminated by night and covered with bunting through the day; the Public Garden, a blaze of glory all the time; the great parades; the splendid float of canoes on Charles River, brilliantly and beautifully illuminated; and hundreds of other things equally entertaining, made up a programme that has never been matched by any former National Encampment of the G.A.R.

This is probably the last that will ever be held in Boston and the old lady put her best foot forward and did the handsome thing by our 30,000 guests. Never were Veterans more splendidly entertained, or more keenly appreciative of the honors paid them.

☞ It is about as good as a settled thing in some influential Democratic quarters that Mr. Lawrence Reade will be the next Democratic candidate for Mayor of this city. It is true that President Aylward of the Aldermanic Board has a large string of followers, and the inmates of City Hall generally favor his nomination; but Reade has a strong hold on the party organization, and the politicians, outside of City Hall, are almost to a man working for him. It is settled that Mayor Feeney will not consent to take the office another term under any circumstances. The city has given him five elections against strong Republican candidates, and he is free to say he has had enough and to spare of it. With Mayor Feeney out of the way it is conceded in influential Democratic circles that Mr. Reade will be the logical candidate, and that Aylward must give way to him. A good deal of poor work has been done by the Council this year, for no small share of which President Aylward is held responsible.

☞ Hon. Eugene N. Foss, proprietor of Highland Park in this city was given a public reception here last Monday afternoon by our citizens. The Business Men's Association had the affair in charge and did it up in good shape. Per his agent, Architect Cobb of Boston, Mr. Foss has just finished three fine dwellinghouses in Highland Park, to which he intends to add several more when the hour gets ripe for it. This will hasten the day when the Park will become one of the most attractive and desirable sections of our city. Mr. Foss is rich and enterprising. Whether, or not, the airing of his pet political hobby, Canadian Reciprocity, in the remarks he made at the reception, was in the best of taste is an open question.

☞ "Roosevelt's Military Record," written by Brig. Gen. Henry V. Boynton, is interesting reading, and a valuable contribution to recent history. It gives an account of Col. Roosevelt's military service in Cuba, especially at San Juan Hill, and many testimonia's to his conspicuous bravery in action from distinguished Army Officers.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

J. Foster Deland

FIRE INSURANCE

OF ALL KINDS.

BEST COMPANIES REPRESENTED.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

C. S. Pratt—Plums
F. P. Shumway—Readers.
Norris & Norris—Citation.
J. F. Deland—Insurance.
F. P. Shumway Co.—Burdett.

— Elizabeth Lynch of the *Times* staff is having her vacation.

— Mrs. H. M. Howard of Colrain is visiting Miss Stella Haynes.

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

— Fashionable Road exhibits Angora goats as one of its attractions.

— Four lunch rooms have opened at the South End since last May.

— The Boston & Northern St. R'y run double headers all day Tuesday.

— Miss Alice Grammer, teacher in the Cummings school, is at Hyannis.

— Attention is hereby directed to the new notice of Robbins Drug Co.

— Many people are asking if there is to be any polo games here this fall.

— Frank A. Meriam has returned to Whitcher's Busy Bend from York Beach.

— Mr. John Fitzgerald has returned from a three weeks vacation at Bath, Maine.

— Miss Kate Morey is visiting her sister at Northport, on Penobscot Bay, Maine.

— Miss Marietta Bowers of the Highland school staff is at Pine Point, Maine.

— Mr. Edward O'Donnel and sister are enjoying a two weeks outing in Vermont.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Neil Doherty of the South End says he will not go to the St. Louis Fair this year.

— Judge John G. Maguire and Mrs Maguire are taking a vacation on the Maine seacoast.

— Misses Edith and Ethel Smith are spending the month of August at Lebanon, Maine.

— Phil Flaherty and Joe Doherty of the South End Club will start for Coney Island next Sunday.

— Rev. George M. Gerrish and family have been visiting relations and friends in this city.

— Mary Haggerty and Helen Maguire have returned to their official duties at the *Times* office.

— All the Trust leather factories closed on Tuesday in honor of the G. A. R. celebration in Boston.

— The alarm from box 64 last evening was for a fire in a small unoccupied house in rear of 14 Harrison Ave.

— The South End fellows who were to go to Onset Bay last Saturday decided to wait till after G. A. R. week

— Mr. and Mrs. Luther M. Harris have been entertaining Miss Edna M. Mathews at their residence on Charles street.

— Mr. Robert W. King of this city started last Wednesday for Los Angeles, Calf., where he is to go into business.

— Woburn has had company all the week. The visitors have been men and women who came to the G. A. R. Encampment.

— Last Wednesday Elizabeth Hart and Bessie Boutwell left this region for Peabody where they will remain for some time.

— Farmer E. C. Colman of Woodside Farm is an orchardist of high degree, as well as yeoman. His apples are superb.

— Florence Sullivan and Tessie O'Brien of this city are enjoying the summer breezes at the Ocean Side Hotel, Magnolia Beach.

— Mr. William Goode, one of the props at Hanson's jewelry store, is on his vacation, a portion of which will be passed at Milford, N. H.

— Among the people who were overcome at the big parade in Boston Tuesday, were Mrs. George Tripp and Lizzie Buriep of this city.

— Wednesday afternoon closing of stores and shops will soon come to an end. The old regime will be returned to with the advent of autumn.

— Miss Mary Lynch held the lucky soda check last week and got the two pound box of Apollo chocolates given away by the Robbins Drug Co.

— The marriage of Grace N. Bassett of Salem, Mass., to Wallace F. Williams of this city is announced for Wednesday, Aug. 24, at Salem.

— The members and friends of the Elmwood orchestra who have been spending the last few weeks at Salisbury Beach, returned last Sunday.

— Aberjona Colony, P. F., will receive a visit from Dep. Sup. Governor Jacobs and suite of Harvard Colony, Cambridge, next Monday evening.

— Tom Tracy, the wellknown young sport about the Central Stables, is now in the barbering busines at Mahoney's shop. His friends give him a week to hold it.

— Members of the Woburn Drum Corps played with the Winchester Drum Corps for the Winchester G. A. R. Post in the Boston parade last Tuesday.

— Lieut Thomas Mulkeen of Police Station No. 1 has got safely back from a charming vacation, and on Sept. 1 will begin on his annual task of taking the school census of this city.

TELEPHONE, 173-3 WOBURN.

Don't Worry

ROOM 5. FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, WOBURN

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

— E Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— The St. Charles C.T.A.S. lawn party last Friday evening was a grand and highly gratifying success. The weather was just a shade chilly, but the sports were not, or anywhere near it

— We are not permitted to make public the reason why our good friend William T. Kendall dropped out of the parade at the State House last Tuesday. An obstreperous corn was the primary cause.

— The few people in this city who did not go to see the great Boston parade last Tuesday expressed no sympathy for those who did. They merely plumed themselves on their superior wisdom.

— C. S. Pratt, proprietor of Sunnyside Nursery at Reading, offers 16 quarts of fresh gathered plums delivered anywhere in Woburn for $1. If that isn't cheap enough, what is? See ad.

— Lieut. Ireland of H Co. 6th Inf., M.V.M., has been appointed Chairman of committee to run a Fair at the Armory at Stoneham, Oct. 25-29 inclusive, Preparations are being made for a big time.

— Mr. George A. Day, the gentlemanly cashier of the First National Bank of Woburn, is enjoying a fortnight's respite from official duties, which the JOURNAL sincerely hopes he is enjoying.

— George Russell left here last Monday for Kansas City to take part in the National competative rifle matches taking place there. He is in the employ of the commonwealth as marksmanship expert.

— The Thomas Salmon Steamship Agency, 480 Main street, J. F. Scally Agent, advertise the lowest cut passenger rates to Europe by the White Star Line. The Agency is selling many tickets at the present time.

— The service of First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Woburn will be discontinued through the month of August and the Christian Science Reading Room will also be closed. Services will be resumed September 4.

— Mr. Charles A. Lewis of Chicago is visiting the JOURNAL family this week. It is his first return to New England since 1881, and he finds that changes have taken place in and around Boston during those 23 years.

— Supt. Gray of the Woburn, Medford and Lowell Division of the B. & N. St. Railroad had his hands plum full last Tuesday conveying people to Boston. Everything ran as smooth as oil. Gray knows how to do it.

— Agreements have been signed at the office of C. E. Smith for the sale of a 9-room house, 6000 ft. land at No. 12 Mann's Ct. Also for the Parker Estate No 30, 32 and 34 Kilby st., consisting of 3 houses, stable, and 2 acres land.

— At last Friday's meeting of the Woburn W.C.T.U. flower mission Mr George Buchanan easily won the blue ribbon for the superiority in size, variety and brilliancy of his floral contribution to a good cause. His bouquet was a beauty.

— A knot of fine looking people gave the Woburn Vets rousing cheers when marching along Commonwealth Avenue. Our Boys didn't seem to know who the knot were, but they evidently knew the Boys and recognized them as they passed along in the Grand March.

— It will pay anyone who wants goods in their line to read the business notice of Hanson & Co, jewelers, in this paper. What is therein said about diamonds is true and important. Do you mind, gents and ladies, that the Hanson store has been occupied the last 33 years for the sale of jewelry, clocks watches, repairing, etc? Fact!

— Woburn reminded one strongly of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" so completely was it stripped of its inhabitants. Thousands of them went to Boston to see the great parade and other sights, and came home at night to tell the neighbors startling stories of what they saw and how awfully they got squeezed. Everybody enjoyed it.

— Mrs. Mary E. Plannett and her niece, Miss Bertha Smith, leave here today for Sanborton, N. H., where they are to visit for 3 weeks. At the last election of teachers Miss Bertha was unanimously chosen mistress of one of the rooms in the Goodyear School, and will enter on her duties there at the beginning of the next school year,

— Ex-Mayor William F. Davis and wife and Lawyer W. Fred Davis, heir apparent, are about to take up their temporary abode in the woods near Long Pond, Dead River country, in Flagstaff, Somerset county, Maine, a lovely and romantic spot occupied by them and friends last summer. Lawyer W. Fred insists that Flagstaff is a little heaven below.

— The funeral of Mrs. Mary E. Conn was attended by a large number of sincere mourners at the First Church on the afternoon of Aug. 11. The remarks of Rev. Dr. March touched the hearts of the listeners. They were appropaiate and sympathetic. The Alpine Quartet rendered several selections. The Messrs Tripp, funeral directors, had charge of the exercises. There were many floral tributes to the memory of a cherished friend and worthy woman.

— Woburn's G. A. R. Boys were in the grand parade in Boston last Tuesday, and stood it like Majors, notwithstanding the intense heat and enormous crowds of people. There wasn't a smarter one in the whole lot than Capt. Abijah Thompson, who is 80 years old and better. Returning at evening he skipped up the hill to his home as lively as a cricket.

— Capt. John E. Tidd and wife, Mr. L Waldo Thompson and wife, and Mr. Charles W. Fitz, of the Boston Branch, leave Melrose today with the Hugh de Payens Commandery of Knights Templars, for California, where the National Encampment is to be held. Their voyage includes a visit to the Yellowstone National Park, San Francisco, Los Angeles, the St. Louis Fair, and the party are due in Boston on Sept. 19. It will be a grand excursion.

— Mr. and Mrs. Rufus R. Whitten of High street leave here tomorrow for Plymouth, on the Cape, for a fortnight's visit. Plymouth is Mr. Whitten's native place, but the Town Records fail to inform us whether, or not, he was the first Mayflower Pilgrim that set foot on Plymouth Rock, on Dec. 20, 1620, or thereabout. They are lotting on a good time down by the sea. Mr. Whitten marched with the Veterans of the Civil War in Boston last Tuesday.

— Miss Millicent L. Sears, at the coming Fair of the Interstate Exhibition Association at Mechanics Building, Boston in October, will explain to her audiences a new housekeeping plan, being a unique solution of the Domestic Service question. "Order meals by phone" an explanation of the working of the Heat Retainer, by mean of which the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 264 Boylston street, are enabled to supply ready cooked hot meals at an hour's notice.

— Detroit Post 384 of Detroit, Mich, which is composed wholly of Veterans interested in the sale or manufacture of shoes, were the guests of the Boston Shoe Men on Sunday and Monday of this week On the former day they were received at the South station and escorted to their hotel; on Monday, a trip down the harbor, with dinner at the Point Shirley Club filled up the day. On both occasions the Woburn Brass Band of this city played Sunday with 40 men, and Monday with 25 men.

— The summer outing season is rapidly drawing to a close, and the wanderers are beginning to return to their homes. Daylight is growing shorter with every diurnal revolution of the earth; the sweet song of the katydid will soon resound from among the foliage, which already begins to show signs of the early arrival of "the sere and yellow leaf;" and there is a faint breath of fall in the evening breeze. Yes, the outing season; the days of pleasure at the seaside and mountain are nearly spent; and then it will be something else.

— The Goldenrod is here, a harbinger of the falling of the leaf. It is a late summer flower that adorns roadsides and old stonewalls, and is a countryman, rather than a plant of urban tastes and habits. It is much affected by maiden ladies of romantic turn of mind, and gushing girls of similar temperamental tendencies. Several years ago the Goldenrod narrowly escaped the honor of becoming America's National Flower, like the Thistle of Scotland, the Shamrock of Ireland, the Fleur de Lis of France, &c., and so on. It is now in its glory.

— One should be wise in the exercise of his benevolence. The other day a lad called at City Hall for a copy of the annual reports. Receiving it, he was asked by the Reports Distributor to write his name, which he did, and was rewarded with a dime for his scholarship. In about 15 minutes after the lad left City Hall swarmed with boys who, on the strength of our lad's pleasant experience, had come to write their names and get dimes for doing it. This was more than Janitor C. had bargained for, or could stand just at time, for payday hadn't come round yet, and the boys left in a disappointed mood.

— A large number of people, mostly women and girls, attended the exhibition of work by the Warren Industrial School at the Academy last Saturday morning Mr. Frank Carter is the Principal; Julia Q. Davis, manager of the Cooking Department; and Agnes Gordon and Nannie Dawes, teachers. Specimens of the productions of the pupils in all departments were carefully examined by the visitors, and approved by them. A good deal of fine and useful work was exhibited. The School is a credit and great benefit to the city, and deserves the liberal support and encouragement it receives from the public. To learn to work with tools should be a prime object with boys and girls.

— John M. Portal, James Durward, Jr., and George R. Russell left here last Monday for Fort Riley, Kansas, to participate in the National Rifle contest, that is to take place there next Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and at which each State, the U S. Army, Navy and Marines are represented by a team, consisting of about 15 members, who are selected on the score of superior marksmanship Durward is a member of the Massachusetts team, of which Portal is Superintendent, and Russell goes as a substitute. The State or U. S. Government pays all expenses, including two days at the St. Louis Fair on their return from Fort Riley. People are hoping that our "Jim" will take first prize.

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

— Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Richards have been entertaining Capt. Sawyer of Illinois.

— Veteran Thomas Moore entertained Post 33 at the Quincy House, Boston, after the parade.

— We thank Miss Mary H. Hoover of Church avenue for an elegant bouquet of rare and beautiful flowers.

— Mr Urial Sevrens, a native of Vermont, and resident of Woburn many years, died at his home 30 West street, North Woburn, at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, Aug. 18, aged 93 years, 3 months, 18 days, one of the oldest people in this city.

— Considerable adverse criticism is heard concerning the price which Mr. Fezette paid the city for that portion of the Jonathan Thompson estate which he recently bought. His purchase included two good buildings and about 4 acres of land, for which, it is claimed, he paid only $2500, or less than 3 cents a square foot, whereas, for 3 acres of land equally good, and only two nearly worthless buildings on it, the city asks $3800. When it was proposed to buy a piece of the property subsequently purchased by Fezette on which to build the Co. 6 hosehouse it was contended by City Hall authorities that it was too costly for such a purpose, a contention that the public fail to reconcile with the price for which it was sold It appears that people are talking about this transaction, and criticising the business judgment of the committee.

— Yesterday Mr. James R. Wood entertained a large company of the members of the old Sixth U. S. Cavalry, to which he belonged, at his fine home on Salem street, and their wives. A grand good dinner was spread in the big barn and greatly enjoyed by the guests. Among these was Mr. George E. Wood of Wisconsin, a brother who James R. had not laid eyes on for 30 years, and a description of the meeting of the long separated brothers can more easily be imagined than described. George served in a Vermont regiment during the Civil War, and came all the way from the Badger State to attend the National Encampment this week. It is suspected that Mr. Wood's old comrades had a great time out on his farm yesterday, for he has a heart as big as an ox and knows how to, and always gives a hearty welcome to everybody, especially to those who admire his horses, and speak well of them.

— Edward T. O'Neil has been a member of the police force in this city 25 years, and is good for 25 years more. He entered the Department about the time that Michael Walsh, Bryan McSweeney, "Barney" McHugh, and associates, were at the height of their power, and are remembered as good faithful officers. McHugh, who was an active politician and a smart worker for the Democrats, died last week, but the most of those who served with him on the force are still in active life. Anent "Barney" as a politician the verses which the late Dr. Lang wrote about him 20 years ago are called to mind. They did not set well on "Barney's" stomach, and he swore some about them. The present members are mainly old stagers, although not old in years, and they will be likely to hold on for a long time to come. McDermott has warmed the buttom of the Chief's chair for a long period; and Lieut. Mulkeen, the Dean of the force, is as young as ever, and as a school census enumerator takes the cake. They are all gentlemanly, affable, level-headed, and right down good fellows. Every day O'Neil keeps an eye on the JOURNAL office, and sees to it that burglars do not carry off its safe and the valuables it contains.

A Re-union.

Woburn, Aug. 17, 1904.

The Summer Re-union of the 32d Regt. Mass. Volunteers was held this day at Wade's Hotel, Nantasket Point A fine dinner was served at 1 o'clock, P. M., after which the post prandial exercises were held. Short speeches were made by Lieut. Burrell, the President; comrade Kneeland of Minnesota; Col. H. D. Norton of Washington, D C.; Sergt. W. S. Oakman, Co. I; comrade Flint of California, comrade Foster of N. H., comrade Desmond of Denver, Col., Miss Marian T. Hosmer of Woburn, Maj. A. Bancroft, of Woburn, Gen. Stephenson of Hingham, Sergt. Quinn of Weymouth.

About two hundred comrades and their friends were present, and all declared that this re-union was the most enjoyable one that they had ever attended.

OLD SOLDIER.

More Figures.

The Publication and Statistics Committee of the Woburn Civic Association has compiled the following interesting table of arrests for drunkenness in Woburn during the quarter ending July 31 for four years:

	No-license 1904	License 1903	License 1902	No-license 1901
May,	5	59	66	10
June,	21	77	33	13
July,	16	79	55	17
Total,	42	215	154	40

A Card.

The undersigned wishes to express his thanks to the employees of the Boston & Northern Street Railway Company for their kindness and consideration in running their cars past his home with as little noise as possible, refraining from sounding either gong or whistle within earshot of the house during the last illness of his wife, greatly to her comfort and benefit.

BALDWIN COOLIDGE.

"Pettingill"

The advertising agency of "Pettingill" which for the last decade has been located at 22 School Street, Boston, removed last week to commodious offices in the Tremont Building.

Since 1849 the house of Pettingill has stood for everything which has been progressive in the advertising world, and while most of their time has been devoted to cultivating the Eastern field, their name is known favorably to every newspaper in the country.

The Pettingill Advertising Agency will now devote its endeavors to every phase of advertising—newspapers, out-door display, street cars, circulars and booklets, so as to be in a position to take charge of each customer's whole advertising and give him an individual advertising department.

Their experience of over half a century peculiarly fits them to serve their clients judiciously and well.

Literary Notices.

"St. Louis, the Man, the Monarch, and the Saint," by the Rev. Thomas I Gasson, S J., in the current issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is a paper every one should read. Father Gasson also describes in this number Some Features of the World's Fair, in the city named after the saint, taking up in particular the Vatican Exhibition, the Educational Exhibit, and Catholic aspects of the Fair. There is also a short paper on the Philippine Village, and an article by Mary B O'Sullivan on various exhibits and events at the Exposition, with hints to intending Fair-goers. The Summer School at Lake Champlain, by Herbert Young tells of the Summer colony at Plattsburg. Grand Opera is considered by the Rev John Talbot Smith; and Rev. J. J. Burke describes methods of teaching Irish in the schools. Reminiscences of Many Years of Missionary Life" grow more interesting with each instalment. The Cup With the Blue Flowers is a unique story by Gabriel Francis Powers. Alice Furlong, Helen Hughes, and J. T. Gallagher contribute some charming verse.

The patriotic note is struck in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for August, in recognition of the August encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in Boston, the National's home. Captain S. H. Beckwith, known in the Union army as Grant's Shadow, writes a score or more of fascinating brief character studies of the famous Union Generals whom he knew during his four years with Grant as Chief Cipher Operator. Mary C. Crawford tells the stories of the seven famous American composers of patriotic songs whose names were recently commemorated on a tablet in the Boston Public Library, and William G. Kirschbaum writes a genial chapter on The Best of the Union Bands. Mr. Chapple's Affairs at Washington range from the Capital to the convention halls and the World's Fair, and is illustrated with many portraits of current celebrities—men and women. New Dawns of Knowledge deals with Society, analyzing the new sciences of ethics and political economy that are growing out of the new industrial advances of mankind. The NATIONAL's August Ection includes stories that are keen studies of femininity by two western young women who are just now publishing for the first time—Jeanne Olive Loizeaux of Des Moines and Christobelle van Asmus Bunting of Chicago. Edwin L. Sabin tells a very funny boy story, The Old Muzzle Loader. Katherine Lee Bates, Hilton R. Greer and Frank H. Sweet write the poetry of the number. The NATIONAL's Home Department has made a real hit with the women readers of the magazine, and is better with every new number. The NATIONAL is handsomely illustrated.

The Good Old Way.

A severe cold or attack of la grippe is like a fire, the sooner you combat it the better your chances are to overpower it. But few mothers in this age are willing to do the necessary work required to give a good old-fashioned reliable treatment such as would be administered by their grandmothers, backed by Boschee's German Syrup, which was always liberally used in connection with the home treatment of colds and is still in greater household favor than any known remedy. But even without the application of the old fashioned aids German Syrup will cure a severe cold in quick time. It will cure colds in children or grown people. It relieves the congested organs, allays the irritation, and effectively stops the cough. Any child will take it. It is invaluable in a household of children. Trial size bottle, 25; regular size, 75c. For sale by all druggists.

NOTICE

The depositors of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank are hereby requested to bring in or send to said Bank, during the month of August, 1904, their books of deposit for verification, agreeably to the Statutes of the Commonwealth relating to Savings Banks and Institutions for Savings.

See Revised Laws Chapter 113 Section 53, which reads as follows: "During the year 1901, and every third year thereafter, every such corporation shall call in the books of deposit of their depositors for verification under rules to be prescribed by their respective Boards of Investments, duly approved by the Board of Commissioners of Savings Banks."

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.
Woburn, July 8th, 1904.

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

Few Solid Gold Dinner Services.

They say it is all nonsense talking of solid gold dinner services, for there are not more than three or four of them in the world, and they are too small for use in a party of any size. In many large houses in England and also in the United States a quantity of silver gilt plate, which looks precisely the same, is in use, but the feeling prevails that silver gilt is not as "becoming" to other table furniture as pure, dazzling silver plate and that it must be displayed with great discretion.—Boston Herald.

Killing Rare Birds.

Commenting on the craze for killing rare birds wherever they may be found, a writer in London Truth says: "I should have thought that the fact that a bird is rare would be reason for not killing it. I suppose the idea is that, however rare a bird is, something may still be done to make him rarer."

A Comet.

The following whimsical account of the nature of a splendid comet is given in an old French military journal: "It is a parcel [illegible] old stars who, being no longer f[illegible] [illegible] service, have been discharged on half pay and, to save expense, have agreed to mess together."

The Test.

Adorer—You still doubt me? Test my love. Bid me attack wild beasts, defy savages, find the north pole, descend into a volcano—anything, no matter what, I will do it. Doubting Girl—Go ask papa.

16 qts. of Plums
FOR $1.00

Fresh from the trees: delivered anywhere in Woburn.

C. S. PRATT, Reading, Mass.
Sunnyside Nursery.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

MALARIA
CURED BY
Red Malaria Killers
DR. WARNER'S
45c a box. Regular 50c
Whitcher's
Lowest Price Drugstore.
Saturdays and Sundays Chocolate Sale, 29c. lb.
Public Telephone 41231.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

LATEST STYLES, 1904

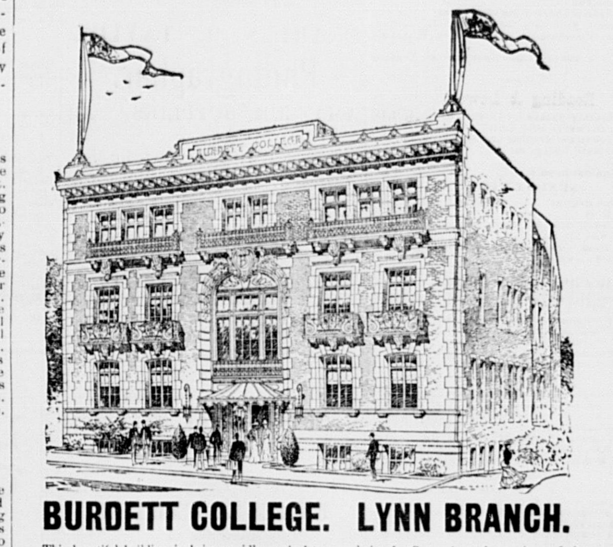
Spring and Summer Weights. Great Variety of Fabrics. For Gentlemens Wear.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Nowhere in the vicinity of Woburn

will you find such an assortment of TOILET GOODS as we carry: Rubber Sponges, Turkish Towels, Bath Brushes, Toilet Powders, Toilet Waters, Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Combs, and an assortment of Rubber Bags for carrying Tooth Brushes and Sponges.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
The best of everything at the lowest prices.
Green Stamps. Public Telephone.
Free Messenger service.



BURDETT COLLEGE. LYNN BRANCH.

This beautiful building is being rapidly pushed to completion for September 6th opening. It is located on Mt. Vernon Street, opposite B. & M. Station. This model school building has many novel features, and is planned for 500 students in its Business, Shorthand, and English Departments. There is a hall with stage, dressing rooms and balcony, for school lectures and entertainments for students. The Shorthand Department opens into an Italian Garden with fountain, flower beds, etc. The courses and methods will be the same as at Burdett College, Boston. This is the only school of its kind in New England, owning the building it occupies.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To Albert G. Ames, an absentee who formerly resided in Wilmington in the County of Middlesex, having property in said County; to all persons claiming an interest in said property hereinafter described and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to appoint Henry G. Gowing of Wakefield, in the County of Middlesex, or some other suitable person, receiver of the following described property, [illegible] whereas a warrant [illegible] issued to an officer [illegible] the same, to wit: 1-12 interest in five lots of land situated in said Wilmington; [illegible] and lot on Forest [illegible] and 1-12 of mortgage [illegible] Chestnut street in said Wilmington:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of September, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this notice once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be [illegible] days, at least, before said Court, [illegible]

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this [illegible] day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Public Auction

The BARNARD ESTATE, 905 Main street, North Woburn, will be sold

Aug. 20, 1904

at 1 o'clock, P. M. House contains 15 rooms, city water, furnace, and Stable, fruit of all kinds. Also, the Household Furniture.

☞ Sale Rain or Shine.

C. E. SMITH, - - Auctioneer

A Sick-room Necessity

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK
A LIQUID CLEANLINESS

DISINFECTANT
ANTISEPTIC
DEODORANT

Used and recommended by physicians and nurses as the only reliable and economical article to use in the sick room. Arrests and prevents disease, cleanses, purifies and maintains sanitary conditions.

Protect yourself by seeing Trade-Mark on all labels and packages. Avoid substitutes and imitations.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST.—No public service during August. The reading room will open Tuesday, Sept. 6.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. E. F. Wheeler of Newell, Iowa.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., preaching by Rev. E. F. Wheeler.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "Secrets in Availing Prayer." (continued)
12 M. Sunday School.
6.30 P. M., "Mountain Climbing" (an introduction to series: "Messages from the Mountains."
Wednesday, 7.42 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city Aug. 13, 1904, Lucy Ann, wife of Baldwin Coolidge, aged 59 years 8 months 20 days.

In this city Aug. 13, 1904, Edward C. Quinn, aged 56 years.

In this city Aug. 14, 1904, Charlotte Banning, aged 63 years.

In this city Aug. 18, 1904 Urial Sevrens, aged 93 years 3 months 18 days.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Neil P. McLaughlin, otherwise known as Neal P. McLaughlin, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William E. McLaughlin, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of September, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishidg this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass. Notary Public

To Let.

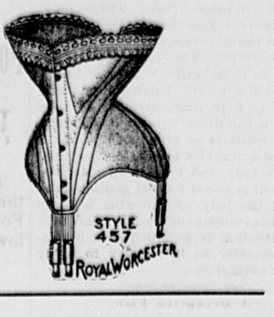
House of nine rooms, No. 12 Lowell street, opposite Wyman Green, two minutes to cars, all modern improvements $20.00 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount Street.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.

The Latest and Most Popular Models in Royal Worcester and Thompson's Glove Fitting Corsets.

THOMSON'S
GLOVE-FITTING
PARIS SHAPE



In a Diamond Ring

You find pleasure. Your friends admire it. Your enemies envy you its possession. You enjoy it yourself. If reverses come or if you desire to dispose of it you can do so without much loss. Thus it is a safe investment. We have a fine assortment.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

NEURALGIA
PNEUMONIA
MALARIA
COLDS
GRIPPE
DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN **Hair Renewer**
A splendid tonic for the hair, makes the hair grow long and heavy. Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color of youth. Stops falling hair, also. Sold for fifty years. If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Best New Creamery BUTTER! 23c. lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Our Bargain this week—
White and Green
Castaglia Soap
in pound cakes.
Selling for 15c.
2 for 25c.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

For Sale.
An Oak Chamber Set, Mattress and Spring, a child's bed, 18 yards linoleum, 15 window shades.
F. E. COTTON,
92 Pleasant St., Woburn.

MR. EDWIN N. C. BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio · First National Bank Building.
The Virgil Clavier System { A well trained mind. A hand able to do its bidding.
Church Organ practice privileges for rent.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Michael Boyle to Thomas Salmon (now deceased) dated May 17th, A. D., 1884, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1668, Page 303, which mortgage has been duly assigned by Julia A. Scalley, administratrix of the estate of Thomas Salmon, to John G. Maguire by instrument of assignment dated July 26th, A. D., 1904, recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, August 27th, A. D., 1904,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of said Woburn, at the junction of Grape street with Washington street, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at the junction of said Grape street with Washington street, from thence the line runs southerly on and by said Washington street about eighty-seven and one-half (87½) feet to land of Margaret Kerrigan; thence westerly by land last named one hundred and two (102) feet to lot numbered 102 on a plan of lands of the Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company; thence northerly by lot numbered 102 on said plan eighty-seven and one-half (87½) feet to said Grape street; thence easterly on and by said Grape street one hundred and two (102) feet to the point of beginning.

The above described premises is the northerly half of lot numbered 103 on said plan of the Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company, recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 2, Plan 29, and is a part of the premises conveyed to Michael Boyle by John Bigelow by deed dated July 15, 1871, and recorded with said Deeds, Book 1181, Page 502, and is conveyed subject to the conditions and restrictions therein named.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and municipal liens which may be upon said premises.

A deposit of $100 will be required at the sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., July 28th, 1904.

EDWARD K. SCOTT,
MANUFACTURER OF
Umbrellas, Parasols, Canes
REPAIRING.
Recovering, Fine Order Work.
Shades Made Up of Ladies' own material.
493 Washington St., Boston
Near Temple Place.

HAVE YOUR
OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 151 5.

WINFIELD R. LANG,
LAWYER,
847 Tremont Building, BOSTON
Residence, 7 Winn St., Woburn.

THE LOWER ANIMALS.

They Are Keen of Perception, but Are Incapable of Thought.

Animals have keen preceptions—keener in many respects than our own—but they form no conceptions, have no powers of comparing one thing with another. They live entirely in and through their senses. To all that inner world of reflection, imagination, comparison, reason, they are strangers. They never return upon themselves in thought. They have sense memory, sense intelligence, and they profit in many ways by experience, but they have not soul memory or rational intelligence. All the fundamental emotions and appetites men and the lower animals share in common, such as fear, anger, love, hunger, jealousy, cunning, pride, curiosity, play, but the world of thought and thought experience and the emotions that go with it belong to man alone.

It is as if the psychic world were divided into two planes, one above the other—the plane of sense and the plane of spirit. In the plane of sense live the lower animals, only now and then just breaking for a moment into the higher plane. In the world of sense man is immersed also; this is his start and foundation, but he rises into the plane of spirit, and here lives his proper life. He is emancipated from sense in a way that beasts are not.—John Burroughs in Harper's Magazine.

A PLAGUE RELIC.

The London Gazette Was One Result of the Great Epidemic.

A curious relic of the great plague survives still in the London Gazette. During the epidemic the autumn session of parliament was held at Oxford from Oct. 9 to 31, 1665, and Charles II. and his court went there to attend the session and to escape infection.

As it was essential that London should be kept informed of the proceedings, the king started an official journal, entitled the Oxford Gazette, the first number of which appeared on Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1665. It contained an account of what had been done in the way of appointments and gave some items of court news. About two months later the publication was transferred to the metropolis as the London Gazette.

The first Oxford issue does not appear to have reached London until Nov. 22, at least Pepys records under that date, very characteristically: "This day the first of the Oxford Gazettes come out; very pretty, full of news, and no folly in it. Wrote by Williamson. It pleased me to have it demonstrated that a purser without professed cheating is a professed loser, twice as much as he gets."

Candy.

"The talk about adulterated candies," said a manufacturer, "is nonsense. There is a national organization of confectionery manufacturers which makes a business of investigating all reports of poisoning from eating candy and has succeeded in exploding most of such rumors. When a child is hungry it will fill up on almost anything it can get hold of—green apples, for instance, or even gravel or grass. It gets sick, and the mother, knowing it had eaten candy that day, spreads the report that the sweets were poisoned. The organization looks into every such case it hears about and finds out the truth. Competition is too strong for any concern to try to sell adulterated goods. The firm's competitors would immediately analyze the piece which is sold suspiciously cheap, and if it contained injurious ingredients would not be slow in proclaiming the fact. Good business principles demand honesty in the manufacture of candies."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

His Wish.

A wicked story is told about two partners who respected each other's business ability, but who hated each other cordially. To one of them came a fairy saying that he could have any boon he desired and whatever he had his partner should have in double portion. Naturally his first wish was for a barrel of money. "All right," said the fairy, "but your partner will get two barrels on that wish." "Stop a little," said the first. "Perhaps you'd better not give me a barrel of money. I'd rather you would make me totally blind in one eye."

Korean Customs.

According to the Rev. C. F. Collyer, an English missionary, the Korean "never cuts his hair or beard. To do so is considered a mark of dishonor to his parents, whom he strongly reverences. Any hairs that may happen to come out and even the parings of his finger nails are carefully saved and put into the coffin with him in order that he may go back to Mother Earth intact."

Forgetful.

Hicks—I do try to be polite, but I seem to be forever forgetting my manners. Wicks—What's the matter now? Hicks—I just gave a woman my seat in the street car and forgot to thank her for taking it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Regulated by His Uncle.

Franklin—Does your watch keep regular time? Shankin—I should say so; it goes in the fifth of every month and comes out the fifteenth.—Chicago Journal.

Wouldn't Interfere.

Little Girl—Papa, it's raining. Papa (whose temper is somewhat ruffled)—Well, let it rain. Little Girl (timidly)—I was going to, papa.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.—Simmons.

Kossuth's English.

Kossuth had a remarkable mastery of English. This story shows how he strengthened his knowledge of our difficult tongue. Speaking at Concord, Mass., Kossuth wished to express the figure of the Austrian eagle rending the young freedom of Hungary. The word escaped him. Stopping for a moment in the full flight of eloquence, he asked a matter of fact American who sat near him, "What you say when man tear his coat?" "Hole," was the reply. That word did not satisfy him, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, who had overheard the question, whispered "rent," with poetic sympathy for euphony, and the stately sweep of the sentence was completed. He learned the language after his arrest in 1837, when he was sentenced in 1838 to three years' imprisonment, during a part of which he was cut off from all communication with his friends and was denied the use of pen and ink and even of books. In the second year he was allowed to read, but as all political books were interdicted he selected an English grammar, Walker's pronouncing dictionary and Shakespeare. Without knowing a single word he began to read "The Tempest." He was engaged for a fortnight in getting through the first page.

Why Japan Has No Fence Posts.

In Japan when a farmer permits a telegraph or telephone pole to be erected on his land he has made a great concession to modern reform. Only the exceedingly rich have fences around their farms in Japan, not because of the cost of the fence, but because of the value of the square inches the posts and pickets would consume. If a border is desired around a field it is customary to plant mulberry trees. The total area of ground in Japan thus devoted to the silkworm tree, which otherwise would be taken up with fences, amounts to about 190,000 acres. This has no reference to the mulberry farms and groves, the area for which is over three times as much. The fact that a Japanese farmer is forced to figure on the amount of ground a fence post would occupy and the interesting fact that the government in its statistical enumerations has had the areas covered by individual mulberry trees on farm boundaries carefully computed demonstrates the great value of arable land.—Booklovers' Magazine.

A Handwriting Expert on Poe.

In an odd way a Baltimore journalist has settled for himself the still disputed question of Edgar Allan Poe's personal character and habits. Having several autograph letters of Poe's, letters written in the youth, the manhood and the later life of the unhappy poet, he cut off their signatures and submitted them for analysis to a handwriting expert.

The expert reported on them as follows: "These letters were written at different periods in the life of the same person. They indicate a temperament at once imaginative and methodical, firm nerves, great courage and aesthetic tastes. You ask if they point to drunkenness or alcoholism. I reply that most decidedly they do not."

Decidedly Cool.

A friend of the late Bishop Huntington was spending a Sunday in Edinburgh and followed the crowd to the church of a celebrated preacher. At the close of the service he said to the clergyman, "That was a remarkably fine sermon." The minister, puffed up with pride, said, "Thank you, thank you." "But," said the Boston man, "I have heard it before; it is one of Bishop Huntington's sermons." "Ah, yes, I dare say, to be sure, but Huntington could never have got it off as I did." The anecdote is related by the Congregationalist, whose only comment is that "for consistent and unblushing plagiarism this beats the record."

Killing a Fashion.

The muff reached its highest point in the reign of Louis XV. Then fashion declared for a cloth muff instead of fur, and the furriers made a great uproar. They petitioned the pope to excommunicate the wearer of a cloth muff, but to no purpose. Finally some ingenious merchant bribed the headsman to carry a cloth muff on execution day. The women shrank from such association, and the fur won the day.

Refreshments In Church.

Family pews were introduced at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Some of these had a table and fireplace, also curtains and window blinds so as to secure the utmost privacy. This led to abuses. In some of the closed pews card playing was not uncommon, and the tedium of a long service was sometimes relieved by light refreshment.—Reliquary.

All For the Best.

"Why do the roses fade slowly away?" she inquired poetically.

"Well," replied the baldheaded young man, "when you think it over it's all for the best. It's more comfortable to have them fade slowly away than to go off all of a sudden, like a torpedo."

Might Be Worse.

Horrified Mother—I just this minute saw Mr. Nicefellow's arm around your waist. It's perfectly awful. Repentant Daughter—Y-e-s, mother, but it would be a great deal more awful to see his arm around some other girl's waist.

Her Trouble.

First Boarding House Mistress—I've seen it figured out that people can live on 12 cents a day. Second Boarding House Mistress—Ah! But you can't get them to do it.—Brooklyn Life.

You don't change much to people who see you frequently, but the man who sees you once in five years notes a great difference.—Atchison Globe.

An Age of Coarseness.

It is an age of coarse effects, an age of advertisement. A poet could not conscientiously sing now about a rose left to bloom unseen, for excursion trains would be sure to be arranged there at reduced rates. It is a confidential age, and we demand a confidant as much as a matter of course as the heroine of the old fashioned Italian opera—in fact, we demand the undivided attention of the whole world. We sing our songs and listen greedily for the applause of the gallery; we meet with domestic misfortune, and we weep on the bosom of the divorce court, and the daily papers weep with us. We do not do good by stealth, but rather in such a way that we get a baronetcy or a decoration. So when you see a man all tinkly with little stars and things you will know that he is always a very great and charitable man indeed, and charity is not only alms bestowed on the poor. It is the beauty of charity that it is not bigoted.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Shakespeare's Cats.

Shakespeare makes frequent references to the cat in his plays. Lady Macbeth taunts her husband when he hangs back from the murder with

> Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
> Like the poor cat i' the adage,

alluding to that animal's fondness for fish—"What cat's averse to fish?"—but its unwillingness to wet its feet in catching them.

Falstaff seizes upon another feature of the animal's character, so detested by all wakeful sleepers in towns: "'Sblood! I am as melancholy as a gib cat!" When Mercutio longs for a fray with Tybalt, he accosts him: "Good king of cats, I would have nothing but one of your nine lives. That I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry beat the rest of the eight," and thereupon receives that celebrated "scratch" which was "not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door."

How the Smoker Polishes His Pipe.

"One of the fads of the dyed in the wool pipe smoker is to have a dazzling polish on his pipe, and it's curious how he puts the gloss on," said a tobacco dealer.

"Watch a veteran pipe smoker closely and you see him occasionally rub the bowl of his pipe against his face, usually on each side of his nose. That's how he puts the polish on. The heat of the brier and the oil of the skin against which it is rubbed work up a rich gloss. A smoker's favorite pipe, you will find, has the sheen of rosewood. It takes months of rubbing to work up a looking glass polish, and the longer the practice is indulged in the more shiny the pipe becomes. I don't know who originated the idea, but all old smokers are on to it, and the pride they take in their polished pipes is amazing."—Philadelphia Record.

The Bell With the Wail of a Child.

A queerly shaped gong which occupies a position of honor in the center of the city of Seoul, Korea, is said to be one of the largest in the world and is called "the bell with the wail of a child in its voice." When first cast the bell sounded with a harsh and cracked note, and the superstitious emperor, fearing an ill omen, consulted with his magicians. These gentlemen held a long confab and finally stated that the bell would never sound right until a live child was given to it. The mass was then melted again, and a live baby was thrown into the molten metal. The wail of agony uttered by the little tot as the bronze engulfed it seemed to be repeated every time the ball was tolled, and today the Koreans still claim that the wail of a child can be heard in the voice of the metal.

Cheese.

The digestibility of cheese is an ever vexed and disputed question. A clever scientist asserts that it requires twice as long to digest as ordinary food. It consists largely of casein, which is both nourishing and digestible, but this point is enveloped, as it were, in fat, which is not soluble by gastric juice; hence, if the gastric juice does not digest the fat, neither can it readily digest the casein. Cheese should be eaten in small quantities, with a large quantity of bread or similar food, and must be thoroughly masticated.

Insufficient Cause.

"There, mamma, I don't believe that your friend, Mrs. Newly, was to the manner born."

"Hush, dear. She's worth three millions in her own right."

"That's hardly enough to justify a woman in trying to eat soft boiled eggs with a fork."—Detroit Free Press.

A Poor Show.

An American was describing to an English sportsman the west of the past.

"Our old time western miner," he said, "had an ingenuous and simple mind. There was a miner in Montana who rode into Anaconda one day to see an entertainment that had been announced. This entertainment was a play, but the miner had never seen a play—a panorama was the only sort of entertainment with which he had ever been regaled.

"Long before the hour to begin he bought his seat and entered the hall. He sat there in solitude for about twenty minutes. He gazed at the curtain intently. It was a poor curtain, nothing but a gray, pyramidal mountain painted on a dark blue background. When the miner had looked his fill at it he rose and departed for his distant home.

"'A pretty rotten panoramer,' he was heard to mutter as he mounted his horse."

A Queer Marriage Ceremony.

Among the Kherrias of India the marriage ceremony is very funny. Taking a small portion of the hair of the bride and groom in turn from the center of the forehead, the priest draws it down on to the bridge of the nose. Then, pouring oil on the head, he watches it carefully as it trickles down the portion of hair. If the oil runs straight on to the tip of the nose their future will be fortunate, but if it spreads over the forehead or trickles off on either side of the nose, bad luck is sure to follow. Their fortunes told, generally to their own satisfaction, the essential and irrevocable part of the ceremony takes place. Standing up side by side, but with faces strictly averted, the bride and groom mark each other's forehead with "sindur" (vermilion).

Concerning Scotch Pawkiness.

A "positively true tale" of Scotch pawkiness is sent us by a naval correspondent. He traveled up to Inverness-shire with a Scotsman, on whose taciturnity he failed, after many efforts, to impinge. The Scotsman still stared dully, fixedly from the train. At last intelligence began to show in his face and grew to ecstasy, and he shouted in his excitement, "Look here, look here, that's whaur it was." His companion rushed to the window. "In yon wee town," continued the Scotsman, "I wus charged saxpence for yin cup of coffee."—London Globe.

Why He Retracted.

Kilmore—After all, Stedman isn't so bad a fellow. He came to me, man fashion, and took back all the things he had said against my people. Burman—Did it voluntarily? Kilmore—Practically that. It is true I threatened to shoot him on sight if he didn't retract, but that was only a matter of detail.—Boston Transcript.

Remarkable Case.

"How much your little boy resembles your husband!" said the cunning politician.

"I've always heard," she replied, "that people grow to look like those they are much with, but this is quite a remarkable case. We only adopted the little fellow last week."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Two Sided Circle.

The late Dr. Ritchie of Edinburgh was examining a student who claimed to be a mathematician. Ritchie doubted his claim and to test him said: "How many sides has a circle?" "Two," was the reply. "What are they?" asked the doctor. "The inside and the outside," was the answer.

Flannagan's Way.

Cassidy—Flannagan's thinking of goin' into the haulin' business. He bought a foine new cart today. Casey—But shure he has no horse. Flannagan—No, but he's goin' to buy wan. Casey—Well, that's loike Flannagan. He always did git the cart befoor the horse.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hardly.

"The old, old story," exclaimed the husband with a long drawn sigh, as he laid down his paper. "Another man committed suicide because his home was unhappy."

"And did that make his home any happier," asked his wife, "or doesn't the paper say?"

BOY OF THE REGIMENT

With His Dying Breath He Asked Garibaldi For a Coffin.

When Enzo Ferretti entered actively into the Italian war of independence he was just seventeen. He left Parma secretly, deserting, as it were, his father, mother and family to fight for his hero, Garibaldi. He walked over the Apennines without a penny in his pocket and, arriving half dead at Genoa, concealed himself on one of the ships bound for Sicily. When at his destination he emerged and gained the nickname of the "boy of the regiment." From that time for some months he fought until the day for rest came. He was shot in the head and carried to the hospital in a dangerous condition. Everything possible was done for him, but it was evident that he was troubled, and at last it came out that he could not die happy because he had never seen his hero. "I have fought everywhere and sought always," he exclaimed, "but I have never succeeded in seeing him. How can I die never having caught a glimpse of him?"

Another preoccupation was that he feared he might be buried without a coffin. Morning, noon and night his cry was, "Let me have a coffin!" The very day he died, by a fortunate chance, Garibaldi arrived at the hospital. Having heard Ferretti's story, he stooped and spoke to him. The sick boy's expressive face lighted up and he exclaimed: "Now I can die happy. Oh, general, let me have a coffin!"

TRAGIC IN ITS BREVITY.

The Story of the Duel Between Hamilton and Burr.

The story of the Hamilton-Burr duel is tragic in its brevity. The little party of five—the principals, their seconds and the surgeon—was on the ground not long after sunrise. The preliminaries were soon arranged. As Pendleton, Hamilton's second, gave him his pistol, he asked, "Will you have the hairspring set?"

"Not this time," was the significant reply, and then the men faced each other.

According to the best authorities upon a disputed subject, Burr fired at the word. At the report, Hamilton started forward with a convulsive movement, reeled, involuntarily discharging his pistol into the foliage above him, and fell headlong. Burr, with an expression of pain upon his face, sprang toward him, but Van Ness, his second, seized him by the arm and hurried him down the bank and into their boat.

Hamilton, being lifted up, revived for a moment and gasped, "This is a mortal wound, doctor!" Relapsing again into unconsciousness he was again revived by the fresh air of the river. "Pendleton knows," he said, trying to turn toward his friends, "that I did not intend to fire at him."

At 2 the afternoon following he had breathed his last.

Monster Bowl of Punch.

In 1694 Admiral Edward Russell, commander of the English Mediterranean fleet, entertained 6,000 people in a large garden in Alicante, where he served the largest bowl of punch ever brewed. It contained twenty gallons of lime juice, four hogsheads of brandy, one pipe of Malaga wine, twenty-five hundred lemons, thirteen hundredweight of fine white sugar, three packages of toasted biscuits, fifty-one pounds of grated nutmegs and eight hogsheads of water.

The whole was prevented from dilution in case of rain by a large canopy, which spread over a marble fountain bowl which held the punch. The punch was served by a boy, who rowed about the basin of the fountain in a boat built for the purpose and refilled the empty cups.

Two Scotch Stories.

A Scotch schoolmaster in Banffshire years ago had strong views on the subject of dress. In the day when crinoline was the rage a girl came to school with a very extensive one, which much exceeded the space between the desk and the form on which she had to sit. The teacher, seeing this, said to her, "Gang awa' home and tak' off thae girds (hoops) and come back to the school as God made ye."

Another rough and ready dominie was examining his boys in a catechism and asked if God had a beginning. "No," said the boy. "Will he have an end?" "Yes," he replied. This was followed instantly by a buffet on the side of the head. "Will he have an end noo?" "No," said the boy, and the master was satisfied.

Tennyson's "Married Brows."

"I have a question to ask," announced the literary man. "You know Tennyson's line:

> "The charm of married brows.

"Well, did he mean by that the crowning charm of married women, or did he refer to the charm of eyebrows that meet in the middle? In the 'Arabian Nights' there are many passages in which such eyebrows are spoken of as a great charm, indeed, but in the west our beauty doctors give explicit directions to prevent such growths. What did Tennyson mean, anyhow?"—Philadelphia Press.

He Got It.

Teacher—Willie, give me a sentence in which the term hook and eye is used. Willie—Me an' pa went fishin'. Pa told me t' bait me hook an' I did.—Baltimore American.

A Revelation.

Wife—I haven't a gown fit to wear. Husband—Jove! That's the reason none of the servants will stay here.—New York Times.

It costs more to live than formerly, but then people live longer, so it is about even.—Montgomery Advertiser.

The Two Pairs of Fetters.

Some years ago a fierce war waged in India between the English and Tippoo Sahib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners. Among them was one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put on each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded and was suffering from pain and weakness. A gray haired officer said to the native official:

"You will not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the noble officer, "put two pairs on me. I will wear his as well as my own."

This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take the city—but his noble friend died in prison.

The most changeable things in the world are the course of waters and the humor of women.—Pittacus.

THE HEAD ON THE FLOOR.

Startling Incident Accompanying the Death of a Slave Trader.

In a squalid court in Edinburgh many years ago a man who had been notorious for his cruelties as a slave trader lay dying. Mental terror made his end appalling to witness. According to Scotch custom, the family opened the door to let the spirit pass. To their infinite horror, the bloody head of a black man suddenly rolled into the room. The family shrieked with fright. The man on the bed gave a yell of terror. They turned to his bedside, but he expired as they watched him. When they looked toward the door again, the head had disappeared. There was a splash of fresh blood upon the floor to mark the spot where it had been, but nothing else to certify that the horrid sight had not been a creation of morbid imaginations.

This appearance of a negro's head in the room of a man dying after he had committed innumerable barbarities upon black slaves was a strange coincidence and nothing more. Professor Owen, the famous anatomist, had been attending an anatomical lecture where the body of a negro had been dissected. He was taking the head home with him to examine it more carefully. The streets were wet and slippery. Just as he was passing the open door of the house in which the man lay dying he tripped, and the head, slipping from the cloth in which he had it, rolled into the little room. The cry of the dying man diverted the attention of those who were in the room, so that Owen was able to secure his treasure and depart unnoticed.

A MODERN HAMLET.

Wherein Hawthorne Was Akin to the Melancholy Dane.

Certain characteristics of Hawthorne are, of course, indisputable, and it is not fantastic to add that some of these qualities bear a curious resemblance to those of that very Prince of Denmark who seems more real to us than do most living men. Hawthorne was a gentleman; in body the mold of form, and graced with a noble mind. Like Hamlet, he loved to discourse with unlettered people, with wandering artists, with local humorists, although without ever losing his own dignity and inviolable reserve. He had irony for the pretentious, kindness for the simple hearted, merciless wit for the fools. He liked to speculate about men and women, about temptation and sin and punishment, but he remained, like Hamlet, clear sighted enough to distinguish between the thing in itself and the thing as it appeared to him in his solitude and melancholy. His closest friends, like Horatio Bridge and William D. Ticknor, were men of marked justice and sanity of mind—of the true Horatio type. Hawthorne was capable, if need be, of passionate and swift action, for all his gentleness and exquisite courtesy of demeanor. Toward the last he had, like Hamlet, his forebodings—"such a kind of gain giving as would perhaps trouble a woman"—and he died, like Hamlet, in silence, conscious of an unfinished task.—Bliss Perry in Atlantic.

Reason For Marrying.

They were talking about a friend of hers who had married a bishop stationed in Kamchatka or Timbuktu or some other heathen land.

"I never could understand why she married him," said the young woman. "She seemed the last girl on earth to marry a bishop. She cared so much more for having a good time than she did for church work and sewing circles."

"Girls are pretty wise nowadays," said the young man, "and they generally have a good reason for marrying the way they do. A girl friend of mine married a doctor so she could always be well for nothing, and maybe this girl married the bishop so she could be good for nothing."—New York Tribune.

The Traitor's Stone.

A curious specimen of the famous Traitor's stone of Rome is still preserved in England. It is a large round piece of sandstone, much of the appearance of a millstone, with a few apertures which make it bear a faint resemblance to the human face. At one period in Roman history it was the custom to have all persons suspected of traitorous conduct place their hands in the mouthlike opening. If the stone bit their fingers the prisoners were deemed guilty.

Japanese Prison Food.

The food given the prisoners in Japanese prisons is in proportion to their conduct and industry, the prisoners who do not conduct themselves as they should receiving a cake of rice, which must last for seven days, while in the case of the orderly prisoners the same cake lasts only four days. The prisoners who conduct themselves properly receive also a little horse meat and potato or pea sauce with their meals.

They Go Together.

"And what are you going to do when you're a man?" asked the visitor.

"I've been thinking," replied the bright boy, "of starting an elephant farm in Virginia."

"An elephant farm?"

"Certainly. Why not? They raise peanuts there."—Philadelphia Press.

Fond of Children.

"The dog you sold me yesterday would have eaten my little girl up this morning if she had not been rescued."

"But you insisted on having a dog that was fond of children."

The reason a man marries his sweetheart is because she is not like other girls. The reason he divorces her is because she is.—Illinois State Journal.

Ough.

A correspondent of an English paper points out nine ways of pronouncing the letters "ough." These are, written phonetically, as in coff, cauf (each is allowable), enuff, thaut, tho, throo, hiccup, the Irish lough and the Scot's pronunciation of sough, "such," the two final consonants in the last two words representing the corresponding gutturals in German. The editor in comment adds, "There is one other—'bough.'"

Forever Silenced.

"Does your husband find any fault with your cooking?"

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Meekton's wife. "My husband has the chafing dish habit and is not in a position to find fault with anybody's cooking."—Washington Star.

She Wasn't Eighty-one.

This conversation took place over the telephone line at Richmond: "Hello!" "Hello!" "Are you 81?" "No; I'm not sixty yet." She hung up the receiver like hitting the box with a rock.—Richmond Missourian.

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The Major

By Alice E. Allen

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The Major munched his hay and meditated. The Girl had given him an apple that morning, reaching it up to him daintily as he stood near the terrace.

The Major had taken the apple carefully from the Girl's soft hand. He had blinked a slow "Thank you" with his great kind eyes. Then at Dick's command he had trotted gravely away.

Next to Dick, Major loved the Girl. Sometimes he grew impatient even with Dick. Now was one of the times. The rich flavor of that late russet still lingered in his mouth. He wondered—the Major—if the Girl herself never grew impatient with Dick.

Of course the Girl loved Dick. One couldn't help that, even if one did grow impatient sometimes and want to be off on a stiff trot when one was told to walk. But did Dick love the Girl? Or was it Geraldine?

He went to see Geraldine nearly every week, and almost never to see the Girl. But time was, not so long ago, when they—Dick and the Major—had waited before the Girl's door nearly every day.

To be sure, they always had waited. And sometimes, the Major remembered now with a sigh, he had grown restive and impatient with the long delay.

But in time the Girl had always come—well worth waiting for. And before she stepped into the carriage she had always stroked his nose and fed him a lump of sugar or told him admiringly what a fine horse he was.

Geraldine never noticed him at all, except to scream when he jumped at an automobile. The Major didn't approve of Geraldine, although, perhaps, she was prettier than the Girl. But Dick evidently did approve of her.

The Major chewed away on his crisp hay and meditated. Sometimes he felt that he must do something desperate, something that would open Dick's eyes to the superiority of the Girl.

The Major meditated a long time over his hay before Dick came to harness him. The Major saw, with joy, that it was the single carriage which was drawn out, not the surrey. That only two people should ride together in the same carriage at the same time was one of the Major's pet theories.

Dick whistled all through the harnessing. The Major didn't know one tune from another, but he did know that when Dick whistled he was in good humor. So he, the Major, pranced a little as he had always done when he was young, to show that he, too, was light hearted.

The Major crossed the bridge with a slow, steady trot, increased his pace up the long hill, dashed determinedly by the turn which led to Geraldine's and, his head held high, drew up before the Girl's house.

When he looked around at his master Dick did not seem ill pleased. He seemed surprised, but that may have been because the Girl was ready and waiting.

She came down the walk. She wore a blue shirt waist and her prettiest hat. In her slender, ungloved hand was a great lump of sugar.

"It's for you, sir," she said, reaching up the crisp lump to Major. Then she stood on tiptoe and patted his nose.

"Good Major, good old Major," she said softly to him. "I believe," she added to Dick as he helped her into the carriage, "that the Major understands me thoroughly."

"Lucky Major," said Dick as he took the lines. "I wish I had horse sense."

The Girl laughed. Major would go a mile over sandy roads to hear her laugh. Now he started off at his best gait. He soon found that they were going out into the country. Of that the Major approved fully.

Dick and the Girl conversed readily enough on various subjects—the weather, the roads, the outlook for a good hay crop. Interesting as this last topic usually was to Major, he felt vaguely dissatisfied now. Why couldn't that stupid Dick say something which would bring back to the Girl's voice the tone she had used when she said "good old Major?" One had only to look at her, the Major knew. 'Twas easy enough.

Major sniffed and trotted on. Well he knew the road—every inch of it. It led, up hill and down, past gay little brooks, between fields bright with cowslips, and orchards white with the snow of cherry blooms, to the pine grove on the bank of the river where the arbutus grew.

The wind was soft and sweet with the kisses it had stolen from the violets. Hosts of dainty bluets raised their pretty parasols in the dust of the wayside. The world was very fair and in its May.

The Major wished that he could talk. How stupid to be only a horse! For as they went on and on silence fell upon the occupants of the carriage. The Major's head dropped lower and lower. He went more and more slowly.

The Girl hummed a careless little tune under her breath. Dick addressed all of his remarks to the Major, and the Major did as he thought best about obeying.

"Major's lazy today," said Dick gloomily. "He's scarcely worth his feed; believe I'll sell him when a chance offers."

The Girl's voice was sweet, but a trifle strained, when she responded. The Major, who paid more attention to tones than to words, knew that something must be done for her. What should it be? he mused as he walked slowly along the road.

Then they turned from the main road and went along a rough, uneven wagon track through a pasture toward the woods.

In the woods something might happen. Woods sweet with pine and pink with arbutus offered many opportunities for the adjustment of complicated love affairs.

Once under the pines, before Dick could fasten the Major to a tree in a cleared space the Girl was out of the carriage and away through the green glooms.

Dick followed more slowly. Major stood quietly. Things seemed to go well at first. Then there came a silence, then another longer one; then there was no conversation at all.

After awhile the Girl came out from under the trees. Her face was sober. Dick came behind her. She ran up to him—the Major—and gave him some grass. She slipped her arm around his neck and said in a very low voice: "Major, I wouldn't be so stupid as your master is—not for worlds! Would you?"

Then she ran away again through the soft gold green shadows. Dick followed. There was a look on his face which Major remembered to have seen there once before when he, the Major, had entered a horse race.

Major munched the grass and listened. He could hear Dick's voice speaking earnestly. Then came the Girl's, coolly defiant, tantalizing; then Dick's again. If only they could wait long enough, matters would be decided.

Then it was that the Major took matters into his own care. He pulled gently at the halter; 'twas quite loose. He pulled again and again, each time harder. Dick had been thinking of other knots than the one he was tying when he fastened the Major, evidently. It slipped, loosened, the halter fell. Major was free to do as he liked.

With great care he measured his space. There was just room to turn around. Very carefully he did it, backing the carriage quietly. Then, picking his way over the rough road and broken bridge, he went slowly away. He did not trot. He walked swiftly and surely as for a settled purpose. Any one seeing him would have said that he was driven.

He reached the main road and started for home.

Surely somewhere in the pine woods or on that long walk home the two, Dick and the Girl, would come to an understanding.

He went on leisurely, trotting easily up the little hill, then walking slowly again, coming nearer and nearer to the first dwelling this side of the pine woods, a little farmhouse nestled among the maples.

A woman pulling weeds from a flower bed looked up at the sound of Major's steps. She pushed back her hat. She glanced at the empty carriage. Then she sprang to her feet and called "Whoa!"

But the Major didn't stop. The woman ran down the walk and through the gate and caught his bridle. "You're Dick Churchall's horse," she said with a soft touch on his head. "Where is your master?"

The Major didn't wish to talk. And he did wish to be on his way. But the woman didn't understand. How could she? She was only a woman. She led him through a gate and along a driveway to a big barn. He went readily enough. The Major was always polite to womankind out of respect to the Girl and her apples and lumps of sugar.

In the barn the woman fastened him securely and gave him a drink of water and a handful of hay. "Your master 'll be along soon enough lookin' of you up," she said as she went back to her weeding.

Almost an hour later Dick walked hurriedly along the road and up to the farmhouse. Major heard his step and his voice. "Can I borrow a horse and carriage here?" he was saying. "My horse has gone off without me"—

"Guess you'll find him in the barn," said the woman. "He went walkin' along by here quite a spell ago. Anything wrong?"

There was nothing wrong. In fact, to the Major's way of thinking, everything was right, for Dick's face looked just as it did after he (Major) had won that race many years ago.

When Dick and the Major reached the woods there was the Girl sitting on the pine needles. And her cheeks were as pink as the arbutus itself. And her eyes—well, the Major just wished she'd look at him as she did at Dick.

"Oh, Dick!" was all she said. But Major knew.

Buffon's Laziness.

Buffon rose always with the sun, and he used often to tell by what means he had accustomed himself to get out of bed so early. "In my youth," said he, "I was very fond of sleep. It robbed me of a great deal of my time, but my poor Joseph (his domestic) was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he could make me get up at 6.

"The next morning he did not fail to awake and torment me, but he received only abuse. The day after he did the same, with no better success, and I was obliged at noon to confess that I had lost my time. I told him that he did not know how to manage his business; that he ought to think of my promise and not to mind my threats. The day following he employed force, and I begged for indulgence, I bid him begone, I stormed, but Joseph persisted. I was therefore obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes; I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my work."

Prison Productions.

John Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" during one of his terms in prison, which altogether lasted twelve years. The brilliant Frenchman, Mirabeau, during his three years' imprisonment at Vincennes wrote many pamphlets and his "Lettres de Cachet et Prisons d'Etat." Luther while in the solitary castle of Wartburg wrote that noble hymn, "Eine Feste Burg ist unser Gott." During his thirteen years' confinement in the Tower of London Sir Walter Raleigh wrote a history of the world from the creation to 150 B. C. Daniel Defoe, who was imprisoned for two years for the publication of an ironical pamphlet entitled "The Shortest Way with Dissenters," produced during his imprisonment several of the 210 works he is said to have written. The poet Lovelace wrote "Lucasta" while a political prisoner, and the Roman philosopher Boethius wrote in prison a work singularly appropriate to his situation, "On the Consolation of Philosophy."

How to Reach a Decision.

If indecision runs in the blood you inherit arouse yourself and strangle this insidious foe to your achievement before it saps your energy and ruins your life chance. Do not wait until tomorrow, but begin today. Compel yourself to develop the opposite quality by the constant practice of firm decision. No matter how simple the thing you are called upon to decide, be it the choice of a hat or the color or style of a garment, do not vacillate. Throw all the light possible on whatever you have in hand for decision, weigh and consider it from every point of view, call your common sense and best judgment to your aid before reaching a conclusion, and then, when you have once made your decision, let it be final. Let there be no going back, no reconsidering and no opening the matter up for further discussion. Be firm and positive. Declare the polls closed.

Reason For Laughing.

"Why did everybody laugh so long over that story of old Boreby's? It isn't a bit funny."

"They were afraid he would tell another if they kept quiet."

VEGETARIANISM.

A Theory That Has Been Maintained From the Earliest Days.

From the earliest days vegetarians have maintained that fruit and vegetables are the proper food for mankind, and in ancient times such leaders of thought as Plato, Pythagoras, Empedocles and Plutarch can be counted among the advocates of this doctrine.

It is in this connection that we find Virgil singing the praises of a natural diet apart from the use of flesh:

Soft chestnuts we possess
And apples ripe, with store of curdled cream.

Still more to the point are his words in the Second Georgic at the close of a vivid description of the joys of a golden age:

Before the reign
Of the Dietcean king, before the days
When on slain bullocks fed an impious race.

This further rendering from Latin poetry proclaims the same primeval teaching:

Forbear, O mortals, to taint your bodies with forbidden food.
Earth is lavish of her riches and teems with kindly stores,
Providing without slaughter or bloodshed all delicacies.

DUCKS AND THUNDER.

The Possible Origin of an Ancient English Expression.

The phrase, "like a dying duck in a thunderstorm," probably originated in the peculiar susceptibility exhibited by these birds to electrical disturbances. They hang their heads at such times and turn up their eyes in the most comically pathetic fashion, giving a faint die away quack now and again, as though they had quite made up their minds that their last hour had come, but were resigned. They are thus precisely typical of people whose submission, more or less forced, is made mainly with an eye to effect.

This susceptibility seems to be inherent in ducks, for their eggs in course of hatching are spoiled by a thunderstorm when hens' eggs escape.

It is worth noting in this connection that Shakespeare in "Timon of Athens" says, "We, poor mates, stand on this dying deck." It is just possible that this may be the real origin of the phrase, as it refers to the sinking of a ship during a thunderstorm, and deck may have been carelessly recast as duck.—London Answers.

MARINE TURBINES.

They Date Back to the Time of Hero of Alexandria.

In turbine steamers there is a marked absence of vibration, while the position low in the hull of the machinery gives great stability and in men-of-war makes better protection possible and affords facilities in maneuvering.

The practical advantages of turbines are many. They reduce the oil bill considerably and while they occupy less floor and cubic space are simple in construction and operation.

In a turbine there is nothing to wear out. The only parts subjected to friction are the bearings at the extremities of the spindle, but these run in oil and after years of constant service show no wear. Parsons' turbine plants of 400 horsepower and 1,800 horsepower, which have been driving electric generators for years, have not yet cost a penny for repairs.

The steam turbine dates back to 120 B. C., when Hero of Alexandria described it in his book on pneumatics.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Print of the Springs.

A politician upon his arrival at a certain small town where he was to make a speech the following day found that the two so called hotels were crowded to the doors. Not having telegraphed for accommodations, the politician discovered that he would have to make shift as best he could. He was compelled for that night to sleep on a wire cot which had only some blankets and a sheet on it. As the statesman is a fat man, he found his improvised bed anything but comfortable.

"Well," asked a friend, when the politician appeared in the dining room in the morning, "how did you sleep?"

"Oh, fairly well," replied the statesman nonchalantly, "but I looked like a waffle when I got up."—Youth's Companion.

A Bottomless Lake In Sweden.

In Thomas Nashe's "Terrors of the Night," published in 1594, he says that Lake Wetter, Sweden, is bottomless. He also tells other peculiar things respecting it. "Over it no fowle flies but is frozen to death nor anie mann pass but is mummed like a statue of marble. Awle ye inhabitants around about it are deafened with ye hidieous roar of hits waters when out of its midst as out of Mont Gibell a sulphurous stinking smoak issues that well nil poysons ye whole countrie about."

Act In the Present.

Be not anxious about tomorrow. Do today's only. Fight today's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them. Enough for you that God is just and merciful and will reward every man according to his work. —Charles Kingsley.

Human Nature.

It is constantly said that human nature is heartless. Do not believe it. Human nature is kind and generous, but it is narrow and blind and can only with difficulty conceive anything but what it immediately sees and feels.

When trouble goes hunting him a man may dodge it, but when a man goes hunting trouble it hasn't one chance in a thousand of escaping him. —Cincinnati Times-Star.

The English Party Whip.

Reverting to the duties of a whip and patronage secretary, it is an astonishing fact that gentlemen of birth and social position can be found to fill the post. The junior whips' duties are not only onerous, but irksome. They sit or stand in the outer lobby of the house from 3:30 to 12:30 at night, and they ask every member who passes where he is going, whether he is paired and when he will be back. If he is not paired, they have either to find a pair for him or to prevent him from passing out by coaxing or threats, the former for preference. When their party are in, these gentlemen have to attend to their office from 12 to 3. Their hours of duty are, therefore, from 11 a. m. to 12 p. m., or thirteen hours, with intervals for lunch, and this they do for £1,000 a year. When their party is out, they do it, minus their office work, for nothing.

In addition to keeping an eye on his juniors, the chief whip, who has £2,000 a year, deals with the members on their more touchy side. It is he who practically distributes ribbons and titles and sees that cards of invitation are sent to this man and that; that no one is given undue preference, a delicate duty which requires much tact and skill.—London Standard.

When Visiting Is Pleasure.

After all is said and done, visiting friends must always be the most delicate of pleasures. Of all forms of social enjoyment, a well chosen house party is perhaps the most complete and satisfactory. It is only during such short vacations (and on board ship) that the galling harness of every day routine drops completely from one's weary shoulders; it is there only that we escape entirely from the myriad little cares and worries that lie in wait for us outside. On looking back many of us will be surprised to find how most of our truest friendships date from the occasion offered by a visit. One may go on meeting people for a decade at formal entertainments, and at the end of that time know less of their real selves than is revealed by one short "weekend" passed together under a congenial roof—especially if it be a home where the welcome is sincere and the liberty is complete, and where the host and hostess have taken the trouble to sleep from time to time in their guest chambers.—Eliot Gregory in Century.

Birds and Their Beaks.

Why do birds live so much longer than mammals, which are often a hundred times their size? Possibly, among other things, because they have beaks instead of teeth. All carnivorous beasts become weak and liable to starvation as their teeth drop out or break. Neither are the herbivorous animals in much better case. Old horses would probably die of starvation if wild, for their teeth would fail them; indeed, in some stony countries old horses have to be killed because their teeth are worn away by cropping grass close to the rock. Rodents constantly die from injuries to teeth. But a bird's beak neither wears out nor drops off, and as it constantly swallows fresh grit to aid in grinding food in the gizzard that needs no repairing either.

A Remarkable Tree.

The most remarkable tree yet discovered flourishes in the island of Fierro, one of the largest of the Canary group. This island is so dry that not even a rivulet is to be found within its boundaries, yet there grows a species of tree, the leaves of which are narrow and long and continue green throughout the year. There is also a constant cloud surrounding the tree, which is condensed and, falling in drops, keeps the cisterns placed under it constantly full. In this manner the natives of Fierro obtain water, and as the supply is limited the population must of necessity be limited also.

Had Made a Change.

"Isn't there something in my policy," asked a caller at an insurance office the other day, "about my 'having to report any change of residence?'"

"Yes, sir," said the man at the nearest desk, picking up a pen. "Where have you moved to?"

"I haven't moved anywhere," rejoined the caller. "I have made a change in my residence by painting it a light straw color and putting a chimney pot on the kitchen chimney. I think that's all. Good day!"

Best Things.

The best things are nearest—breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.—Impressions.

Your Learning.

Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket and do not pull it out and strike it merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked like a watchman.—Chesterfield.

His Malady.

Tess—She's a professional nurse, I believe. Jess—Not at all. What gave you that idea? Tess—She remarked that she sat up last night with a sick man. Jess—Love sick, that was all. It was that fiance of hers.—Exchange.

By Himself.

Friend—I didn't know you painted. Host—I don't. Friend—But your portrait says, "Thomas Newrich—by himself." Host—Well, ain't I by myself? There ain't nobody else about.

He who can conceal his joys is greater than he who can hide his griefs.—Lavater.

A Story of Webster.

On one occasion Daniel Webster was on his way to Washington and was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no traveling companion, and the driver had a sort of felon look, which produced no inconsiderable alarm in the senator. "I endeavored to tranquilize myself," said Mr. Webster, "and had partly succeeded when we reached the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington, a proper scene for murder or outrage, and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned to me and with a gruff voice inquired my name. I gave it to him. 'Where are you going?' said he. The reply was: 'To Washington. I am a senator.' Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand and exclaimed: 'How glad I am! I took you for a highwayman!'"

Facts About Oranges.

The riper an orange gets the more yellow it becomes. A dealer's test for a perfect orange is to press it as you would a hard rubber ball. If you can make a slight indentation by pressing hard, but the pulp remains firm enough to rebound, the orange is all right.

Russet oranges are rich, but liable to spoil. When buying oranges by the box (and this is the best plan where you use a good many) get a repacked box instead of an original one. Thin skinned, bright colored oranges are the best. While the California, Florida and Arizona fruit are altogether the best for eating out of hand or on the table, the foreign oranges, Messina or Sicily, are considered best for marmalade.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Rome and Beards.

The usage at Rome in the matter of beards has changed several times over. In the ninth century the censure of the Greek church was passed on that of Rome because the priests there refused to shave. The exact contrary is now the general rule in both churches. When Pope Julius II. ascended the papal throne in 1503 he intimated that he would allow his beard to grow "in order to inspire greater respect among the faithful."—St. James' Gazette.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 21.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings xviii, 30-46—Memory Verses, 36-39—Golden Text, I Kings xviii, 21—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Ahab having assembled the children of Israel and the prophets of Baal at Mount Carmel, Elijah addressed them in the words of verses 21 to 25 and they agreed that the god who answered by fire should be the god whom they would worship. He gave the prophets of Baal the first opportunity, so they prepared their altar and their sacrifice and called upon their god from morning until noon and until afternoon, but there was no answer nor any attention to their cry from their gods. Then Elijah called the people near to him, and, taking twelve stones to represent the twelve tribes of Israel, he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down, building it in the name of the Lord (verse 32), made a trench about it, placed the wood in order upon it, cut the bullock in pieces and laid it on the wood and three times drenched the whole with water and also filled the trench with water; then he prayed the simple beautiful prayer of verses 36, 37, and the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the sacrifice, the wood, the stones, the dust and the water in the trench. The people seeing this fell on their faces and cried, "The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God" (verse 39).

Elijah had no thought of himself nor of any glory that might come to him; he was jealous only for the glory of the God of Israel and desirous that the people might turn to Him and be blessed by Him. If we were willing to be so lost in God and so desirous of His glory that we should have no thought of honor to ourselves or our church or denomination or society, but only that people's hearts should turn to the Lord, we might be able to say to all that is against God in us or about us, "Let fire from God consume thee!" (II Kings i, 10-12.) Our God is a consuming fire (Deut. iv, 24; Heb. xii, 29) and desires a people purified unto Himself, set apart for Himself, that He may be glorified in them. He is willing to receive, forgive, bless and make a blessing any and every one who will truly turn to him, and He will use any vessel, however weak and unworthy, that is wholly given over to Him to magnify His name.

Our Lord Jesus said in His last prayer, "I have magnified Thy name, I have declared Thy name," and He prayed that His people might be so one with Him that the world might believe and know that He was sent of God (John xvii, 4, 6, 26, 21, 23). He needed no fire to purify Him; the Spirit came as a dove upon Him, but when the Spirit came upon the disciples at Pentecost He came as tongues of fire. We need the purifying consuming fire, but we are so in love with the dross of self and self interest and self glorification and so unwilling to be a living sacrifice (for God must have a willing heart, a willing offering) that He is hindered and cannot bless and use us as He desires to. We, like Israel, must acknowledge "O Lord our God, other lords beside Thee have had dominion over us."

As to God accepting by fire, consider the sacrifice of Abel, the offering of Gideon and of Manoah, the dedication of the tabernacle and the temple, and note that in the two latter when the glory filled the Holy of Holies no man could stand to minister, reminding us that no flesh shall glory in His presence (Ex. xl, 35; I Kings viii, 11; I Cor. i, 29-31). Jehovah having been proclaimed God, the prophets of Baal are slain. To be on the Lord's side means that all that is against God must be slain, however dear to us. Consider the action of the Levites when in answer to Moses' question, "Who is on the Lord's side?" they stood forth. See how all such had to slay their brothers, companions and neighbors who were against God.

Elijah sent Ahab home with the assurance that rain would come abundantly, but he went to the top of Carmel and cast himself down before the Lord and prayed, sending his servant to look toward the sea for the answer. Again and again he went and returned, saying, "There is nothing," but at the seventh time he returned, saying, "Behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand" (verses 43, 44). So the heavens became black with clouds and wind and there was a great rain. A man of like passions with us prayed earnestly and for three and a half years it rained not that the word of the Lord by Moses might be fulfilled; again he prayed and the rain came, but see how earnestly and persistently he prayed, although God had said, "I will send rain upon the earth" (xviii, 1).

It is in His purpose that we shall ask Him to do this and that, even though He has promised to do it, as He says, "I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them" (Ezek. xxxvi, 37). Is there not a suggestion in the cloud "like a man's hand" that it was in answer to a man laying hold upon God. In Isa. lxiv, 7, the complaint is, "There is none that calleth upon Thy name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of Thee." If he would take hold of God with the persistence of Elijah for that which He has promised to do, what might we not see to His glory. Then note in the last verse of our lesson, "The hand of the Lord was on Elijah." When we take persistent hold of Him, He will take hold of us for His glory. Let us apply the command in Isa. lxii, 6, 7, first literally and then according to John xiv, 13, 14.

His Secret.

Raphael was explaining his fame.

"It was easy," he confessed. "I simply told every woman on the block that I had painted my Cherubs from hers."

Bitterly he regretted he had wasted his talents on art, instead of shining in politics.—Harper's Bazar.

Killing and Curing.

The man who invented the rapid fire gun won fame, but the man who discovered anaesthesia died neglected. It is more profitable to kill than to cure. —Montgomery Advertiser.

Something Wrong.

Little Jimmy—Pa, can any one see through glass? Pa—Certainly, my son. Little Jimmy—Then what's the reason Uncle John can't see through his glass eye?

It Would Answer.

Rose—I painted this picture to keep the wolf from the door. Fleming—If the wolf is anything of an art critic it will do it.—Smart Set.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Why He Had a Crying Fit When No One Was Even Hurt.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the fat engineer. "Queer things happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I can cry almost every time I think of it.

"I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl not more than three years old toddled on to the track. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop or even slack much at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over, and after reversing and applying the brake I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more.

"As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed and shouted at me, 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home."—Galveston Tribune.

COOKING A CAT.

Northern Italy Would Rather Have Puss Roasted Than Boiled.

In northern Italy the cat is a favorite and growing article of food. In Azeglio, in Venice, in Verona, butchers sell cats and call them rabbits, for the state forbids the eating of cats, but the poor people who have become the chief buyers of the inferior kinds of cats are not deceived by their cheap rabbits.

The proper way to cook a cat is to toast it in an oven until brown, with onions, garlic, parsley, bay leaf, red wine and some herbs peculiar to Italy. When boiled, it is not so satisfactory. Just before Christmas it is common for a group of young men in northern Italy to kill some cats, skin them and soak them in water for two or three days. They are then cooked with great care on Christmas day and served up hot about 1:30 p. m. after mass.

Italy cultivates the cat for home consumption, as English people raise rabbits. It is to be done on the quiet, however, for in spite of the profit in the business and the demand for the delicacy the law has to be looked out for, and the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Cats is vigilant. Offenses against the law are visited with imprisonment. Cats are raised for the market none the less. Fattened on the finest of milk, a choice specimen will attain the weight of fifteen pounds. —Boston Transcript.

Alexander's Horse.

Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander the Great, was in all probability the most celebrated horse of which we have any knowledge. He was bought for the sum of 16 talents from Philonicus out of his breeding pastures of Pharsalia, and it is known that he was skewbald, or, in other words, white, clouded with large deep bay spots, this peculiar breed being valued by the Parthians above all others, but being disliked by the Romans because so easily seen in the dark.

Bucephalus was ridden by Alexander at the battle of the Hydaspes and there received his death wound. Disobedient for once to the command of his master, he galloped from the heat of the battle, brought Alexander to a place of safety, knelt, as was his custom, for him to alight and, having thus performed his duty, trembled, dropped down and died.

A Good Rule of Life.

A man cannot afford to have an enemy, even a humble enemy. The shabby fellow who storms your office today may be a power in the community next year. Therefore speak to him gently, send him away with a smile. Never affect a contemptuous manner. That is the way of the fool. In the day of small things plan patiently for the day of great things. A polite word costs nothing. It may turn out to be a good investment. As a spark of fire may turn a city into ashes, so an impatient gesture or irritable word may kindle a hatred great enough to destroy a career.

The Giant Petrel.

The giant petrel of the arctic regions will feed on offal until it is so absolutely gorged as to be unable to rise off the ice in flight. Then it runs along the ice if chased, spreading its wings out as sails. Before being captured, however, the petrel will suddenly stop and disgorge a quantity of semidigested food and then go off on a run again. If overtaken a second time it will repeat the performance and when once it has got rid of its dinner flies away.

He Began to Talk Business.

"I shall make you love me yet," declared Mr. Stinjay determinedly. "I shall leave no stone unturned."

"Ah, that sounds something like!" exclaimed the fair girl. "If the stone weighs not less than a carat and is pure white you may interest me."—Exchange.

It doesn't take a man very long to become wise, but getting other people to recognize your wisdom after you have it is a long and tedious job.

Sins of the Fathers.

Fair Girl—I am sure papa would not object to you, but I am afraid mamma will. She says your family have depraved tastes. Rich Grocer's Son—Good gracious! Where did she get that idea? Fair Girl—I think she judges by the butter that your father used to recommend as good.

The Dear Girls.

Milly—You know, dear, we've been engaged for two years, and I think it's time we were getting married. Tilley—Oh, I don't know, dear. If you really love him you'll let him be happy for a little longer yet.

Telltale.

Jaggles—Henpeck has acquired a decided stoop high up near his neck. Waggles—Oh, I guess that's the stoop his wife sits on.—Judge.

An Oversight.

"Quick, mother! Baby brother has fallen down the well!"

"Oh, oh! And the well hasn't been sterilized!"—Town Topics.

The Swamp Under St. Petersburg.

"St. Petersburg was once a swamp," says a recent writer, "and so rotten is the ground that it would be quite possible for a monolith (like the sixty foot columns for St. Isaac's) to sink out of sight and never more be heard of. To provide against such contingencies a forest of piles was driven into the earth at the cost of $1,000,000 as the foundation of St. Isaac's, and yet the cathedral sinks. Like causes render the roads of St. Petersburg the worst in Europe. Winter frosts, which penetrate several feet below the surface, seize on the imprisoned waters and tear up the streets. The surface thus broken is so destructive to wheels that I have known an Englishman who, though he kept four carriages, had not one in a condition to use. The jolting on the roads is so great as to make it wise for a traveler to hold on fast, and when a lady and gentleman ride side by side it is usual for the gentleman to protect the lady by throwing his arm round his companion's waist. This delicate attention is so much of a utilitarian necessity as in no way to imply further obligations."

A Deceptive Fish.

A naturalist who is familiar with Ceylon writes: "In the clear water of Colombo harbor it is not uncommon to see fallen and faded leaves of the jak tree floating a short distance below the surface or sinking slowly to the bottom. A certain small fish, commonly known as the sea bat, mimics these leaves, both in form and color, in order to escape detection. Both in shape and color they look when in the water like waterlogged leaves, but when removed from their native element this resemblance is immediately lost. They float in the water half sideways and all swim in the same direction, turning simultaneously. On one occasion Mr. Willey attempted to capture one of these sea bats in a rock pool and directly he made a plunge with the hand net saw nothing except what he took to be a jak leaf slowly and inertly sink to the bottom. To his astonishment, as he withdrew the net, the supposed leaf righted itself and darted away."

Danish Peasantry.

The Danish peasantry have a notable love of order and symmetry in household arrangement, placing their furniture wherever possible in pairs and in exactly corresponding positions. One old peasant who had accumulated a little money and had been prevailed upon to buy his daughter a piano seriously considered buying another to place against the opposite wall. Their bedsteads consist of great boxes, generally painted red or green and heaped with feather beds, between which they insinuate themselves winter and summer. If unable to afford so many feathers, the underbed is of straw and receives so little attention that mice build their nests in it and race back and forth squealing shrilly without disturbing the stolid peasant slumbers. The bedding is not washed oftener than once or twice a year.—London Standard.

Judicious.

Many a true word is spoken quite by accident. There were two middle aged women in the waiting room of a department store the other day, and, looking over the railing, they espied an acquaintance on the floor below.

"There's Mrs. Blank," said one. "Well, I must say that she's done a wise thing for once. No woman ought to go on living with a man that acts like her husband's done."

"What's she done?" asked the other.

"Ain't you heard?" queried the first. "Why, she's got a judicious separation."—Washington Post.

Bamboo Crab Traps.

A curious use of the bamboo in some islands of the Pacific is as a crab trap. The jointed bamboo is stuck into the ground. Each piece has a little bow half way up, and a string set at tension to shoot off an arrow, passed through an aperture in the lower part of the cylinder. It is set at the mouth of crap holes and when the crab proceeds to climb up to the upper part of the tube a delicately set hook releases the broad arrow, which closes the lower aperture and imprisons the crab.

Origin of the Word "Farm."

The origin of the word "farm" is as follows: In the Saxons' time the estates which the lords of manors granted to the freemen were at first but for a term of years, with a render of a rent, which in those days was of corn and other produce. The leases so made were called fermes, or farmes, but times ensuing turned the produce into money and terms of years to terms of life and inheritance.

The Skull Shrinkers.

The Haumbises Indians living in the northern part of Peru and near the southern boundary of Ecuador, follow one of the most remarkable vocations in the world. They are able, by a process known only to that tribe, to reduce the human head to one-third its original size and retain the features and coloring to a perfect degree.

The head is severed from the trunk, the skull and frontal bone are removed and in the cavity a soft mold of clay is fitted. It is then hung by the scalp from a tripod over a pot of boiling water and steamed for three days. After this the shrinking process begins, which requires skill and is a secret that the Indians guard jealously. These heads are sold to the tourists at $1.50 each, but as the tribe is savage and the complexity of civilization has not mastered them, it is difficult to obtain the heads at any price.

The Honeybee.

How much honey does a bee find in a flower? A naturalist says he has observed a bee extract a whole drop of honey from one flower, and again he has watched a bee visit a hundred flowers without getting load enough to return to the hive. Bees work advantageously within a radius of three miles of the hive, but they will go eight miles to get honey from a field of buckwheat. They are very partial to the buckwheat bloom. Bees have a most delicately developed scent. When a bee leaves its hive it rises in the air and scents honey bearing flowers in the wind and follows the scent to the flowers.

Changes In National Features.

Whether we look at portrait galleries, like Hampton court, or turn over illustrations in old books, it is evident that some physiognomical change has been taking place. The stout, plethoric, muscular, ruddy faced man of stolid expression is becoming exceptional, and his place is being taken by a thinner, more alert, active type. The modern face is more keen, leaner and of less coarse mold than that of the older pioneers who laid the foundation of their country's greatness.—"Aspects of Social Evolutions."

Business Cards.

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

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Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
—AND—
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Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

A Road Made In a Day.

Lothian road, a prominent street in Edinburgh, was made in a single day. Sir James Clerk of Penicuik bet with a friend that he would between sunrise and sunset prepare the line of road, extending nearly a mile in length by twenty paces in breadth. It happened to be in the winter season, when many men were unemployed. He had no difficulty in collecting several hundreds of these on the ground at the appointed time, when he gave them all a plentiful breakfast of porter, whisky and bread and cheese, after which, just as the sun rose, he ordered them to set to work, some to tear down inclosures, others to unroof and demolish cottages and a considerable portion to bring earth to fill up a great hollow to the required height. The inhabitants, dismayed at so vast a force and so summary a mode of procedure, made no resistance. So active were the workmen that before sunset the road was sufficiently formed to allow Sir James to drive his carriage over it.

"Po' Li'l' Ram!"

A ram, famous in a West Virginia village for its propensity to butt, was enraged one morning, says the Philadelphia Press, to discover Uncle Billy, an aged darky, asleep in the pasture. Uncle Billy sat with his head bowed low and his bald spot shining in the sun. The ram eyed it from a distance. Uncle Billy nodded, and the bald top of his head bade defiance.

The ram stood up and waved a challenge with its horns. Uncle Billy nodded in acceptance. With a sharp "Ba-a-a-a-a!" the ram charged and launched itself like a catapult at the offending pate.

A little later it packed itself up from the ground and wandered away to the farthest side of the pasture to ruminate over the collision. Uncle Billy looked up drowsily.

"Po' li'l' ram!" he murmured. "He done wandered f'om de fold and foun' sorrow and tribulation!"

Stale Bread.

It is generally supposed that the staleness of bread arises from its becoming actually drier by the gradual loss of water, but this is not the case. Stale bread contains almost exactly the same proportion of water as new bread after it has become completely cold. The change is merely in the internal arrangements of the molecules of the bread. A proof of this is that if we put a stale loaf into a closely covered tin, expose it for half an hour or an hour to a heat not exceeding that of boiling water and then allow it to cool, it will be restored in appearance and properties to the state of the new bread.

Salt In the Spectrum.

The extreme delicacy of the spectrum test is illustrated by the fact stated by Lommel, that the three-millionth part of a milligram of a salt of sodium, an imperceptible particle of dust to the naked eye, is yet capable of coloring the flame of a candle yellow and of giving the yellow lines of sodium in the spectroscope. Indeed sodium in the form of a common salt (sodium chloride) is so universally present as an impalpable dust floating in the air that it is next to impossible to get a spectrum which does not show the sodium lines.

Entertaining Customers.

A New York business house near White street and Broadway reckons its yearly entertainment fund at about $100,000. It does an annual business of over $20,000,000. Its salesmen are bright fellows who control trade. One who works altogether on a commission basis makes $25,000 a year, but of that spends $15,000 in entertaining his customers.

Her Retort.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," said the young woman who boasts.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Packingham of Chicago, "I understand that travel was very cheap on that boat."—Washington Star.

Marriage Forbidden the Deformed.

Deformed persons, who are very rare among the Sakais, or those attacked by dangerous disease must make a vow of celibacy.—Singapore Straits Budget.

His Hand.

"Edith accepted old Millun's hand in marriage yesterday."

"The hand he signs his checks with, I guess."—Chicago Journal.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 26. 1904. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 39.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 6, 1904.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY**—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.06, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.05, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.20, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 3.25, 5.29, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.58, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M. **For** Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.20, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.13, 9.49, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.15, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.31, 5.19, 8.05, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

9.13 P. M. to Boston in effect June 27, 1904.

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M. and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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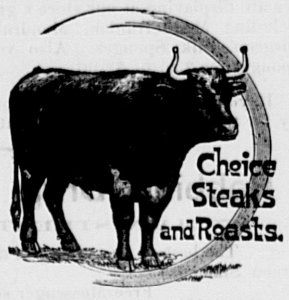
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115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after June 27, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.07, 6.22, every 15 minutes until 9.52 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.52 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 11.07 A. M then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 9.07 P. M and then every 30 minutes 12.37 A. M

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 8.37; then every 15 minutes 9.37 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.07, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 10 07 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour until then 12.37 A. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

In the Tower

By Elliot Walker

Copyright, 1904, by M. Wood

"Aren't you going to kiss me goodby, Jack?" The little woman's flush of irritation still burned hotly in her round cheeks, despite the appealing brown eyes. Her voice was half reproachful, half indignant.

The operator hesitated, biting his lip. His face, too, bore traces of wrath. Their first quarrel had been a sharp passage, and he, being slower of tongue, now stood at the door, with an angry sense of defeat.

A chance for a parting stab. He hoped it would hurt. It hurt him more than he expected.

"No! I'm not," he burst out gruffly. "We'll skip that, Kate. You women think a man can be made a target for whatever you choose to say and then brought around at will. I'm not that sort."

As he stamped down the steps he heard her sob, paused, shook his head resolutely and went on to his post.

The signal tower looked gloomy enough in the blackness of the lowering winter evening. Lawson slipped on the frosty tracks as he glanced up at the light glaring from the window. From the heavy, settling sky flakes of snow were beginning to whiten the tops of the dismal string of empty freight cars on the siding.

"It's going to be a nasty storm," the man muttered, climbing the stairway. "Four hours before Bourne shows up. Well, Harry will be glad to go home to his wife. I wish—no, I don't. I'd rather be here than uncomfortable in the house with a nagging woman. Is that what I am going to get for expressing my opinion of mother-in-law's prospective visit? She shan't come!"

"Hello, Jack! You're a welcome sight. I was getting nervous. Really it's pretty poky sitting here alone. Every time the instrument calls I think, 'There's trouble!' Poor Dickson! Who do you suppose killed him, Jack—a gang or some ruffian? All alone in the tower, never dreaming of such a thing, and then—great heaven! I wouldn't take your job for $10 a night. You ought to have some one with you."

"Pshaw, Harry!" Lawson threw off his coat. "You need seasoning, boy. Dickson's was a case of a man who carried a wad and bragged of it; bound to lose his money some time. That might have occurred on the street or in his bed; merely happened to be convenient to nab him at his table. Tough? I know, but when you've been ten years in this business one poor devil going suddenly isn't a subject to get nervous prostration over. The big accidents are what shake a chap."

"But the way of it, Jack. The idea"—

"Oh, trot along home, lad. I've nothing to attract marauders except my good looks. No one will bother me. Often some fellow drops in for a chat, and Bourne relieves me at midnight. Much obliged for your 'spelling' me, Harry. It gives me a chance for supper at the house, and when a man's married—He stopped with a shrug of his broad shoulders, adding in a different tone, "All clear?"

ALL THE WAY BY WATER
VIA
BOSTON **JOY LINE** NEW YORK
THROUGH
LONG ISLAND
SOUND
BY DAYLIGHT
Folders and Information on Request.
B. D. PITTS Agt., 308 Congress St., Boston
Phone Main 6460.

"All clear, Jack. Everything on time. No. 78 went through at 6:45. Fast freight due to pass in ten minutes. Goodby! Take care of yourself."

"Likely boy," commented Lawson, filling his pipe and sitting down. "Good as any of 'em already; safe and level headed. Got nervous, did he? Not the only one on the line, I guess. We all carry a 'pop' now. I must say it's a handy companion."

He ticked off a message, rose, gazed out, grinned, felt of his hip pocket and scowled.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "I forgot it. Confound Kate! She drove everything out of my head."

Nothing but his "good looks." The man who stepped inside a half hour later to greet the operator cordially and to seat himself ungracefully was not in search of money.

Lawson supposed Sharpson was "over it." Lately the disappointed lover had appeared very friendly, even to calling twice at the house. Kate had made him welcome. It was nonsense, the way Sharpson had acted before the wedding, but his eccentric temper only rendered him a butt for ridicule. A short, thickset, slouching man, black, of sparse beard and small, close set eyes, he held but sorry chances in the lists with John Lawson. A foolish conceit, surely, that Kate Bartley cared for him and would have been his but for the arrival of the big stranger from Wheeler Junction, who promptly and effectively captured the affections of the ticket agent's daughter. Six months now and the wrath of Sharpson forgotten.

"Bad night," remarked that gentleman, brushing his sleeves. "Thought I'd drop in a moment and warm up before my tramp."

"Where are you bound for? 'Tisn't much of a night for a walk."

"Right it ain't. Oh, I've got to go clear out to Dashell's. He's sick, and I'm on his job. Some things I wanted to ask him."

"That's a lonely stretch; a blamed lonesome road, Seth. You go by that Polish settlement, don't you? Say, they're an uneasy gang, all down on everybody connected with the road. Better wait till tomorrow. I would."

"Can't do it," he complained. "Wish I could, but I must report to the boss at 5 a. m. As you say, Jack, it ain't safe for one of us fellers to go trailing out there in the dark. I've no weapon either. Say, I'll be back by 11 o'clock. You couldn't spare me your gun till then, could you? I suppose you've got one."

"Seth, I left the blame thing at home. Came away in a hurry and never thought of it. Too bad. Of course I'd have lent it to you. Been glad to. Go around to the house and ask Kate for it."

The caller looked down, shaking his head. "No," said he, "it's a fifteen minute walk and out of my way. I'll step along, I guess, and take my chances before it gets later. The wind is rising, from the way those wires hum. I'll be going, Jack, and maybe drop in on my return. You're a lucky dog to be housed and warm. I'll think of you when I'm rubbing my ears."

He laughed strangely, turned up the collar of his heavy ulster, nodded and departed.

Outside Sharpson did not start in the direction of Dashell's remote home. Instead he picked his way across the tracks and climbed into an empty car. "They'll meet me here," he growled. "I've luck for once!"

An hour later Lawson turned as the door opened softly.

"Kate!" he cried, startled. "What's the matter?"

"I've brought your pistol, Jack. I got to worrying. I—I'm sorry, dear. Won't you kiss me, now?"

"There! There!" soothed the man, all his anger vanished, as she shivered and sobbed in his arms. "You should never have come out in this storm. Alone too. I'll have to keep you till Bourne arrives. We will sit here and 'make up.'" He laughed and kissed her fervently.

The big revolver was in his right hand as he playfully pushed her from his knee with his left, bidding her remove the damp cloak, and he faced the door as it again swung open to admit three masked figures pushing in hastily.

A cool man was Lawson, quick and an unerring marksman. He took no chances.

A woman's scream echoed above the deafening explosions. Through the smoke and loud over the heavy groans from the huddled heap rose the steady voice of the operator: "Keep quiet, girl! I've nailed the whole bunch!"

Striding to the sprawled figures, he tore at the masks roughly.

"Oh, my, my!" came his shocked words. "One of them's Sharpson! I—I don't understand. Those other men are a couple of brutes from the Polish settlement."

After help had arrived in response to his startling message, and the man who could whisper kept muttering, Lawson bent his head to catch the husky murmur:

"Ve vas paid to do it."

"Eh?" said the operator. "By the man who robbed Dickson?"

The matted shock of a head moved affirmatively.

A pale faced young man hurried to Lawson's side. "Your wife is asking for you, Jack. Better take her home. I'll tend to the work. Ain't this awful?"

"Might have been worse," answered his friend grimly. "Much obliged, Harry. I'll get this little woman right out. Sharpson's gone; the others will live. Say, boy, if you ever refuse to kiss your wife goodby, just forget to take along your gun."

Harry stared at him, not comprehending, but he knows that story now, and every man on the D. P. and L. system has told his wife the tale of Kate Lawson's goodby kiss and how she saved her husband.

Australian Rabbits.

"The rabbit of my country," said an Australian, "will fight a circular saw, and that is one of the chief reasons why our government has been offering for years an immense sum of money to the man whose cleverness will rid us of the pest. There is no dog over there gritty enough to give them combat.

"In some remote sections of Australia we have a rabbit which is nearly the equal of the panther in size and which when aroused will whip any panther or other species of wildcat of its size as easily as a cat will crush a mouse. They carry off pigs, poultry and young sheep to their mountain lairs, and there is a tradition that they have, when assailed by hunger, attacked full grown men. At any rate, the people of these districts dread them to such an extent that they never fail to carry their trusty rifles along, even when paying neighborly calls.

"It is the odium these fighting bunnies have brought on the rabbit family that makes Australia so eager to be rid of the beasts. I suppose the kind you have in the States are quite bad enough, but for heaven's sake never allow any of our terrors to land on your soil lest they propagate and make for you the same miserable rabbit problem that has worried us so long."—Washington Post.

Peel Your Fruit.

The skins of fruit should never be eaten, not because they are not palatable or digestible or are unhealthy in themselves, but on account of the danger arising from microbes which have penetrated into the covering of the fruit. Everybody has noticed that at times a slight scratch will create a considerable sore on the human body. It is generally ascribed to an unhealthy condition of the blood, but a close microscopical examination will show that it is due to the presence of microbes thus introduced into the system. So with an apple, a peach, a pear or a grape. The fruit may be perfectly sound and healthy, but on the skin or covering may be microbes which, introduced into the human system, will breed disease. These germs are not uncommon; neither are they always present. It is possible to eat this covering without injury, but the danger is such that it is best not to incur the risk.

George Sand's Oddities.

George Sand, or Mme. Dudevant, the famous French woman writer, scandalized her literary friends by wearing men's clothes. "A long gray overcoat," she herself says she wore, "a woolen tie and—and—a pair of boots." These boots were her joy. "I longed to sleep with them. On their little iron shod heels I was firm on my feet and trotted from one end of Paris to the other." She also smoked in public cigarettes, even cigars, so that her teeth were much discolored. It was this outward mannishness that won for her the title of "Illustrious Hybrid." However, her hands were beautifully feminine. "It was," says one who knew her, "a delicate hand, all grace, tact, firmness and flexibility. One could not dream of a more perfect combination of the French working class woman's and the aristocratic or royal lady's hand." It will be recalled that George Sand boasted, "The blood of kings is mixed in my veins with the blood of the poor and lowly." She was, as she termed it, "astride" of the two classes, the peasantry and the aristocracy.

A Quaint Proclamation.

Somewhat over a hundred years ago George III. of England, with his court, went to Weymouth for his health. The mayor of Dorchester, a neighboring town, being much impressed by the expected arrival of the royal visitor, issued the following proclamation: "Whereas, his majesty the king and queen is expected to honor this ancient corporation with their presence in the course of their tower, in order to prevent them from meeting no impediment in his journey the worshipful the mare have thought proper that the following regulations shall be prohibited, as follows: Nobody must leave no dust, nor nothing in that shape, before their doors nor shops; and all wheelbarrows, cabbage stalks, marble stones, Irish potatos and other minerals must be swept out of the streets. Any one who shall give offense in any of these articles shall be dealt with according to law, without bail or mainprize. God save his majesty the king and queen and his worship the mare."

Sundial Maxims.

It is quite an interesting thing to learn that some of our best known proverbs and mottoes were originally used in connection with sundials. Before the days of watches and clocks, when dials and sun marks were among the rude means of reckoning time, it was a prevailing custom to inscribe them.

Among the maxims traceable to this source are, "Make hay while the sun shines," "The longest day must end" and "All things do wax and wane."

Sundials spoke the truth, as may be inferred from a historic one which was placed on St. Paul's cross, in London, and which proclaimed, "I number none but sunny hours." This no one will doubt who has had occasion to consult a dial on an overcast day.

A famous dial in Sussex, England, bore four famous mottoes applicable to the flight of time and the brevity of life. They were as follows: "After darkness, light." "Alas, how swift!" "I warn whilst I move" and "So passes life."

Another old sundial spoke petulantly about the same subject in the words, "Sirrah, be gone about your business."

The Messenger Of Cupid

By FORBES DWIGHT

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Ogden Patterson Trevor, with innumerable letters of the alphabet attached to his name and fellowships in innumerable dignified societies on both sides of the Atlantic, sat on the top rider of a rickety rail fence, a seraphic smile on his intellectual countenance and a disreputable brier pipe between his teeth. Before him stretched a vista of sloping fields and level meadow lands already taking on a hopeful green in the mellow warmth of the early spring sunshine.

O. P. Trevor was enjoying it all immensely. The air was soft and balmy; the sunshine warmed his blood, and, best of all, he was possessed of the pleasing sense of duty done, for the last corrected proof sheets of his latest technical work on antennae had been returned to the publishers, and at present there was nothing to do but idle on this rickety fence and drink in the glories of the day.

It had created considerable stir in this little community when the eminent young naturalist had decided to tarry here awhile and rest from his arduous labors on antennae. A number of women socially ambitious had arranged a round of receptions and teas in his honor, but these delicate attentions he deftly and politely evaded by quoting his physician's orders for absolute rest. It was a happy thought to armor himself thus with physician's orders before setting out. He smiled grimly as he pulled his battered old hat over his eyes. Rather a clever bit of strategy, he concluded. It effectually did away with the lionizing and left him free to dally in the courts of his beloved nature. He blew a great cloud of smoke and watched it trail away indolently.

Suddenly his whole bearing changed from one of idle repose to alert attention. He pushed up the hat; he took the pipe from his mouth; he leaned forward perilously on the fence and listened eagerly.

"No," he muttered, frowning in perplexity the while. "No, it can't be."

Then he listened again.

"It is," he declared. "As I'm a living sinner, that's a scarlet tanager. Phenomenal—most phenomenal. What on earth is the little beggar doing as far north as this?"

The plaintive, piping notes came from a clump of trees far down the field, and that his eyes might prove the theorem his ears had suggested Ogden Patterson Trevor slid from the fence and started cautiously forward to investigate. He had traversed scarce half the distance to the trees when a small bird rose from the branches and flew to another tree some distance away.

"Amazingly like a scarlet tanager," the pursuer ejaculated, "amazingly so!" And, being a man of some determination, O. P. settled down to the chase.

And the chase was a merry one. The man would be almost near enough to the bird's latest resting place to determine surely whether or not it was a tanager, when away the provoking bit of feathers would fly, with Ogden Patterson Trevor and his innumerable alphabetical distinctions in hot pursuit. He followed the flight across the open fields and through the brambly underbrush of a clump of woods; he wallowed through an alder swamp full of hummocks, and one of the hummocks was treacherous and sent him sprawling into a pool of muddy water. He lost his pipe and tore the rim half off the battered hat, but with unflagging zeal he followed the flight of the elusive bird.

Now, on the other side of the swamp was a sloping garden back of a substantial house, and in the garden was a pear tree, and in the pear tree the bird alighted. The tired, perspiring, disheveled naturalist saw the bird light on the branch, and he started cautiously thither, worming his way up the slope flat on his stomach. Carefully he worked himself to within a few rods of the pear tree where the bird was still perched. He lifted his head from the surrounding grass, took a long look in the direction of the pear tree and smiled beatifically.

"It is a scarlet tanager!" he exclaimed, with unbounded satisfaction.

"I've found you at last! So that's how you do it, eh?" exclaimed a triumphant voice close at hand. "Get up and stand just where you are."

Still smiling beatitudes, O. P. turned. Near another pear tree stood a girl—a charming girl, despite the cold gleam in her eyes and the tight lines about her mouth. In her hand and pointed at the man of science was a long barreled revolver.

O. P. Trevor did as he was bidden. He rose in a stupefied manner and stood before her—a ridiculous, mud stained figure.

"Is it loaded, madam?" he asked, with nervous dignity.

"If you attempt to take a step in any direction you'll find out," said the girl grimly.

"I don't understand," Trevor began.

"Neither did we understand where the lettuce and radishes from our hotbed went to, but we do now," she said significantly. "Oh, such contemptible business!" she burst out. "Of all thieves a sneak thief is the lowest and meanest. If you were hungry, why didn't you come to the kitchen? You'd have been fed for the asking."

Trevor drew himself up. "I wasn't after your garden truck," he said hotly.

"I suppose," said the girl, with cutting sarcasm, "you were taking a stroll for your health and that your manner of approach is your usual method of taking a constitutional."

"I was following a bird," said he, with a dignity that his appearance rendered futile.

The girl's merry laughter rang out at this. She held her side with one hand, and the revolver wabbled about absurdly in the other.

"Following a bird!" she tittered. "For that choice bit of originality I've half a mind to let you go. So poetic too! I suppose you follow birds the year round?"

Trevor fished in his pockets and by good luck came across a card, a card with the full alphabetical display after his name.

"Your surmise is quite correct," he said coldly and scaled the card so that it fell at her feet.

She picked up the card and read it. Trevor saw her start and heard her little exclamation of dismay. She glanced quickly at the man standing before her. Something in his face and bearing confirmed the bit of pasteboard in her hands. Her face went scarlet, and she dropped the revolver.

"Oh," she gasped—"oh!"

She turned and fled toward the house, with Trevor following her and shouting:

"I say! Oh, but I say!"

* * * * * * *

Ogden Patterson Trevor, with innumerable letters of the alphabet attached to his name and possessed of fellowships in innumerable dignified societies on both sides of the Atlantic, sat on the top rider of the same rickety fence. Beside him sat his bride. A seraphic smile lighted his intellectual face as he put out his arm and drew the girl to him.

"It was here the chase began," he explained.

He looked thoughtfully across the vista of sloping fields and level meadow lands.

"And to think I should have mistaken it for a scarlet tanager when it was the messenger of Cupid!" he chuckled.

"Speak For Yourself."

Lord Leicester of Holkham nearly a hundred years ago was a widower and in the latter part of his life nearly blind. He enjoyed an intimate friendship with his neighbor, Lord Albemarle, and had in his own mind selected Lady Anne, one of Lord Albemarle's daughters, as the future wife of his nephew and the mistress of Holkham.

One day Lady Anne came along to join his morning ride, and Lord Leicester seized the opportunity of asking her:

"Anne, my dear, how should you like to be mistress of Holkham?"

"There is nothing I should like better," answered Lady Anne, drawing herself up in her saddle.

"Then I shall send my nephew William to court you."

Lady Anne drew herself up still more and, tightening her rein, replied calmly, but very gravely:

"I shall not be mistress of Holkham on those terms."

It was then the old gentleman's turn to rein in his horse. He looked his companion hard in the face and asked her: "Why, you don't mean to say you would marry me?"

"Yes, indeed I would. And there is nothing I should wish more."

This was a wooing that was not "long a-doing," and it led to a most happy marriage.

Cracking of Trees.

The catalpa never shows the sear and yellow leaf in autumn like the sumac, hard maple, etc., for the reason that its leaves are caught in a green, unripened state by the first severe frosts. In one night their bright green is turned to a dingy black. This sudden check gorges the cambium layer and new wood of the stem with water. An excess of water swells the protoplasm of the cells to such an extent as to rupture the inelastic bark, and in trees where the cell structure of the wood is not ripe the crack will extend into the wood often with a noise like an explosion. This often occurs in the fall when it is not cold enough to stop plowing. Sometimes there is much loss in nursery in this way with varieties not fully ripe when the first frosts come. Sometimes, indeed, it injures very hardy varieties. In such cases the swelling of the protoplasm comes from the water absorbed at the ground surface when combined wet and cold come together in autumn. The cracking of cherries and pears comes from the same cause—that is, by absorbing water on wet days, causing an expansion of the protoplasm. With trees the best treatment is to cover the rupture with moist clay and then wrap to exclude the air as much as possible.

Right Hand and Left.

"There are few people who are not, in one respect or another, left handed, if only in the management of a coffee cup," said a writer. "I, for instance, always deal cards with my left hand, though I am left handed in no other discoverable manner. There is a well known artist in Philadelphia, too, who draws with his left hand, but who writes with his right.

"If the crucial test of supremacy is demanded and right and left hands come to the final court of appeal it will be found in the wielding of so simple a thing as a pair of scissors. The fellow who is really right handed can and may do many things with his left. He may instinctively use his left hand for his glass and ply his fork from the same side. But he cannot succeed in cutting the nails of the fingers of his right hand with scissors. There is something in a little pair of nail scissors which tries the human hand to its utmost capacity."—Philadelphia Press.

Ayer's
Why is it that Ayer's Hair Vigor does so many remarkable things? Because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair, puts new life into it. The hair
Hair Vigor
cannot keep from growing. And gradually all the dark, rich color of early life comes back to gray hair.
"When I first used Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was about all gray. But now it is a nice rich black, and as thick as I could wish."—MRS. SUSAN KLOPFENSTIEN, Tuscumbia, Ala.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Gray Hair

JAILS IN JAPAN.

Discipline Is Military In Form, but Reformatory In Spirit.

A Japanese prison is thus described: "Imagine a park or garden in the Japanese style, with dwarf trees, surrounded by a hedge instead of a wall. In this park one sees a group of Japanese houses like those occupied by the peasants. The prisoners are all at work, proportioned to their physical ability. Some are thrashing and grinding rice. Others are weaving coarse cloth of a dark red color of which the prison uniforms are made. The old and infirm are separating leaves of paper. All of them receive a percentage of their earnings. The younger prisoners are in school. The discipline is military in form, but in its spirit reformatory. There are few evasions, notwithstanding the ease with which they could be effected. One reason for this is the efficiency of the Japanese police, which is said to be the best in the world. The prisoners are divided into three grades and are differently fed, according as they are idle and refractory, amenable to discipline or exceptionally well behaved. The only other punishment is solitary confinement in a sort of dungeon, not exceeding five days. No prisoner may be discharged, however short his term of sentence, unless his family or friends assume responsibility for him. The result has been the organization of a large number of prisoners' aid societies."

FEVER HEAT.

The Reason Some Fruits Have the Effect of Cooling the Blood.

In health the temperature of the blood is constant, and even when spots and rashes appear on the skin there is no departure from the normal temperature unless there is a cause for fever, such as blood poisoning, the invasion of some microbe or serious disturbance of the nervous system. In fevers, when the temperature of the blood is raised, vegetables are never given, as they would not cool the blood, but might help to heat it.

Some fruits have cooling properties, as they contain citric acid, and this forms citrates in the blood and increases the perspiration. In serious fevers, however, it is much safer to give measured quantities of citrates to produce this effect than to trust to the uncertain action of fruit.

Fruit and fresh vegetables are antiscorbutics—that is to say, they are apposed to scurvy. The cause of this disease is not clearly understood, but it is certainly due to an absence of these wholesome constituents from the diet. The flushing of the skin, with spots and rashes, popularly called "heating of the blood," is relieved and effete matter is eliminated by their use, hence the popular phrase that they cool the blood.

SOAP BUBBLES.

The Method Newton Adopted In Measuring These Thin Films.

Sir Isaac Newton studied the colored rings in soap bubbles, which appear white at first and then, as the bubble is blown out, brilliant iridescent colors appear in zones around the summit till it becomes black and bursts.

These films Newton succeeded in measuring by their color, producing them by a plano convex lens on plate glass. At the point of contact was a black spot with some six or seven rings of light and dark colors alternately. The thicknesses of the dark rings he found proportional to the numbers 0, 2, 4, 6, and of the bright rings proportional to 1, 3, 5. The thickness of a sky blue film was found to be two-millionths of an inch; of orange red, eight; of violet, eleven; of green, fifteen; of purple, twenty-one, and of yellow, twenty-seven-millionths of an inch.

Messrs. Rucker and Reinold more recently confirmed this by measuring black soap films, which they find average three or four millionths of an inch. This, then, is a measure of the depth of water and the particle of soap which together make up the soap bubble film.

A Pretty Name For a Girl.

"You didn't think of the work we have to do when you christened it," said the Ebbew Vale magistrate's clerk wearily on Saturday when an applicant for a certificate of exemption from vaccination stated that his child's name was Caereiraelbbwyneth.

The Applicant—Can't you spell it?

The Clerk—I may get at it if you give me time. Is it a boy or a girl?

The Applicant—A girl.

"What is the meaning of the name?"

"I will tell you when I have more time."

A Welsh minister in court explained that the literal meaning of the name was "snow lover."—London Mail.

A Trick of the Trade.

Many of the local curiosity shops planted in the back streets of most county and country towns are simply kept up by large London firms who, from a prolonged study of human nature, have discovered that people who are shy of buying old furniture or old silver in Bond street or Piccadilly are ready and eager purchasers of precisely the same objects, at a rather higher price, when they come upon them in the back streets of a country town.—English Country Gentleman.

His Scenery.

Comedian—So our manager has been sick. What did the doctor say? Soubrette—Said he needed a change of scenery. Comedian—H'm! The doctor must have seen the show.—Philadelphia Record.

He Was Sincere.

Friend—What did he say to you when he proposed to you? Miss Rox—He said life without me meant nothing. Friend—He was sincere in that. That's just what his possessions amount to.

Not Her Fault.

Eva—I thought you were never going to speak to Harold again as long as you lived? Ciss—I know I said so, but it wasn't my fault that I broke the resolution. Eva—How did it happen? Ciss—He called me up over the telephone.—Woman's Journal.

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.—Whitman.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG 26, 1904.

THE BATTLE OF BULL'S RUN.

The first battle of the Civil War, where the "Boys in Blue" and the Grays got their initial smell of real hostile gunpowder, and opened the greatest civil conflict of modern times, was fought in July, 1861, in and around Manassas, Virginia, and it became necessary afterwards to consult history to find out which side, if either, were the victors. The field of military operations included Manassas, Groveton, Centreville, Sudley Ford, and other localities, each and all of which present about the same physical appearance and features today that they did 43 years ago when the Northern and Southern armies occupied them in mortal combat. The soldiers in both were generally raw recruits; but few of the officers had had any experience in actual war; and mismanagement was claimed on both sides.

But all that is history, nearly forgotten, except by those who participated in the battle; and the wounds and heartburnings which it caused are healed.

Woburn has an interest in that history. The Fifth Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers took an active and heroic part in the "Battle of Bull's Run" and in it were about 33 Woburn men, several of whom are still residents of this city. The Fifth, commanded by Colonel Samuel C. Lawrence, was the only Regiment of Massachusetts Militia, or 3-months men, which was in the fight, others being in Baltimore, and elsewhere.

After a lapse of 43 years the 5th are going to Bull's Run again next week, not the old Regiment that did the fighting there, but the same military organization with new and younger fellows in its ranks and at its head. Some, however, probably many, of the old soldiers, now venerable G. A. R. men, will revisit the scenes of the struggle for victory on that July day, 1861; tramp over the grounds they fought so bravely to seize and keep; and then sit down and think.

By order of the U. S. War Department two Divisions, eight Brigades, amounting to nearly 30,000 soldiers and 3,000 horses, will assemble on September 5, 1904, on the old battlefields of Bull's Run, under command of Major General Corbin, second in command of the U. S. Army, for 15 days of mimic warfare. Of these 5,000 are to be U. S. Regulars, and the balance the Militia of the States east of the Mississippi River.

The Fifth Massachusetts, of which Company G, of this city is a member, is assigned to the First Division, Brig. General Fred D. Grant, U.S.A., commander; First Brigade, Brig General T. J. Wint, U. S. A., commander; the Division to be stationed near Manassas. The roster for the grand military manœuvres gives the Fifth Massachusetts 53 officers, 773 men and 24 horses.

From September 5 to 20 Bull's Run battlefields of 1861 will swarm with the Blue and Gray, not to shoot each other on sight, but to take part, side by side, in the grandest military display that has been witnessed in this country since the close of the Civil War. The Bay State soldiers to be in it, are of the Second Brigade, of which the First, Fifth, Eighth, Ninth Regiments, and the First Battery, are the component parts. There will be on the old fighting grounds two opposing armies, each struggling to win, and the manœuvres will approach just as near real warfare as empty guns will allow. It will be a new practice to the soldiers, a school for the acquisition of military knowledge necessary to perfect them in the science of the game of war, and an experience of inestimable value which may never again come their way.

Besides, it should be a stimulous to patriotism, quicken their memory, and enlarge, if possible, their gratitude to the old soldiers who helped fight the "Battle of Bull's Run" in 1861.

Company G are enthusiastic over the prospect of taking part in this great military exhibition. To be sure, they expect 15 days of hard work and will go prepared for it; but to acquire military knowledge they are willing to work. The National and State governments pay all expenses of each soldier, and allows him pretty good wages while engaged in this duty.

Everybody hopes that the anticipations of the G boys of a good time will be fully realized.

IN BAD TASTE.

If seen in almost any other Boston paper a long and labored Editorial on the subject of a successor to Senator Hoar, printed at the moment when the distinguished statesman was hovering on the brink of eternity, would have given rise to no especial criticism; but to find such an article in the Boston *Transcript*, a hightoned stickler for the proprieties, was not only surprising, but grievous. Worse taste could hardly have been expected from papers vastly less respectable, and supposedly self-respecting, than the *Transcript*, which plumes itself on being the organ of Boston culture, and an exemplar of polite manners, and proper breeding.

DO YOU WANT A CHANGE?

Democratic campaign managers and orators are trying to convince the voters of the nation that the time is ripe for a "change." Every petty grievance against the party in power is magnified and every possible bugaboo concerning future developments is raised and waived in an effort to make the people believe that their interests and their welfare will be best subserved by abandoning Republican policies and adopting Democratic. The Democratic party completed a four years' term of power in 1896 and it may interest the voter, who is thinking the country needs a "change" to contrast the business of the Nation in 1896 with that of 1904. The figures quoted for the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1904.

Merchandise exports in 1896 were $882,000,000 as against $1,460,000,000 in 1904. Do you want a change?

The favarable balance of trade in Democratic 1886 was $102,000,000 as against $470,000,000 in Republican 1904. Do you want a change?

We imported $33,000,000 in gold in 1896 as compared with $99,000,000 in 1904, and we exported $112,000,000 in 1896 as against $81,000,000 in 1904. Do you want a change?

Our total foreign commerce in Democratic 1896 was $1,661,000,000 as compared with $2,451,000,000 in Republican 1904. Do you want a change?

The bank deposits in December, 1896, amounted to $4,945,000,000 as compared with $9,530,000,000 in December, 1903. Do you want a change?

J. Foster Deland

FIRE INSURANCE

OF ALL KINDS.

BEST COMPANIES REPRESENTED.

☞ An agent of Senator Appleton's visited Woburn last week for the purpose, it is supposed, of spying out the land. If reports count for anything, he seemed to have missed finding nearly all of the Republicans who could have best posted him on the Senatorial situation here, therefore, it is concluded that his mission was fruitless, or nearly so. It is understood that Senator Appleton derives considerable comfort in his canvass for a third term from the reports that Mr. Hill of Stoneham, who is a candidate for the succession, is meeting with serious opposition in his own town, and is liable to defeat in trying to capture the Stoneham delegation. But Mr. Hill's friends say there is no cause for alarm on his part.

How Senator Appleton will come out of the contest remains to be seen.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. C. Colman—Hay.
E. A. Dow—To Let.
C. E. Smith—Auction.
Clark & Cooper—Wanted.
F. P. Shumway Co—Smith & P.

— Please take due notice of Smith's auction sale in this paper.

— Edith Platts is spending the week at Rockport with the Yorks.

— Have you seen the Brien Heater sold by C. M. Strout & Co?

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

— Mrs. Forrest Richardson and daughters are visiting at Winthrop.

— Grapes, oranges and melons are on top at Crovo's popular fruit store.

— Div. 3, A. O. H. will run their annual picnic Labor Day at Pinehurst Park.

— Henry H. Barrett of Arlington Road has gone to the Barrett farm at Hanson.

— Crawford's ice cream is the boss, and everybody says so. He delivers it on orders.

— Miss Annie Wood, Assistant Librarian, is taking her vacation on Cape Ann.

— Geo. N. Parker and Frank Eaton have been stopping at Winthrop the past week.

— Fred Keen can't hardly wait for the great Bull's Run military exhibition next week. He's a Co. G man.

— Finer weather never laid outdoors than that of the present week. Simply delightful is everybody's verdict on it.

— William Roup of North Woburn, Capt. of the Fitchburg baseball team, will probably play with Haverhill next season.

— The alarm from box 46 at 8 o'clock last Monday evening, was slight on the railroad bridge at Montvale.

— Walter Hartshorn, Percy T. Strout, Harry Fellows and Chester Holland have spent the week at Winthrop.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Everybody is saying "what charming weather we had last Sunday, and everybody is right, it was simply glorious.

— Mrs. E. N. Blake of Abbott street, is visiting at East Pepperell, and will remain there some little time longer.

— Miss Carrie Spencer is to teach in a Wilmington school. She graduated from the Woburn High school in the '01 class.

— The Thompson property was sold to Fezette for a cent and a half a foot, instead of 3 cents a foot, as stated by us last week.

This is great malaria weather, but it can cut no ice with those who resort to Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets for a preventative.

— Rev. G. Edgar Folk, pastor of Orient Heights M. E. Church, East Boston, is guest of Rev. N. E. Richardson this week.

— Ald. Linscott has been mentioned in connection with the Mayoralty this fall. People say he would make a prime Chief Executive.

— The question is often asked: "Is Mr. Henry M. Aldrich to be a candidate for the Legislature again this fall?" Can't say as to that.

— Charlie Buckley, the veteran driver of the Gilcreast Hook & Ladder outfit, takes his vacation during the Readville races. He's there now.

— Mr. Fred H. Whitford, who stands in the front ranks of Y. M. C. A. and is a faithful and successful worker in it, visited here last week.

— Next Saturday at Randolph a team of men from the Edison Co. of this city will pull a tug-of-war with the winners of the two teams which are to pull at their annual picnic.

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

TELEPHONE, 173-3 WOBURN.

Don't Worry

ROOM 5. FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, WOBURN

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

— Read what the Boston Branch says in their ad about Cream.

— Miss Florence Sullivan and Miss Tessie O'Brien have returned from Magnolia.

— Jake Ahearn, the well known boxer of the South End, will go to Chicago soon.

— Hudson Grove is crowded with people seeking shady spots every Sunday afternoon.

— Miss Elizabeth Connors of Portland, Me., is visiting Miss Elizabeth Connors of this city.

— Mr. E. C. Colman advertises more hay for sale Note what he says about it in another column.

— E Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— Tom Duffy of the South End will probably do a turn at the A. O H. picnic at Pinehurst Park Labor Day.

— Mr. Edw. A. Dow advertises a good house to rent, No. 8 Church Avenue. Everything about it is all right.

— The Martha Washington, L. O. A., No. 12, trolley trip to Revere Beach last Wednesday was greatly enjoyed by them.

— If this city votes no license next December Hon. Eugene N. Foss will build a dozen more good houses in Highland Park. Otherwise, otherwise.

— Reliable observers report that the pear crop this year will be fully up to the average. The apple yield will be larger and of better quality than last year.

— Dennis C. Walsh and Edward Fountain, police officers, will doff their official regalia next Monday and go away on a vacation rest and season of pleasure.

— B. F. Kimball & Co. of N. W., are to occupy the Cummings factory corner of Main and Fowle streets for the manufacture of leather. They have been carrying on business at N. W.

— Ruth Williams made her debut into this city at 85 Montvale avenue, last Tuesday about 10 a m., where she was gladly welcomed by Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Williams; weight, 8 1-2 pounds.

— Chief of Police McDermott is reported as being absent from headquarters and enjoying his vacation. He earns a good one every year by constant and faithful attention to business.

Not many days are to elapse before Labor Day puts in its appearance. A week from next Monday will tell the story, if nothing splits, and preparations for it can't begin a minute too soon.

— A revision of the voting list in this city shows a falling off of 217 voters from last year. This is accounted for in several ways, no one of which is entirely satisfactory or pleasing to contemplate.

— Mr. Cyrus Chase, one of the oldest of the Boston & Maine locomotive engineers, and Mrs. Chase are taking their vacation in the Old Granite State, which is now holding its Old Home Week amid a blaze of glory.

— A wheel was stolen from the front of Munroe's Clothing store last Tuesday morning, which was owned by John Sweetser, a clerk in that store, and found by Officer Murphy early Wednesday morning in front of Moore & Parker's.

— Mr. Onslow Blackburn of the Men's Club of the M. E. Church and Bruce Eaton of the High school, who won the voting contest of the Woburn *News*, started for the St Louis Fair last week Wednesday. They will probably arrive home today.

— Mr. Richard Carton, the oldest passenger conductor in point of service on the Boston & Maine Southern Division, has been missed at the 10 a. m. Wilmington bound train for a week past He is reported as being somewhat under the weather.

— The new Wakefield Rifle Range, owned by a corporation of military men generally, of which Mr. J. M. Portal is Secretary, has recently been opened for business. It is said to be a fine one. Company G, 5th Regiment of this city are stockholders.

— A good sized audience gave close attention to and liked able sermons preached by Rev. E. F. Wheeler of Newell, Iowa, a son of Mrs. Frances E. P. Wheeler, and brother of Mrs W. W. Hill of N. W., at First church last Sunday morning and evening.

— Two of Postmaster Wyer's sons are to figure in the military operations on the Bull's Run battlefield, Virginia, next week. Arthur C. Wyer is Quartermaster of the Fifth Massachusetts Regiment, and Edward F. Wyer is a member of Co. G, same Regiment.

— Dr. French of Winchester, while trying to pass a horse and wagon driven by Mr. Eustace Cummings of this city was not quick enough and the result was Mr. Cumming's horse put his foot through one of the back wheels, which was of the bicycle make.

— Mr. Squire B. Goddard, the leading fire insurance man of this city, and wife returned from a month's visit among the White Mountains a few days ago well satisfied with it. Their place of temporary abode was near Bethlehem, where, Mr. Goddard, says an uncomfortably hot day was not experienced while they were there. The weather was charming all the time.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

— James Melvin, one of Toledo's, O., most popular merchants, who is quite well known here as brother of Mrs. Geo. W. Kimball and father-in-law of Mr. Clifford Hanson, came on to the G. A. R. Encampment and has been spending two weeks here among friends.

— The flowers which have adorned the desk at the Public Library during the summer and have been so much admired by visitors, are the gift of Miss Marion T. Hosmer and are the result of her own care and attention coming from her garden on Pleasant street.—X.

— C. E. Cooper & Co. are still doing business at the old stand in Mechanic Building, and a whole lot of it. E. g.: Last Tuesday they made one sale of residential property, placed two mortgages, and rented 2 houses, and looked over their shoulders for more that is coming.

— Mr. Paul Pierce, Superintendent of Food Exhibits, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and Editor of "What to Eat," will lecture upon the subject, "Pure Foods" at the coming Exposition of the United Commercial Travelers of America to be held at Mechanics' Building, Boston, next October.

— The Business Men's Association have decided that with two more Wednesday afternoon store closings, to wit, Aug. 31 and Sept. 7, the practice will cease for the present year. Ordinarially the closing season would end on Aug. 31; but, for some reason or other, it has been extended another week.

— Our esteemed contemporary, the *Times*, the official organ of the Woburn Democracy, has taken up the publication of music, such as songs, carols, glees, and 2-step productions so much affected by candidate Parker and Grandpa Davis, his running mate, and is quite proud of the success of its new departure.

— Judge John G. Maguire has got safely back from an agreeable vacation. The Judge holds the lucrative position of City Tax Collector, and holds it hard; but that fact is significant of nothing in connection with his recent outing, as the public will readily admit. We trust that he enjoyed himself while absent from this city.

— Edward A. Dow is the largest individual taxpayer in this city, his assessment being $2,468.78. Luke Warren Fowle comes next with a tax of $2,121.99 The largest corporation tax is that of the American Hide & Leather Co., $6,157 64; the Merrimac Chemical Co., $3,955 22; the B. & N. St. Ry. Co., $3,136 00.

— The JOURNAL is under profound obligations and hereby returns sincere thanks to a young lady whose residence is at 81 Pleasant street, and the first letters of whose name is Mildred Knapp, for a large mess of the finest vegetables that has been poured into the family porringer this year. They were all up-to-date and exceedingly toothsome.

— Dr. Defrieze, a former esteemed resident of Woburn and a successful medical practitioner here years ago, and Dame De are camping in the woods at Flagstaff, Maine, with the Mayor Davis family, and presumably enjoying their outing to the very top notch, providing always, that blackflies have given their camp the goby Flagstaff is great in every sense of the word.

—Agreements have been signed and money paid down at the office of E Prior, Real Estate Agent, for the sale of the Seviah Thompson estate, 82 Elm street, North Woburn, consisting of two tenement dwellinghouse, barn and about four acres of land. Also dwellinghouse, 11 Belmont street, with about 16,000 feet of land. Others to follow.

— Many people in this city are longing to hear a favorable report from the District Nurse Association. Has it slumped? Possibly not; but it should be pushed. This community need it, and there ought not to be any formidable obstacles to its success. President Davis should set his forces to work vigorously and give us the institution.

— It will puzzle the Democrats of the 28th Representative District to pick out a brace of gentlemen who can hold a candle to Riley and Nowell at the polls next November. The fact is, the ruling element of that party have no good Legislative timber on hand, unless Mayor Feeney should conclude to run, and the Republican candidates will have a walkover.

— A goodly number of the Veterans of Co. K, 39th Regiment, M. V., which was a Woburn company, attended the 39th Massachusetts Infantry Association's annual reunion at Nantasket Point last Friday, and gave a flattering report of it on their return. As near as we can ascertain the following old Woburn soldiers went down to the beach and enjoyed the occasion to the full: Samuel A. McFeeley, Streator, Ill., John H. Sheehan, Geo. Linscott, Dorchester, William P. Brown, Winthrop, Joseph W. Garfield, Lynn, Ferdinand Spokesfield, Worcester, Alvin G. Brown, Malden, Alonzo L. Richardson, Charles H. Johnson, John Gilcreast, Albert P. Barrett, Andrew R. Linscott, George E. Fowle, Abijah Thompson, William P. Warren, Albert H. Richardson, Chas. K. Conn, Rufus F. Poole.

— Winchester is having a severe experience with burglars. There were two more daylight breaks early this week, and the thieves are still uncaught. Of course, the light fingered gentry, like everybody else, knows that a whole lot of wealth is stowed away in Winchester dwellings, and perhaps the people are careless of it, but it does seem as though they might tackle some other place once in awhile, and give our pretty neighbor a rest.

— Having finished his nautical education under the tutoring of Capt. Sam Wellock, an old Boston pilot, and sampled the products of nearly all the clambeds along the coast, Mr. Charles A. Lewis started from Woburn for his home in Chicago with all sails set and favoring breezes following yesterday forenoon.

— One of the heaviest rainstorms of the summer put in an appearance here last Saturday and for several hours beat the "pourers" at a "pink tea." Incidentally it gave an object lesson on the inability of the Street Department and its engineers to keep the water of the gutters from flowing all over the highways. No city administration has yet been able to successfully cope with a heavy downpour of rain and remedy the evil of overflowing gutters.

— As soon as the people and trunks come up to Boston in full force from the beaches then the Boston & Maine Railroad will have to buckle right down to the smartest kind of work to send a big army of pleasure seekers to the Mountains for September. It can do the job with neatness and despatch, and furnish the pilgrims the traveling comforts of their lives. The Boston & Maine Co. give their patrons the best all round service in the world.

— City Clerk John H. Finn surrendered his office, with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging, into the hands of his faithful and capable Assistant, Miss Calnan, with Janitor Connolly as Aid, last Wednesday morning and joined the Massachusetts City Clerks Association on their excursion to Quebec and up the St. Lawrence River. The Association takes a trip every year, at their own expense, and have a real good time. Clerk Finn will return early next week.

— The organization of a Glee Club by some good singing boys of this city is a pleasant piece of information. It not only insures some fine music this fall and winter, but it is a good thing for the boys. The officers are: John Airey, President; William Gray, Vice-President; Solomon Hopper, Secretary; Earl West, Treasurer; Emanuel Matson, Harold Stevenson, Elliott DeLoriea, Executive Committee; other members—Fred Airey, Roy Brown, Bertine Winchester, John Chase, Homer Gates, George Woodside, Waldo Northrop.

— Some of the conductors on the Boston & Northern Street Railway lines have been arrested for unlawfully getting money out of the Company, and others are expected to receive like attention from the authorities. It is highly gratifying to be assured that none of the conductors on the Woburn and Lowell Division have been implicated in the sinful practice of robbing their employers. The moral atmosphere of Woburn would be likely to keep them straight under the strongest temptation to go wrong. But they are all honest chaps.

— The Rev. Frank P. Johnson was ordained in Christ Church Cathedral, New Orleans, Louisiana, last Sunday morning. He has many friends in this town who have watched his course with interest, having supplied for Rev Mr. Suter each summer for three years and last winter when Mr. Suter was ill he preached for him for two months.—*Winchester Star*. Rev. Mr. Johnson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Johnson of this city and is considered one of the best of Woburn's human productions. He has a well balanced mind, a thorough education, is orthodox in religion, and a good preacher.

— The First Baptist meetinghouse of Woburn will show up as handsomely in its interior decorations when the present work on it is completed, which will be in season for the opening of the postouting season of religious services, as any house of worship in this city, and far superior to the general average of church edifices. That is precisely as it should be. The Calvinist Baptist denomination is an old and honored one; its church here may fairly be included in the list of ancients; and it deserves the best things that are going. Skilled workmen, artists, indeed, have been engaged on its walls, ceilings, pews, etc., ornamenting them in the best style of the decorative art for weeks, and are making a new interior of it, so far as looks are concerned.

— At the Highland Park tract, (the Foss property) in its former natural condition has served for a free playground for the neighborhood young people; it has been suggested that the city might secure the lower portion of the tract of about two acres, which with a very little filling and landscape treatment will serve as a wholesome and attractive recreation ground similar to the grounds at Winchester. This suggestion by some of the Woburn Highlands people seems worthy of serious consideration. Now is the time for securing here and there desirable park features for Woburn, that the city may keep pace with the procession in the attractive suburban development which is shaping all around the circle of Greater Boston. These things pay in the financial policy of the city, as well as from the standpoint of the health and happiness of its people.—X.

— Mr George Buchanan of Bennett street, Chairman of the Woburn Board of Health, was the first shipper of American apples to Europe. That was in October, 1847, when he caused to be sent to Glasgow, Scotland, by the good vessel Ocean Monach, 5 barrels of the fruit, 3 of Baldwins and 2 of russets, as an experiment. Since then, a period of 57 years, he has shipped to Great Britain and sold there, apples every year, without a break, in quantities varying from 100 to 1,000 barrels, his most recent shipment having been made last January. It was while visiting Scotland, the country of his nativity, in 1847, that he discovered that Great Britain had no apples fit to eat, and that was the cause of the introduction of the American fruit into that country. Mr. Buchanan has been in the domestic and foreign wholesale fruit business nearly all his active life. That he raises fine pears on his home grounds, and is liberal in the disposition of them among his neighbors, the Editor and his family stand ready to make to oath in any Court of Justice.

Buckler—Stevenson.

Miss May Allen Scott Stevenson and John Thomas Buckler, both of Woburn, were married at the home of Mrs. Caroline B. Hayes, 568 Main street, Monday evening, Aug. 22 at eight o'clock.

Miss Stevenson, sister of the bride, was Bridesmaid, and Irving Buckler, brother of the groom, was Best Man.

After the ceremony had been performed by Rev. Norman E. Richardson, the party left for Medford Hillside, where their friends were waiting to receive them. After the reception, they left for a two week's trip Down East.

Mr. Buckler is a foreman in one of the Medford shops. They will reside at 16 Cotting street, Medford Hillside, where they will be at home after Sept. 10.

Local Notes.

— Fred Leathe and Edward Johnson are stopping at Winthrop.

— Chester R. Smith has spent his vacation in this city with relatives.

—Mrs. Emma T. and Miss E. Minnette Dow arrived home from Chicago this week.

— Frank Tracy of Porter street, this city, had his hand crushed while at work at Ed. Russell's farm in Winchester. He will not lose any fingers.

— Miss Cora Barrett held the lucky soda check and received a 2-pound box of chocolates at the Robbins Drug Co. last Saturday.

— Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Burnes arrived safely home last Sunday evening after a stormy voyage on the Steamer Calvin Austin from St. John, N. B., which put out to sea during the storm of last Saturday evening.

— The J. F. Deland Real Estate Agency has sold for Winthrop Hammond the estate 11 and 13 Garfield Avenue to C. H. Lewis who buys for investment The same Agency has rented 27 Beacon Street, and a house on Salem street to parties who will occupy them.

—Members of Co. K, 39th Regiment, held a reunion here a few evenings ago, at which there was quite a gathering of Veterans, including Samuel A. M. Feeley, of Streator, Illinois, and John H. Shehan of Pennsylvania. There were speeches, music, eatables, and a good time.

— The alarm from box 612 at 7.15 last evening was for a fire in the cellar under the C. E. Smith Real Estate Agency, corner of Main and Everett streets, which did considerable damage. W. F. Estabrook's bakery and J. E. Herrick, contractor, suffered somewhat by smoke and water.

The pith of President Roosevelt's speech of acceptance is found in the sentence: "We know our own minds and have kept of the same mind a sufficient length of time to give our policy coherence and sanity." There is no answer to that statement.

The Floating Hospital.

Last Wednesday was "Woburn Day" on board the Boston Floating Hospital, a noble charity instituted for the benefit of the sick children of poor people in all parts of the State. It is supported by contributions from individuals, societies and corporations, and productive of a vast amount of good.

Each year, usually in the month of May, the benevolent residents of Woburn, largely ladies, make a generous donation, generally more than $100, to the Hospital fund, which entitles them to a representation on the boat one day in the season, for which tickets are issued by the management, and are eagerly sought by those who crave the privilege of examining the work in which our people are deeply interested.

The Woburn representatives on the Floating Hospital last Wednesday were Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Hammond and their son, Joseph Hammond, Miss Kate Barker, Mrs Z. W. Atwood, Mrs. J. F. DeLoriea, Mrs. Charles F. Bradley of Brimfield, Conn., guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond; Mrs. W. S. Forshee of Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Evelyn Trull, who had charge of the Kindergarten Department, and members of the Woburn Press.

Our party of visitors were met at the boat by Rev. R. B. Tobey, Chairman of the Board of Managers, a true and courteous gentleman, and Mr. John R. Anderson, Assistant Manager, by whom they were cordially welcomed, and from whom they received every attention the heart could desire.

About thirty day patients, nearly all infants and little ones, were taken aboard before starting, in addition to which there were many permanent ones, who were attended to by a large corps of the best Doctors in Boston and about 40 nurses. During the trip to Pemberton the party were taken through the numerous wards filled with sick children, and the numerous appliances for their relief and restoration were shown and intelligently explained by Messrs Tobey and Anderson. It was highly interesting, and instructive, too.

At Pemberton the Hospital is anchored daily and a tarry made there to give the suffering patients further benefits from the salt sea air. From here return to the city is made. The Woburn visitors did not however, immediately come back, they, or the most of them, having accepted a cordial invitation from Mr. Hammond to go ashore and partake of a fish dinner with him and his family at a beach hotel. Woburn newspaper men were never known to decline an invitation to eat, and they eagerly accepted Mr. Hammond's, with thanks, and for once this season got their fill of good things.

Other guests of Mr Hammond's keenly appreciated his generosity, and relished the dinner he caused to be served.

The Woburn visitors were greatly interested in and edified by their trip on board the Floating Hospital, and were duly grateful to the Managers and attendants for the kind consideration which "Woburn Day" received at their hands.

The Secret of Success.

Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unfailing success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the two greatest enemies of health and happiness? Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders?—that it has proved itself the best of all liver regulators? August Flower has a matchless record of over thirty-five years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints—a success that is becoming wider in its scope every day, at home and abroad, as the fame of August Flower spreads. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by all druggists.

NOTICE

The depositors of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank are hereby requested to bring in or send to said Bank, during the month of August, 1904, their books of deposit for verification, agreeably to the Statutes of the Commonwealth relating to Savings Banks and Institutions for Savings.

See Revised Laws Chapter 113 Section 53, which reads as follows: "During the year 1901, and every third year thereafter, every such corporation shall call in the books of deposit of their depositors for verification under rules to be prescribed by their respective Boards of Investments, duly approved by the Board of Commissioners of Savings Banks."

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.
Woburn, July 8th, 1904.

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Beston and Lynn.

Justice for labor and capital is a corner stone of Republicanism.

WOBURN Souvenir Postals

16 VARIETIES

ONLY FOUND AT Whitcher's

At The Busy Bend

You have received one from The Fair, or Abroad why not return the compliment? 'Twill be appreciated.

Four For a Dime

Lady clerk to attend lady customers.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

LATEST STYLES, 1904

Spring and Summer Weights. Great Variety of Fabrics. For Gentlemens Wear.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

SPONGES!

We are displaying at our store a great variety of Sponges, including Mediterranian, Mandruka, Cuban Grass, and Surgeon's Silk Sponges. Also various sizes of Rubber Sponges for 25c. to $2.00.

If you are at all lucky, why not get a Soda Check and try for the two pounds of Chocolates this week.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

The best of everything at the lowest prices.
Green Stamps. Public Telephone.
Free Messenger service.

Burdett

BUSINESS and SHORTHAND

Colleges

BOSTON	LYNN
REMOVED TO 18 Boylston, cor. Washington St. Continental Clothing Building. Most Elegantly Equipped School in New England. Pat. Actual Business. Shorthand, Typewriting, English and all Business Studies. Normal Course for Teachers.	Mt. Vernon Street, Opp. B. & M. Station Planned to accommodate 500 Students. Only Commercial School in N. E. owning building it occupies. Same Courses and Methods as at Burdett College, Boston, at Slightly Lower Rates.

Situations for Students.
Pupils may begin on and after Sept. 6.
Call or Write for Prospectus.
No Solicitors nor Canvassers.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To Albert G. Ames, an absentee who formerly resided in Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, having property in said County; to all persons claiming an interest in the property hereinafter named; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to appoint Henry G. Gowing of Wakefield, in the County of Middlesex, or some other suitable person, receiver of the following described property of said absentee, and whereas a warrant to take possession thereof has issued to an officer who has taken and now holds the same, to wit: 1-12 interest in five lots of land situated in said Wilmington; 1-12 of mortgage on house and lot on Forest Avenue in said Wilmington; and 1-12 of mortgage on lot on Burlington Avenue and Chestnut street in said Wilmington:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of September, A.D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this notice once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be seven days, at least before said Court; and by posting a copy of this notice, not less than thirty days before said Court, upon each parcel of land named herein, and in two or more conspicuous public places in Wilmington, the town in which the absentee was last known to have been, and by mailing, postpaid, at least thirty days before said Court, a copy of this notice to said absentee, addressed to him at his last known address.

Witness CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Neil P. McLaughlin, otherwise known as Neal P. McLaughlin, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William E. McLaughlin, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of September, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

SMITH & GREGORY, Auctioneers.

PUCLIC AUCTION

ON

Wednesday, Aug. 31, 1904

At 2 O'clock, P. M.,

Will be sold a double house, 14 Arlington Road, consisting of 12 rooms, 17,000 feet of land, cemented cellar, connected with sewer.

This is one of the most desirable locations in the city for a residence, or a first-class investment.

$200 at time of sale.

For further particulars call at SMITH'S REAL ESTATE OFFICE, 439 Main St., Woburn.

DALOBE FARM CREAM 18c. Jar

5 cts. allowed for empty jars.

This is the best and cheapest Cream on the market.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

• 351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST.—No public service during August. The reading room will open Tuesday, Sept. 6.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Daniel March, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., preaching by Dr. March.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Mid-Week Service.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "Some Thoughts on the Christian Doctrine of the Incarnation."
12 M. Sunday School.
6.30 P. M., "Mt. Sinai—A Message of Legislation."
Wednesday, 7.42 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 19, William F. McClair, aged 48 years.

In this city Aug. 22, Patrick Murray, aged 60 years.

In this city Aug. 21, Michael Looney, aged 76 years.

Married.

In Woburn, Aug. 22, by Rev. N. E. Richardson, John T. Buckler and May A. S. Scott, both of Woburn.

For Brown-Tail Po'soning Use

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Relieves pain, itching, smarting and irritation and reduces inflammation. Physicians and nurses recommend and use it extensively. Stimulates the circulation and assists nature in making rapid cures.

At all dealers, 10c., 25, 50c., $1 00.

Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

National Bank Building,

Woburn, Mass. Notary Public

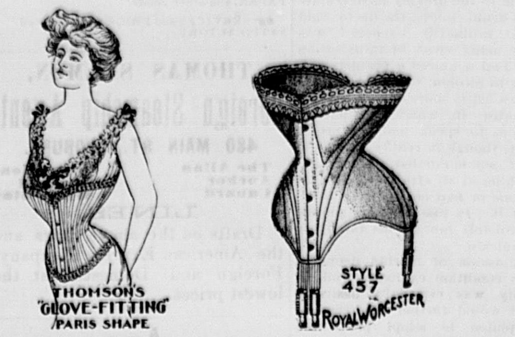
16 qts. of Plums FOR $1.00

Fresh from the trees: delivered anywhere in Woburn.

C. S. PRATT, Reading, Mass.
Sunnyside Nursery.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.

The Latest and Most Popular Models in Royal Worcester and Thompson's Glove Fitting Corsets.



In a Diamond Ring

You find pleasure. Your friends admire it. Your enemies envy you its possession. You enjoy it yourself. If reverses come or if you desire to dispose of it you can do so without much loss. Thus it is a safe investment. We have a fine assortment.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

NEURALGIA
PNEUMONIA
MALARIA
COLDS
GRIPPE
DR. GORDON'S
MALARIAL
TABLETS

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For Sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

Ayer's Pills Wake up your liver. Cure your constipation. Get rid of your biliousness. Sold for 60 years. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**
FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

An educational institution of the highest order, devoted exclusively to practical business training, will open its **Fall Term Sept. 6.**
Gregg and Benn Pitman Shorthand
Large and able faculty.
Four complete courses.
Advanced educational appliances.
Finest equipment.
Individual instruction.
Efficient employment department.
Reasonable tuition rates.
Open Now for Inspection and Registration.
Call or write for catalogue.
MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
30 Huntington Avenue, Boston
"Not the oldest; not the largest; just the best."

EDWARD K. SCOTT.
MANUFACTURER OF
Umbrellas, Parasols. Canes
REPAIRING.
Recovering, Fine Order Work.
Shades Made Up of Ladies' own material.
493 Washington St., Boston
Near Temple Place.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 151 5.

Our Bargain this week—
White and Green Castaglia Soap
in pound cakes.
Selling for 15c.
2 for 25c.
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

GOOD HOUSE TO LET.
No. 8 Church Avenue, 8 rooms, Furnace, Bath, Water. Central location. Rent reasonable.
E. A. DOW.
Enquire of A. J. Foster at Dow Block.

HAY! HAY!
First-class English Hay in lots to suit and delivered in Woburn. For sale at 71 Wyman street.
E. C. COLMAN.

For Sale.
An Oak Chamber Set, Mattress and Spring, a child's bed, 18 yards linoleum, 15 window shades.
F. E. COTTON,
92 Pleasant St., Woburn.

WANTED—Industrious man or woman as permanent representative of big manufacturing company, to look after its business in this county and adjoining territory. Business successful and established. Salary $20.00 weekly and expenses. Salary paid weekly from home office. Expense money advanced. Experience not essential. Enclose self-addressed envelope. General Manager, Como Block, Chicago.

MR. EDWIN N. C. BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio · First National Bank Building.
The Virgil Clavier System { A well trained mind. A hand able to do its bidding.
Church Organ practice privileges for rent.

Desk Room To Let
at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

It is Time to Inquire.

The revelations made by a recent government report relative to alum baking powders should cause every housewife to do a little thinking and some investigating.

The report of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station deals with fifteen brands of alum baking powders which are sold more or less throughout the country. In some brands examined one quarter of the powder was composed of ground flint rock, which appeared in sharp, needle-like splinters, making an exceedingly dangerous admixture in food. Various other evil substances in addition to alum appeared in other brands. Sulphuric acid to the extent of over a fifth of the entire powder was also found. Sulphuric acid is not permissible as an article of diet.

Alum, all physicians say, when used in food is deleterious to health.

It is purely no more than a wise precaution when buying baking powders to take only those well-known and reputable brands of cream of tartar powders, which the government chemists have certified to be pure and wholesome.

Literary Notices.

The August AMERICAN BOY, published by the Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Michigan, is noteworthy especially for its account of American Boy Day at the St Louis Exposition, July 5th, which was planned and carried out by the publishers of that periodical. Nearly five thousand people participated in parts of a five hour program on that day under the chairmanship of the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY. The participants in the program were mainly talented boys from various sections of the country. Half a dozen pages of THE AMERICAN BOY are given to a detailed account of the proceedings, splendidly illustrated. No boy, and indeed no adult, can read this account without feeling something of the inspiration of the occasion. The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY also announce in this number that they propose to try to make American Boy Day a permanent American institution in every city and country town in the country. This number also contains further chapters of The Blue Dragon, Kirk Munroe's thousand dollar story; and many other stories, sketches, poetry and practical papers. Published by The Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich. $1.00 per year, single copies 10c.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE for September is a vigorous expression of American life and interest, part fact, part fiction, all entertaining. Several serious articles give it commanding importance and character. Of these William Allen White writes of Roosevelt and the Postal Frauds, and in a clear and concise manner he tells the engrossing story of this great crime against the government and the manner of its exposure. Ida M. Tarbell gets at the very heart of the trust question in her Standard Oil History in a masterly paper on The Price of Oil. Here is what the consumer wants to know, how the trusts affects prices. New side-lights are thrown on the South during the Civil War in Memories of the Beginning and End of the Southern Confederacy, by Louise Wigfall Wright, daughter of Louis T. Wigfall, of Texas, a Confederate leader and statesman. John LaFarge continues his One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting. Frances Hodgson Burnett concludes her charming and fanciful story of child-life, In the Closed Room. Samuel Hopkins Adams carries two weary wordlings back to nature and first principles through a beautiful Realm of Enchantment. A thrilling war experience is narrated by Robert Alexander Wason in Babe Randolph's Turning-point. Charles Fleming Embree gives a splendid character sketch and a true picture of men and life in the Middle West in The Chump. This strong number is concluded with a page poem of unusual beauty by Florence Wilkinson, entitled To a Wood Path.

WINCHESTER.

The tax list lately published shows that Winchester abounds in wealthy people.

A considerable number of our vacationists are at home again, or homeward bound.

The G. A. R. Boys of this town marched in the grand parade of the National Encampment in Boston last week, and subsequently enjoyed the whole show.

The *Star's* reproductions of local news published in that paper years ago are quite entertaining to old and middleaged people here. Of course, the youngsters dont care much about what occurred in this town a score of years ago.

Hot days and cold nights are just the right weather conditions to bring on bowel troubles, and that is what we have been having of late. Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets are a sure preventative of those troublesome and dangerous diseases.

Eastern Felt Company is the new name of the Eastern Felt and Buffing Wheel Company of this town, which has recently become a corporation under the State laws. It is a prosperous manufacturing establishment which, from small beginnings, has grown into a large industry, with a plenty of patronage and a good prospect for future success.

Some folks thought it was remarkable that burglars should have made such an attack on this town, but I am of a contrary way of thinking. Winchester offers a good field for burglarious raids and operations, and our nocturnal visitors undobutedly knew it. Money is stowed away in our houses; good clothes fill the wardrobes; there is silverware and gems, knicknacks and vertu; why shouldn't the light fingered gentry come here?

Paragraphs.

No Republican convention has ever found it necessary to revise its platform to comply with a telegram of instructions.

Speaker Canon says the Republican motto is: "We move on," and he might have added that the Democratic motto is "We follow."

Candidates should be judged by the platforms upon which they stand and not by their personal views upon questions which concern the people.

It required a display of moral courage for a Democrat to declare for sound money in 1896 and 1900. Judge Parker supported the free silver candidate in those years.

The Democratic platform of 1900 said: "We are unalterably opposed to monometallism." That declaration has not been changed by the action of the party in national convention.

Democratic orators are insisting that Senator Lodge wrote the Republican platform. The Republican platform was written in the records of eight years of glorious party achievements.

"Our policy is continuous," said President Roosevelt in his speech of acceptance. The Democrats follow the plan of the vaudeville managers and present a new policy at each appearance.

Mr. John Sharp Williams says he does not know whether the Democratic double standard notion "is a corpse or in a trance." It is a corpse in the East but very much alive in the West, and some sections of the South.

Brown-Tail Poisoning.

Nothing gives such entire satisfaction for relieving the terrible itching and irritation of brown-tail moth poisoning and for reducing the inflamation, as CABOT'S SULPHO-NAPTHOL. Physicians and nurses have been most generous in their praise of this meritorious article as it is unequalled for affecting rapid cures. Sulpho-Napthol is also of great value for all insect and reptile poisoning, as well as for the many similar afflictions so common during the summer months.

MODERN MAGAZINES.

The Work That Must Be Done by a Successful Editor.

The poor editor who should be so fatuous as to depend for the contents of his magazine on the driftwood that came in to him would soon be replaced or his magazine would needs go out of business. Not only has the day gone by when editors sat in easy chairs and majestically sifted wheat from chaff in the piles of stuff sent prayerfully to them, but gone, too, is the day when an editor could sit in his office and plan a good magazine out of his inner consciousness. A good magazine today represents the skillful collaboration of several bright, keen men, or men and women, and its makeup is a nice medium between what the editors have reason to think their subscribers want and what they have reason to think their contributors can do best.

It is an important part of good editing nowadays to keep in as close touch as possible with the greatest possible number and variety of persons who write. It is part of an editor's business to keep well informed on all the new books and all his contemporaries among the periodicals—to know (better, perhaps, than the man himself knows) what kind or kinds of work any given man can best do and to have the knowledge filed away in his memory for ready reference. It is part of his business, too, to see and talk with, whenever he can, not only the persons who are trying to write for him, but all persons whose situation in life is at all interesting in a way which ought some day to make them valuable to him.—Clara E. Laughlin in Reader.

SPORTING RIGHTS.

Only Source of Income of Many Titled English Families.

Were it not for the enormous sums paid for fishing and shooting rights many people of ancient names and goodly title would, in the most literal sense, have no means of livelihood whatever, and only the other day one of the best known property agents of the west end of London drew up for the writer a list of a dozen people mixing in society of an exclusive kind, every penny of whose income is derived from the letting of sporting rights.

Nearly all the money thus expended has been made in commerce, and the agent referred to above showed documentary evidence proving that there are lots of men who do not mind paying as much as £100 for every deer, £3 for every trout and £20 every salmon they kill, plus the sport of killing them. One of the most remarkable features of this letting is the fact that only about one in every hundred of the owners of ancient sporting rights ever enjoys his privileges as a sportsman. He either prefers or is compelled to part with such privileges, and those who take advantage of them are nearly all people in business.

This renting of fishing and sporting has even extended down to comparatively humble people in the provinces. Many a small Yorkshire farmer is being kept, and well kept, not by his farming, but by the letting of some comparatively insignificant sporting right.—London Tit-Bits.

Holmes' Inspiration.

There is hardly room for doubt that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was encouraged to write his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" by reading "Table Talk"—being "The Discourses of John Selden, Esq., or His Sence of Various Matters of Weight and High Consequence Relating Especially to Religion and State." The work belongs to 1634-54 and treats of such topics as articles, baptism, Bible, bishops, books, ceremony, Christmas, clergy, confession, conscience, creed, duel, epitaph, faith and works, gentlemen, holy days, idolatry, Jews, juggling, king, law, lectures, liturgy, marriage, money, oaths, oracles, poetry, popery, presbytery, proverbs, religion, sacraments, trade, truth, university, wit and women. For the thousandth time, "Nothing new under the sun!"—New York Press.

Good Watch Stands Hard Knocks.

"The knocks a good watch may be subjected to and yet come out uninjured are most remarkable," said the jeweler as he attached his glass to one eye and peered into the workings of a timepiece. "This watch is supposed to have fallen a distance of more than a hundred feet, and I can detect not the slightest disorder. A few days ago a countryman brought a watch to me which he wished examined. He had lost it in a field, and it had lain out there, exposed to the elements, for six weeks, part of the time being submerged in water. It was in perfect condition, not even a speck of rust in the case."—Columbus Dispatch.

Animals' Love of Sweets.

This love of sweets is very common in our animal neighbors, from the bee to the horse. If you want to please a horse try giving him two or three lumps of sugar. Not only the bees, but the wasps, flies, butterflies and indeed nearly all insects, are conspicuously attracted to sweets, and it is this sweet tooth which leads the insect to visit flowers and thus help them to produce seeds.—St. Nicholas.

Thought.

"But you can't make a machine that will think."

"No," replied the inventor, "and I wouldn't if I could—if I thought it would think as some people do."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A bad memory often enables us to remember the things we should forget.

Old Tree Superstitions.

The old Teutonic and Saxon races in central and northern Europe, before the introduction and spread of Christianity, had a great veneration for trees. They would never willingly damage them. Under large trees, especially old oaks, the great councils were held and judgment given, and the graves of this people were found in groves, they always being buried under the roots of a tree. This all was a result of the superstition that their gods lived in those trees. In the linden tree Berchta dwelt, a benign spirit who took charge of the babies and rocked their cradles when the nurses fell asleep; in the oak, Donar, the thunder god; in the willows all sorts of spirits, in the elder trees the dwarfs. Whenever the festivals of these gods were celebrated their trees were decorated with lights, wreaths and questen (tassels), and offerings were hung in the branches, which, however, were plundered again when the festival was over, the gods being supposed only to appropriate the best.

THE MILK TEST.

How You May Discover if Your Digestion Is Perfect.

Milk is known to be one of the few complete foods. It contains the bone, muscle and fat producing elements and sustains the heat of the body. The milk of different classes of animals (mammals) varies in composition to suit the different requirements; thus mare's milk is richer in sugar, but lacking in protein, compared with cow's milk.

Another fact of interest connected with milk is found in the difficulty with which some persons digest plain milk. It is safe to say that should any organ, secretion or digestive juice fail to perform its free duty the milk consumed will not be properly digested. The reason for this is simple. Milk contains such a variety of compounds that all portions of the digestive system are called into activity for the digestion of these varied elements. The gastric juice attacks the cheesy matter; the pancreatic and intestinal juices digest the sugars and fats. This takes the milk through the stomach and the small intestines into the large intestine. The lower intestine digests wood fiber also. This alone of all the forms of food nutrients is not found in milk. Because of the facts above stated the ability to drink milk is a test of perfect digestion in nearly all cases.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE LEGEND OF JAPAN.

Origin of Dai Nippon, According to Shinto Mythology.

According to the Shinto mythology, in the beginning chaos reigned, and in it were contained the germs of all things. From chaos was evolved a race of heavenly beings termed "celestial kami," of whom Izanagi, a male, and Izanami, a female, were the last.

These two were instructed by the other deities to descend from heaven and beget islands, and to help them on their mission they were presented with a jeweled spear. Standing on a bridge floating in the ether, they reached down and stirred the brine and then drew up the spear. The brine that dripped from this weapon was heaped up and became the island of Onogoro, and on it the pair descended and begat several other islands.

The first of these was Hirugo, but as it did not meet with the approval of the deities it was put into a boat and allowed to float away. The next was the island of Awa, and so in succession were produced the remaining islands of the archipelago, now termed by Europeans "Japan," but by the Japanese themselves "Dai Nippon," "The Great Sunrise."

CAUSTIC CURVES.

Why a Napkin Ring Throws a Heart Shaped Reflection.

It is found that in concave spherical mirrors the reflected rays only come to a definite focus in the point, when the angular aperture of the mirror does not exceed eight or ten degrees. With a larger aperture the rays reflected near the edge cut the axis of the mirror at a point nearer its surface than those from points immediately around the center. This being so, and the curve of the mirror being continuous, a corresponding curve of successive focal points is formed in space, and can be rendered visible by the rays falling on a reflecting surface, such as a sheet of white paper or a tablecloth.

The napkin ring is a cylinder and possesses the properties of the spherical mirror along one diameter. The rays falling upon portions more remote from the center line are brought to a different focus from those falling nearer the center, and this produces the peculiar heart shaped reflection.

These figures are known as "caustics by reflection," and can be well observed by allowing the light of a candle to fall on the inside of a cup or tumbler partly filled with milk.

Cooper and the Poacher.

James Fenimore Cooper, once upon a day, caught a man on his grounds stealing some of his best apples. At the sight of Mr. Cooper the man began to run away. Cooper hailed him, and told him that he was not only doing wrong, but had wronged him, for if a stranger saw people slyly creeping into his grounds to get a few apples or vegetables they would come to the conclusion that he (Cooper) was a miserly, ill natured and niggardly person. If he wanted any such thing he should come in boldly at the front gate, like an honest man, fill his basket and freely receive with the best wishes of an open heart.—Schoolmaster.

His Sole Regret.

"You are not afraid to die, are you?" asked the weeping watcher by the bedside.

"No," whispered the chronic kicker, "but it does worry me to think that I shall soon be with the silent majority when all of my life I have so enjoyed being in the noisy minority."

Relaxation.

Mrs. Saltonstall—I feel tired to death this morning. I've been out till midnight the last four nights running. Mrs Walsingham—So do I. I have had company for two weeks now, and I'm all worn out. Let's go shopping.—Somerville Journal.

American Partridges.

In the north, where the ruffed grouse is known as the partridge, the bobwhite is called the quail. In the south, where the ruffed grouse is known as the pheasant, the quail is called the partridge.—Country Life In America.

Charm strikes the sight, but merit wins the soul.—Pope.

Athletics and Work.

Athletics are nothing but a spurious substitute for the manual and bodily labor which our athletic amateurs are forbidden to perform by the laziness, greed, snobbery and rapacity of their class. I could keep myself in perfectly good condition and temper if I might do a couple of hours' work every day as a navvy without "doing a poor man out of his job." As it is, I have to weary myself and waste my energy in bicycling and walking to places where I have no business, over roads which I have tramped until I am tired of them. I have to drudge through "exercises" to keep myself from becoming a human pig. I have even pulled at india rubber ropes until I could not bear the revolting absurdity of it, even without an audience to laugh at me. The whole business is too sickening for public discussion. Half the population lives miserably and breaks down prematurely from excess of bodily toil. The other half does the same because there is no bodily work left for it to do. That is what is called civilization.—George Bernard Shaw in London News.

ODD BURIAL CUSTOMS.

Some Strange Observances Among Australian Tribes.

There are some queer customs observed by the native Australians, their modes of disposing of the dead being noticeable and varied. When a mother loses a favorite child she carries the dead body about with her in a box or casing of bark until decomposition forces her to dispose of it either by burial or fire.

In the case of some prominent person of the tribe dying his nearest relatives cut off his hands and keep them as sacred remembrances, only parting with them after the odor from the dead members has become unendurable. Then they are thrown into a stream, hidden in a hollow tree or burned.

Women are held in such contempt among the Australian tribes that often they receive no burial at all, and it is a rare thing to see one mourned for by family and friends. But at the funeral of a man or boy the lamentations are loud and long, the female mourners being the most demonstrative.

With some of the tribes the practice of throwing the bodies of the dead over the branches of trees and leaving them for nature to dispose of is observed.

A CURIOUS PHENOMENON.

The Singular Noises at Nakous, on the Red Sea.

A singular phenomenon occurs on the borders of the Red sea at a place called Nakous, where intermittent underground sounds have been heard for an unknown number of centuries. It is situated at about half a mile distant from the shore, whence a long reach of sand ascends rapidly to a height of 300 feet. This reach is about 80 feet wide and resembles an amphitheater, being walled by low rocks. The sounds coming up from the ground at this place recur at intervals of about an hour. They at first resemble a low murmur, but ere long there is heard a loud knocking somewhat like the strokes of a bell and which at the end of about five minutes becomes so strong as to agitate the sand.

The explanation of this curious phenomenon given by the Arabs is that there is a convent under the ground here, and that these sounds are those of the bell which the monks ring for prayers. So they call it Nakous, which means a bell. The Arabs affirm that the noise so frightens their camels when they hear it as to render them furious. Philosophers attribute the sound to suppressed volcanic action—probably to the bubbling of gas or vapors underground.—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

THE BARN DOOR SKATE.

A Landlubber's Description of This Peculiar Fish.

The barn door skate beggar's description. I never could tell whether he was looking at me with his eyes or his breathe holes. He is a bottom fish and flat like a flounder. He has a triangular body, the apex of which forms the snout; opposite his snout are his tail and a few extra pieces of his overcoat, which kind nature has tagged on to him in case he gets torn and has to be mended. His tail is embellished with a few spines—this I know for a fact.

He has a couple of eyes a little way back of his snout, and right back of these are a couple of holes that extend completely through him. These holes connect with his lungs, or whatever he uses to breathe with, and have an uncomfortable way of looking at you at the same time as his eyes.

He has a mouth, too, but it is on the under side of him and convenient for business. It is a funny thing, with spines on the lips, and when you pull the lower jaw the upper jaw moves with it—a sort of automatic trap, not unlike what you can see in any ten cent restaurant. This is a landlubber's description, but it is enough.—Country Life In America.

THE WORD DOILY.

Originally It Was the Name of a Fabric For Summer Wear.

Though the word doily is now restricted in meaning to the small cloth that covers a dessert plate, it had originally a much wider signification. It seems to have been introduced as a cheap and fashionable fabric, specially for summer wear, about the latter part of the seventeenth century, for Dryden speaks of "doiley petticoats," and Steele in the Tatler mentions "a doyley suit."

The name has been long connected with a London firm, trading as linen drapers, in Upper Wellington street, Strand, who occupied the great old corner house next to Hodsoll's, the banker, from Queen Anne's time to 1850. Though their name happens to be the same as that of the stuff, there is no authority for linking the two together.

Wedgwood rejects derivation and suggests the Dutch dwaele, a towel, or, better still, the Swiss dwaheli, a napkin. The doily itself used to be called a "doily napkin" till shortened by customary usage.—London Standard.

His Person Sacred.

The person of the Korean emperor is sacred. If human hand touches him it is sacrilege, and the punishment for sacrilege is death. If the emperor touches a subject he becomes sacred. The emperor's name must be mentioned only in whispers. His portrait is never painted except after death. Then it is worshiped. Once a foreign ambassador sought to present the emperor with the portrait of his sovereign. But the minister for foreign affairs regarded the offer as an outrage, and the portrait was never accepted. The emperor's power is boundless; his word is law, and he owns everything, land and people, without restriction. A simple wish is a command.

Shopping In the Philippines.

A traveler in the Philippines writes: "There is no place where shopping is easier than in Manila, for it is almost absolutely impossible to buy anything you require. You can nevertheless purchase, if you are so inclined, everything you do not want—and soiled at that—at four times or so its normal value."

Oscar's Definition.

Shocked Mother—My boy, my boy, what became of that last piece of pie I left in the cupboard and told you not to disturb? Little Oscar—I eated it. Shocked Mother—And what would you call an act like that? Little Oscar—Disturbing the piece, I suppose.—Buffalo Commercial.

Not Fair.

White—I've noticed that the wicked generally get what they deserve. Black—And I've noticed that the good don't.—Life.

Between the Horns of a Dilemma.

He was walking to and fro on the station platform, and his anxiety was so marked that a friend inquired:

"What's the matter, Tibbs? You look as if you had something serious on your mind."

"I have," he replied. "I'm worried; badly worried. I've just found a dollar in my trousers pocket."

"You're the first man I ever saw that worried over finding money he didn't know he had."

"But you don't understand. I can't make up my mind whether I forgot the dollar or whether my wife slipped it in my pocket to try me. You see, she has been accusing me of keeping things from her. Now, if I were to blow this bill in without saying anything to her about it and it should turn out that she had played a trick on me my finish would be worth writing up. On the other hand, if I go to her and confess that I found it she'll simply take the dollar. I haven't been so worried in a month."—New York Press.

The Repulsive Squid.

Having caught a squid, a landlubber at sea thus describes him: "The squid is a small cousin of the octopus. He is about one foot long from the tip of his tail to the tip of his tentacles (extended). Normally he is of a pale tan and rich sienna, with darker spots, but he has the power to become if frightened almost colorless in an instant. In extreme fright he discharges a dirty brown secretion in the manner of his kind and escapes while the enemy is enveloped in the impenetrable smudge. The head is principally arms, with a formidable parrot-like beak in the center, while his eyes are located just back of the arm cluster. The tail is of the shape of a spearhead, with rounded barbs. I did not examine him very closely because of his snakelike tentacles, and, further, because his beak, rasping on the spear iron, was most unpleasant. We dropped him overboard, and I was glad to see him go."

Wild Dogs of Africa.

Of the wild dog of central Africa an explorer writes: "The wild dog is common enough. He is an ugly looking beast, with a pied body, coarse hair, short head and large, upright ears. These wild dogs play fearful havoc with game, occasionally clearing out whole districts precisely in the same manner as the red dhole of India, before which even the tiger is said to retreat. They have a wonderful power of scent, wonderful boldness, endurance and pertinacity, and their loose, easy gallop covers the ground far more quickly than it appears to do. They usually hunt in considerable packs, although I have sometimes met them in threes and fours. I have never heard of wild dogs actually attacking man, but they often behave as if on the point of doing so, and unarmed travelers have been literally treed by them before now."

A Monkey Detective.

A monkey brought a criminal to justice at Singapore some time ago. A native with a little boy, a bear and a monkey traveled lately through several villages in the Straits Settlements and made a good sum of money by his animals' tricks. One day he was found with his throat cut, the boy and the bear lying murdered close by, while the monkey had escaped up a tree. The bodies, with the monkey, were being taken to the police station when the monkey suddenly rushed at a man in the crowd, seized his leg and would not let go. The man seemed so alarmed and anxious to get away that the police became suspicious and searched him, with the result of finding part of the money belonging to the murdered native. The balance was discovered at his house.

Fruitful Normandy.

A traveler in France writes: "Normandy is sweet, clean, green and prosperous. Its iris crowned thatches are the most beautiful, its posy gardens the most sedulously nurtured and its farmyards the most enchanting in all France. Its cows are sleek and good milkers, its horses world famous and its blond women—even those seasoned by field labor—always sphinxlike and often fair. It is attractive, sensuously speaking, at every season, and the Normans, with all their droll fears for their pocketbooks, are not bad company in the long run."

Rare Ornithological Curios.

The catalogue of the Musaeum Tradescantianum, or Tradescant's museum, published in England in the year 1656, makes mention of many rare ornithological curios owned or left on deposit in that institution. Among the dozens listed three are especially interesting—viz, "two feathers from the tayle of a phoenix," "Easter eggs laid by a mayle barnyarde fowle" and "the claw of the bird roc, who, as authors report, is able to trusse an elephant."

Its Advantages.

Scene—Train stopping at small railroad station. Irritable Old Gentleman—What on earth do they stop at a station like this for? Objectionable Passenger (alighting)—To allow me to get out. Irritable Old Gentleman—Ah! I see it has its advantages then.

The Reason.

Little Son—Father, is there a reason for all things? Father—Yes, I suppose so. Little Son—Well, then, father, why do hens lay eggs? Father—Because they can't stand them on end.

Give Him a Chance.

The Elderly Lady—They say his wife has money. The Younger—Well, that isn't his fault. They've only been married a short time.

The man who is afraid his employer will not give him credit usually doesn't get much.—Atchison Globe.

A Happy Life.

The secret of a happy life does not lie in the means and opportunities of indulging our weaknesses, but in knowing how to be content with what is reasonable, that time and strength may remain for the cultivation of our nobler nature.

Material For His Story.

Magistrate—You are accused of stealing six reams of paper, three gallons of ink and five gross of pens. What have you to say to the charge? Prisoner—Your worship, I am a novelist, and I was merely collecting material for a new story.

A Loophole.

Lovell—Do you think a man should tell his fiancee all the indiscretions of his past life? Cynicus—Yes. Then perhaps she wouldn't marry him.—Brooklyn Life.

Who Got It?

Trolley Car Conductor—Did I get your fare? Passenger—I guess so; I didn't see you ring it up for the company.—Utica Herald.

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WOBURN

The Slave Of Sally

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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"And don't call me Sally."

"You said I could last week."

The tone was neither humble nor propitiatory. It was aggressive, almost indignant.

"That was a week ago."

"Well, what have I done?"

Again no contrition, merely wounded dignity. Sally trailed idle fingers along the surface of the water and raised her eyebrows with pitying disdain. There were none so blind as those who would not see.

"Nothing," she said.

"Then what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!"

Pemberton shipped his oars wrathfully and deliberately took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and folded a silk handkerchief inside his collar. It was not warm. It was hot. They were two miles and a half from camp. Across the shimmering, rippleless silver of the lake they could see the white tents among the pines and poplars, mere dots in the distance, and a faint line of violet smoke that rose straight in the air from Decker's tent. Pemberton eyed it as a signal of promise. It was after 1 o'clock. Dinner was ready. It was an excellent dinner, too, he knew, having fished most diligently for the star feature of it for an hour after dawn—fresh perch, fried brown, with delicate strips of bacon; boiled potatoes, snowy and flaky, with real home grown butter and eggs and cream from the farm over the hill. Pemberton was hungry. He looked from the signal of promise to Sally's averted face, and his thoughts were not translatable in the language of angels.

It had been her suggestion. For a week he had teased, coaxed, pleaded, implored her to let him row her across the lake to the lily field in the evening after supper, when the twilight was stealing over the hills and all the western sky was aflame with imperial purple and gold, to watch its mirrored beauty in the lake. It was the home of enchantment, of romance and tenderness. Above all, and by no means a small item when the thermometer is doing a daily dance up to 92 degrees, it was the hour of coolness.

Pemberton had longed and dreamed of how they two would glide and float over the shadowy water. There would be little said. They would listen to the good night of birdland mates echoing from shore to shore. Perhaps he would bring his mandolin, and while the boat drifted gently among the lilies he would woo her soul with melody. That would be the prelude. As soon as her eyes were tender and shadowy he would tell her the sweetest story.

It was a dream.

After declining courteously, decidedly and finally disdainfully to go for any old boat ride in the roseate afterglow Sally had suddenly made up her mind to go for lilies in the white hot glare of noontide. He had remonstrated gently. She had scoffed at his arguments. Perhaps he feared the ruddy tan and festive freckle. Sally didn't. Sundry fairy favors of cowslip gold that showed on her fair complexion showed it. Tan and freckles were trademarks of health and vigor.

If Mr. Pemberton did not wish to go for lilies he need not trouble himself. He could lie at full length under a pine and smoke his pipe. Come to think of it, she rather preferred the trip alone. And no one had asked him to go anyway. Finally she had calmly sauntered down to the beach, unmoored a boat, and, helpless as a galley slave, Pemberton had followed and proceeded to row three miles in a blistering sun.

Sally was delicious to look upon—a dark blue duck skirt barred in white, a white duck waist barred in blue, a rakish little white duck cap set on her bonny brown hair and a white silk parasol above her.

Pemberton gazed at her with the maddened desperation of reluctant adoration, sweltering in flannels, at the mercy of love's caprice.

Finally he referred, with mild sarcasm, to the interesting fact of its being warm.

"Are you warm, Mr. Pemberton?" asked Sally in surprise. "I feel so delightfully cool. You do look rather warm. Aren't we most there?"

"About half a mile more." He took up the oars again.

"You can rest while I pick lilies. I can punt the boat round and get them. You need not bother."

"Rest!" Bake, sizzle, while she took her time. He set his teeth grimly and steered away from a willow snag.

"Too bad we couldn't have brought along two boats."

"Why?" Her eyes were full of innocent inquiry.

"So you could get all the lilies."

"Mr. Pemberton," Sally spoke severely, "you came on your own invitation. There is not the slightest necessity for any display of wit. Ever since we started you have been disagreeable and discourteous, and you were unwilling to go in the first place merely because I wished it. I have noticed the whole week that you have really taken a pleasure in dictating to and opposing me."

"Sally—I"—

"Haven't you been dictating as to when I should come here and pick lilies? You wanted me to come at dusk, when there are mosquitoes everywhere, and the frogs make that awful noise."

Pemberton groaned and scowled. His hour of enchantment a time of frogs and mosquitoes. Any girl who would say a thing like that was utterly soulless.

"Didn't you oppose my going today?"

"Sally, you are"—

"And don't call me Sally."

The rest has been said. Pemberton shipped his oars and looked upon life in a cynical spirit of isolation and silent bitterness. Not another word was said until they reached the lilies. Standing up, with one oar he punted the boat in among the pads and clinging, twining stems that clustered under water with the insidious entanglement of a nixie's tresses. So closely lay the dark green leaves that no water was visible, only here and there the lifted chalice of a lily in its perfumed glory of green and white and gold.

Still there was silence, and both picked the blossoms industriously. The bottom of the boat was nearly half full. Sally had tucked a half blown bud in her belt and was humming softly to herself. Her cap was discarded, her sleeves rolled up to her shoulders, and over each small ear was a large, starry lily, stuck hap-hazard in the folds of brown hair. Pemberton took a side glance at the picture and sighed.

"Tired?" asked Sally graciously.

He cast a handful of dripping lilies recklessly down at her feet.

"No, I'm not. You know what's the matter with me just as well as I do myself, and you glory in it. I never saw a girl yet who didn't."

"Didn't what?" She buried a dainty, freckled nose in the golden heart of a fresh trophy.

"Didn't glory in deviling the life out of a poor fellow when she knew he loved her to death."

"No one has told me that he loved me to death," Sally's tone was demurely disinterested.

"Sally, darling, you know I do."

"Mr. Pemberton, I do wish you wouldn't. You don't know how uncomfortable you look, and I don't want to listen."

"Well, I do," retorted Pemberton defiantly. "I've been in love with you ever since you came to camp, and you've tortured and teased and ordered me about just because you knew I was overboard and couldn't help myself."

"Oh, look at that beauty over there!" cried Sally. "I want it."

"Sally, darling"—

But Sally was reaching for the lily with the crook end of her parasol, and before Pemberton, caught off his guard in a conflict of emotions, could reach her she had slipped with a soft splash into the lake, and the green leaves had closed over her head.

He was after her in an instant. They were near the shore and the water was only slightly above his waist, but it was a very wet, wilted, helpless young person whom he lifted in his arms, and the clasp of her arms around his neck was reassuring and most pleasant.

"Oh, Jack," she gasped. "Put me back in the boat, quick."

Pemberton glanced at the boat. It was quite eight feet away. His chin raised a trifle higher, and he smiled. An enemy would have said he grinned, and that there were triumph and delight in the grin, as he suddenly discovered a chance for a strategic move.

"Sally, darling." He tightened his hold on the slender figure in drenched duck. "I won't put you back in the boat until you have heard what I want to say. Now, don't get angry and indignant, because if you do under the circumstances I think I shall either drop you back among the frogs or else"—

Sally ceased struggling and lay passive, lashes closed.

Her very helplessness made him suddenly remorseful.

"Dear, you know all I can say, don't you? And you do care a little, I know you do or you wouldn't treat me so. Sally, you're getting heavier every minute. Please say yes. Sally, darling, if you don't hurry I shall either drop you or kiss you."

There was no answer, but the shadow of a dimple in the cheek nearest him. Sally was smiling. For a brief instant something happened—merely a second's lull in the cosmic whirl, but it changed all the world for two. Pemberton put her gently and tenderly back in the boat among the lilies.

Napoleon to Talleyrand.

"You are a thief, a coward, a man without honor. You do not believe in God. You have all your life been a traitor to your duties. You have deceived and betrayed everybody. Nothing is sacred to you. You would sell your own father. I have loaded you down with gifts, and there is nothing that you would not undertake against me. Thus for the past ten months you have been shameless enough, because you supposed, rightly or wrongly, that my affairs in Spain were going astray, to say to all who would listen to you that you always blamed my undertaking there, whereas it was you who first put it into my head, and who persistently urged it.

"And that man, that unfortunate (he was thus designating the Duke d'Enghien), by whom I was advised of the place of his residence? Who drove me to deal cruelly with him? What, then, are you aiming at? What do you wish for? What do you hope? Do you dare to say? You deserve that I should smash you like a wineglass. I can do it, but I despise you too much to take the trouble."

The foregoing is, in an abridged form, the substance of what M. de Talleyrand was compelled to listen to during this mortal half hour, which must have been a frightful one for him if one is to judge of it by the suffering felt at it by those present, none of whom ever subsequently referred to it without shuddering at its recollection.—Pasquier Memoirs.

Whistler's Refined Revenges.

In "Whistler as I Knew Him," Mortimer Menpes, the author, has a good deal to say about Whistler the fighter and his quickness in resenting an affront. He is careful to add that Whistler was always refined in his methods:

Still, he was not actually brutal. He never treated his enemies in a coarse way. Any man who had offended him Whistler would rap sharply over the shoulders with his cane, and then, by the time the sufferer had recovered, the master would be in the next room explaining to every one how he had just felled his enemy. Once he caught a man, with whom he was for the moment enraged, washing his face. Without a moment's hesitation Whistler dashed the unfortunate head straight into the basin of water, and while the foe was endeavoring to clear the soap from his eyes to see the cause of this sudden immersion Whistler was in the smoking room setting the men there in a roar with the account of his adventures. When I first met Whistler he was in the act of searching for a man who had dared to criticise his Venetian etchings. "If you want to see some fun, Menpes," he said, "come with me." Fortunately the man had been warned and was nowhere to be found.

Mary, Queen of Scots.

Beautiful she may not have been, though M. de Brantome would never allow it; but fine, fine she was all over—sharply, exquisitely cut and modeled; her sweet smooth chin, her amorous lips, bright red where all else was pale as a tinged rose; her sensitive nose, her broad, high brows, her neck which two hands could hold, her small shoulders and bosom of a child. And then her hands, her waist no bigger than a stalk, her little feet! She had sometimes an intent, considering, wise look—the look of the Queen of Desire, who knew not where to set the bounds of her need, but revealed to no one what that was. And belying that look askance of hers—sly or wise or sleepy, as you choose—her voice was bold and very clear, her manners were those of a lively, graceful boy, her gestures quick, her spirit impatient and entirely without fear. At this hour she was nineteen years old and not two months a widow.—From "The Queen's Quaire."

BRILLIANT SWORDPLAY.

Italy Is the Home of Fencing as a Refined Art.

Although the Germans were always redoubtable at the rougher games of swordsmanship, it is in Italy that we find the first development of that nimbler, more regulated, more cunning, better controlled play which we have learned to associate with the term fencing. It is from Italy that fencing as a refined art first spread over Europe, not from Spain, as it has been asserted by many writers.

It is in the Italian rapier play of the late sixteenth century that we find the foundations of fencing in the modern sense of the word. The Italians—if we take their early books as evidence and the fact that their phraseology of fence was adopted by all Europe—were the first to perceive, as soon as the problem of armor breaking ceased to be the most important one in a fight, the superior capabilities for elegant slaughter possessed by the point as compared with the edge. They accordingly reduced the breadth of their sword, modified the hilt portion thereof to admit of a readier thrust action and relegated the cut to quite a secondary position in their system. With this lighter weapon they devised in course of time that brilliant, cunning, catlike play known as rapier fence.

The rapier was ultimately adopted everywhere by men of courtly habit, but in England at least it was not accepted without murmur and vituperation from the older fighting class of swordsmen.—Cornhill.

MEASURE HIS FINGER.

If It Is Longer Than Yours, He Will Rule You When You're Wed.

It is rather late in the day for this bit of advice, but the girl who thinks of marriage should take the precaution of first measuring the forefinger of her lover with her own before she commits herself irrevocably. If his forefinger happens to be longer than her own she would best reject him, for she will never rule her own household, the rule being that whichever has the longer forefinger becomes the ruling power in this home. One engaged girl, upon being told of this test, carefully measured fingers at once, and, upon finding that her fiance's finger was much longer than her own, stoutly declared that she didn't care. "She didn't want to rule the house anyway!" The man breathed freely once more. It was this very same girl, however, who was observed to make special and strenuous efforts to set her own right foot upon the church step before the groom, and to place this same foot upon the carpet before his! It is a sure sign that whichever sets foot first upon the church step and upon the carpet at the altar will rule the house!

Which offers a solution of the "longest forefinger" problem! Avoid as you would the pestilence the tying of your shoe in a carriage upon your wedding day. It is "unlucky!"—Exchange.

London Doctors' Fees.

Discussion by London newspapers of doctors' fees has brought to light some curious information. "I know a man," one doctor is quoted as saying, "who has a guinea practice in Harley street, a five shilling practice in Kensington and a sixpenny practice in Seven Dials."

In Clapton, a poor quarter of London, fees of twopence (4 cents) are said to be not unknown. One newspaper remarks: "Of the twopence fee it might be said that it brings sickness within the reach of all. In Clapton, at any rate, there is no excuse or justification for any one being well."

This same newspaper says, "Now that flats are so fashionable the doctor's difficulty in guessing the paying ability of his patient is enormously increased, flats being alike the refuge of the wealthy and the indigent."

A Bit of a Blow.

"I suppose you have encountered worse gales than this?" asked an inquisitive passenger of the sailor man during a very moderate bit of a blow.

"This yere ain't a gale," responded the salt. "Why, I was onct in the bay o' Biscay when the wind blew all the paint off the bulwarks. It took four on us to 'old the captain's 'at on 'is 'ead, and even then all the ankers was blown off 'is buttons. That was a blow for yer. Why, even"—

But by this time the curious passenger realized that he was being guyed, and he did not give the imaginative tar the chance of finishing his interesting narrative.

His Bravery.

"Oh, George," sighed the romantic girl, "I wish you were like the old time knights. I wish you'd do something brave to show your love for me."

"Gracious," cried her fiance, "haven't I agreed to marry you, and me only getting $20 a week?"—Exchange.

Genial Jane.

Jane—After looking at me for a minute or two Harry said, "Do you know, Jane, that a veil improves you greatly?" Carrie—Not very complimentary. Jane—No, but what pleased me was the fine tact he employed in imparting an unpleasant thought.—Boston Transcript.

Did His Best.

In the absence of the regular society reporter the dramatic critic of the Daily Chronicle was detailed to "write up" a wedding. "I'll do the best I can," he said, "but I feel sure I shall make a botch of it." This is what he turned in, omitting the preliminary remarks about the size of the audience and the delay in beginning the performance:

Mr. Burnside, in the role of the bridegroom, acted the part in a stiff yet listless manner. He has a good stage presence, but mars the effect by a total lack of animation and an almost inaudible voice.

Miss Jones, as the bride, was much more effective. Her costume was bewildering, yet true to life. If one may venture to criticise, her effort to overcome her obvious stage fright was a trifle too evident. She was in good voice, however, and her enunciation was clear and distinct.

It must be confessed that both Miss Jones and Mr. Burnside were deficient in their lines and had to be prompted almost constantly by the Rev. Jabez Simpson, who, as the officiating clergyman, was decidedly the star of the performance.

Genuine Imitation.

"Well, I made the sale, all right," said the new salesman.

"But you lied to her," protested the proprietor. "You told her they were genuine Irish laces"—

"No, I didn't. She simply said she didn't want any 'bogus imitations,' and I assured her ours were genuine." —Philadelphia Press.

TO KEEP FRIENDS.

Be Interested In Them, but Never Descend to Curiosity.

If you would have friends be interested in them.

There is a difference between interest and curiosity. Never be curious.

Interest asks nothing, but is glad of others' joys and sorry for others' misfortunes. Curiosity seeks to find more than is written upon the surface, seeks it for the purpose of distribution, for innocent slander.

One's friends like one to be interested. They detest one who is curious.

To be interested in those one meets needs but to wish them well.

To see the best of those about us will cause us to wish them well.

To our wellwishers we pour out our joys and sorrows. They are interested. They understand.

The interested friend always understands. The curious acquaintance never sees through motives. The curious one is blinded by his own interpretation of causes and his prejudiced view of results.

Don't, therefore, seek to know what is hidden. If your friend conceals something from you he has a reason for doing it. Prove your interest and your lack of vulgar curiosity by trusting him in spite of the concealment.

Those who are truly interested and never curious are surrounded by friends.—Detroit Tribune.

A CITY WITHOUT TAXES.

All Its Expenses Are Paid by the Income From Its Property.

In the Black forest of Germany is the little city of Freudenstadt, with about 7,000 inhabitants, a busy industrial place with iron and chemical works of some importance.

Small as it is, Freudenstadt is a full fledged city, with a mayor, aldermen, half a dozen policemen and a fire engine. The public business is conducted on an economical basis, and the total expenses do not exceed £5,000 in a year.

Freudenstadt has the distinction of being the only city in Germany and perhaps in the world which does not tax the citizens a shilling for municipal expenses. The yearly net revenue from the public property covers all the expenditure.

This property consists of about 6,000 acres of fine forest, which, being managed under the best forestry methods, is a permanent source of income. One or more trees are planted for every one that is cut down. No tree is cut till it can yield the maximum profit.

After deducting all the expenses of the industry the annual profit to the acre is about £1.—Pearson's Weekly.

BRIEF TWILIGHT.

At the Equator It Lasts Only a Little Over an Hour.

As twilight is caused by the refraction of the atmosphere, without which we should be instantly in darkness at sunset, all parts of the earth have twilight, though of varying duration. When the sun has sunk eighteen degrees below the horizon no more light can be refracted anywhere, but the path of the sun at the equator is so nearly vertical that its disappearance is proportionally rapid.

The shortest twilight at the equator is one hour and twelve minutes at the equinoxes in March and September; the longest is one hour and nineteen minutes at the solstices in June [illegible] December.

In London from May 22 to Ju[illegible] it is twilight all through the night. No wonder, with a disparity so great, people speak of night in the tropics as coming on almost suddenly. Farther north still, in the Shetlands and Norway, we speak of the midnight sun, where men never lose sight of the orb of day and twilight is unknown.—London Spectator.

Early Action In Tuberculosis.

The whole secret of success in the treatment of tuberculosis is to so increase the resistance of the patient as to bring about the arrest of the tuberculosis process and to prevent secondary infection. Early recognition and proper management in the beginning of the disease are the chief elements of cure. If the family physician encourages the hopeful patient to believe that "it is only a bad cold" and that it "will wear off," or when warm weather comes he will be "all right," he not only seals the patient's doom, but fails to take advantage of the opportunity presented today for the cure of consumption.—Suggestion.

The Demand Was Granted.

A certain city in England sent a deputation to Charles II., who was very ill, soliciting some favor. The orator, without any mercy to the sick man, made a long, tedious discourse. "Have you anything more to say?" asked the merry monarch impatiently. "Nothing," replied the orator, "except that if you do not grant our request I am instructed to recite my speech over again." Charles ordered that all his demands should be freely and instantaneously complied with.

An Exposure.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "a lie can be acted as well as told. Now, if your father was to put sand in his sugar and sell it he would be acting a lie and doing very wrong."

"That's what mother told him," said Johnny impetuously, "but he said he didn't care."—London Tit-Bits.

The Original MacIntosh.

"MacIntosh boasts a good deal about his family, doesn't he?" "Yes; I think he claims that the head of his family was the original MacIntosh that Noah had with him during that rainy season."—Philadelphia Press.

Gifts at Baptism.

Gifts to infants on their baptism are of ancient origin. Formerly the sponsors generally offered gilt spoons to the child. These spoons were called apostle spoons, because the figures of the twelve apostles were carved at the top of the handles. Rich sponsors gave the complete set of twelve, while for those who were not so opulent four was considered the proper number, and poor sponsors would content themselves with offering one. In the latter case the handle of the spoon generally exhibited the figure of any saint in honor of whom the child received its name. It is in allusion to this custom that, when Cranmer professes himself to be unworthy of being sponsor to the young princess, Shakespeare makes the king reply:

"Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons."

The mug or spoon and fork offering of the present day appears as a very debased survival of a really beautiful christening offering.—Westminster Review.

THE AMIABLE MULE.

A Few Words of Praise For This Much Maligned Animal.

"After a lifetime of close association with the mule," says an old military official, "I have never known him to kick a man, nor have I ever met a man who knew another man of his own knowledge who had been kicked by a mule.

"This is a bold statement, but it is true nevertheless. You can question soldiers of the army everywhere, and I confidently predict that they will bear me out in this. I know I am uprooting a popular belief, but I ask you to stop and think and see if I am not doing our mule friend a deserved justice. Horses' kicks are plenty. Mule kicks are as rare as promotions. Were you ever riding at night on the prairies, far away from comrades and camp, weary, looking for the distant twinkling campfires not to be found? Did you ever at such a time see your mule friend lift his tireless head and blow his resonant trumpet of discovery of the sought for haven? He has not seen it, but he has smelt it, and in a moment is trotting a bee line for the distant picket line and forage ration. Were you ever riding across a dreary, dry, dusty country, thirsty, no water in sight and its whereabouts undiscovered? Throw the bridle loose on the mule's neck and give him his way. He will take you to water as unerringly as a carrier pigeon wings its way to its roost."—Nebraska State Journal.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

Its Invention Was the Result of a Cut on the Finger.

An accident—a cut on the finger—caused Edison to invent the phonograph, or talking machine.

Mr. Edison told the story of this invention to a reporter. At the time, he said, he was singing into a telephone, and in the telephone's mouthpiece he had placed, for safe keeping, a fine steel point. Suddenly this point cut his finger. He found, to his surprise, that it had been moving here and there and roundabout, guided by the vibrations of his voice.

He placed a strip of yellow paper under the steel point, replaced it in the mouthpiece and said the alphabet. The steel, while he spoke, ran over the paper, and for each letter of the alphabet it made a different mark or scratch.

This was what Mr. Edison had hoped for. He now held the steel point still and drew the paper scratches slowly over it. There was given forth, very faintly, the alphabet as he had repeated it.

Thus the principle of the phonograph—the registering and the reproduction of the voice's vibrations—was discovered through the cutting of a finger. It was Edison's finger, though, that was cut. Smith's or Brown's might have been quite hacked off and no phonograph would have resulted.

Nose Musicians.

Of the Tagbanoua, a tribe on the long narrow island called Palanwan, in the Philippines, Mr. Landor writes: "Most musicians of other nationalities play wind instruments by applying them to the mouth. The Tagbanoua plays them with his nose! The lantui, a reed flute, has two holes, and one nose piece at one end of the cane, at the joint. The lantui is pressed by the thumb against the left nostril, the right nostril being held tightly closed by the first finger of the hand. The Tagbanoua nose is so flattened at the base and has such expanded nostrils, elongated at the side, that it is especially adapted for this purpose. The Tagbanoua musician can get in this fashion some sweetly pathetic sounds—by far the most melodious sounds I have ever heard from any body's nose, and he is even bold enough to attempt, with success, too, a trill."

A Fussy Nuisance.

Of a prominent lecturer of London an acquaintance says: "On one occasion he was the guest of a friend of mine, a busy Liverpool merchant, and when the popular lecturer returned from the hall he asked for all sorts of impossible dishes and liquid concoctions peculiar to abstainers, a demand which somewhat upset the routine of the household. When in bed his nervous temperament was tried; he could not bear the ticking of the clocks, so he paraded the house in the small hours of the morning and stopped them all. In consequence of this the servants had to be roused by violent bell ringing. But the guest was not to be distressed, so he arose again and ordered the servants back to their rooms and locked them in and then went back to bed."

A Relic of Barbarism.

In ancient times it was the custom of the victors in a battle to decorate their doorposts with the skulls of the vanquished. With the advance of civilization of course we no longer continue this bit of barbarity, but the custom has not been allowed to drop altogether, as is seen by the stone balls which are often set on gateposts, a relic of a barbarous idea of long ago. In certain parts of Africa the skulls are still used as decorations. Whole villages may be seen with the doorposts of the houses surmounted in this grewsome fashion.

Finds Some Drawbacks.

"I suppose you enjoy the freedom from care that a fortune brings?"

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "it's good to have money. But if I hadn't got rich I wouldn't have had to study French or learn to pronounce the names of Wagner's operas."—Washington Star.

Even.

Tramp—Honestly, sir, I don't know where my next meal is comin' from. Citizen (gruffly)—Neither do I! It is certainly not coming from me!

Nothing Left.

"I have had lots of friends who were guilty of mutilating books they had borrowed from me, but my latest experience was the most novel of all."

"What was it?"

"I lent Mrs. Blanks my dictionary a few days ago, and yesterday she returned it without a word!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Its Beauties.

"Do you now appreciate the beauties of civilization?"

"Yes," answered the barbarian. "Civilization is a great institution. But, as in the case of other large enterprises, it's usually best to be one of the promoters and get in on the ground floor." —Washington Star.

He Was Afraid.

The Bride—Tell me now, dearest, when you proposed weren't you a little nervous for fear I should say "No?" The Bridegroom (who has married for money)—I should think I was. Why, I owed nearly $5,000, and my creditors were getting awfully pushing.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 28.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings xix, 1-8. Memory Verses, 3, 4—Golden Text, Ps. cxx, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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The adversary is always on the alert and wonderfully well informed. How much the great adversary, who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, knows of the affairs of God and His people one cannot say, but his knowledge is not to be made light of, and we must not only have on the whole armor provided for us, but we must diligently watch and pray that we may resist him and not be overcome by him. He is neither omnipotent nor omniscient, but our Great Deliverer is both; therefore we may always be victorious. So weak are we in ourselves, however, that the moment we take our eyes off our Lord we will be sure to fail, as Simon Peter did when he saw the winds and waves and at once began to sink instead of walking triumphantly on the water, as he might have continued to do had he continued to see Jesus only (Matt. xiv, 28-31).

Elijah had done nobly, wonderfully, and a mighty victory had been granted him, but now he is seen fleeing for his life from a wicked woman. He could trust God to care for him by the lonely brook and in the poor widow's home and securely to hide him from the wrath of Ahab; he could stand fearlessly on Carmel against all the prophets of Baal, but now, seeing that Jezebel was determined to take his life, he seems to forget the power and care of God, the living God, before whom he stood, and, leaving his servant at Beersheba, he flees to the wilderness. In ourselves we are utterly nothing. It is only in the Lord that we can be strong and overcome. Uzziah was marvelously helped till he was strong; then in his own strength he failed (II Chron. xxvi, 15, 16).

Poor Elijah, overcome by the strain that had been upon him, weary in body and in mind, needing rest and perhaps not knowing what ailed him, sat down under a juniper tree and said to God: "It is enough. Now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers" (verse 4). Many a one has wished that he was dead, but it was a foolish wish, for the Lord knows what is best for us and has assured us that we shall never be tried beyond what we are able to endure (I Cor. x, 13) and that trials are among the best things that can come to us and will make us sure of the crown of life if patiently borne (Jas. i, 12; Rev. ii, 10). It is easy for us to see the folly of Elijah, but this is written for us that we may not be guilty of similar folly.

Oh, the blessed ministry of angels, who excel in strength, doing His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word—His ministers who do His pleasure! (Ps. ciii, 20, 21.) They sang at His birth in Bethlehem, ministered to Him in His temptation, strengthened Him in Gethsemane, waited upon Him at His resurrection and ascension. They visited Abraham in company with the Lord Himself, were seen in vision by Jacob and are wonderfully prominent in God's dealings with men. They bring heaven very near to earth, for our Lord said concerning His little ones, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father who is in heaven." They are ministering spirits, always ministering to the heirs of salvation (Matt. xviii, 10; Hab. i, 14). The elements have no power over them, and they go and come like lightning. In our resurrection bodies we shall be equal to them, but in position far beyond them.

Find the proof texts in Dan. ix, Ezek. i, Acts xxvii, Luke xx, Rev. iii and rejoice in the presence of such companions who serve unseen and unthanked—not our departed friends, but angels who were created such and always have been and will be just, ministering spirits. Only two are mentioned by name, and both names are found in Daniel and one name in Luke i. Again the angel waked him and fed him, and in the strength of that meat he went forty days and forty nights to Horeb, the mount of God (verses 7, 8). Whether you shall ever hear the voice of an angel or not or see one before you leave the mortal body, do believe in and thank God for their loving ministry.

How great the strength imparted to Elijah by that meal! God could have strengthened him without the food, but He is pleased ofttimes to use ordinary means in accomplishing His purposes. He has angels enough to proclaim in all the world the glorious gospel in one day or less, but He sees fit to use such earthen vessels as we are. Who would not desire to be a vessel meet for the Master's use and ready to every good work? (II Tim. ii, 21.) But we must never be cast down nor discouraged, for He whom we serve shall not fail nor be discouraged (Isa. xlii, 4). The work is His, not ours, and we simply dwell with the King for His work (I Chron. iv, 23).

We must learn to do as Moses was told to do at that same "Horeb, the mount of God"—put off our shoes from our feet, for the place is holy. When we tread upon anything, it becomes ours (Josh. i, 3), so putting off our shoes means that it is not our affair, but His. We must not attempt to manage or interfere, but only trust and obey and see neither people nor circumstances, but God alone (Mark ix, 8; Ps. lxii, 5; Isa. ii, 22). As to wishing to die, Elijah never died, and we may not (I Cor. xv, 51). One moment at a time do as occasion serve us and leave all to God.

How Indians Interpret Dreams.

According to one authority this is the interpretation Indians give to certain dreams:

If you are a young man or woman and dream of flying low it is a sure sign you are short lived, and it is time you were preparing your little business to do your flying at some other place. If you dream of flying among the house tops or just above, you will reach the fifty or sixty notch.

If you dream that you are away above the tree tops, then you are good to live up into the nineties, and if you dream that you are bumping the stars with your gourdhead, then you will reach the century notch. To dream that you are solid with a black eyed beauty is a sign that you will kill a fine buck deer before you sleep again. To dream of blood means also meat in the pot. To dream of your would be mother-in-law breaking a bow over your head is a sure sign that you will not be her dear beloved son-in-law. If you dream of eating sofky with a deceased friend, make your will before another sun goes down.—Kansas City Journal.

ALCOHOLIC CRIMINALS.

The Dreamy Mental State That Leads to Murder or Suicide.

In a paper on the criminal responsibility of the alcoholic the medical officer of Pentonville prison said that "no one becomes mad when drunk who is wholly sane when sober."

Referring to the dreamy mental state of morbid drunkenness, the doctor said that what ordinarily happened was that after many years of intoxication the individual acquired a peculiar susceptibility to alcohol, so that relatively small doses led to more or less lengthy dream states, in which the patient might seem to speak and act pretty coherently, though in reality he was in a sort of somnambulistic state and knew nothing at all afterward of what he had done or had only a hazy recollection of it. In one of these phases he will probably murder his family or attempt suicide.

The admission of morbid drunkenness as a condition excluding full responsibility was especially desirable in that it would further the trend of public opinion to adopt preventive measures against the criminal alcoholic. When, therefore, the chronic alcoholic had once shown the disposition to dream states with impulsive tendencies, especially homicidal or suicidal, he ought to be dealt with on the same footing as the impulsive epileptic—immune from ordinary punishment, but unfit for ordinary freedom.—London Globe.

STAINED GLASS.

What Old Makers Got by Accident We Now Get by Design.

There are no lost secrets in the art of making stained glass, though at one time the art itself was in abeyance, so that when Winston, with the aid of Messrs. Powell & Sons, sought to revive it they found that much of its tradition had died out.

Modern science proved equal to the task of solving the mystery. It was soon discovered that the artistic merit of old glass was due to its chemically imperfect composition, for it was irregular in thickness and color and also striated and flecked with air bubbles. The light coming through it was therefore broken up and deflected, as if by an infinite number of tiny prisms, and hence came its lustrous richness of tone in comparison with the crudity of chemically perfect material. What the old makers got by accident the modern get by design.

Old glass has one advantage due to its age and its lack of uniformity. Some particles, being more alkaline than the rest, have been washed out of it by the rains of ages, and it has been left on the weather side rough and "fritted;" hence have come more prisms, more refraction and softer, mellower colors.—London Standard.

Took the First Tow.

John H. Hamline of Chicago was one of the foremost advocates of civil service reform in that city, says the Outlook, and was instrumental in securing the passage of the law that established the merit system there. Although the mayor who appointed the first civil service commission was notoriously hostile to the measure and planned to render it useless, Mr. Hamline did not hesitate to accept a place on it.

"How can you compromise with the opposition," he was asked, "by getting on a commission like that, which will have no power?"

"When I am going anywhere," he replied, "I do not wait for a star. I hitch my cart to anything which happens to be going my way."

It is worthy of note that, having climbed aboard his cart, he managed, to the mayor's amazement, to keep it straight in the path of municipal reform and made the law effective despite all opposition.

How Horace Walpole Dressed.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, says the author of "Social England," a fashionable gentleman ordinarily wore a toupee of curls raised high over his forehead. For daily wear most gentlemen were dressed like George I., dark tie, wig, plain coat, waistcoat and breeches of snuff colored cloth and stockings of the same color; for ceremony, like Horace Walpole, in a lavender suit, the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver or of white silk embroidered in the tambour frame, partridge silk stockings, gold buckles, ruffles, lace frill and powdered wig. The linen for shirts was bought in Holland, costing from 10 to 14 shillings the English ell.

Corelli and Caine.

Marie Corelli's first story, "A Romance of Two Worlds," which made her name, was sent to the London publishing house of Bentley. Hall Caine was the principal reader of that house, and his report condemned the book so strenuously that it was rejected. Miss Corelli was deeply discouraged, but after some time she was persuaded to send the manuscript to another publisher. He accepted it eagerly and made a big fortune out of it and out of her later novels.

Letter Perfect.

Rustic poets do not always find rhymes come easily and naturally. At least the following epitaph in a country district would seem to suggest it:

Here lies the body of William Lee.
This was him, this was he.
A B C D E F G.

Nevertheless there is no fault to be found with the actual rhyme as such. --London Globe.

Now They Are Strangers.

Edyth—Jack proposed last night, and after I accepted him I thought he would never stop kissing me. Mayme—How nice of him! But, then, that's the way he always does.

The Cynic.

"Married yet, old man?"

"No, but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married."

"It's better, if you only knew it."

No Hustler.

"He has a head for business, and yet he doesn't succeed."

"That is because he has no feet for it."—Cleveland Leader.

His Umbrageous Past.

"He talks a great deal about his family tree."

"That may account for the tales I've heard about his shady past."—Philadelphia Press.

When the heart is won, the understanding is easily convinced. — Simmons.

Willing.

Bertie—I would kiss you if I thought no one would see me. May—Shall I close my eyes?

All power, even the most despotic, rests ultimately on opinion.—Hume.

Business Cards.

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SLUGGISH RIVERS.

The Volga Falls Only About Three Inches Per Mile.

Considering its length the Volga is the most sluggish river. In 2,325 miles it falls only 665 feet, or slightly over three inches per mile, while at one point about the middle of its course the bed is fully fifty feet below sea level. Thus all the water to that height above the bottom must be still, save when stirred by floods.

The Volga also is singular among great rivers in having no mountainous course. It rises among marshes and lakes, and is so sluggish even then that a dam has been erected, which makes it navigable from its sixty-fifth mile onward. Almost within the historic period it must have been an offshoot from the Caspian, which then stretched far into the interior of Russia, drying up into a series of river connected lakes. The Volga has taken the place of these, along with many of their characteristics, including a general sluggishness.

The Scheldt is proverbially a slow river and is practically lost in a maze of canals, but its fall from source to sea is about fourteen inches in its total length of 249 miles.

THE NAME BLACKGUARD.

It Was Originally Applied to Link Boys and Servants.

The earliest record of the term blackguard is in the churchwarden's account of St. Mary-at-Hill, London, where, under date 1532, is, "Item, received for iiij Torches of the Black Guard iiijd." This and the following old lines seem to show that the name was then applied to linkboys:

Her Cupid is a blackguard boy
That rubs his link full in your face.

The name was also given to menial servants in the king's kitchen. In the "Calendar of State Papers" is the following entry: "Aug. 17, 1535, Sir William Fitzwilliam to Mr. Secretary Cromwell—Refusal of the workmen to work for less than sixpence a day. Two of the ringleaders had been for some of the time blackguards of the king's kitchen." These "blackguards" were responsible for all cooking utensils and coals.

According to Miss Strickland, the historian, the scullions of the royal kitchen were for many centuries clad in black and were called the blackguards of England.

Loud Voiced Africans.

The timbre of the voices among central Africans is usually good—deep and strong in the men, very melodious and sweet in the women. One notable peculiarity about the people is the forced key in which they always carry on conversation. The ordinary quiet tones of civilized speech are scarcely ever heard among them. They literally shout, and, such being their habit, it is a matter of indifference to them whether the person to whom they are speaking is close by or twenty yards away. "They are most tireless chatterers," says a traveler. "I doubt whether any other people in the world talk so much or laugh so much. Their laughter is particularly healthy, natural and unrestrained, a most exhilarating sound."

The Roman Forum.

There were many forums in Rome, but the oldest and most famous was not created like a building at a certain time. The Forum Romanum was originally the lowlands between the Palatine, Capitoline and Quirinal hills, used as a meeting place for barter and politics by the tribes living on the hills named and on other hills near by. The development of this crude trading place and neutral ground into the Roman forum of later times was very gradual and irregular.

Unable to Compare.

He—Miss Kitty, I've heard it said that a kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt. Is that so? She—Well, really I don't know. I can't tell, for in my life I never— He—Now, now, Miss Kitty! She—Never ate an egg without salt.

Time's Changes.

"Is the story you have written a historic novel?"

"No," answered the litterateur in hard luck. "It's a modern novel now. But I guess it will be historic before I get it published."—Washington Star.

You never know how long a man's memory is until you have offended him.—Atchison Globe.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 6, 1904.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY–To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05, P.M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.05, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.20, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 3.25, 5.29, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.58, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.20, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.13, 9.49, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.15, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P.M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.31, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

9.13 P. M. to Boston in effect June 27, 1804.

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Week Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 7.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15 a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 . p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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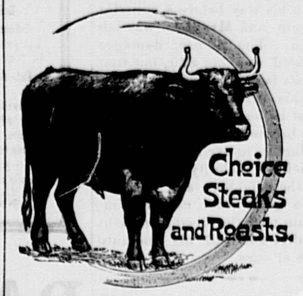

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after June 27, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.07, 6.22, every 15 minutes until 9.52 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.52 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 11.07 A. M then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 9.07 P. M and then every 30 minutes 12.37 A. M

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 8.37; then every 15 minutes 9.37 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.07, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 10.07 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour until then 12.37 A. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

THE ..... INTERRUPTED FLIGHT

By S. L. TINSLEY

Copyright, 1904, by S. L. Tinsley

"Tomorrow then at the latest, but it would be worth a thousand dollars more to you if you could leave on the midnight train."

Mr. Factore took up the roll of papers and started toward the door.

"If you change your mind so that you can manage to leave tonight, why, call me up, will you?"

Mr. Franklin Thickerton, who was opening and closing the drawers of his desk, turned around hastily.

"Yes, yes, I'll see, my boy, I'll see!" Pierce Factore nodded his head, and was about to leave the room when Mr. Thickerton whirled around suddenly in his chair, with an expression of dismay upon his thin, smooth face.

"Eloise! What will I do with Eloise?" Pierce Factore uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Marry her to some one!" exclaimed Factore in exasperation, hardly knowing what he was saying. To his amazement Mr. Thickerton seized upon his idea with delight.

"By George, the very thing! Glad you thought of it. I'll attend to it at once. Perhaps, after all, I'll be able to leave on the midnight express." Then, whirling his chair around, Mr. Thickerton applied himself to work.

Having finished his letters, Mr. Thickerton hurriedly rang the bell and then impatiently awaited the arrival of his daughter, Eloise. Eloise Thickerton was a tall, slim girl, with a pale face, large gray eyes and short, curly, light brown hair. When she entered the room in answer to her father's summons, she looked about her with a frightened expression. A summons from papa meant something extra.

Mr. Thickerton was always too busy to say more than good morning or good night to his daughter. When Eloise had closed the door, her father began speaking.

"My dear, I must leave at once for Russia on business. I may be gone months, and I may be gone years."

Eloise grasped her father's arm in surprise.

"Papa!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I must go at once. This deal means much money for me. Therefore I have sent for you to tell you that you are to be married at once—this evening by 8 o'clock at the latest. That is all, my dear. You run away. I am busy, very busy!"

Poor Eloise! The room swam before her eyes. She sank into a chair, because she could not trust herself to stand.

"Papa, dear—dear papa, what do you mean?"

Her voice was so pitiful that even her busy father found time to turn around and look at her.

"There, there, my dear, don't fret; it will soon all be over."

Eloise shuddered. "Papa, dear, you don't mean it, do you? You're just teasing me, aren't you?"

She clasped her hands. He did not look at her, but shook his head and drummed nervously upon the desk.

"There, there, my dear, run away now and don't bother me. I am very busy. But remember, be ready by 8."

Eloise walked sadly toward the door. Then she hesitated and looked back timidly at her father.

"Whom am I going to marry, papa?"

Franklin Thickerton did not understand his daughter's question, and he was too busy to ask her to repeat it. So he answered absently, "Never mind, my dear, never mind."

Eloise silently left the room.

One hour later Franklin Thickerton was sitting in Judge Wilton's office. The judge listened while Mr. Thickerton talked. The conversation concerned Judge Walton's son.

"You have always favored a marriage between Eloise and Harry. As I start for Russia tonight and have no one with whom I could leave my daughter, why not let us have the marriage performed this evening? What do you say?"

The lawyer looked at the judge.

"What does Eloise say?" replied the judge.

"She will do what I say."

"Very well, Harry shall be on hand at 8 o'clock tonight."

The two men shook hands, and Lawyer Thickerton hurried away to make the final arrangements for his journey.

At a quarter before 8 o'clock the Thickerton household was in a state of excitement. Eloise was missing. The housekeeper was weeping in the sitting room. The lawyer had locked himself in the library. The servants were huddled together whispering in the kitchen.

Eloise had left the house an hour before, and her father had expected her to return in a few moments. She had not returned, and the housekeeper had found a note in her room addressed to Mr. Thickerton.

This note informed the lawyer that his daughter would not be married that night. She had gone away and would never again trouble her father's business arrangements. She expressed the hope that he would be successful with his Russian business transaction, then she bade him goodby.

When Eloise's father had read this note he seated himself before his desk and for fully ten minutes opened and closed the drawers in rapid succession. He seemed to be searching for something—perhaps Eloise. At this moment the door swung open, and Judge Wilton hurried into the room, his face pale, his hands working with excitement.

"Thickerton," he cried when he had gained control of his voice, "my son has gone!"

Franklin Thickerton looked at the judge as though he had never before seen him. "So has my daughter!"

* * * * * * *

Eloise Thickerton looked around the waiting room of the depot, a frightened expression in her large gray eyes. She held her muff tightly in both hands and watched the people coming from and going to the ticket windows. Eloise had not fully made up her mind just where she wanted to go.

When Harry Wilton, carrying his satchel, came into the waiting room, the first person he saw was Eloise Thickerton. The young man looked at her in amazement, then he slowly drew out his watch; it was 8 o'clock. Of course she must be looking for himself. Poor girl, the idea of being deserted was intolerable to her. Walking quickly across to Eloise's side, Harry touched her lightly upon the arm. The girl gave a little startled cry.

"Oh, Mr. Wilton, I'm so nervous. I—I—really am so glad to see you. I want you to buy me a ticket, will you?"

Harry was bewildered.

"Going away, did you say? Why, I understand that you—you—were to be married this evening. Why doesn't your—your husband buy the ticket?"

Eloise flushed scarlet. She turned her face away and looked across the room, then out into the train shed, where bells were ringing, smoke puffing and whistles screaming. Mr. Wilton was waiting for her answer. When she again turned her face toward him, Harry saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"I couldn't do it," she whispered. "I couldn't marry that horrid little Mr. Glade. Perhaps he is nice. Perhaps papa meant well, but he's old and, well—I hated him. So I just determined to run away."

Young Wilton was staring at the girl in silent amazement. "Why," he stammered, "why, when did your father change his mind? When did he tell you that you must marry that man, that Mr. Glade?"

"Papa never told me whom I was to marry. He said 'never mind' when I tried to question him, but I know that it was to be Mr. Glade. I know because he always looks at me so funny, and then he was invited to breakfast, and to lunch, and to dinner today. Anyway, who else could it possibly be? No one else would marry just poor, plain me!"

For a moment Harry Wilton was silent; then, drawing a step nearer, he looked down into his companion's face.

"Mr. Glade was not to be your husband. I was to be the man."

"You?"

"Yes, but when the time came I couldn't do it. I felt that I was being forced upon you, and—well, I just decided to leave you in peace and go away!"

"You?" Eloise repeated. "Why, I never thought that you cared about me!"

"Yes, I cared so much that I could not bear to hurt you. I supposed, of course, your father told you."

"No." Eloise fingered her boa nervously. "No; if he had perhaps I might have"—

"Yes." Harry drew closer to the girl's side.

Her cheeks were flushed and she dared not raise her eyes to the young man's face, for she knew that he was looking at her. When she again spoke her voice trembled.

"What are we—that is—I mean, what are you"— But Eloise did not finish her speech. Her voice suddenly failed and she hid her face in her muff.

Nevertheless Harry Wilton understood her meaning. A moment later and he had settled her future.

"I am going to be married tonight." Eloise lifted her face. "Are you?" she whispered. "Who to?"

"You!"

"Me?"

"Yes." And together they walked toward the ticket window.

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THROUGH
LONG ISLAND
SOUND
BY DAYLIGHT
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Phone Main 6460.

A Bet With a Sting.

"I had a friend," said a congressman to a group of listeners, "who was a cotton planter near New Orleans. One evening he boarded a Mississippi river steamboat bound north. Becoming lonesome, my friend began looking for a little game of draw. He was not long in finding it and sat in. He lost from the start, and as the game progressed the stakes kept getting higher.

"About 4 o'clock in the morning my friend began to realize that his chances of getting even with that game were slim, when just then the steamboat whistle blew loud and long. The planter pushed his chair back from the table and said:

"'Gentlemen, I have played in this hyar game all night. I have lost and have nothing to say on that account, but I'll bet $100 that I can holler louder than the whistle on this boat.'

"The stakes were put up and one of the gamblers hastened to the engineer and bribed him to put on all the steam possible. The party repaired to the deck. The whistle was blown. The planter yelled, but his voice was not heard.

"'Gentlemen,' said the victim of the poker sharks, 'in this hyar yellin' contest I lost my money fa'r and squar', but I had a better chance to win than I had in that pokah game I sat in all night.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

East Indian Etiquette.

In India a letter sent to a native prince is often a very elaborate affair. The paper is especially made for the purpose and is sprinkled with gold leaf. Only the last few lines of the somewhat lengthy document contain the purport of the letter, while the remainder is made up of the usual roundabout and complimentary phrases. It is folded in a peculiar way, with the flaps outward and placed in a muslin bag, and this latter into one of crimson and gold tint, with a slipknot of gold thread, attached to which is a ponderous seal. The address, written on a slip of parchment, is attached to the outside bag. These details are very important for polite letter writing in India, and if any one of them was omitted it would be an insult to the person addressed.

Banners at a Chinaman's Funeral.

When a rich and important Chinaman dies his funeral is conducted with much pomp and splendor. His friends and relatives instead of sending wreaths send innumerable banners. These are made of white silk, with inscriptions beautifully worked in black velvet, and express the sender's good wishes to the deceased himself or to the members of the family for many generations. On the day of the funeral these banners are carried by hired men, who are all dressed alike for the occasion. After the funeral, which lasts several hours at the cemetery, is over the banners are all brought back and eventually grace the rooms of the late Chinaman's house.—Shanghai Times.

A Habit Stanley Had.

It was remarked of the late Sir H. M. Stanley, during his last visit to New York, that he stood all the time with his back to the wall during receptions, instead of standing out where people would pass behind him. Lady Stanley laughingly explained that this was an old habit contracted in Africa; that Stanley always stood with his back against a tree or a barricade when brought in contact with the savages, and it had become such a habit with him that he took that position no matter where he was.

A King Who Could Change the Wind

King Erricus of Sweden publicly confessed that he was a sorcerer and magician. He was the owner of an enchanted cap, which he pretended enabled him to control the spirits and change the direction of the winds at pleasure. So firmly did his subjects believe in the supernatural powers of their ruler that when a storm arose they would exclaim, "Ah, the king is again wearing his magic cap!"

It Wasn't Plate.

She was admiring the silver service. "Family plate, I suppose?" she suggested.

Mrs. De Swell drew herself up haughtily.

"Plate!" she exclaimed. "Plate! There isn't a bit of that plate. It's solid, every piece of it."—New York Press.

Descriptive.

Darkaway—Did you make love to any of the girls?

Cleverton—Yes; one from Boston and one from New Orleans.

"How was it?"

"Did you ever have chills and fever?"—Smart Set.

The Other Way.

Proud Dame—I do not see how you could think of marrying into such a commonplace family as that! Romantic Daughter—Oh, I'm not going to marry into his family. He's going to marry into our family.

In a Parlor Car

By M. LOUISE CUMMINS

Copyright, 1904, by M. Louise Cummins

"Goodby."

"Goodby."

"Win the polo match."

"Sure."

Hallett raised himself lazily in his chair as the above conversation struck his ears and, turning slowly, looked across the aisle of the parlor car.

At the open window opposite a girl was bending forward. The knot of dark hair under her wide hat and the graceful shoulders in their silk shirt waist suit were sufficiently attractive to make him rise farther to see whom she thus urged to victory.

Scarcely had he done so than he sprang across the moving car and waved his hand frantically to the young man who stood, hat in hand, seeing the girl off.

"Why, hello, Hall!" the latter shouted surprisedly. Then he ran beside the train.

"Grace, allow me to introduce my chum, Hallett—there behind you. Hallett—Miss Kennard."

The two people thus hastily thrust into acquaintanceship looked at each other for a moment in rather a constrained silence. Then the girl laughed.

"Why, you must be 'the' Mr. Hallett," she said frankly.

"Why that distinguishing 'the?'"

"Oh, hasn't any man who was once stroke of the Harvard eight a claim to distinction?"

"But that was in the remote past, quite three years ago. I presume I am talking to 'the' Miss Kennard?"

The girl looked at him sharply.

"Jack wrote me of his engagement two weeks ago," he explained. "It is beginning to dawn upon me that my letter of congratulation was tame."

Her glance drooped. A demure smile lifted the corners of her lip. It might mean assent or denial. Hallett glanced in quick uncertainty at her left hand, but it was covered by a tan colored traveling glove. Underneath, he supposed, blazed her engagement diamond.

"I think," she said, looking up and surprising his inspection of her, "that my stay in New York is to be with a friend of yours as well as mine—Miss Gierhart."

"Oh, Dorothy; yes, indeed," he said heartily.

"We nearly fell out for life when Yale won, she was so anxious you should come off victorious."

"And you were not?"

"Well, you see, I did not know you then."

She gave him a shy glance.

"I wonder if she is a flirt." Hallett speculated and almost felt sorry for his friend in spite of the girl's unusual beauty. Presently he rose.

"I am afraid I shall have to leave you for a moment," he apologized. "My fox terrier Clip is in the baggage car, and I have to let him have a sniff at me once in awhile to keep him from tearing things to pieces generally."

"Oh, let me go too!" The girl jumped up. "I love fox terriers."

Hallett's brow drew together slightly. He had his own ideas about girls, and this rather too free young woman did not quite fit in with them. Nevertheless he helped her through the swaying train.

She went into ecstasies over Clip, stroking his velvet brown head while he frantically licked his master's hand.

"I think his collar is much too tight," she said authoritatively.

Hallett smiled.

"I took it in a notch on purpose to prevent his pulling his head through," he replied quietly.

She looked the dog over with the eye of a connoisseur, and Hallett watched her narrowly. By the time they left the baggage car he had about concluded that Miss Kennard belonged to that objectionable class of young woman who could tell the good points of a horse or dog, but was decidedly lacking in the more tender and womanly qualities.

In their zigzag way through the day coach she paused suddenly. The car was crowded almost to the point of suffocation. In one seat a fragile looking woman with a boy of four on her lap sat wedged close to the window by a stout man with a handkerchief tucked round his collar, who fanned himself vigorously with a large hat.

"That woman will faint if she remains here," Grace Kennard said decidedly. "She is almost gone now."

"What can we do?" Hallett asked, with a hopeless look around them at the crowded seats.

"I will give her my place in the parlor car."

"You?" His surprise was hardly complimentary.

"Yes, I, Mr. Hallett." Her eyes challenged his for an instant. "If you will help the mother I will take the child," she added coldly.

"Then I insist on your having my chair," he temporized.

"And I will take it—for the boy! Don't you see that he is too heavy for that delicate woman to hold? Oh, what does it matter about me?" she went on impatiently. "I am strong. Let me get them out of this while the mother is able to walk."

While the woman lay gasping her relief in a comfortable armchair and purer air Grace Kennard retired to the narrow seat at the rear of the car usually used by the conductor when sorting his tickets. Hallett went off to arrange things with that worthy, and, returning successful, stood beside her.

"Do you know, I think I owe you an apology?" he said slowly.

Her eyebrows and shoulders raised themselves imperceptibly, as though the subject was not worth pursuing.

"Perhaps you could find a seat in the smoking car," she suggested coldly.

"Does that mean that I am dismissed?"

"No."

He watched the softly flushed face. How tender, how beautiful it had looked as the older and weaker woman leaned upon Miss Kennard's young strength. Hallett looked away from her quickly. Was he forgetting his friend, he who had always prided himself upon being the soul of honor?

Again his glance traveled to her hands.

"Do you always wear gloves when traveling?" he said abruptly.

"What a question!"

"But do you?"

"Of course. Every well bred woman does."

"Would you think it very impertinent if I asked you to remove them?"

"Mr. Hallett," she said hurriedly, "will you kindly bring me my traveling bag? I want to get some violet water for that poor woman. I'm sure her head aches."

With a baffled sigh he started to obey. As he returned she slowly and deliberately withdrew her gloves.

Hallett watched the white, ringless hands like one fascinated, while she fumbled among the dainty contents of the bag.

"I thought"— he stammered. "Surely"—

"Please take this to our friend." She held out a filigree silver bottle.

He took both hand and ornament in a steady clasp.

"Not until you tell me," he said firmly.

"Mr. Hallett!" But something else struggled with the displeasure in her eyes.

"Please tell me!"

"Well, if you must know, I am not the Miss Kennard. Jack in the hurry of his introduction failed to make that clear. It is my older sister, Margaret, to whom he is engaged."

"Whew! Then I may"— Hallett wanted to fling his hat to the roof of the car.

"You do not deserve to be told," she pouted resentfully. "During the first half hour of our acquaintance your opinion of me was anything but flattering."

He bent over her, turning suddenly grave.

"Some day I hope to know you well enough to tell you my opinion," he said earnestly.

She rose hurriedly, for the train was pulling into the Grand Central.

"Goodby," she said, holding out her hand. "Dorothy will be here to meet me."

"Then I shall see you safely into her keeping, and"—he still held the ringless hand in his—"I shall begin tonight to pay my large debt of calls to Dorothy. Will you forgive my saying that life for me has only begun today?"

Earthworms.

Darwin says in "The Formation of Vegetable Mold:" "If a man had to plug up a small cylindrical hole with such objects as leaves, petioles or twigs he would drag or push them in by their pointed ends, but if these objects were very thin relatively to the size of the hole he would probably insert some by their thicker or broader end. The guide in his case would be intelligence." He then goes on to show by reports of actual experiments that this is the method pursued by earthworms. Not only do they adapt the leaves of the trees of their own country to their needs, but the leaves of foreign trees are dealt with in a similar way. The following words of Mr. Darwin are remarkable: "If worms are able to judge, either before drawing or after having drawn an object close to the mouths of their burrows, how best to drag it in, they must acquire some notion of its general shape. This they probably acquire by touching it in many places with the anterior extremity of their bodies, which serves as a tactile organ.

"It may be well to remember how perfect the sense of touch becomes in a man when born blind and deaf, as are worms. If worms have the power of acquiring some notion, however rude, of the shape of an object and of their burrows, as seems to be the case, they deserve to be called intelligent, for they then act in nearly the same manner as would a man under similar circumstances."

He Knew.

"Squeezem is a mean man."

"What makes you think so?"

"I saw him put a lead quarter in a blind man's hat this morning."

"How did you know it was lead?"

"I passed it on him yesterday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Flattery.

He—Is there anything in the world that bores you more than flattery? She—Only one thing that I know of. He—what is that? She—Not to be flattered.

Alimony.

Johnny—Pa, what is alimony? Pa—Alimony is the pension paid to the best fighter.—Exchange.

The doctrine of the survival of the fittest is true, but sometimes it takes a long time to pick out the best man.—Atchison Globe.

Ayer's
You know the medicine that makes pure, rich blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Your mother, grandmother, all your folks, used it. They trusted
Sarsaparilla
it. Their doctors trusted it. Your doctor trusts it. Then trust it yourself. There is health and strength in it.
"I suffered terribly from indigestion and thin blood. I found no relief until I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Four bottles permanently cured me."
MRS. F. R. HART, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Rich Blood
Ayer's Pills are gently laxative. They greatly aid the Sarsaparilla.

ANTS' NOSES.

There Are Five of Them, and Each Has Its Own Duty.

In their antennae, or feelers, ants have five noses, each of which has its own duties to perform.

One nose tells the ant whether it is in its own nest or that of an enemy; another nose discriminates between odors of ants of the same species, but of different colonies; a third nasal organ serves the purpose of discerning the scent laid down by the ant's own feet, so that it may be able to retrace the way quite easily; a fourth nose smells the larvae and pupae, and the fifth nose detects the presence of an enemy.

If an ant be deprived of a certain nose, it will live peaceably with enemies, but if it retains its fifth nose it will fight the alien to the death. There is a difference in the functions of nose one and nose five, although they appear to be somewhat alike.

This sense of smell does not come till the ants are three days old. If, therefore, ants only twelve hours old are placed among others belonging to different colonies, they will grow up quite amicably and not understand that they are a mixed lot, because they will have grown up with ideas of scent in accordance with their surroundings. The sense of smell to them is as important as the sense of sight to human beings.

EARTH LIGHT.

Evidences That Our Planet Possesses a Luminous Quality.

In proof that the earth does emit light Humboldt (1808) points to the aurora borealis. The light produced by this luminous arch is distinct from that received from the sun, and its intensity slightly exceeds that of the moon's light in her first quarter. At the poles this glow continues with scarcely a break, reminding us of the planet Venus, whose side turned away from the sun often gives forth a feeble phosphorescent light.

Humboldt goes on to argue that other planets also may possess a similar luminous quality, and in our atmosphere there are other evidences of this emission of light from the earth itself. Such were the famous dry fogs of 1783 and of 1831, which gave forth light perceptible at night, and such is that diffused glimmer which guides our steps in the nights of autumn and winter, when clouds hide the stars and the earth is not covered with snow.

It is therefore not entirely true that, as Sir Norman Lockyer puts it, "the earth cannot give out more light than a cold poker can."

GENIUS AT WORK.

Curious Postures of Some Men to Woo a Flow of Ideas.

Lombroso says that some men of genius in order to give themselves up to mediation even put themselves artificially into a state of cerebral semicongestion. Schiller worked best with his feet plunged into ice. Descartes buried his head in a sofa while meditating, while Milton composed with his head leaning over his easy chair.

Paisiello composed beneath a mountain of bedclothes, and Rossini found bed the best place for his best works. Cujas worked lying prone on the carpet, and Liebnitz is said to have been obliged to assume the horizontal to meditate at all satisfactorily. Rousseau worked with his head in the full glare of the sun, Shelley on the hearth rug with his head close to the fire, and Bossuet, retiring to a cold room, wrapped his head in furs.

It is possible that some of these devices increased the flow of arterial blood to the brain, but most men think best when exhilarated by rapid exercise or by walking up and down a room.

Whistler and His Tailor.

"Curious though," wrote Mortimer Menpes, "whenever one came in contact with Whistler one entirely forgot one's own affairs and became completely obsessed by his. The fit of the master's coat was of vast importance to him and to all of us. At the tailor's Whistler would give an elaborate description of a perfect coat, which the tailor would carry out his directions literally. But no sooner was it done than Whistler wanted the whole thing altered. 'This is all wrong. [illegible] that it is all wrong? [illegible] a painter. [illegible] make [illegible]. Therefore you [illegible] do what I tell you [illegible].'"

Right to the Point.

To do the most humble work worthily and well something more than blind mechanical service must be given. A young mistress once asked her cook about a certain recipe. "Just how much flour do you put in, Mary?" "Law, mum, you don't put in flour; you just uses your jedgment!" "But suppose you haven't any 'jedgment,'" returned the puzzled mistress. "Then don't make it, mum," was the reply, succinct and final.

Bunching It.

"How long have you been married?" asked the prima donna.

"Only six months this time," replied the beautiful soubrette; "but, putting them all together, I guess I've been a wife for three or four years at least."—Exchange.

A Soother.

He—He's put a good many to sleep in his time. She—Doctor or pugilist? He—Neither; he's a preacher.—Chicago Journal.

The coconut palm has leaves nearly thirty feet long.

Good Qualifications.

"Mrs. Teaser would make a great baseball catcher."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, the other night she caught her husband at third base trying to steal out."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The baby does more to cut down the business of the divorce courts than all the grown people combined.—Dallas News.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 2, 1904.

FOR THE SENATE PRESIDENCY.

In another column of this issue of the JOURNAL appears a statement from Hon. Francis H. Appleton, member of the State Senate from this District in which his candidacy for the Presidency of that body is announced in unmistakable terms. His reasons for entering the race are plainly and modestly set forth, and will doubtless appeal with force to the voters of the District.

General Appleton evidently takes it for granted that his election this fall is a sure thing, and in the absence of proof to the contrary it is not unreasonable to conclude that he knows whereof he speaks. On the score of individual merit and an entirely satisfactory Legislative record he would clearly be entitled to a return to the next Senate, and were it not for the compact entered into at the time the District was organized, and still in force, by the provisions of which Middlesex is entitled to the candidate this year, he would probably go through the convention without an opposing vote. Whether, or not, compliance with the compact will be insisted on we have no means of knowing. If it is not, then General Appleton's way to another nomination and election will be smooth and easy to travel.

Should he be returned, then the Republicans of this District will lend him a strong helping hand in his campaign for the Presidency of the Senate. They fully appreciate his ability and integrity, as well as his high standing in the best of political, business and official circles, and nothing would please them better than to see him installed as President of the Senate. Local pride would stimulate them to increased endeavors in his behalf, and induce them to work all the harder for the success of his campaign for the high office.

BELMONT AND THE CANDIDATE.

August Belmont, who is running the Trust branch of the Democratic campaign, has a room at the National Democratic Headquarters, and it is announced that he will occupy it daily during the canvass, neglecting his business interests at great sacrifice in his zeal for Parker's election.

"Augey," as he is known in New York, "spoke a piece" at a recent Democratic rally at Hempstead, Long Island, and created a genuine sensation in New York City by declaring that during the past eight years the country had been "drifting away from the Constitution." That was the first intimation anybody had that in "Augey's" opinion the Constitution protected Trusts and such peculiar financial operations as he had been connected with in the past in his efforts to develop the railway interests of the country.

When suspicious Democrats from the West, who have suffered in their pockets because of some of Belmont's proceedings, drop into Headquarters and ask what he is doing there, they will be told by Chairman Taggart that "he is pulling the country back to the Constitution," and this information will doubtless give them great comfort.

NEW YORK OUTLOOK.

An alarm has been sounded by the New York *World* on the Democratic outlook in the State of New York. In substance it is that while the Republicans are thoroughly organized, the Democrats have done nothing. This is true, but it is only part of the truth. The Democrats are not only not organized but in the city of New York where the votes must come from to give them a majority, if they are to have one, the Democratic leaders are fighting each other rather than the Republicans.

Advices from the State at large all agree in saying that the Republicans are united and confident. Charles M. Pepper, the well known traveling newspaper correspondent, who is an observer merely and not a partisan, has just finished a tour of the State. He found few so-called gold Democrats for Parker who had not returned to the party four years ago. He reports less enthusiasm for Parker than he found for Bryan in the campaign of 1896, and thinks that the present outlook is in favor of the State going Republican. This accounts for the Democratic alarm, and for the offer of large sums of money in Wall street even on Roosevelt carrying the State, with no takers.

☞ Hon. Elisha T. Harvell of Rockland is a promising candidate for State Treasurer and Receiver General and according to reports is carrying on a campaign that bids fair to land him safely on election day. He has a strong backing, and is said to be particularly well qualified for the office There are several other strong candidates, all of whom are working hard to secure the election.

☞ It is reported and generally believed that Lawyer Samuel W. Mendum will be a candidate again this fall for Mayor. To nominate him would seem to be a proper thing to do, especially as he made a strong canvass last year.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Joy Line—Reader.
A. E. Sproul—Macullar.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
Hammond & Son—Business.
Maud H. Littlefield—Violin.
Shumway Co.—Smith & Patterson.

— The northerly side of Broad st. is being concreted.

— Divine services will be resumed at the Unitarian church on Sept. 11.

— Officer Timothy Walsh is on duty again this week after a short vacation.

— Mr. O. B. Blackburn and Bruce Eaton have returned from the World's Fair.

— Edward O'Donnell and sister have returned from a two week's outing at Vermont.

— Mr. Edward Connors of Portland, Maine, is visiting Mr. John Connors of this city.

J. Foster Deland

FIRE INSURANCE

OF ALL KINDS.

BEST COMPANIES REPRESENTED.

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Mr. William Goode has returned to his post of duty at Hanson & Co's popular jewelry store.

— Mrs. Stillman S. Hovey, wife of the florist, has returned from a month's visit in New Hampshire.

— Principal Andrew R. Linscott of the Rumford School will close his vacation season in Nova Scotia.

— The James T. Freeman Company has been incorporated in Maine. Their capital is $90,000.

— It is the opinion of everyone that the weather here this summer has been the finest ever before known.

— The National Band Association have decided on Sept. 16th as the date for their annual concert and ball.

— Mrs. George Dargie of Mt. Pleasant street, this city, is spending a vacation with relatives at Annapolis, N. S.

— Mr. James W. McDonald, the piano dealer, and wife have returned from their summer outing at Salisbury, N. H.

— One of the very best autos in this city is that Fred Buel has just built for himself. It is an improvement on the best of them.

— On Sept. 14, W. R. C., 161, are to partake of a barn supper with Mrs. James R. Wood, one of their members, on Salem street.

— C. J. Crowell and rib are taking their vacation at Yarmouth, Maine. He is Mr. Cobb's right bower at the City fish market.

— The schools of this city will open up for business on Sept. 12. The bulk of the teachers are expected to return at an early day.

— Beggs & Cobb still continue to do a good business in all their factories, while nearly all the trust and other leather factories are closed.

— Hon. E. D. Hayden and wife returned from their vacation visit away early this week and are now at their home on Academy Hill.

— Dr. and Mrs. J. Henry Hutchings are touring Canada, and sailing among the famous Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River.

— The stones on the sidewalk between Broad and Salem streets have been leveled where the rain water used to settle into small puddles.

— Miss Mary McGrath gave a masquerade party at Elmwood last Saturday afternoon. It was well attended and a pleasant affair.

— Last Tuesday a gentleman was seen searching for the Republican Headquarters in this city, but there being no sign out his search was unavailing.

— A crowd of crap shooters were interrupted by the appearance of a couple of policemen at Innitou Park last Sunday, but they scattered in time.

— Master L. Herbert Owen of the High School and family will return to their homes in this city from Uneedarest Cottage at Monmouth, Maine, on Sept. 6.

— Mr. Sparrow Horton was able to get outdoors and walk around a short time the other day, but it may be several weeks before he fully regains his usual health.

— Mr. John Cummings, ex-merchant of the West Side, has the lumber on hand for building extensive greenhouses on his farm over there. There's big money in flowers.

— Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher has resigned from the office of Secretary of the Business Men's Association, and Editor Haggerty of the *Times* has been elected to fill the vacancy.

— Mr. Nathaniel Jenkins, the old Woburn pumpmaker, was visiting former neighbors here last Tuesday. He lives in Methuen and although past 81, is as smart as a cricket.

— Mr. George A. Day, Cashier of the First National Bank, was at his post of duty in the Bank last Saturday after a pleasing vacation visit among the White Mountains of N. H.

— Mr. Charles E Cooper (C. E Cooper & Co) will attend to the execution of pension papers, for which he is duly qualified Mr. Horton has done the business for many years past.

— Mrs. W. D. Wright of East Cambridge, formerly of this city, visited friends and relatives here a few days ago. Mr. Wright is employed by a large manufacturing Company at E. C.

— Mayor Feeney is determined that illicit rumselling shall cease within the confines of his authority. He has set a competent and watchful Liquor Squad to work, which is a step in the right direction.

— Baseball is not dead in this city by any means which is shown by the crowd that lines up in front of Moore & Parker's news store every night waiting for the baseball extra of the Boston American.

— Woburn Choral Union begins its regular weekly rehearsals next Thursday evening. Prof. Adams has already made the selections for the next concert. There will be a number of new voices in the chorus this season.

— The old horse car stable on Main street near the Winchester line will soon be torn down, it being sold to Mr. Robertson who will use it for the erection of a building on his tannery estate on Eastern ave. this city.

TELEPHONE, 173-3 WOBURN.

Don't Worry

ROOM 5. FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, WOBURN

— Mr. Arthur B. Wyman. clerk of the Woburn Gas Light Co , is at his post of duty again after a fine visit at Edgartown.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

— "Cheer Up" and "Don't Worry" are the watchwords at J. F. Deland's Real Estate Agency in National Bank block, and good ones they are, too.

— Police Officer Austin G. French celebrated the 59th anniversary of his birthday last Tuesday. Everything was conducted in a quiet orderly manner.

— This kind of weather brings out the virtues of Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets in bold relief. The malaria germ thrives and grows fat on hot days and cold nights.

— Miss Mary A. Agnew and Miss Carrie M. Andruss have visited friends in Worcester this week. Miss Andruss will return to Richmond, in the Western part of the State, tomorrow to begin her second year's teaching in that town.

— Miss Fannie G. Allison takes up her work in the High School at Georgetown next Tuesday. She has taught there five years and is prized as a model teacher. The Georgetown High School, in Miss Allison's opinion, is the best one there is.

—Take particular notice of this fact, and profit by it: Gage & Co. are selling off all their fine lightweight goods for men's suits at immensely reduced prices, and will continue to do so for a couple of weeks, or so, longer. It affords a grand opportunity to buy cheap.—2

— At a special meeting of the City Council held last Tuesday evening it was voted, after considerable discussion, to give the Lowell & Boston Street Railway Company until Nov. 1 to build the West Side line. When the time expires the Company will probably ask for another extension.

— The Lowell & Boston Street Railway Company ask the Woburn City Council for an extension of time in which to build the Burlington, Bedford and Willow streets line. The Westenders fear it will be a long day before it is built.

— The first note of the katydid was heard here on August 29, about three days late. This fixes the date of the first frost of the fall on Oct. 10, by which time vegetation will be well out of harm's way and preparations for winter completed.

— Mr. Fred A. Flint, the boss merchant tailor of this city, is at home again from his vacation visit at Camden, Maine, where, as usual, he obtained needed rest and experienced the rare comforts and pleasures of a seaside summer outing.

— Mr. Thomas H. Marrinan has returned from a vacation which he enjoyed and settled down to business as President of the Woburn Machine Company, which, by the way, is a live and wideawake manufacturing establishment. It does a large business.

— Our friend, Mr. George A. Cochrane, has something to say in a letter published in this issue of the JOURNAL which is hereby earnestly commended to the careful and prayerful consideration of the public. A plenty of people in this city will back up his charges.

— The portrait of Capt. McCarthy of Company G blossomed out in Wednesday morning's Boston *Globe* "as large as life and twice as natural." A whole lot of likenesses of second Brigade officers who start for the Bull Run battlefield tomorrow appeared with Capt. McCarthy's.

— Arthur E. Gage, Esq., Clerk of the District Court and of the Board of Assessors, and family are away on their vacation. He is a steady worker and has earned a good rest from his labors. Ald. W. Frank Maguire, Esq , is attending to the clerical work of the Court during Mr. Gage's absence.

— Automobiles are getting to be almost as thick on our streets as horse teams. They are of every conceivable style, but even the poorest of them look comfortable and nice. The Political Editor of the *Times* is a recognized authority on autos, and anybody contemplating the purchase of one would do well to consult him.

— Opportunity will be given at the High School, this year, to graduates of the school and others to obtain advanced practice in stenography and typewriting, and training in English especially adapted to the needs of those who are preparing for office work. Those that have not secured positions should return and avail themselves of this opportunity.

— Last week's newspapers reported the marriage of Mr. L. Houghton Allen and Mrs. Eveline D Dudley at the home of the bride in Milford, N. H., on August 24. The groom is a native of Woburn and was in business here many years before retiring with a competency. He has relatives and many good friends in this city who will always be glad to hear of his prosperity and happiness.

— The idle employees of the leather factories here are hoping, with considerable expectation, that the factories will soon resume operations under a full head of steam and full handed. Many of the workmen have been out of employment more or less all summer, and as winter approaches they are anxious to get to work again and earn some money to meet the expenses of their families. It has been rather a hard year for the leather laborers here.

— City Clerk Finn is again at his desk in City Hall.

— A shooting gallery is to be started in Allens Block soon.

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

— Miss Elizabeth Lynch has returned to her duties at the *Times* office.

— Dr. and Mrs S. W. Kelley made a delightful auto trip to Gloucester yesterday.

— Mrs. Charlotte Ames has been spending a week in a log cabin at Tamworth N. H.

— Treasurer Jones of the Five Cents Savings Bank has been under the weather of late.

— Miss Mary G. Richardson, of Arlington Road, is taking her summer outing at Belgrade, Maine.

— Mr. Daniel Barr, formerly of this city, was killed by an express train in New York, a few days ago.

— E Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— Travelling salesmen say business is mighty dull in all the suburban towns and cities of Boston. It will be better in a few weeks, if nothing happens; so, don't worry.

— There isn't a more perfectly appointed drugstore in this city than Whitcher's, nor a better kept one. Everything is neat, nice, new and natty, and people like it. He personally superintends its business, and his clerks know the ropes and are polite and affable. The Doctors always speak well of Whitcher's, and on the score of patronage he has no cause for complaint.

— About 10 p. m. last Saturday while walking along the runningboard of his N. W. and Medford car, James McDowell of Summer street, Medford, a conductor, was thrown to the ground, by some means or other, and, it was feared, fatally injured. Dr. Charles O'Brien sent him to the Emergency Hospital, where, at last accounts, he was in a critical condition from fracture of the skull. The accident occurred between Woburn Centre and N. W.

— Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Highley left Woburn at about 4 o'clock and Boston about 7 o'clock last Saturday afternoon with the Charlestown Commandery, Knights Templars, the former to attend the National conclave of Knights at San Francisco. A large number of ladies and gentlemen composed the excursion party, which will take a northern route to the Pacific Coast, and return by way of Southern California, Utah, and the St. Louis Fair. They are due to arrive in Boston on the home trip on Sept. 23

— Several things have been put into the reporter's notebook for mention next Monday. In the first place, it will be Labor Day, a legal holiday in this State. Secondly, Dog Days will end on that date. Third, military operations, in which Co. G of Woburn take part, will open on the battlefield of Bull's Run on Monday, Sept. 5. Being a legal holiday, it is expected that there will be a general suspension of business, and the facilities for a day of pleasure improved. No plans for a general celebration have been published.

— Messrs. W. Prior Chute, of the firm of Cummings, Chute & Co., coal dealers, and James Brooks of the Central stables, were thrown from the carriage they were riding in at Stoneham last Friday, the result of their horse becoming frightened at a passing automobile and jumping over a stonewall. Mr. Chute suffered a fracture and dislocation of his right wrist, and Mr. Brooks received painful bruises and cuts, but no breaking of bones. Mr. Chute was brought to his home in this city and properly attended to by physicians. The horse escaped uninjured, but the carriage was badly used up.

THE GUYER HAT

FALL 1904

FALL 1904

All the Newest and Swellest Shapes in Soft and Stiff

HATS

EVER GOTTEN UP.

$1.50 $2.00, $3.00, $4.00

Come in and let us show you.

Hammond & Son,

403 Main St., WOBURN.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

"The American Boy" Magazine FREE

We are pleased to state that we have made arrangements with the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY whereby we can give a subscription for 12 months to any boy purchasing goods in our Boys' Clothing Department to the amount of Five Dollars.

The magazine is issued each month, and is devoted to boys' interests. It is a clean, bright paper, and has impressed us so favorably that we are glad to help its circulation in this way.

Write to us for a sample copy, mentioning this paper, and if the magazine pleases you, then visit our Boys' Clothing Department, make your purchase of Five Dollars' worth of merchandise, and you will be given a card entitling you to twelve numbers free, delivery being made each month upon presentation of your card.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

Manufacturers and Retailers of Clothing for Men and Boys

400 Washington Street, Boston

A Piano Scarf tastefully draped is a thing of beauty especially if VACATION SCENES printed on fine white cloth are the attracting feature.

Exo Photo Cloth

—AT—

Whitcher's

will enable you to do it. See the beautiful samples in the window. It is easy work that anyone can finish.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

LATEST STYLES, 1904

Spring and Summer Weights. Great Variety of Fabrics. For Gentlemen's Wear.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

CONFECTIONERY

Pure Confectionery is not only pleasing to the taste but also very healthful. Our line comprises only standard brands such as Apollo, Quality, Lowney, etc.

Handsome sealed Boxes from 25c. to $2.00 each.

A special line of Chocolates at 20c. lb.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

The best of everything at the lowest prices.
Green Stamps. Public Telephone.
Free Messenger service.

— Albert F. Converse, Esq., wife and children returned Wednesday from a three weeks vacation at Tamworth, N. H.

— Hammond & Son have started in bravely on their fall advertising, as will be seen by referring to our business columns.

— Kenneth S. Johnson won the consolation prize in the South Shore Tennis Tournament, held at No. Scituate last week. Good enough!

— William E. Kenney, having finished an exceedingly enjoyable vacation, has returned to duty at the Postoffice in good shape and lively.

— On and after Sept. first the Public Library will be opened on Tuesday and Thursday till eight P. M., and on Saturday till nine P. M. as usual.

— Mrs. Albert Blake and family have moved to the Porter estate on Pleasant street. Mrs. Joseph Blake and Miss Blake are to reside with her.

— The North Woburn B. B. team are to play the Walnut Hills at the Park in the forenoon of Labor Day, and the Readings at Reading in the afternoon.

— The criminal cases in the District Court for the month of August this year were less than one third of the number there were in August, 1903. That tells the story!

— Mr. Butters of Wilmington reported to the JOURNAL plant yesterday that not less than 5,000 bushels of cranberries would be picked from meadows in that town this fall. How's that for high?

— This town needs several more wateringcarts. The streets are not more than half sprinkled, and the clouds of dust are enough to convert the most thick skinned skeptic to the good old doctrine of immersion.

— James Durward, Jr., who was a member of the Massachusetts Rifle team in the late National competitive shoot at Fort Riley, Kansas, returned last Tuesday. It was a great trial of skill by the crack marksman of the country.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond and wife left here yesterday for a pleasure voyage through picturesque Northern New England, down Lake Champlain, to Saratoga, and thereabouts. Their return may be looked for about a week from today.

— Company G, 5th Regiment leave here on the 8.14 train for Boston tomorrow morning, and Boston at 9 40 a. m. for Manassas, where they will arrive Sunday night or early Monday. The military manœvures begin on Monday, and our boys will be on hand to take part in them.

— Mr. Thomas W. Kenney is confined indoors by sickness. It is hoped that he will soon be around again.

— Members of U O G C. enjoyed a trolley trip to Revere Beach last Wednesday afternoon, leaving here at 1.30.

— Will the person holding the lucky soda check No. 1800 call at Robbins Drng Co. and get their 2 lbs of candy.

— Hon. E. E. Thompson and wife are visiting Mrs. Thompson's sister at Lyndeborough, N. H , and expect to remain there next week to take in the Old Home Week celebration on Sept. 9, one of the features of which will be the observance of the 100th anniversary of the Lyndeborough Artillery.

— Miss Maude Hortense Littlefield has a professional card in this paper indicating that she has resumed teaching the violin at her home. There is no question but that Miss Littlefield is one of the best educated and most successful players and teachers of the violin that can be found in this neck of timber.

— The Woburn Fife and Drum Corps have taken possession of their new quarters on Winn street, and elected the following officers; Joseph P. Devlin, President; Elmer Waters, Vice President; John F. O'Brien, Recording Secretary; Martin H Hogan, Financial Secretary; John B. Devlin, E M. Walsh, M. H Hogan, John F. O'Brien, Trustees.

— The question of abolishing trading stamps, now before the Business Men's Association, is not yet settled. At a meeting held last Monday evening it was found, by the committee's report, that two merchants are unwilling to throw the stamps away, and necessarily this makes a hitch. Why any trader should cling to the stamp method of securing patronage is strange to say the least.

— The hue and cry about Supt. G. E. Gray of the Woburn Div. of the B. & N. St. R'y having taken a backward step and returned to half-hour trips from Woburn to Medford, and vice versa, had no foundation whatever. Supt. Gray isn't that kind of a hairpin. The only change he has made is in the hour of arrival and departure of the Lowell cars, the 15-minute rule being still in force between N. W. and Medford just as it has been. Supt. Gray knows exactly what Woburn's wants are and is right on hand all the time to meet them.

— Of course, the Woburn Democrats will open some sort of a political headquarters bye and bye, or at least, an apology for one; but they have no love, to speak of, for Judge Parker and Grandpa Davis, and as for the State campaign—why, what's the use? Woburn Democrats were for Hearst almost to a man, and it is too much to ask them to transfer their affections to Dave Hill's candidates this early in the campaign, or at all, even. But just wait for the city election if you want to see the Democracy do business! For this annual event they begin to prepare on the second Wednesday of every December and work by day and night shifts straight through the year They are great workers, but for lack of voters they do not always win. And this is going to be one of their "off years."

— Elmwood, the fine home of "Hustler" James F. McGrath, is one of the most hospitable and gayest spots in Woburn. There is almost always something going on there calculated to please the public and for a good time. The "Hustler" is large hearted and open handed, and makes things agreeable. The latest demonstration of his ruling characteristic, as above set forth, was given on last Wednesday afternoon. It took the form of a real genuine clambake, and under the management of Frank Brady, an expert in things of the kind, was a brilliant success. Elmwood never appeared in a garb more festive than on this never to be forgotten and very happy occasion. It brought together a large number of choice spirits, and everyone of them enjoyed the clambake, the real article, clean up to the handle.

— Last Saturday forenoon Mr Jacob Ham, the leading hay and grain dealer in this city, went to an automobile stable at Melrose Highlands to finish his education in the art of running his new machine. At the end of his lesson he stabled it and came home It is a fine vehicle, one of the best, only recently bought by him, and naturally he wanted his wife to ride in it and the neighbors to see and admire it. So, in the afternoon he returned to the stable and took his auto out for a speedy home spin. He had not proceeded far on his way before a cylindar head blew out and Mr. Ham was left in the lurch. The money damages were estimated at about $25, but that amount didn't begin to compare in size to the jar his pride received on discovering that he had yet some ropes to learn before becoming a firstclass automobile conductor, to say nothing of the chagrin which his inability to show the machine to the neighbors and give his better half a good ride, caused him But Mr. Ham took the disappointment philosophically, and had his fine auto put to rights at once.

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

First Baptist Meetinghouse.

Ever since the 18th of last July the interior of the First Baptist church of this city has been in the hands of painters, Messrs. Guelpa Brothers of Boston, who have demonstrated by their skill the right to be classed as artists with the brush, for a finer piece of church ornamentation, in lead and oil and gold, it would be no easy task to find anywhere.

The church is expected to be opened for regular religious services on Sunday, Sept. 11, and no reason is known why it should not be, for the Guelpas will have finished their work some days prior to that date, carpets laid, cushions restored, and all the details completed

The scheme of decoration has been executed in green, gold, and light cream colors, which, artistically handled, produce a most pleasing general effect. The chaste designs of the ceiling and walls are done in various delicate shades of green and soft cream with real gold trimmings, which comport well with the prevailing sentiment respecting interior church paintings A wide Romanesque border curves between the walls and ceiling which blends harmoniously with the execution of each, producing a highly pleasing impression on the spectator.

The organ, pulpit, choir and gallery railings, and all other woodwork, except the pews, are in light cream, in which color the appearance of the organ is greatly improved; the front vestibule is done in old rose; the carpets green, and the cushions red. New windows are to take the places of the old ones, the panes of which will be diamond shaped, and their fittings duly treated by the painters. The large ornamental window of various colors over the front entrance has been burnished and improved.

The Guelpa Brothers have gone over the whole interior of the edifice with care and artistic skill and given the Baptist brethren a piece of work with which they cannot but be well satisfied The judicious selection of colors and the tasteful employment of them have resulted in as handsome church auditorium as is to be found in this city or hereabouts, and if the church people feel just a little vain of it they will be pardoned. The Guelpas are entitled to credit for the fine manner in which they hava executed the work.

Senator Appleton's Statement.

The JOURNAL is in receipt of the following statement from Hon. Francis H. Appleton, State Senator from this District, in regard to his candidacy for President of the next Senate:

"A few days after the prorogation of the General Court I announced my willingness to be a candidate for return to the State Senate. It had been indicated to me by friends within and without my District that a return to the upper branch might mean for me the Presidency of the State Senate. Since that time I have carefully looked the ground over and analyzed the situation. My friends have done likewise. They are confident that I can be elected President of the upper branch, and my own investigations lead me to the same conclusion. I am therefore, in the contest for the high honor to stay.

"As far as my renomination from the Middlesex-Essex District is concerned I have little doubt. In fact, nothing appears today to make me believe that the custom of nominating for the Senate by acclamation will not be adhered to this fall. The rumors that I was about to withdraw from this contest for the Presidency were pure fabrications and as unfounded in fact as the allegations spread broadcast by a few individuals that the business interests would not support me. My strongest assurances of support have come from business men of the State. I have the greatest respect for my Senatorial colleagues who are looking for the Presidency, but the situation has so shaped itself that I would be unfair both to my District and myself did I not take advantage of the opportunity offered.

"I trust there will be no further misunderstanding of my exact position in this matter."

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Our stock includes the most beautiful designs of the most manufacturers in the world.

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Cut Glass, Bric-a-Brac and Bronzes

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REMOVED TO 18 Boylston, cor. Washington St. Continental Clothing Building.

Most Elegantly Equipped School in New England.

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Planned to accommodate 500 Students. Only Commercial School in N. E. owning building it occupies.

Same Courses and Methods as at Burdett College, Boston, at Slightly Lower Rates.

Situations for Students.

Pupils may begin on and after Sept. 6.
Call or Write for Prospectus.
No Solicitors nor Canvassers.

DALOBE FARM CREAM

18c. Jar

5 cts. allowed for empty jars.

This is the best and cheapest Cream on the market.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

The Rocky Mountain Woburn Club.

Dr. Irving R. Bancroft, John C. Moore, and others, have kindly sent to the JOURNAL the following report of the first annual reunion of the above named Club, which gives us pleasure to publish:

"The Rocky Mountain Woburn Club held its first annual reunion lately at the National Club, Telluride, Colo.

"Among those present were John E. Moore, Irving R. Bancroft and others, too few to mention.

"Speeches were made by several of those present, and a letter of regret from Mr. A. W. Whitcher was read.

"It was voted that the next meeting of the Club be held in Whitcher's back shop, Woburn, Mass., U. S. A.

Telluride, Colo., Aug. 27, 1904.

"SCRIBE."

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Edward Keedy of Westbrook, Maine.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., preaching by Rev. Edward Keedy.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Preparatory Lecture by Dr. March.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. (Reception of New Members.)
12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., "Mt. Hermon—A Message of Vision."
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, 7.30 P. M., First Rehearsal of Woburn Choral Union.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Substance."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Married.

In this city, Aug. 31, by Rev. H. B Williams D. D, Daniel Lee Waters and Margaret M. Lidstone, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 29, Charles, son of Edward and Mary Doherty, aged 2 years, 3 months.

For Brown-Tail Poisoning Use

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

Relieves pain, itching, smarting and irritation and reduces inflammation. Physicians and nurses recommend and use it extensively. Stimulates the circulation and assists nature in making rapid cures.

At all dealers, 10c., 25., 50c., $1 00.

Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages.

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The Latest and Most Popular Models in Royal Worcester and Thompson's Glove Fitting Corsets.

THOMSON'S "GLOVE-FITTING" PARIS SHAPE
STYLE 457
ROYAL WORCESTER

In a Diamond Ring

You find pleasure. Your friends admire it. Your enemies envy you its possession. You enjoy it yourself. If reverses come or if you desire to dispose of it you can do so without much loss. Thus it is a safe investment. We have a fine assortment.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.
☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

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DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer
Renews the hair, makes it new again, restores the freshness. Just what you need if your hair is faded or turning gray, for it always restores the color. Stops falling hair, also. If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

An educational institution of the highest order, devoted exclusively to practical business training, will open its
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Gregg and Benn Pitman Shorthand
Large and able faculty.
Four complete courses.
Advanced educational appliances.
Finest equipment.
Individual instruction.
Efficient employment department.
Reasonable tuition rates.
Open Now for Inspection and Registration.
Call or write for catalogue.
MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
30 Huntington Avenue, Boston
"Not the oldest; not the largest; just the best."

Our Bargain this week—
White and Green
Castaglia
Soap
in pound cakes.
Selling for 15c.
2 for 25c.
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

16 qts. of Plums
FOR $1.00
Fresh from the trees: delivered anywhere in Woburn.
C. S. PRATT, Reading, Mass.
Sunnyside Nursery.

HAY! HAY!
First-class English Hay in lots to suit and delivered in Woburn. For sale at 71 Wyman street.
E. C. COLMAN.

WANTED—Industrious man or woman as permanent representative of big manufacturing company, to look after its business in this county and adjoining territory. Business successful and established. Salary $20.00 weekly and expenses. Salary paid weekly from home office. Expense money advanced. Experience not essential. Enclose self-addressed envelope. General Manager, Como Block, Chicago.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Neil P. McLaughlin, otherwise known as Neal P. McLaughlin, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William E. McLaughlin, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of September, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishidg this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Michael Looney, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William C. Looney, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of September, A.D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirty-first day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

AUTUMN TRIPS
SPECIAL EXCURSIONS TO
NEW YORK
—VIA—
JOY LINE
Steamers will leave ATLAS STORES WHARF, 368 CONGRESS ST., TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 5 P. M. Returning from Pier 35, E. R., same days at 6 P. M.
$3.00 ONE WAY — Including State Room Berth — $5.50 ROUND TRIP
DELIGHTFUL SHORT SEA TRIP
Affording a DAYLIGHT VIEW OF LONG ISLAND SOUND and the MASSACHUSETTS COAST.
Only limited number of tickets will be sold for these SPECIAL EXCURSIONS, and accommodations should be secured in advance. Folders and information on request.
Phone Main 6460. B. D. PITTS, Agent.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass. Notary Public

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Indictment and Proof.

137 Pleasant St., Woburn, Mass.
August 31, 1904.

EDITOR OF WOBURN JOURNAL: Kindly permit me a little space in your valuable JOURNAL to ventilate some matters that I think the tax payers of Woburn have got to look square in the face and take some action on to prevent Woburn falling into still greater disgrace than it is now suffering from. I don't think there is a single tax payer that can feel satisfied with the way most of the officials are conducting matters.

On this occasion I want to pay my respects to the Board of Public Works. My experience with this Board, as now composed, justifies one in thinking its title is a misnomer, as it is simply a Board of ——, and to awaken them to a sense of their duty is as useless as to address a graven image.

On the 23rd of January 1904, I addressed the Chairman of this Board, a courteous letter calling his attention to a condition of things on Pleasant street, that if not attended to would cause considerable inconvenience and probably damage. To this communication I received no reply. This did not surprise me however, for how can one expect, where there is such inefficiency, anything like a little decency.

After a while I called at the office, to ascertain what was being done in the matter, and the Clerk of the Board informed me that my letter had been referred to the Superintendent of Streets. He appeared to be surprised that nothing had been done in the matter; and promised to call this person's attention to it again. Waiting a reasonable length of time, I finally called this Superintendent of Streets up on the telephone, and he promised to look into the matter, but it resulted in nothing being done. Some three weeks ago, after the heavy storm, I found that in front of my residence a goodly portion of the floating road bed of this official's construction last summer, with all the catch basins in the neighborhood choked up with some more of it. Realizing that another heavy storm would cause the flooding of the grounds, I called at the Board of Public Works and drew the Clerk's attention to the condition of matters, and he made note of it promising to call the attention of the Superintendent of Streets to it, which I have no doubt he did. Twice have I called this same department up on the telephone, and the same gentlemanly young man informed me that he had called attention to the matter as promised and would do so again. Still nothing has been done.

When they were laying the material for this floating road bed, last summer, and while that portion of it was being laid in front of my residence, I happened to be confined to my residence for a week with an injury I had received, so I had occasion to be an eye witness during that period of the scandalous waste of the public treasury. The men that were employed were the laziest lot of workmen I ever saw handle a pick or a shovel, and the work they accomplished in a day could be done by active men in two hours. Five or six men would be employed distributing a load of material, and then they would have to wait fifteen or twenty minutes for another load. The steam roller did not accomplish one third of what it was capable of doing. I am positive the cost, per square yard, of this job could it be ascertained, would be found to be twice or three times what an honest contractor would have charged, and Woburn would have a good road bed to-day.

Look at its condition after a year's usage! If the Heavens don't let up in the matter of rains, there will be little of the road bed left by this time next year.

Another matter I would like to call attention to, and that is the disgraceful manner in which the streets are watered. It is simply a farce, and money thrown away. Days and days that the streets should be watered they are neglected, and when the water-cart passes it is at a speed that will not permit of the work being done properly, and half an hour after it has passed there are no signs whatever, from the appearance of the streets, that they have been watered. With the speed that the trolley cars and autos are permitted to pass over Pleasant street and the dust arising therefrom is simply unbearable. Instead of matters improving by complaining, they seem to grow worse, and if the tax payers of Woburn do not awaken to a realization of their duty, property in Woburn will continue to decrease in value, until it is worth little or nothing.

Look at the reputation Woburn has amongst Boston real estate agents. Go to them with a piece of Woburn property for sale, or to let, and see what a reception you will get. They simply will not entertain the matter when you mention Woburn.

There is an indifference and shameful negligence on the part of most of those who have control of the city affairs, that means ruination to it. Something must be done and that speedily. There has got to be an up-heaval and a clearing out of the whole gang, root and branch. Every tax payer has got to sink all political feeling, and united action for the purpose of an honest administration of the affairs of the city must be their sole object.

GEO. A. COCHRANE.

The Good Old Way.

A severe cold or attack of la grippe is like a fire, the sooner you combat it the better your chances are to overpower it. But few mothers in this age are willing to do the necessary work required to give a good old-fashioned reliable treatment such as would be administered by their grandmothers, backed by Boschee's German Syrup, which was always liberally used in connection with the home treatment of colds and is still in greater household favor than any known remedy. But even without the application of the old fashioned aids German Syrup will cure a severe cold in quick time. It will cure colds in children or grown people. It relieves the congested organs, allays the irritation, and effectively stops the cough. Any child will take it. It is invaluable in a household of children. Trial size bottle, 25; regular size, 75c. For sale by all druggists.

How Cheap Baking Powder is Made.

The Health Department of New York has seized a quantity of so-called cheap baking powder, which it found in that city. Attention was attracted to it by the low price at which it was being sold in the department stores. Samples were taken and the chemist of the Health Department reported the stuff to be "an alum powder," which analysis showed to be composed chiefly of alum and pulverized rock.

The powder was declared to be dangerous to health, and several thousand pounds were carted to the offal dock and destroyed.

It is unsafe to experiment with these so-called "cheap" articles of food. They are sure to be made from alum, rock, or other injurious matter. In baking powders, the high class, cream of tartar brands are the most economical, because they go further in use and are healthful beyond question.

The Rifle Range.

The proposed scheme for a Rifle Range taking in land in Reading, Lynnfield and Wakefield is fast materializing, and it is apparent the purpose to make it rival any in the country will be attained. The timber on 300 acres has been razed. Fifty-two targets have been set up at varying distances. Electrician L. T. Eames has put in eight telephones this week.

As many as seventy-five men have been at work at times, but as completion is nearing a less number are employed.

The entrance is from Pine street. Anyone interested will feel repaid after a visit.—*Reading Chronicle.*

Mr. John M. Portal of this city who is Secretary of the Association owning the Range says it is a daisy.

Autumn Trips to New York.

The Joy Line has inaugurated a series of special excursions to the Metropolis which should prove particularly attractive to the fall vacationist affording, as they do, a delightful sea trip and opportunities for seeing New York at its best. Just at this season the theatres are opening up and offering their best attractions, Coney Island is still catering to its devotees and the facilities for shopping could not be better. The rates via the Joy Line are the lowest and the service is of the best. Reservations should be made well in advance as the lists are filling rapidly. Mr. B. D. Pitts agent of the company will be glad to furnish full information regarding these special excursions.

WINCHESTER.

Chief of Police McIntosh will catch the burglars, if anybody can He's built that way.

The *Star* says that Hon. A. B. Coffin is in the enjoyment of good health and happy. He deserves it.

The public schools in this town will resume work on Wednesday, Sept. 7. The new and elegant schoolhouse will be christened and the Highland school ready for occupancy.

Our people are expecting to have through cars to Sullivan Square as soon as the Elevated finishes double-tracking their line from West Medford to Medford. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"Echoes" has broken loose again, and now for a flood of gall and vitiated bile. He is about the only person appearing in the public prints who never has a good or kind word for anybody or anything. He is a curious human machine.

The new High Schoolhouse being ready to receive teachers and pupils, the public are invited to visit and inspect it on the forenoon and afternoon of Labor Day. As everybody in town takes a lively pride in it, the invitation, no doubt, will be generally accepted.

Big Locomotives.

The Boston & Maine Railroad has recently added to its passenger service ten large locomotives. These engines are models of their kind, being the largest used on any railroad; and it is estimated that they can haul a train of 15 vestibuled cars, numbering eight Pullmans and seven coaches, at an average speed of 43 miles an hour. The total weight of one of these monsters is 852 tons, weight on drivers 65 tons. These locomotives are for use only on passenger trains, and have been assigned to the Eastern and Western Divisions.—*Boston Courier.*

Woman's Way of Finding Out.

"Women's ways are inscrutable, and they do a great many things that seem to be utterly without point to men, but it has been my experience that time shows they had a pretty good reason for the queer tricks they played us," said a citizen of Montreal.

"For instance," he continued, "my wife has an angelic disposition. She has always had that disposition, and it was one of the many things that attracted me to her. After we became engaged, however, on several occasions she did things which seemed to me to be utterly inexcusable. I've got something of a temper, and I would get pretty hot, but every time the little trouble passed off, she having gained her point, however. This sort of thing happened several times, but we were finally married.

"After the ceremony she never gave any symptoms of inconsistency, but was always as sweet and amiable as she could be. One day I asked her why she had done these things during our engagement and if she had done them merely to make me angry.

" 'Certainly I did, my dear,' was her surprising reply. 'I am a prudent woman and merely wanted to make sure I could manage you when you were mad.' "—Louisville Herald.

Tennyson and Spiritualism.

The world might have lost some of its choicest poetry had a certain spiritualist had his way. It was Frederick Tennyson, who was so impressed by spirit rapping that his head had become as much turned as the table whose waltzings used so to delight him. He desired his brother, the poet laureate, to give up everything to propagate spiritualism. Frederick told the old story of an unmusical girl made to play music by invisible influence and of a stout old gentleman who was suddenly picked up and whizzed through the thickness of solid walls all in a moment to be found in a courtyard of a house a mile and a half distant whose gates were closed and locked. The poet did believe there was something in spiritualism—there is a remarkable letter of his to Queen Victoria on the subject—but he could not swallow the story of the fat old gentleman's travels. So he contented himself with poetry and let spiritualism alone.

Importance of Chewing.

You must improve your mastication. Quite spontaneously Miss K. remarked how very rapidly you ate, more rapidly, she said, than Miss S. And as I know Miss S. eats in a helter skelter manner I can understand that your mastication must be extremely inefficient. If I had to teach children, I should give them, among other things, a lesson on the importance of mastication and should illustrate it by taking a small iron nail and weighing against it some pinches of iron filings till the two balanced, then putting them into two glasses, pouring into each a quantity of diluted sulphuric acid, leaving them to stir the two from time to time and showing them that, whereas the iron filings quickly dissolve, the dissolving of the nail would be a business of something like a week.—Herbert Spencer's Autobiography.

The Maddening Cow Itch.

"There is no vicious growth in Africa or the world," writes a traveler, "to compare with the detestable thing popularly called 'cow itch' and known to botanists as the mucuna bean. This is a plant having small seed pods covered with a close array of fine, silky hairs, which, when shaken loose, fasten in myriads upon the unconscious wayfarer and, reaching all parts of the skin, set up an irritation which words are literally powerless to describe. A man attacked by this abominable pest gives way for the time to absolute frenzy. * * * If a precipice were at hand he might almost be forgiven for jumping over it, so wholly unendurable is that burning, pricking, clinging itch."

Two Traits.

"One of the most important things in life, my son," said the father, "is to know when to grasp an opportunity." "And another," said the wise son, "is to know when to let go of it, I suppose."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cold Baths Versus Drunkenness.

In the course of a discussion at the sanitary congress Mr. Weaver declared that it was almost impossible for any one taking a cold bath every morning to become a habitual drunkard.—London Telegraph.

Huge Returns.

Harold—Did your charity ball realize anything for charity? Dolly—Well, rather. Old Jabez Gotrox sat in a draft, got pneumonia, died next day and left $10,000 to an orphan asylum.—Puck.

Ever curse yourself for being a fool? If you never did, you do not know yourself.—Atchison Globe.

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.

The Venerable Superstition That Is Associated With July 15.

St. Swithin's day falls on July 15, and in England there is a superstition that if it rains on that date the succeeding forty days will be wet, and if, on the contrary, St. Swithin's day be fair then the succeeding twoscore days will likewise be pleasant. The superstition is venerable, for one old historian remarks that "St. Swithin, a holy bishop of Winchester, about the year 860 was called the weeping St. Swithin, for that about his feast Praesepe and Aselli, rainy constellations, arise cosmically and commonly cause rain."

Another version of the story is that the good bishop left orders at his death that he should be buried in the open churchyard and not in the chancel. The monks, however, disobeyed the wishes of their dead and laid him to rest on July 15 within the minster, whereupon rain fell heavily and continually till on the fortieth day the offending priests became alarmed and hastened to fulfill their dead bishop's request.

Statistics furnished by the officials at Greenwich observatory discredit the accuracy of the whole tale. The figures for one period of twenty years go to show that the greater number of rainy days after St. Swithin's day followed a dry July 15.

A PAINTER'S ARTIFICE.

The Secret of the Color In One of Turner's Pictures.

The late Mr. Horsley, R. A., has recorded that at one time he studied almost daily one of Turner's finest water colors, called "The Snowdon Range," admiring especially the tender warmth of the light clouds encircling the moon. He tried all sorts of glasses to see if he could discover how the particular glow was gained, but without success.

Chance revealed the secret. The picture began to buckle from its mount, and its owner, Sir Seymour Haden, put it into the hands of a noted expert to be remounted. When he had successfully removed it from its old mount the expert sent for the owner to show him what he had discovered. A circle of orange vermilion had been plastered on the back with an ivory palette knife where the artist wanted the effect and then worked off sufficiently far through the pores of the previously wetted paper to give the show of color, while retaining the smooth surface, without a trace of workmanship on the right side.

This may have led Mr. Horsley himself to use, as he did, brilliant orange as the foundation for a white muslin dress.

OPEN AIR STATE JAIL.

Primitive Place of Confinement In Montenegro.

The open air state jail of Cettinje, Montenegro, is unique in Europe. This primitive place of confinement is situated in the principal public square of the Montenegrin capital. Persons guilty of such minor offenses as assault or petty thefts are sentenced to imprisonment in the open air jail. The prisoners are allowed to roam about the square at will, the mere fact that they have been deprived of their weapons being considered appropriate punishment. At night the prisoners are removed to a room in the town hall where they have far more comfortable quarters than they would have at home. The thought of escaping from their open air jail seldom occurs to them, and even if it did there is no place where they could find refuge. The Montenegrins are, above all, men of honor, and were a prisoner to escape the population of Cettinje would soon be at the heels of the fugitive guilty of having broken his promise not to attempt to escape.—New York Tribune.

A Clock Without Works.

In the courtyard of the palace of Versailles is a clock with one hand, called L'Horloge de la Mort du Roi. It contains no works, but consists merely of a face in the form of a sun, surrounded by rays. On the death of a king the hand is set to the moment of his demise and remains unaltered till his successor has joined him in the grave. This custom originated under Louis XIII. and continued till the revolution. It was revived on the death of Louis XVIII., and the hand still continues fixed on the precise moment of that monarch's death.

Appearance a Protection.

"Appearances are deceitful" is an old saying, which was illustrated by an old lady in one of our banks a few days ago.

She drew out a sum very near the $1,000 mark. The banker kindly asked her if she did not wish an escort to her destination in order to insure protection for the large amount. Looking calmly at the banker, she replied, "Why, nobody would think I had more than $1.25!"—Rumford Falls Times.

The Gentle Art.

Visitor (to particular friend, who has had several new dresses laid on the bed to choose from)—I do wish you would tell me the name of the woman you sell your things to. I've got a lot of old gowns like these that I want to get rid of.—Punch.

Sympathy.

"Boss," began the beggar, "won't yer help a poor"—

"See here," interrupted Goodheart, "I gave you some money last week."

"Well, gee whiz! Ain't yer earned any more since?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

When a man fools his wife and is ashamed of it, it is not so serious, but when he thinks he has a right to fool her, that is serious.—Atchison Globe.

Musicians and Reptiles.

"Doesn't that organist look like a lizard?" said the biologist.

The music rolled forth in great, sweet waves, and, rapt before his huge instrument, very still, his head, with its long hair, thrown back, the organist did indeed resemble a lizard remarkably.

"Musicians — great musicians — have much in common with reptiles," the biologist went on. "In all the animate kingdom only reptiles are sensitive to music, and only birds, which are nothing but feathered reptiles, make music.

"Birds are reptiles that have put forth wings and feathers. They sing, and the wingless, featherless reptiles sang, too, at one time, it is said. And they still, the wingless ones, maintain a fondness for song. Snakes and lizards will come forth readily from their retreats to listen to music."—New York Telegram.

"When we do not spend our money," says an old gentleman, "we are economical; when other people do not spend their money, they are stingy."

Waiters Who Speak Many Languages

"When it comes to linguistic ability," said the manager of one of Washington's biggest hostelries, "the real experts can be found in the dining rooms of this and other similar establishments.

"We have waiters in our employ who can talk in six or seven different tongues, and the ones who know only three, say English, German and French, are away behind. When I say talk, I mean the ability to converse fluently. Your college men can hold a sort of powwow, in a halting style, but Heinrich or Jean who waits on our guests can rattle off the lingo of nearly every patron who comes along, no matter what his nationality. Now and then we get a man who is making his first tour of the United States and whose mind is a howling wilderness so far as the understanding of English goes. He isn't able to 'savvy' a word, and then it is that we send forthwith to the dining room and utilize one of the waiters as an interpreter."—Washington Post.

The Nameless Girls of Korea.

Girls in Korea have no names, or what would be considered names in the western world. There are no Marys or Mabels or Ruths. The little ones are given a pet name at their birth, and this they bear until they are ten years old, after which time it is no longer used.

After her tenth birthday the young woman is known as "Mr. Kim's daughter," or "Mr. Kim's girl baby." The latter title is considered the more honorable. If there are several daughters in the family they are distinguished by such words as "big" (for the eldest), "second," "third," "fourth," etc.

After marriage they are known by the husband's name and title, with the word "house" affixed. They may also be distinguished by the name of the place from which they came when marrying, as "Mrs. of the house of Kim, the young lady who came from Kongjo."

Origin of "Attorney."

In the time of our Saxon ancestors the freemen in every shire met twice a year under the presidency of the shire reeve, or sheriff, and this meeting was called the sheriff's torn.

By degrees the freemen declined giving their personal attendance, and a freeman who did attend carried with him the proxies of such of his friends as could not appear. He who actually went to the sheriff's torn was said, according to the old Saxon, to go "at the torn," and hence came the word attorney, which signified one who went to the torn for others, carrying with him a power to act or vote for those who employed him.

The distinction between attorney and solicitor arises from the latter practicing in a court of equity and the former only in a court of law.

Egyptian Smokers and Madness.

An Egyptian smoker of hasheesh is even a more helpless slave than the Chinese opium fiend. He knows that in the end he will become a madman, yet he rushes toward the awful goal with unrelaxed speed. With the strange exaltation which first comes to the smoker he feels himself floating from cloud to cloud or alighting in the gardens of palaces all his own. Most of the hasheesh which Egypt consumes comes from Greece. From the husks of the hemp seeds and the tender hops of the hemp plant the Greeks manufacture a greenish powder whose fumes bring the ecstasy its victims desire.

Why a Harpooner Is Also a Taber.

Among the old New Bedford whaling families was that of the Tabers. In speaking of this fact to a representative of the family the other day, a man who is a member of a well known New Bedford family himself, said:

"In the old whaling days the harpooners who sailed out of New Bedford were very often of your name. After a time the name Taber came to be the generic title of any harpooner, whatever his name might be. Even to this day a famous harpooner is known as a Taber."

Macaulay's Mind.

Lord Macaulay on one occasion repeated to himself the whole of "Paradise Lost" while crossing the Irish channel.

At another time, while waiting in a Cambridge coffee house for a postchaise, he picked up a country newspaper containing two poetical pieces—one "The Reflections of an Exile" and the other "A Parody on a Welsh Ballad"—looked them once through, never gave them a further thought for forty years and then repeated them without the change of a single word.

Macaulay's mind, some one has said, was like a dredging net, which took up all that it encountered, both good and bad, nor ever seemed to feel the burden. Very much unlike a dredging net and more like a strainer are the minds of some other persons, who carefully select what they will retain or have a natural facility for remembering special classes of facts—George Bidder for figures, Sir Walter Scott for verses and Mezzofanti for languages.

Caste and Cash.

How to avoid the appearance of conventionality is one of the hardest problems that confront our provincial aristocracy. It is second only in importance to that high achievement, the simulation of well bred indifference to what the world thinks. To prove one's right to be numbered of the caste of Vere de Vere one must be untrammeled by old fashioned customs and moth eaten prejudices founded on mediaeval sentiment. The distinction between the representative of the up to date aristocracy of wealth branded with the hall mark of the elect and the mere pretentious climber is that the latter, uncertain as to his footing, is something of a hypocrite and pauses to consider effect. He does not enjoy that freedom of restraint that gives an air of abandon to the new rich who are already high and dry on the upper crust.—San Francisco Town Talk.

Raglan Castle.

Raglan, near Monmouth, in England, is pre-eminent among English castles, as Heidelberg among those upon the Rhine. Its towers and halls have a rich hue given by the red sandstone of which they are built. It has a mighty tower that was half destroyed after its last great siege so that it might not trouble the enemy again. For here, after his fatal battle at Naseby, Charles I. found refuge with Lord Beauchamp, one of his stanchest supporters, although already past fourscore years. Fifty thousand men and $500,000 he placed at the service of his luckless guest, but in vain. Then came Fairfax, and the last castle faithful to the monarch fell, costing its loyal owner a second sum of equal value and imprisonment.

NAPOLEON'S METHODS.

The Way the Great Military Genius Planned His Battles.

In his work on "Napoleon" Colonel Dodge has an interesting passage on Bonaparte's planning out of his battles. It runs:

"Spreading out and bending, sometimes lying, over his maps, with a compass in his hand, which corresponded to about seven or eight hours' march as the crow flies, being nine or ten actual hours' march, marking the position of his corps and divisions with various colored pins, as well as the supposed locations of the enemy, he ordered the movements of his army with an accuracy of which one can scarcely have an idea. Moving his compass across the map, he judged immediately, according to the topography, roads and season, how many marches any corps required to reach on a given day a certain place where he needed it and the rate of speed demanded, and with this knowledge (and his judgment was absolute of what troops could do) he dictated the instructions the execution of which made him so famous. Napoleon avoided such general orders as would inform the enemy of his wholesale plan should they reach him and confined himself when possible to such orders as would apply only to the movements of certain corps. Even in his own army he did not permit the general plan to be known, lest it should leak out. Each corps commander was given orders for his own maneuvers and was told what was essential about the neighboring corps. Just because Napoleon was thus particular were his orders such models of precision and clearness."

ANIMAL HABITS.

Why Horses Have and Donkeys Have Not the Shying Habit.

Horses shy because they are descended from ancestors accustomed to roam over plains, where any tuft of grass or bush might conceal an enemy waiting to spring on them. Under these circumstances they must often have saved themselves by at once starting away on observing any sudden or unexpected movement or on coming without warning upon some strange object. This is supposed to have become a habit which has descended to their domesticated descendants.

The donkey, on the other hand, is descended from animals which dwelt in the hills, among which there were precipices and dangerous paths, hence the sure footedness and comparative slowness of the donkey. His ancestors were not so liable to sudden attacks of wild beasts and of snakes. Moreover, sudden and wild starts on alarm would have been positively dangerous to them. Hence they learned to avoid the very habit which proved so useful to the horse in the plains.

The habit of eating thistles, which is almost peculiar to the donkey, is also supposed to come from these same ancestors. Living in dry and barren localities, they found little food and hence learned to eat hard and dry and, if necessary, prickly plants.

Our Funny Bone.

The "funny" bone, or "crazy" bone, as it is commonly called, is in reality no bone at all, but a nerve, and its peculiar name, of facetious origin, is a pun on the word "humerus," the cylindrical bone which runs from the shoulder to the elbow, the ulnar nerve passing around it.

The nerve is here superficial and therefore comparatively unprotected, so that it may be easily compressed, and then a blow upon it causes a strange tingling sensation in the course of its distribution, which is felt as far away as the little finger. The humerus has been the occasion of humor in others, for Locker wittily writes in "An Old Muff," published about 1740:

He cannot be complete in aught
Who is not humorously prone.
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone.

A Lifetime's Eating.

Science Siftings tells us that if we could see the amount of food one would consume in a lifetime pass before us the sight would be quite appalling. If a man lived seventy years, he would consume during that time about 100 four pound loaves of bread a year, or a total of 7,000 substantial loaves. Of meat he would consume, if he ate all beef, forty bullocks; of potatoes, an average of 200 pounds per year. If he ate only two eggs a week, it would require about 7,000 eggs to feed him during his lifetime; of tea and coffee on an average a pint a day, or for a lifetime about 3,220 gallons.

What They Didn't Know About Air.

Health journals have been in existence time out of mind. One in particular in its day was widely accepted as an authority on all matters of hygiene. An item which appeared in this paper in 1874 says among other things that "it is safer to sleep in a bad air all night—that is, with the windows tightly closed—with a temperature over 50 than in a pure air with a temperature under 40."

Fatherly Conclusion.

Farmer Trefrog—What makes you think Daniel Webster wuz a smert man? Farmer Hoptoad—Waal, I've been readin' some of his speeches, an' they seem to agree purty thoroughly with Mary Jane's graduation essays.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Hard Hearted.

She—After all, George, I think a public wedding would be better. He—And give up the elopement? She—Yes. You see, papa has refused to lend us his automobile, so what's the use?—Judge.

Faithfulness in little things fits one for heroism when the great trials come. —Louisa M. Alcott.

The Modern Prophet.

"Have we any modern prophets, papa?"

"Certainly! There's the promoter. He can foretell more good things than did the whole bunch of the prophets with a record."—Detroit Free Press.

Fixed to no spot is happiness. 'Tis nowhere to be found or everywhere.—Pope.

She Liked Bargains.

Clarissa (pettishly)—Why on earth do you keep asking me to marry you? Haven't I refused you once? Rupert (with an attempt at jocularity)—You have, but I wanted to give you another chance before offering this bargain elsewhere. Clarissa (on the alert)—A bargain, did you say? Rupert, dear, I'll take it!

He Could Talk.

Witherby—My wife keeps a scrap-book now of all the bright things our baby gets off. Plankington—Why, is the little fellow old enough yet? Witherby—Oh, yes. He repeats everything I say.

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WOBURN

LIFE'S GRAB BAG

By KEITH GORDON

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"Life," meditated Cynthia as she tucked in the ends of her veil more neatly, "is nothing more than a grab bag on a huge scale. Day by day you put your hand in and grab something, but until you take it out and unfold it you never know whether it is a joy or a sorrow!"

With a droll smile at the idea, she picked up her gloves and card case, took a last comprehensive survey of herself in the cheval glass and then passed down the stairs and out into the street filled with the gentle exhilaration that her view of life induced.

One did not know, for instance, what charming adventure might befall, even in the pursuit of so banal a duty as a round of formal calls. Musing thus, she turned into Fifth avenue, her face alight with eager expectancy of the next thing and trying to imagine what it was going to be.

This might be the great day of her life—one couldn't tell. Perhaps before the afternoon was over she would meet the man—that godling of her dreams who moved in the time honored Olympian manner, enveloped in a mist that hid his face from view. Apparently the afternoon held nothing more than a pleasant stroll, broken by a half dozen calls, but the beauty of the thing lay in the fact that one couldn't be sure! Perhaps on that very afternoon—

These pleasant speculations suddenly came to an abrupt end. Her card case—where was it? She felt blindly in her muff, thrust her hand into one side of her coat and then the other, but in vain. It was gone—lost—just as numberless purses, opera glasses, boas, muffs and umbrellas had gone before it, until she was a byword among her friends and the gifts of her intimates were invariably accompanied by a beseeching: "Don't lose this, Cynthia. Do try to be a little bit careful."

And now her new card case, a gift on her birthday a few weeks before, had gone in the usual way, just when she was expecting the very best of life too! Her optimism disappeared like the sun behind a cloud, and, with an aggrieved sense of misplaced trust, her steps slackened and she came to a standstill, wondering if it would be worth while to go back and try to find it.

"Scarcely," she decided, as the moving crowd of pedestrians slowly filed past her, and, with a sigh, she resumed her way northward once more, a little comforted by the reflection that, after all, some honest person would probably find it and return it to her.

Meanwhile a tall, athletic young man who was swinging up the avenue in the same direction a block or so behind her, unconsciously rejoicing in his mere physical vigor and not philosophizing at all, found his attention attracted by a small, dark object ornamented with a gleaming disk of silver that was lying near the edge of the sidewalk.

Picking it up, he glanced in this way and in that, but the handsomely gowned women who were making their way in both directions gave no indication of distress, so he examined the monogram on the clasp, with a grunt of masculine disdain for such devices.

Then he bethought him that it might be a good idea to open it, and, suiting the action to the impulse, he discovered in one compartment a latchkey and in the other a bunch of cards. "Miss Williar, No. 4 West —th street," he read, taking out one of the cards. And, having thus satisfactorily established the ownership of his find, he tucked it into his pocket and strode on toward the University club, idly wondering if this Miss Williar could be related to the little Cynthia Williar he had known in his boyhood. It was this wonder that impelled him to wait to see Miss Williar personally when, just before the dinner hour, he stopped at the address given on the card.

He had not long to wait. A tall girl with a look in her eyes that said plainly that life was an interesting experience entered the room, and he found himself face to face with what seemed to him a larger, older and greatly glorified copy of the small, freckled girl upon whom in moments of rare generosity he had sometimes bestowed his boyish approval.

"Why, Jack Mayhew," she exclaimed with unfeigned gladness, extending her hand, "where have you dropped from?" while his hearty "Jupiter, Cynthia, if this isn't luck!" uttered with enthusiastic heartiness while he conscientiously wrung her hand as if it had been that of another man, placed them at once on the plane of good fellowship where they had parted ten years earlier.

In their delight and surprise at the meeting they talked volubly and sometimes both at once, asking about boy and girl friends and referring hilariously to the pranks of those dear old days. But if their tongues were busy their minds were doubly so.

"He's magnificent," Cynthia was saying over and over to herself, with a thrill of delight, though ostensibly she was listening with rapt attention to his account of himself since he left Elmwood and had grown up, while he, filled with admiring wonder at this new Cynthia, suddenly lost the thread of his story and floundered helplessly, after the manner of persons who try to think about one thing and talk about another.

"As I was saying," he observed impressively, making a frantic but ineffectual attempt to recall what he had been saying, "as I was saying—that is—oh, hang it all, Cynthia, I was so busy looking at you that I forgot what I was saying. Don't know where I'm at."

At this plain avowal they both laughed, and he went on with masculine frankness:

"I say, you've done yourself proud. You're ripping, you know!" And he gazed at her with so much of the old boyishness in his face that the reproof that rose to her lips was suppressed. Then a black thought suddenly clutched at her.

"You aren't married, are you?" she demanded so abruptly and intensely that she winced the moment the words were out, while his prompt negative was tempered with a certain shame as he recalled some events of the previous year. Cynthia was so direct that she inspired him with a desire to meet her on her own ground.

"No, I'm not married, but I am afraid that I should have been except for the firmness of the young lady's mother," he acknowledged honestly. "She had other views for her daughter. You see, I wasn't rich enough, and I'm mighty glad I wasn't—now," he added with a fervor that was beyond suspicion.

Still, Cynthia's manner seemed to take on a slight coating of ice. "So you're a blighted being!" she said thoughtfully, her chin resting on the back of her hand and her eyes fixed upon his face speculatively.

They parted a few minutes later, reluctantly, it is true, yet with the feeling that the fine glow of the meeting had suddenly faded.

"He's mourning for that horrid little thing with the mercenary mother," reflected Cynthia scornfully and without any compunction whatever anent the injustice of calling an unknown damsel "a horrid little thing," while Jack Mayhew, his eyes dazzled by the fine, open face of his old playmate, wondered how he could ever have fancied pretty little pink and white Dorothy.

As he remembered Cynthia's mouth, with the little curlycues at the corner that looked like baby smiles, his face grew gloomy.

"Depend upon it, old fellow, you'll find there is some man in the background," he confided to himself darkly on the way homeward. "Don't get the idea that there's any chance for you. A girl like that"— Here he gave up at loss for words to express his convictions on the subject.

But in spite of this mutual cynicism Miss Williar and Jack Mayhew were seen together very frequently during the next three months. They affected palm rooms and art galleries and such places where a certain soft splendor and quiet made for sentiment and low toned conversation.

It was upon one such occasion that a patron of art who had closed the book of romance before the young people in this story were born overheard the following extraordinary bit of conversation. He was sitting with one eye screwed up critically in the effort to form a judgment of a Claude Monet on the wall before him when he heard the young man murmur anxiously:

"You don't suppose your mother will say that I'm not rich enough, do you?"

"Indeed, no!" replied the girl at his side confidently. "My mother is not that kind. Besides, didn't our mothers know each other before we were born?"

The patron of art looked slightly puzzled. From the tail of his cool, estimating eye he sent furtive glances at the pair, vainly endeavoring to follow the young lady's reasoning.

There was an ecstatic silence for a second, during which the patron of art found the two decidedly interesting from an artistic standpoint. It was an eloquent moment—and paintable. It was really a pity. Then the girl's face dimpled and she began to speak.

"Oh, Jack," she said, and her tone was a caress, "isn't it lucky that I got you out of the grab bag after all?"

The patron of art moved away, shaking his head as if the times were getting beyond him. "Got him out of the grab bag," he murmured, just to see how it would sound—"got him out of the grab bag!"

A Bill That Never Passed.

Congressmen sometimes adopt queer expedients to gain the good will of their constituents. Years ago a member from a western state was very much afraid he would be knocked out in the approaching campaign. He had not managed to make himself a power in congress. In fact, his constituents had never heard of him doing anything besides voting with his party when his name was called and drawing his salary. He was desperate. Something must be done to please his people at home or he would be buried out of sight. A bright young woman to whom he had described his troubles said to him:

"You live near the center of the United States, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you introduce a bill to have the capitol moved to the principal town in your district?"

"The very thing."

And he introduced the bill. It worked to a charm. The people of his district at once concluded he was a great man and with much enthusiasm sent him back for another term, so that he might press his removal bill and secure its passage. In the next congress he reintroduced the same measure, and, though it was promptly pigeonholed in the committee room and of course he never got a chance to make a speech on it, his people stood by him and gave him a third term as a reward for his genius.

Inflammability of the Diamond.

The diamond, being pure carbon, will burn and be consumed without leaving a trace behind. The inflammability of the diamond was not known till the middle of the seventeenth century. The ancients were firmly convinced that a diamond could not either be burned or broken. This was disproved in 1670 or thereabout, when a four karat stone was consumed in the flame of a blow pipe. I think it was in Rome. The Grand Duke of Florence in 1694 thought that fire would reveal the secret of the diamond's composition, and he caused a stone to be placed under the focus of concentrated sun rays. The diamond cracked, coruscated and disappeared—Exchange.

The Man In the Iron Mask.

All the best informed persons of my time have always thought that this famous history was founded upon the capture and captivity of Mattioli, a Piedmontese political prisoner, who died in the Bastile in 1703. In those days prisoners were made to wear masks when traveling, but it would be more exact to say a mask the color of iron. All the details which Voltaire added were simply fabulous and laughable, and I think you will find that my theory of the iron mask is the right one.—From the French Noblesse.

Setting Him Right.

An Irish soldier was crossing a barrack square with a pail, in which he was going to get some water. A sergeant passing at the time noticed that Pat had a very disreputable looking pair of trousers on and, wishing to make a report, stopped the man and asked, "Where are you going?"

"To get some water."

"What! In those trousers?"

"No, sergeant; in the pail."

Cornered.

Life Insurance Agent—I should like to insure your life in our company for $10,000. Editor—No, sir. I don't want any insurance. I expect to live at least until I'm ninety years old. Life Insurance Agent—Well, here's our other policy. If you die, you get nothing; live until you're ninety and get a million. See?

RELIC FROM THE STONE AGE

A Body From the Prehistoric Burying Places of England.

In Somersetshire, England, may be seen many "barrows," burying places of prehistoric man. Long ages ago, when the elephant and rhinoceros, the lion and bear, the hyena and wolf, the great elk and the reindeer were among the common animals of England, primitive man and savage beasts lived in caves in this region.

At the entrance to these caves the aborigines, clad in skins, kept fires burning for warmth and for protection from the wild beasts. It was here that they made flint hatchets, knives and arrowheads. Not long ago a trench was being dug within the mouth of one of these caves for the purpose of draining.

It was found necessary to break up a stalagmite floor of two thick layers. Between the layers was a deposit of cave earth and stones, in which was discovered the skeleton of a man of very great antiquity in an excellent state of preservation. With it were found several flint knives and flakes. Experts who made a careful examination of the skull, which has projecting brows and receding frontal bone, have decided that it belongs to the stone age and is of a type intermediate between the paleolithic and neolithic ages.

Apparently the body had been placed in a small passage leading off from the great passages to the stalactite caves and had been prevented from disturbance by stones piled around it. The stalagmite floor had formed over it all, effectually preserving it to the present day.—Harper's Weekly.

ANIMALS IN BATTLE.

The Gorilla's Powerful Arms Make It a Formidable Foe.

Fish fighting is a most popular sport in Siam. The two fish, trained from the age of six months to fight, are placed in a large glass bottle. It is most curious to note each fish's attitude when it becomes aware of its adversary's presence in the bottle. Swelling with rage and pride, they sail around and around the narrow space, pretending not to notice each other until suddenly one fish makes a savage dart at its unwelcome companion, biting its fins and body. The fight continues until the referee sees that the issue is no longer in doubt, when the contest is stopped.

Horses use either their teeth or their hoofs as a mode of defense. A curious instance of the effectiveness of these weapons once occurred at Sheffield park. A bulldog, barking and snarling, chased a horse turned loose around and around a meadow, not with angry intent, but purely from excess of high spirits. After galloping around the field several times the horse stopped dead and, turning sharply around, lashed out at the yelping dog, with a fatal result, for its skull was cloven.

The gorilla is a most formidable opponent in battle, its great strength lying in its powerful arms. Few animals of the forest have the slightest chance of overcoming a gorilla. A python has been known to encircle its coils around the gorilla's body, only, however, to have its own body torn open by its adversary's hands.

Waste of Energy.

If you hold your fist as tight as you can hold it for fifteen minutes the fatigue you will feel when it relaxes is a clear proof of the energy you have been wasting, and if the waste is so great in the useless tightening of a fist it is still greater in the extended and continuous contraction of brain and nerves in useless fears, and the energy saved through dropping the fears and their accompanying tension can bring in the same proportion a vigor unknown before and at the same time afford protection against the very things we feared. The fear of taking cold is so strong in many people that a draft of fresh air becomes a bugaboo to their contracted, sensitive nerves. Drafts are imagined as existing everywhere, and the contraction which immediately follows the sensation of a draft is the best means of preparing to catch a cold.

Sermon of Three Hours and a Half.

Charles II. was wont in his humorous way to say of his chaplain, Dr. Barrow, that "he was the most unfair preacher in England because he exhausted every subject and left no room for others to come after him." It was indeed too much the doctor's way. When he got hold of a topic he never knew how to leave anything unsaid about it. One of his best discourses, that on the duty and reward of bounty to the poor, actually took up three and a half hours in delivering.

Luck.

Persons who believe in luck and signs will doubtless agree that it is unlucky to be struck by lightning on Monday, or take hold of a circular saw in motion on Tuesday, or tumble downstairs with a coal scuttle on Wednesday, or be hit by a trolley car on Thursday, or fall overboard on Friday, or marry on Saturday, or be one of thirteen to dinner on Sunday when there is food for only ten.

Groundless Fear.

Cholly—I did think of going in for politics, but I was afwaid I wouldn't know just how to tweat my infewiahs, don't y' know. Peppery—Your inferiors! Oh, you wouldn't be likely to meet any of them.—Philadelphia Press.

The Sword.

A sword is out of place in time of peace, and it is of very little consequence in time of war, except to adorn a big general or a lodge man in a parade.—Atchison Globe.

True independence is to be found where a person contracts his desires within the limits of his fortune.

The Ancients and Electricity.

Although little was known of electricity until comparatively modern times, it has been understood since six or seven hundred B. C. that certain substances when rubbed show attraction and repulsion for various light materials. Among these is amber; so, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, when electricity was more definitely known, its name was taken from the Greek word for amber.

His Sense of Touch.

"Some men have the sense of touch developed to an extent that is little short of phenomenal."

"Yes, indeed! There's Closeboy, for instance. I've known him to say he hadn't a cent before I opened my lips."

Cruel.

Grayce—Maud tells me that Ferdy kissed her hand last night. Now, what do you think of that? Edythe—Well, I suppose the poor man had to do something and couldn't go her face.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Although Called a Tideless Sea, Its Water Rises and Falls.

Why are there no tides in the Mediterranean? asks a reader. As a matter of fact, there are tides in the Mediterranean. The general rise and fall are, however, so insignificant, owing to the comparatively small area and the mass of water involved, as to have escaped detection until scientific methods were brought to bear, and hence the Mediterranean has come popularly to be looked upon as a tideless sea.

A similar want of knowledge and experience of tidal phenomena cost Caesar the loss of most of his fleet on his invasion of Britain in 55 B. C., when his vessels were dashed to pieces upon the coast.

At Algiers a self recording tide gauge was set up by Aime, and from its records he deduced a rise and fall of eighty-eight millimeters, or three and one-half inches, at springtide and half that amount at neap tide, a fluctuation which would escape ordinary observation, as it would be masked by the effects of atmospheric disturbance.

At Venice and in the upper reaches of the Adriatic the true lunisolar tide seems to be more accentuated than at other parts, but here also its effects are subordinate to those of the wind. —London Answers.

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

In Some Cases It Is Stimulating and In Others Narcotic.

Whether or not tobacco is a stimulant has been a vexed question ever since the time of Oviedo, the first writer to describe it fully, who says that the Indians of Hispaniola used tobacco to produce insensibility, whereas others among the old Spanish discoverers say that the natives smoked to stimulate themselves to fresh exertions.

Men whose business leads to exposure to weather or to violent physical exercise, such as sailors, soldiers, watchmen, navvies and field laborers, all take tobacco as a stimulant and have done so from the first.

These classes are mentioned as specially large consumers of the weed in Dr. Everard's "Panacea," published in 1659. Hobbes and Newton both used tobacco to stimulate. Goethe and Heine hated it. Scott smoked profusely; but, according to Mr. Trelawney, Byron "never smoked pipe or cigar."

Modern experience and observation seem to indicate that tobacco is a stimulant in moderation and a narcotic in excess, in this respect resembling all other intoxicants, using the term in its widest sense, from tea to opium.

CAT'S CRADLE.

Origin of the Name of the Familiar String and Finger Game.

Cat's cradle has been familiar to most of us from childhood as a game for two players, in which the first winds a looped cord over the fingers of both hands in a symmetrical figure, and the second inserts his fingers and removes it in such a way as to produce a different figure. This they do alternately several times, always changing the formation. The art consists in making the right changes.

The cord forms a rude representation of a manger, and the name originally was "cratch" cradle, cratch being a manger (creche, French), such as that in which our Saviour was laid. "They layde hym in a cratche," was Wyclif's translation of Luke ii, 7. The word is still used in Roman Catholic countries in that particular sense.

The Abbe Prevost says in his "Manuel Lexique," "Cratch is the name given to a manger for cattle and which is consecrated by the birth of Jesus Christ." To the present day the racks which stand in the fields for cattle to eat from are called cratches.

"Yankee Doodle."

As for the origin of the tune of "Yankee Doodle," over which there is much controversy, this can be said—that most of the views expressed about its origin are right, but only partly so. It is true the tune is the same as that of "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket," "Yankee Doodle Came to Town," and that of the Dutch reapers' song, "Yonker Dudal, Dudal Daun," but it is also identical with the old Biscayan "Danza Esparta" (sword dance) and that of a German song which was published at Cologne in the year that Columbus discovered America.

Relative Advantages.

"Which do you think is better," asked the thoughtful girl, "wealth or social position?"

"My dear," answered Miss Cayenne, "with money to give entertainments you can get into the society column, but aristocratic origin does not necessarily insure mention in the financial news."—Washington Star.

The Record Lunatic.

"Here's a story 'bout a man what been married ten times!"

Brother Williams seemed lost in thought. Then he spoke up: "What make 'em print sich tales ez dat? W'en a man once gits in de lunotic asylum dey orter stop talkin' 'bout him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Overdone.

Jasper—I often wonder why Jenkins is not more popular, for he is the most polite man I know. Jumpuppe—That is just the trouble. He is so confoundedly polite he leaves the impression that he wants to borrow money.—Town Topics.

Sometimes.

"My husband is a fatalist. He always maintains that men are not free agents."

"You must remember that your husband is married."—Town and Country.

Bound to Come.

Mamma—My dear, what are you doing? Little Daughter—Making a dolly for my little sister. Mamma—But you haven't any little sister. Little Daughter—No, not yet, but Sally Stuckup has just got one, and I know we always get everything the Stuckups do.

Beat Her to the Altar.

"Why is it that Ethel has never married?"

"She has too many pretty girl friends."—Cleveland Leader.

Did you ever see a car No. 1 on the railroad? What becomes of car No. 1?—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Not to Her Taste.

"Do you care much for Lamb?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle as she took a seat in the sumptuous library and picked up a fine edition of the "Last Essays of Elia."

"No," replied her hostess; "to tell the truth, I don't. Josiah does, but give me a good beefsteak any time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 4.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings xix, 9-18—Memory Verses, 15-18—Golden Text, Isa. xli, 10—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Elijah is now at Horeb, lodging in a cave. What sustenance he found here for his body we are not told, but if he lived on locusts and wild honey, as John the Baptist afterward did (Matt. iii, 4), he probably found sufficient. However that may have been, the God who cared for him at Cherith and Sarepta and sent an angel to provide for him in the wilderness would not fail to care for him anywhere. There is great comfort in this, that the Lord loves His people with an everlasting love, and knowing all about us loves us to the end (Jer. xxxi, 3; John xiii, 1). Here in this cave the word of the Lord came to him as at other times (xvii, 2, 8; xviii, 1). In Ezek. i, 3, it is written that the word of the Lord came expressly to Ezekiel the priest, and unless we receive the messages from the book as coming expressly to us individually there is no benefit, yet there are many who profess to believe the Bible who look with surprise upon those who say "God has spoken to me in His word." Unless the word of God speaks directly to our hearts we have not yet learned to know Him very well. As plainly as by a voice from heaven has He said to my soul as I have read His book—John i, 12; iii, 16; v, 24; x, 27-29; xiv, 1, 27; I John ii, 12; iii, 1, 2, 3; Isa. xli, 10, 13; xliii, 25; Gen. xxviii, 15, and many, many more messages which are engraven on my heart and for which I do heartily praise Him.

"What doest thou here, Elijah?" is the great question of our lesson (verses 9, 13), and a great question for each of us. Happy are those who can say, "I am here, Lord, for Thou didst send me, and I am here at Thy bidding for Thy pleasure." Elijah could not reply thus, but he did say something about the sin of Israel, his own faithfulness and zeal, and that he was the only representative the Lord had left, and his life was being sought, and therefore he was hiding in this cave in this out of the way place. He was not seeking the glory of God, as on Carmel, nor was he sent of God, as when he went to Cherith or Sarepta, but he was seeking only his own personal safety.

Adam's reply to the Lord's "Where art thou?" was a very sad one (Gen. iii, 10). Abraham's reply to Abimeleck as to why he had done as he did was anything but honoring to God (Gen. xx, 11), and the reply of Elijah at Horeb was not like the Elijah of Carmel. It is a great thing to be able to continue little in our own sight and to seek always and only the glory of God, and to give a testimony like Paul in Gal. ii, 20; I Cor. xv, 10. The reply of Elijah in verses 10, 14, of our lesson would almost, if not wholly, indicate that, he being the only true servant of Jehovah left, it would be a poor day for the Lord's cause if anything should happen to him. "And they seek my life to take it away." What then would become of the Lord's cause? When we allow ourselves to be thus deluded by him who would, if he could, dethrone God himself, it is a poor day for us, for it indicates that the Lord may not be able to use us much longer, as we shall see in this lesson.

"Go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord" (verse 11) is the Lord's message to Elijah, and he could hardly fail to recall that on this very mount God had said to Israel and to Moses, "I am the Lord thy God which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage" (Ex. xx, 2; xxiv, 12), and as he thought of it a sense of his own nothingness and God's mightiness may have come over him. Then came the mighty wind, the earthquake and the fire, but the Lord did not reveal Himself in either of these; then the still small voice in which the Lord spoke to His servant, and one needs to be very still to hear a still small voice.

God has many ways of dealing with people, and different ways at different times of dealing with the same person. He had spoken to Israel from this very mount in fire and earthquake; He had just recently spoken to the people through Elijah by fire on Carmel, but now it is by the still small voice. Some one may be looking for a fire or earthquake experience because some one else has had it or because they themselves have had it in former times, but now God is speaking in a still small voice and they do not hear because they want the former experience. Let us bow head and heart and say, "Speak, Lord, as it pleaseth Thee, for Thy servant heareth." Not methods nor experiences, but Himself alone, can satisfy the heart.

And the Lord said unto him, Go, return and anoint a king over Syria, a king over Israel, and Elisha to be prophet in thy room (verses 15, 16). This is what we said a little before, that when a man thinks that the work cannot get along without him it is time to appoint his successor. No one is essential to God or to His work, but He is graciously pleased to use such as are willing to continue little in their own sight and let God be glorified in them. We must learn to magnify the Lord Jesus as He magnified the Father. "Yet have I left me seven thousand in Israel which have not bowed unto Baal" (verse 18). How utterly foolish to think that we are the only ones who know the Lord or are really interested in His cause. He always has His own, known well to Him if not to others, and we must not judge lest we misjudge. Judge nothing before the time. The Lord knoweth them that are His.

A Pert Maid.

The B.'s had given an impertinent maid notice and in consequence were obliged to assume the duties that she pointedly neglected. On the last day of Katie's stay as one of the ladies of the family was hastening to answer a ring at the front door she was arrested by an explosive whisper from the rear of the hall, where the irrepressible exmaid, Katie, in most unpicturesque dishabille, was established, "Mrs. B., if that's any one for me, say I'm out."

Breaking It to Him Gently.

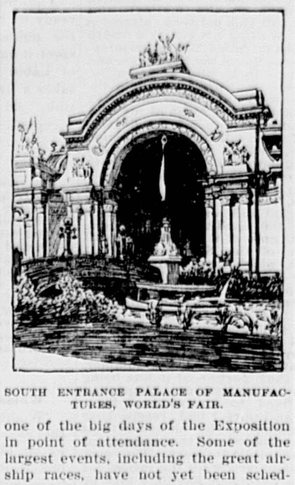
Mrs. Ferguson—George, dear, you know you handed me $7.50 this morning for pocket money? Mr. Ferguson—Yes. Mrs. Ferguson—Well, I went downtown this afternoon to buy a few things with it. I got caught in a crush in a street car door, and—er—it turned out to be pickpocket money.—Chicago Tribune.

Sometimes this happens: A man who has been sensible all his life lets a fool make a fool out of him.—Atchison Globe.

WORLD'S FAIR SPECIAL DAYS

Events of Worldwide Importance Crowd One Another on the Season's Programme—Many Congresses and Conventions to Meet.

Each of the remaining days of the World's Fair season has a programme filled with special events that offer additional attractions for late visitors. National and state governments, municipalities, secret societies, trade organizations and college fraternities have arranged to participate in the special days allotted to them, and thousands of persons will be drawn to the World's Fair upon these occasions.



SOUTH ENTRANCE PALACE OF MANUFACTURES, WORLD'S FAIR.

Missouri is to have an entire week at the Exposition, and the Lumbermen of America will be present for six days. St. Louis day Sept. 15, will be one of the big days of the Exposition in point of attendance. Some of the largest events, including the great airship races, have not yet been scheduled, and they are not included in the list of attractions given here:

SPECIAL EVENTS FOR AUGUST.

22—Missouri week begins, Pythian day and convention of National Firemen's association.
Horse and mule show in Live Stock section; closes Sept. 3.
23—Rathbone Sisters' day.
24—Deutscher-Krieger Bund day.
25—Conventions of dental examiners and Institute of Bank Clerks.
26—Ramsey family reunion.
27—Liberal Arts day.
29—Inauguration of great Olympic games, hammer throwing, running and jumping.
30—Tennis tournament and Marathon race in Olympic games.
31—Eagles' day and Tyler family reunion.
International tug of war in Olympic games.

SPECIAL EVENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1—Tennessee and Indiana day.
Dumbbell competition and hurdle races in Olympic games.
2—Jewelers' and Silversmiths' day.
3—Sons and Daughters of Justice.
International team race in Olympic games.
5—Labor day and beginning of Lumbermen's week.
6—Oklahoma day.
7—Convention of postoffice clerks and Brigham family reunion.
8—Modern Woodmen day.
9—California, Odd Fellows' and House of Hoo-Hoo day.
10—Reunion of Spanish War Veterans.
12—Maryland day.
World's amateur cricket contest.
Cattle show opens in Live Stock section; closes Sept. 24.
13—Catholic Knights of America.
14—Woodmen of the World and State of Louisiana day.
15—St. Louis day.
16—Mexico day and Germanic congress.
17—Massachusetts and Colorado day.
19—Congress of arts and science and Arizona day.
Olympic golf championship tournament.
20—Nevada day.
Archery contests.
21—Illinois day.
22—Arkansas day.
23—Lewis and Clark Centennial exposition day and Virginia day.
24—Idaho day.
26—Fraternal day.
Military athletic carnival.
27—North Dakota and Apple day.
28—International congress of lawyers and justices and Utah day.
29—Knights and Ladies of Security day.
30—Kansas day.

SPECIAL EVENTS FOR OCTOBER.

1—Indian Territory day.
Equestrian polo championship contests.
3—New York day.
Sheep and swine exhibition in Live Stock section; closes Oct. 15.
4—New York State and Advertising Men's day.
5—Rhode Island day.
6—Maine, Ohio, New Jersey and German day.
7—W. C. T. U. and Daughters of Confederacy day.
8—Chicago Press day.
10—Cuba's national day.
11—Missouri day.
12—Italian and Michigan day.
13—Connecticut and City of Detroit day.
14—A. A. U. Wrestling Championship day.
15—Mystic Toilers' day.
17—American Library Association day.
18—Alaska, Nebraska and Helen Keller day.
19—Jefferson day.
20—Meeting of Colonial Dames of America.
21—Congregational day.
22—Fraternal Mystic Circle.
24—Bankers of the World day and National Council of Women.
Poultry, pigeons and pet stock exhibition in Live Stock section; closes Nov. 5.
25—Clergyman day.
Dog and cat exhibition in Live Stock section; closes Oct. 28.
26—Nut growers, dairymen and silk culturists' congress.
27—Farmers' mass exhibition.
Turners' mass exhibition.
28—A. A. U. gymnastics championship.
29—Home missionary convention.
A. A. U. gymnastic championships.

SPECIAL EVENTS FOR NOVEMBER.

2—Convention King's Daughters and Sons and National Humane society.
3—Collegiate Alumni association.
5—Missouri University day.
7—Interscholastic football games.
Southern breeding cattle exhibit in Live Stock section; closes Nov. 12.
10—College relay racing.
12—College football.
15—Brooklyn day.
16—Association football.
17—Cross country championship.
18—Association football.
19—Interscholastic football.

Willing to Admit It.

"That milk looks as if it were half water," protested the woman at the kitchen door.

"It is much more than that, ma'am," replied the milkman, a college graduate in reduced circumstances. "I guarantee it to be 86 per cent water, 4 per cent butter, 3½ per cent caseine and 6½ per cent sugar and various salts, the combination resulting in the liquid commonly known as milk. Chemical analysis of the same cheerfully furnished whenever desired. Good morning, ma'am."

Advertising.

There is one impartial critic of advertising. He never passes judgment upon publicity from the standpoint of grammar or art. He considers all the difficulties of advertiser, medium and readers in giving his verdict. What he says is final, and every one of his conclusions is valuable in making future ads. more productive. He is a true expert. His name is Results.—Printers' Ink.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN ON THE WORLD'S FAIR

What Distinguished Statesmen and Others Say of the Educational and Inspiring Exposition at St. Louis.

The public utterances of distinguished men who have visited the world's fair have but one note, and that of emphatic praise. Here are some of their comments:

Hon. John Hay, secretary of state: "I have never seen nor heard of anything so fine."

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, secretary of the treasury: "Any father of a bright boy can afford to send him to the Fair simply to study any one of at least a thousand exhibits."

Hon. Charles H. Grosvenor of Ohio: "A visit of ten days by a man of ordinary aptness and appreciative capacity to the Fair is almost equal to a postgraduate course in a university."

Hon. Benjamin B. Odell, governor of New York: "St. Louis has been badly misrepresented by accounts which say that her weather is unbearable. The Fair is wonderful."

Hon. George C. Pardee, governor of California: "The governor of the Golden State, who has spent all his life within her borders, finds that he knew only a little about his state until he came to the Fair and saw all her varied products assembled together."

Hon. Albert B. Cummins, governor of Iowa: "The Louisiana Purchase Exposition is on the grandest scale of any exposition the world has ever seen."

Hon. Richard Yates, governor of Illinois: "The more I see of the Exposition the more I enjoy it."

Hon. Fennimore Chatterton, governor of Wyoming: "I wish the Fair the greatest success. It certainly deserves it."

Hon. Franklin Murphy, governor of New Jersey: "It is well worth coming from New Jersey to see even a small part of this Fair."

Hon. A. B. White, governor of West Virginia: "I cannot speak too strongly of the greatness of this Fair."

Hon. William J. Bryan: "The Exposition is an unparalleled wonder."

Hon. John Sharp Williams, member of congress from Mississippi: "The most wonderful thing of its kind."

Hon. Hoke Smith of Georgia, formerly secretary of interior under President Cleveland: "I am highly pleased with the Exposition and believe it to be one of the triumphs of modern civilization."

Hon. Perry Belmont of New York: "In magnitude and beauty the Fair is wonderful. It is worth coming a long distance to see."

Hon. Daniel J. Campau, chairman of the Michigan delegation to the Democratic national convention at St. Louis: "It is positively sinful for parents to fail to bring their children to see the Fair."

M. Paul Dupuy, editor of Le Petit Parisien of Paris, France: "I admire the Exposition for its immensity, its spirit of the sublime, its general beauty and its completeness."

Prince George of Bavaria: "I have never seen anything prettier than the St. Louis World's Fair buildings when outlined at night with their millions of electric lights."

Hon. Louis E. McComas of Maryland: "The greatest Fair in the world."

Hon. John F. Dryden of New Jersey: "The people have no idea of the greatness of the Exposition. Every American should see it."

T. P. Shants, president of the Clover Leaf route of Chicago: "The Fair is a big success and will continue to become a greater success as it progresses."

WAGE EARNERS AT THE FAIR

Prominent Men Planning to Help Workers See the Great Exposition.

Wage earners of America are to see the World's Fair by tens of thousands under the auspices of the National Civic Federation. A new bureau of the Federation has just been established at St. Louis upon the World's Fair grounds. Back of the movement are Grover Cleveland, David R. Francis Andrew Carnegie, Cornelius N. Bliss and others. Plans are making to have a vast number of the wage earners of the United States see the World's Fair, the most glorious spectacle of the age and the most influential factor in the education of the American citizen.

The bureau is in charge of Miss Gertrude Beeks, secretary of the Federation's welfare department, of which Mr. H. H. Vreeland, head of the street railway system of New York city, is chairman. The bureau headquarters is in the east end of the Palace of Transportation, on the ground floor. The Exposition management is in hearty accord with this movement on the part of the Federation to induce the large manufacturers and other employers of labor to provide ways and means for the wage earners of America to visit the Exposition. President Francis is displaying personal interest in the undertaking by affording the Federation every facility for the consummation of its efforts, and in this connection he has directed Theodore Hardee, assistant to the secretary, to co-operate with Miss Beeks and Ralph M. Easley, chairman of the Federation's executive council, in every possible way.

The Exposition management has also equipped this bureau with clerical assistance and a full supply of World's Fair literature. The bureau will be used as headquarters for all wage earners coming to the Exposition under its auspices. The aim of the Federation is to make it feasible for the largest possible proportion of wage earners to visit St. Louis and see the World's Fair. It will see that they are met at the depot by responsible persons and conducted to suitable lodgings, where they will be treated fairly.

There will also be furnished, free of charge, appropriate itineraries indicating the points of interest to be seen within a limit of one week, which is about the average time each party will spend here. It will also indicate the objects of special interest to various craftsmen in their particular lines, so that they may devote as much time as possible to the objects of peculiar interest to them. These and many other efforts will be made to help all wage earners to enjoy the benefits of this great Exposition comfortably and at an expense within their means.

The Disenchanting Phonograph.

The best story I have heard recently is that told of a well known Oxford don who was asked to speak into a phonograph. A little later the machine was turned on again, and he was requested to listen to his own voice. The don then turned to the assembled company and said, "It is strange that through this machine I am made to speak in a peculiarly bumptious and affected manner."—London Tatler.

A Better Place Below.

The occupants of a store recently moved their business a short distance down the same street, hanging up in the window of the premises they had just vacated the following notice: "Have moved to a better place below."—Philadelphia Press.

He Broke Out.

Uncle—Are you always so quiet, my little man? Small Johnny—I should say not. But mamma promised me a shilling if I wouldn't say anything about your bald head and the wart on your nose.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed SATISFACTORY.

THOMAS SALMON,
Foreign Steamship Agent,
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..Are..
You Particular

About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

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Telephone 29-4.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks,
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Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

Tramping In France.

One tramps because he likes to tramp, not to save money. Nevertheless in Normandy, and the same is true of nearly every other section of France except Savoy and the Cote d'Azur, one must make a distinct effort to spend while tramping more than 7 francs a day, or $1.40. Nearly all the auberges and many of the smaller hotels give comfortable rooms for 30 cents a night and no extra charges, the petit dejeuner for 10 cents and a prix fixe dejeuner and dinner for 30 cents each.

In a word, 7 francs ($1.40) a day represents luxury, 4 to 6 comfort and 3 to 4 the essential. To bring the average per day below 3 francs and keep moving it is necessary to go to the length of buying provisions at the stores and sleeping sometimes in the open air and in granges, a method which is not without its special piquancy, as I know from experience, but which it would be hazardous if not unpardonable to recommend. — Alvan F. Sanborn in Booklovers' Magazine.

A Kanaka Canoe.

The early Kanakas built their fast sailing canoes out of the body of a single tree, hollowing it out and staying the edges with strips of hard wood. These strips extended to the ends and covered a space at both stem and stern. The triangular sails were made of fine matting, and the little craft was steadied by an outrigger. The ruling chiefs and their families traveled in large double canoes, with a raised platform in the center for passengers.

The building of a canoe was a very serious business. Offerings were made to the gods, and prayers were especially addressed to the fisherman's tutelary saint. A priest finally stood with the owner at the bow of the canoe and recited the last prayer in unbroken silence; death and disaster were sure to follow if any extraneous noise disturbed the scene.—New York Times.

Undignified but Cool Official.

A humble French official who was sent to one of the hottest departments of France found his bureau a perfect furnace until he had a brilliant idea. He improvised a cistern and sat in it all day. The public came into his office and panted, but he was up to his armpits in water, cool and comfortable. Nobody minded; it was thought very clever of him, and he grew in the local esteem. But one day there came an inspector whose business it was to maintain the dignity of the public service. He stood aghast. What! A registrar sitting in a cistern? It was a stigma on the republic. The case was reported to Paris, and the offender was on the point of being dismissed when a cynic suggested a more humorous punishment. "Send him to Algeria!" Even the cisterns are hot in that climate.—London Chronicle.

The Back Porch Sanitarium.

Ninety-eight per cent of those who have tuberculosis of the lungs, if they get well at all, will have to do so at home, but not "by the fireside." Even in tenement houses people have made good recoveries, but it has been by lying under a wide open window all day long and all night long, by extra feeding, by rest and by good courage. There are wondrous possibilities on back porches and in sheltered nooks. It isn't the coldness of the air nor yet the sweltering heat of the sun that heals. It is the fresh, pure air in comfort. The patient must not be annoyed by cold or heat, but must be dressed so as to be comfortable. Sleep out of doors, shielded from the storm, and dress indoors where it is warm.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Oriental Thief.

Even in common robbery the orient has picturesque ways peculiar to itself. A Burmese woman traveling in a third class compartment by the day train recently was reclining in the carriage with one of her arms out of the window somewhere near Sitkwin, on the Burma state railway, when some one came along the footboard and cut her arm clean off, apparently with a sharp sword. On the lost hand were rings with the usual accompaniment of bangles.

The Very Best.

Mr. Nuwed—Gracious, dear! Where did you get these peaches? Mrs. Nuwed—Why? What's the matter? Mr. Nuwed—They don't taste like the best in the world. Mrs. Nuwed—They must be. I picked them out myself. The picture on the can was prettier than any of the others.—Philadelphia Press.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9. 1904. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 41.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 6, 1904.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY**-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05, P.M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.05, 5.00, 7.38, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.20, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 3.25, 5.29, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.58, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.20, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.13, 9.49, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.15, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.31, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

9.13 P. M. to Boston in effect June 27, 1804.

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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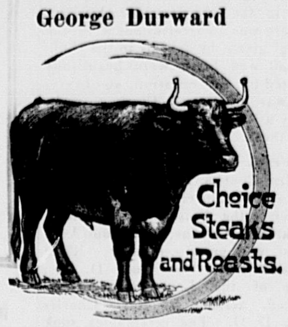

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Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

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115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after June 27, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00. 6.07, 6.22, every 15 minutes until 9.52 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.52 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 11.07 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 9.07 P. M and then every 30 minutes 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 8.37; then every 15 minutes 9.37 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.07, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 10.07 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour until then 12.37 A. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Callahan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

FEATHERING THE NEST

By LWELLEN TETERS

Copyright, 1904, by Lwellen Teters

"You see," Young went on confidentially, "Tom's income is very small, but when two people fall in love what else can they do but marry? He works from 8 to 6 every day and can't attend to feathering the nest himself, and she lives way up in the country. He wants me to select a four room flat and get all the furniture. Would you help me? I'd be so grateful."

She glanced away from the eagerness of his face. The open piano reminded her of the pupils coming for lessons in the morning. Some stockings stuffed tightly in her workbasket near by warned her of necessary darning. There was a hat to trim over so she could go to church on Sunday. Countless other petty duties arrayed themselves silently before her in stubborn protest.

It had required a veritable pocketing of pride for her to apprise Goring of her arrival in town, because of his forgetfulness of her in the time following their last meeting. Had he not been the only one she knew in the big, throbbing city doubtless the dainty little missive would never have been sent. But fate pends on trivialities, and May Carlton feared solitude more than she feared the past. A distasteful suitor was wooing her with all of the gilded persuasiveness of his wealth, championed by her aunt. But Goring did not know of this. He knew only that May Carlton was temporarily domiciled at a chilly, stuffy boarding house which breathed of frying meats at no matter what hour he called and that there was wistful pleading in her eyes.

"We will go to lunch first," Goring put in insinuatingly; "that is, if you will?"

"Thank you, but I am afraid I cannot possibly go until afternoon," she said firmly, with inward sacrifices. The hat could go until next week; surely there were greater sins than not attending church.

It was much easier selecting a flat than the furniture, as they discovered after weary pilgrimages through department stores trying to perform that miracle commonly known as buying what one wants at the price one can afford, for the flat, provided over by a smoky, generously whiskered janitor, who insisted on taking them for his prospective tenants and asking them at disconcerting intervals the size of their family, was decided on almost at first glance merely because Miss Carlton liked the parlor mantel and Goring admired the size of the icebox.

But each time she returned from the cheerful little home that they were so engrossed in preparing for the bride and groom it was to sink aghast at the loneliness of her own life as she climbed up the three interminable flights of stairs to her room. Her few scholars barely sufficed to meet the exactions of her landlady. The thought of the little flat uptown [illegible] with its insinuating air of home and domesticity. The instinct was strong within her for a nest of her own. It was only because of the inherent fondness for the home, as the bird builds its nest and feathers it tenderly for its mate, that she had been interested in the labor.

When Goring called for her that afternoon to complete the final arrangements in the little home, there was no trace of the grief she had endured the previous evening. As he was announced she was even beginning a letter to her distasteful suitor, and she thrust it into her pocket in her haste to accompany Goring.

"Do you think they'll like it?" she asked anxiously.

"Like it? They'll be crazy over it! Wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would like it." She stifled a sigh that echoed in her heart.

She had been about to sign her name to that bit of paper which would mean for her a splendid mansion, horses and all the accessories of affluence, but her heart yearned for the tiny nest in which she stood and the one man to share it with her. Something suffocating arose in her throat.

"I'm sorry it's finished," Goring broke in. "I had no idea it was so interesting. Tom left three days ago for the wedding; they ought to be here tomorrow. I suppose they won't have a house warming."

May Carlton looked at him impulsively; tomorrow was her last day in town; she had resolved to seal her fate and go back to that other man, afraid to pit her puny strength longer against the world. She longed for one more taste of happiness, reluctant to take the decisive step.

"Why couldn't we arrange it as a surprise?" she cried eagerly. "It will be awfully cheerless for a bride, coming to a dark house without one light to greet her. Oh, please!"

Goring glanced into her flushed, wistful face, thinking of that summer time past and the man who rumor said had robbed him of her love.

"Well, we will. I'll see a caterer"—

"A caterer? When I can bake the most poetical biscuit and make ambrosia from mere coffee. Oh, what do we want of any ignorant, expert food maker?" she cried.

"In your hands then," he bowed in mock gravity.

Sundry mysterious parcels dispatched by Goring kept arriving all afternoon after May reached the flat, each breathing its own delectable secret. She donned a huge white apron and began her preparations early, for Goring had telephoned her that he thought the couple would arrive at 6 and he would drive up with them.

But he stepped in alone, unannounced, for he had retained one of the keys, and entered an atmosphere of delicious, savory odors. A bright light radiated from the kitchen, and he stood silently in the doorway, unseen by her, admiring her as she stooped to baste the golden brown fowl in the oven. Goring said nothing. There was a telegram in his pocket, and he hesitated to mar her pleasure all at once.

"Oh!" She nervously dropped her cooking spoon as he crossed the threshold.

"It's better than an Alma-Tadema," he commented, drinking in the homelike suggestions.

"I hope they'll be happy." She gave the fowl an undeserved prick with the fork, fluttering at something indefinable in his manner.

"Would—you be—here?" he asked unsteadily and with abruptness.

A piercing whistle at the dumb waiter interfered with her reply. It was the ice cream coming up with convulsive movements and noisy creaking, sent by an overpunctual confectioner. Metaphorically Goring received it as a cold douche to his hopes.

"Isn't it almost time for them?" she inquired anxiously, regretting the lost opportunity which had rudely interrupted the hovering sentiment. "I thought you were going to meet them?"

Slowly he took the telegram out of his pocket, extending it toward her.

"What is it? Nothing serious I hope!" she cried in alarm.

"No! Only Tom has been ordered west by his firm to manage a branch house. It means the making of his future. They're not coming here, after all."

"Oh, and the turkey so beautiful!" She sank weakly in a chair, tears filling her eyes. "I'm so sorry"—

Goring crossed the room and placed his arm around her.

"Look here, you're not crying?" he said, peering into her face. "There there! It is a shame, I admit. But you and I can enjoy that dinner just as much as they."

"Yes, but what about the flat? Will they sell everything? And we fixed it up so pretty"—

She was sobbing quietly now.

"Can't—can't—we pretend that it's our home for always?" he asked softly, with a tremendous beating of his heart. "And—and can't you—make it come true, dear? I love you—you must have known that; but I heard you cared for some one else. Tell me May"—

She tried to steal her handkerchief from the bloused front of her shirt waist, but something white and diminutive and square tumbled out with it. It was her answer to that other man in which she had so nearly signed away her happiness. She took out the letter, forcing him to read it, and taking infinite relish in his visible symptoms of agitation. The futility of his love stared at him uncompromisingly. It was as he had feared; he was too late.

The cheer and coziness of the toy house taunted him. He turned away from it and away from the woman he loved.

"Well?" said Miss Carlton sharply, compelling his attention. Her lips were quivering, her eyes mutinous at his easy defeat.

"You've ruined my life—for the second time," he said, unsmiling.

She grasped the letter from his hand and tore it into innumerable tiny pieces which scattered over the floor like snow.

"That's my answer," and her voice trembled happily.

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Only limited number of tickets will be sold for these SPECIAL EXCURSIONS, and accommodations should be secured in advance. Folders and information on request.
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LOST IN THE WOODS.

In Such a Case Fear Is One's Most Dangerous Enemy.

Every woodman—yes, every Indian—gets lost at some time—that is, loses his bearings and has difficulty in getting to camp. As a matter of fact, the wild birds and beasts will sometimes get lost, although they are wonderfully equipped for finding their way home.

The worst thing a person lost in the woods can do is to get frightened. The truly dangerous enemy is not the cold or the hunger so much as the fear. It is fear that robs the wanderer of his judgment and of his limb power; it is fear that turns the passing experience into a final tragedy. Only keep cool, and all will be well.

A man of little experience usually sets out at a run when he is lost. He wishes to travel twice as fast as usual, and of course that merely wears him out and sends him farther astray. If he sits down calmly he will not only spare himself, but will help his friends to find him, and this he can do by shouting at intervals and, above all, by getting on as high and open a place as possible and there making two smoke fires, the recognized signal, "I am lost."—Ernest Thompson Seton in Country Life In America.

ECLIPSE FORECASTS.

The First One Was Made by Thales to the Egyptians.

The eclipse of May 28, 585 B. C. (total in the east of Asia Minor), is the first that can be fixed with certainty. The prediction of it by Thales to the Ionians brought him lasting fame and excited among the Hellenes the love of science. Its occurrence during a great battle ended a five years' war between the Medes and the Lydians and led to a permanent peace.

The Chinese boast of a series of eclipses recorded in their annals extending over 3,858 years. But these are of very doubtful character. The Egyptians said they had accurately observed 373 eclipses of the sun and 832 of the moon before the time of Alexander the Great, who died 323 B. C.

An eclipse observed at Nineveh, June 15, 763 B. C., is recorded on an Assyrian tablet now in the British museum. A lunar eclipse, occurring at 8:40 p. m., March 19, 721 B. C., was observed, according to Ptolemy, with much accuracy at Babylon. Each central eclipse visible in our time is one of an unbroken series, extending from the earliest historic times to the present and recurring at regular intervals.

THE FIRST ENVELOPES.

They Were Used In a Private Penny Post In Paris.

The first mention of envelopes occurs in 1653, when M. de Valayer set up, under royal patronage, a private penny post in Paris, and boxes were placed at street corners for the reception of letters wrapped in post paid envelopes.

The earliest uses of the word in English were by Bishop Burnet in 1714 and Dean Swift in 1726. That the "little bags called envelopes," as Rowland Hill described them, were nothing but a revival and were in use as a covering for postal purposes long before 1840, when his postal reform was established, is evident from the following: Under date July 21, 1627, Secretary Conway gives an account of his "opening a letter in the presence of the king, which contained a blank sheet." Lamb mentions them in 1825, and in "Harry Lorrequer," published by Charles Lever in 1837, we find, "The waiter entered with a small note in an envelope."

The early covers were probably rude enough, as machine made envelopes were unknown before 1840, and the "lick of the gum" did not make its appearance till the succeeding year.

The Armenians.

The Armenians are one of the most ancient races in the world. Their country is mentioned by Xenophon and Ezekiel and in the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon and Assyria. All the nations that surrounded them have passed away, but they remain, though their country has been harried with fire and sword for centuries. The speaker ascribed the permanence of the Armenian race to the virtue of their women and the exceptional purity and stability of their family life. Even in their heathen days polygamy was unknown to them. They have been a Christian nation for more than 1,500 years and have undergone perpetual persecution for their faith from the surrounding oriental peoples.

Route of the Bobolink.

The amount of traveling done by some of our birds is astonishing. Dr. Cooke says that the common night hawk spends the summer in Alaska and the winter in Patagonia. The bobolink, which is the reedbird of the middle states and the ricebird of the south, winters on the waving pampas of southern Brazil. It covers 700 miles from Cuba to the South American coast in a single flight, following a track not popular with other birds, which might be called the bobolink route.—Saturday Evening Post.

Amended.

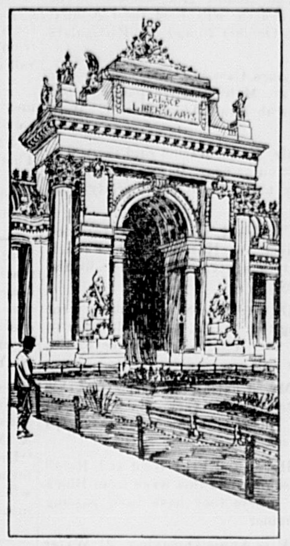
He—You are the only— She—Ahem! He—I should say—you are the prettiest girl I ever loved.

PHILIPPINES AT WORLD'S FAIR

Complete Exhibition of Island People and Industries Covers Forty-seven Acres and Is Independent of Larger Show.

Not even in the heart of Manila city could there be found forty-seven acres of Philippine territory as interesting as that amount of space covered by the islands' display at the World's Fair. Here is an exposition within an exposition, a little wheel that revolves independently of the larger one encompassing it.

Scores of buildings are filled with exhibits, native life is depicted by as many different villages as there are tribes on the islands, military drills are given by Philippine troops, and concerts are rendered by native bands. For its amusement features the Philippine exposition has the humorous Igorrote, who dines on dog meat, and visitors are entertained by Visayan actors and actresses. Nothing is lacking to make the show complete.



SOUTH ENTRANCE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS, WORLD'S FAIR.

The Administration building is a replica of the government offices in Manila, while the Art and Education building reproduces in miniature the cathedral within the walled city, even the mellowed tints of age being faithfully rendered. A section of the ancient but still serviceable town wall has been reconstructed to serve the double purpose of a gateway to the show and a museum of arms and war relics. The other main edifices are types of Filipino homes, being built of undressed timber, bamboo and rattan, with thatched roofs and broad verandas.

Then there are the tribal villages nestling under the trees, some of the houses perched high up among the boughs, others on piles above the waters of the Arrowhead lake, all of them actual dwellings fashioned of native materials by native workmanship and illustrating the manners, customs and pursuits of their occupants. Here are women weaving a coarse cloth on a rude hand loom, others making baskets, others tending irrigated fields of rice. One group of men are in village council, trying an offender according to their tribal laws; others are slowly moving in a circular dance to the thump of tomtoms and the clang of brass gongs; others, again, are smelting iron by the aid of a primitive but most ingenious bellows, the constituent parts of which are a bamboo tube and an airtight mop of feathers working therein like the piston of a syringe. And these are but a few of an almost endless variety of life pictures.

The ethnological problem is a somewhat complicated one; but, although there are no fewer than sixteen races represented among the village dwellers, the scouts and the constabulary, each race speaking its own dialect and following its own customs, all may be roughly classified into four groups—the true aboriginals or non-Malays, the pagan Malays, the Christian Malays and the Mohammedan Malays.

The first are the dwarf Negritos, with dark skins and woolly heads, wearers of scanty raiment, proficient in the use of the bow and poisoned arrow, a race of nomads and forest dwellers, pagans pure and simple. They live in their own stockaded village.

Next to them are the Igorrotes, whose origin is traced back to the first wave of Malay invasion. Here, again, we have scanty clothing, amounting almost to nudity, but copper colored skins, long wavy tresses, pleasant featured faces and fine physiques, even though the stature be small. Among these pagan Malays are the head hunters and the dog eaters. They are savages, yet have their code of laws and a knowledge of several primitive industries.

The Christian Malays, produced by the second wave of invasion, are represented by the Visayans, a tall and handsome race, dressing well, living in pretty homes, skilled in weaving, dyeing, basket making, hat making, wood carving and other handicrafts, musicians of no mean merit, the one group of natives who came early and thoroughly under the influence of the early Spanish settlers.

Very different are the Moros, who swept into the islands from the Malay peninsula last of all, bringing with them their Mohammedan religion, also a knowledge of gunpowder acquired with the Koran from the Arabs—fanatics like their teachers, pirates, bloodthirsty, treacherous and vindictive fellows, ever at war among themselves and with the whole outside world. Despite their ferocity they are a clever race, dress handsomely, have their sultans and their slaves and are expert seamen, while long continued pillage on the high seas has surrounded them with many of the luxuries and conveniences of western civilization.

The buildings of Agriculture, Forestry and Fisheries show all the varied natural products, also the extremely primitive processes as yet in vogue, while in the Women's building we are introduced to a number of native manufactures, including the beautiful fabrics from the jusi, banana and pineapple fibers. This information is collated in the Building of Commerce, where a unique and most effective method of exhibiting is followed. In one hall are samples of all the articles produced for export, among which manila fiber, of course, holds the chief place of prominence, while in a second hall are all the manufactures from every country that are imported and find a ready market among the populace. Thus the business man gets a dual lesson. He sees what he can profitably take from the islands, and also what he may profitably send to them. When it is added that a large number of representative Filipinos have been brought over to visit the Exposition and study American business methods and manufactures, it will be recognized that great benefit both to the islands and to the world at large must result from this work of mutual enlightenment.

CONCERTS BY MASSED BANDS

Prizes Aggregating $30,000 to Be Distributed at the World's Fair.

Never were musical events in America planned upon such an elaborate scale as those of the World's Fair. A series of concerts will be given by competing bands in contest for prizes offered by the World's Fair. These contests will take place in Festival Hall, Sept. 12 to 17.

Nine cash prizes, aggregating $30,000, are offered for the successful bands. The prizes are divided so as to give to the organization scoring the highest number of points $3,250; $2,500 will be given to the band scoring the second highest number of points and $1,500 to the one getting the third highest number.

The above division is made for bands in Class A, which consist of twenty members. In the B class $10,000 will be given in prizes—first, $4,500; second, $3,500; third, $2,000.

Class C, which includes bands of thirty-five members, will enjoy the division of $12,750. For the organization scoring the highest number of points a prize of $6,000 has been named. The second prize is $4,000 and the third $2,700.

Bands employed by the Exposition are not permitted to contest. All players must be bona fide members, and each musician must have been enrolled at least three months prior to the date of the contest. Each band must send to the bureau the name of its members and a nominal entrance fee.

Festival Hall concerts by massed bands will be given at 7:30 each day during the contest, in which all contesting bands will take part under the direction of a distinguished conductor. All bands entering must agree to play one concert in addition to the competing concert and massed concerts.

A separate programme has been prepared by the Bureau of Music for each class, and each band will play through the full programme of its class. The numbers in all three programmes are by eminent composers and are chosen with the view of bringing out the qualities of the bands performing them. The list of composers includes Wagner, Gounod, Offenbach, Verdi, Saint-Saens, Bizet, Strauss and Leoncavallo.

WEATHER AT WORLD'S FAIR.

Cool Nights and Delightful Indian Summer to Be Expected at St. Louis.

Usually the warmest month of the year, July proved to be one of the most pleasant of the World's Fair season, the average temperature being 67 degrees, a record lower than that made by either Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati or Chicago. The weather bureau records show that the temperatures in St. Louis during July were just between the extremes recorded at New Orleans and St. Paul, cities located at great variance.

August in St. Louis is a month of cool nights, and September and October are the most delightful months of the year. It is that period known as Indian summer, when the foliage and birds linger to challenge the coming winter. Nowhere on the American continent is there a spot more delightful than the World's Fair city, a garden of blooming flowers and spraying fountains.

St. Louis, like all cities, experienced several hot days during July, but her highest temperature recorded was 93 degrees against 94 degrees registered by the thermometer at Chicago. On the same day the mercury rose to 96 degrees in Philadelphia, and scores of heat prostrations were reported from New York and Boston.

The relative humidity shows St. Louis to be about normal. Assuming absolutely no moisture in the atmosphere to be zero and absolute wetness to be 100, the relative humidities for July, taken from the records of more than twenty years, Boston shows 70.6, New York 72.2, Philadelphia 68.6, Cincinnati 64.6, Chicago 66.9 and St. Louis 66.3. The same degree of heat in two places, with different degrees of humidity, would cause it to seem the hotter at the point of greater density.

St. Louis may therefore rightly claim to be a summer resort this summer, positively one of the most comfortable and delightful places on the map.

Ayer's
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral quiets tickling throats, hacking coughs, pain in the lungs. It relieves congestion, subdues inflammation. It heals, strengthens. Your doctor will explain this to you. He knows all about this cough medicine.
"We have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in our family for 25 years for throat and lung troubles, and we think no medicine equals it."
MRS. A. POMEROY, Appleton, Minn.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
Cherry Pectoral for **Weak Throats**
Ayer's Pills greatly aid recovery. Purely vegetable, gently laxative.

Sixteenth Century Manners.

In an old book published in the sixteenth century and entitled "The Accomplished Lady's Rich Closet; or, Ingenious Gentlewoman's Delightful Companion," it is written:

"A gentlewoman being at table must observe to keep her body straight and lean not by any means with her elbows nor by ravenous gesture discover a voracious appetite. Talk not when you have meat in your mouth and do not smack like a pig nor venture to eat spoon meat so hot that the tears stand in your eyes, which is as unseemly as the gentlewoman who pretended to have as little a stomach as she had a mouth and therefore would not swallow her peas by spoonful, but took them one by one and cut them in two before she would eat them. It is very unseemly to drink so large a draft that your breath is almost gone and you are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself. In carving at your own table distribute the best pieces first, and it will appear very comely and decent to use a fork, so touch no piece of meat without it."

Science and Human Sense Organs.

Dr. Carl Snyder says in the American Inventor, while pointing out the inferiority of human sense organs to the instruments of science, that, whereas the human eye can see only little more than 3,000 stars in the heavens on the clearest of nights, the photographic plate and the telescope can discern countless millions. The eye if a good one can perceive a measure of one two-hundredth of an inch. The microscope makes an object one ten-thousandth of an inch look comparatively large. To hear the footsteps of a fly seems inconceivable; but, assisted by the microphone, the tread of that insect sounds like the tramp of cavalry. The most sensitive skin cannot detect a change in temperature of less than one-fifth of a degree, but the bolometer will register on a scale an increase or decrease of temperature of one one-millionth of a degree and can discern the difference in temperature in a room when a match is lighted.

Imitation In Animals.

Some animals have wonderful powers of imitation. Dogs brought up in the company of cats have been known to acquire the trick of licking the paws and then washing the face. When a cat has been taught to sit up for her food her kittens have been known to imitate her action. Darwin tells of a cat that was in the habit of putting her paw into the mouth of a narrow milk pitcher every time she got the chance and then licking the cream off her paw. Her kitten soon learned the same trick. A lady tells of a rabbit that she keeps in a cage with a monkey and says that Bunnie has caught many of the monkey's ways. It is said that starving pigeons that have been brought up on grain will not eat peas to save their lives, but that if pea eating pigeons are put with them they follow their example and eat peas.

Von Lenbach the Painter.

Franz von Lenbach, the great portrait painter, painted three portraits of the poet Adolph Wilbrandt. The sittings varied from three to five hours. On one occasion the sitting lasted through the whole day, with intervals for meals. The afternoon passed, and dusk came on, but still Lenbach worked away without appearing to notice the failing light. At last it grew so dark that Wilbrandt could scarcely see him. He called his attention to this, saying that it seemed impossible for him to paint any more, but Lenbach begged him, unless he was tired, to continue sitting. "But what can you see of me?" asked the puzzled poet. "Quite the best of all. Excellent. Sit still, please." And the sitting only ended with the last glimmer of light.

Believing, He Got Ready to Dodge.

A Hudson river steamboat captain extended the hospitalities of his snug wheelhouse to a clergyman who could not find a seat on the crowded upper deck. The visitor was chatty, and when he had plied the man at the wheel with sundry questions concerning his spiritual welfare the skipper asked the reverend gentleman:

"Do you believe in predestination?"

"Of course I do," was the emphatic reply.

"Then you believe that whatever is to be will be?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it."

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to pass that boat ahead in just fifteen minutes if there is any virtue in hard coal and safety valves. So don't be alarmed. If the boilers are not going to burst they won't, that's all."

The divine arose, put on his hat and was leaving the wheelhouse when the captain observed:

"I thought you believed in predestination?"

"So I do, but, my good man, I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place."—New York Press.

The Last Note.

A prominent musician recently told a little anecdote which will be appreciated by musicians and perhaps by laymen as well.

He was teaching his young son the piano keyboard by the inductive system, and the boy, having learned all the notes, both white and black, the teacher began to review the lesson by asking, "And now, Henry, show me A flat."

Henry soon figured it out.

The next question was, "Where is G sharp?"

That also proved easy.

After asking the boy several more questions about sharps and flats, the teacher said, "Where do you think we shall find C flat?"

Henry looked at the keyboard long and curiously; he put his finger on C, and next on B, then he got down close to the piano and after examining it carefully replied, "I don't know, papa but I guess it's gone down that crack between B and C."

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 9, 1904.

SEWER ASSESSMENT.

It is decidedly late in the day for the City Council to take up the matter of sewer assessment. To say nothing of the fact that no entirely satisfactory, or equitable, system of levying a sewer assessment has yet been devised even by special legislation, there are other reasons why, at this time, it would work hardship on the property owners in this city.

The purpose of making a sewer assessment is to pay, in part, at least, the debt incurred by the city in the construction of the sewer. But here in Woburn the greater part of this debt has already been paid for by taxation To levy a special assessment now would mean that certain property would be called upon to pay for something for the payment of which it has already been taxed several years. For instance, the first sewer loan of $5,000, incurred in 1893, has already been paid in full by general taxation. Is it to be supposed that the property owners of this city will stand for it to pay a part of this debt over again? The sewer loan of 1894, originally amounting to $30,000, has now been paid down to $10,000; and of the $65,000 sewer loan of 1895 there now remains a debt of $20,000 only. In other words, two-thirds of these large sewer loans has been paid for by taxation during the last ten years, so that, if a sewer assessment was to be levied now, the proceeds of the assessment could not be applied to the payment of the greater portion of this sewer debt.

The sewer loans of 1897, 1898, and 1900, amounting to $8,300, have also been paid in full. Does the City Council think that it should ask for the payment of this debt over again by levying a special tax on certain properties abutting on the line of these sewers, when these properties have already been taxed for this very indebtedness? On August 1, 1904, there was left a sewer debt of $44,720 out of the $137,850 originally incurred. In other words, $93,130 of the sewer debt has been paid off by general taxation.

The time to have made a sewer assessment, if one should have been made, was ten and eleven years ago. To attempt to do it now is sure to lead to all kinds of complications and is bound to work hardship on the property owners along the line of the sewer. Moreover, so far as the present debt of the city is concerned, there is no call for a sewer assessment, for the sewer debt constitutes a small part only (less than one quarter) of the municipal debt.

If our City Council will devote its energies to saving money instead of endeavoring to levy more taxes, it will come nearer to proving its usefulness. With a tax rate higher than that of any other city in the State, with a valuation upon much of the property here in excess of its market value, making the actual tax rate still higher, it is about time that a halt was called to the levying of more taxes

BIG ENTERPRISES COST MONEY.

Senator Davis, taking his cue from the New York *World* and other Democratic papers, made the attempt to show that the administration of President Roosevelt had been extravagant in the extreme and that our expenditures per capita were greater than at any previous period. It is true that Mr. Davis did present a table showing that our present per capita expenditures are greater than at certain previous years which he used in comparison. It would be very easy, however, to select other years, and many of them, too, in which our per capita expenditures largely exceeded those of the past year under President Roosevelt. It must be remembered, however, that the Executive does not make the appropriations They are made by the Congress, and the Executive has no alternative but to carry out the laws as enacted, whether they be extravagant or otherwise. The fact is, however, that, all things considered, our present expenditures are exceedingly moderate.

Without discussing the question of imperialism. we have on our hands the Philippines, which must be guarded and protected at whatever cost. We rank among the foremost nations of the earth, and every loyal patriot is desirous that our Navy should be of such proportions as to carry with it peace, because we are prepared for war.

The inauguration of the Panama Canal, towards which we have already appropriated fifty millions of dollars, is another expenditure that no loyal American regrets. Our rural free delivery service, for which the last year we appropriated over twenty millions of dollars, is another additional expense not known to previous administrations.

Large responsibilities carry with them large expenditures, but it may be added that the American people are not being taxed to-day at any greater rate per capita than has been the case for many years and during many decades of our previous history.

"COVERED ITSELF WITH GLORY."

The Fifth Massachusetts Regiment, to which Company G of Woburn belongs, has cut a wide swath this week in the sham battles at Manassas, Virginia, in which about 25,000 State and U. S. soldiers have been engaged. It has received more attention from officers in command and spectators than any other Regiment engaged on the field of mimic warfare down there, and yet orders for a stock of larger hats for the boys have not been found necessary. The correspondent of the Boston *Globe* writes:

"The trip of the 5th was made without incident. The way in which they went about their work on arriving at their campground was a revelation to some of the Regular officers who were present and inspected the work before dark. The whole Regiment was settled, camp policed and supper served, and any officer who did not know when the Regiment arrived would have imagined that the command had been in camp a week at least.

"Col. Oakes was feeling much pleased with the work, and complimented Capts. Knapp and Wyer, Commissary and Quartermaster, respectively, on the way they had so promptly performed their duty.

"This part of the maneuver camp is being watched very closely by the Regular officers assigned as Inspectors, and also by the observers, who are as thick as flies on a molasses barrel. It is a very interesting Department, and today the 5th covered itself with glory."

Good enough!

J. Foster Deland

FIRE INSURANCE

OF ALL KINDS.

BEST COMPANIES REPRESENTED.

STATE TREASURER

Several candidates, all good men and well fitted, are in the field for the office of State Treasurer, and each is waging a vigorous campaign, but the one who seems nearest the coveted goal is Hon. Arthur B. Chapin now serving his sixth term as Mayor of Holyoke. It certainly looks as though it was easily within his grasp.

The candidacy of Mayor Chapin is enthusiastically supported by scores of the most prominent financial institutions and influential newspapers in the State. When he was first inaugurated Mayor of that city in 1898 Holyoke was in the Slough of Despond financially; but today, by the exercise of his rare business ability, it takes rank with the most prosperous municipalities in New England.

The qualifications of Mr. Chapin for the office of State Treasurer are everywhere acknowledged, which, with the question of locality in his favor, ought to land him next November without much trouble.

THE VERMONT VICTORY.

Before the election in that State last Tuesday Democratic newspapers and orators insisted that, if Vermont should give the Republican ticket less than 25,000 plurality, it would be a Democratic victory and the political death knell of President Roosevelt.

Well, the election was held on Sept. 6, and the Republican ticket won out by 32,000 plurality, the largest, but one, ever rolled up by the Republican Party of Vermont.

As an index to the result of the Presidential campaign, which the Democrats claimed it would be, nothing could possibly be more satisfactory to the Republicans than the grand victory they achieved in Vermont last Tuesday, and the splendid endorsement of President Roosevelt.

☞ Tom Watson, the Presidential candidate of the Populist Party, looks at it after this fashion:

"The two platforms almost identical? Certainly they are. Boiled down to its real essence, sifted to its real meaning, the Democratic campaign of 1904 is a mere unscrupulous hunt for office. They have no fixed and certain creed. They have no articles of faith by which Democratic loyalty can be tested. A party, like an individual, should seek to build up character. And without convictions there can be no character. Why any human being should, in the year 1904, vote the national Democratic ticket is something that passes my untutored comprehension." Amen!

☞ So far as this city was concerned Labor Day passed off with nothing especially exciting or marvelous to report. Of course, all kinds of business was suspended, and Sabbath-like quiet and silence prevailed. There were a few picnics, garden parties, and social gatherings, and here and there a dance; but a large share of our people went to Boston to witness the great parade of the Labor Unions, to get some peaches, and soforth, and have a good time. The weather was great.

☞ Speaker Cannon of the National House, a sagacious politician of the best type, says:

"The Republican fences are all right. They are staked and ridered and we are ready to put two strings of barbed wire on top to keep the Democrats out, but they will not climb much this year. But we have got the barbed wire and the fellows to put it on if necessary."

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Dora A. Winn—Piano.
Mertena Bancroft—Piano.
C. H. Lewis—Mortgages.

— Mrs. Bertha Nelson is spending the week at the Mountains.

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

— Miss Alice Bancroft spent six weeks at North Wolfboro, N. H.

— Miss Ada Thompson of North Woburn is to teach at Marshfield.

— J. W. Johnson, Esq , and family are at home again from the seashore.

— Mr Willis J. Buckman is going to start a grocery store at the Highlands.

— Clan MacKinnon, O. S. C., visited the brethren at West Roxbury Labor Day.

— Frank E. Cotton has resigned from the School Board, having moved to Malden.

— Mr. Charles Richardson of Arlington Road and family are at Belgrade, Me.

— Have C. M. Strout & Co. put your stoves and furnaces in order before the fall rush.

— Mrs. Emma T. and Miss E Minette Dow are spending the week at Portland, Maine.

— Mr. Edward Stowers and wife and Miss Lillie M. Boutwell are visiting friends at Portland, Maine.

— Chief of Police McDermott has finished his vacation and is at Headquarters on Common street again. Not much change is observed in his appearance.

TELEPHONE, 173-3 WOBURN.

Don't Worry

ROOM 5. FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, WOBURN

— Mrs. James I. Hanson has been in the city for a few days past.

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Dr. Bixby presided at the meeting of the School Board last Tuesday evening. But little business was done.

— Rev. Dr. Williams, pastor of the First Baptist church, is to move from Montvale avenue to Cleveland avenue.

— Miss Mary D Prior has returned from Kennebunk Beach where she has been rusticating for the past five weeks.

— The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will hold their Annual Fair on October 26 and 27. Particulars later.

— Laura Cass has returned to her home at Melrose after passing four weeks with Mrs. Anna Smith, Main street.

— Mr. E P. Marion said there was no frost on or near Lowell street last Sunday night, but it was a pretty close shave.

— Charles R. Currier has resigned as driver of Hose 1, and Patrick Flaherty has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

— Dr. and Mrs. S. H. Sanborn went to Kingston, N. H., last Wednesday to attend the wedding of a niece of the Doctor's.

— Mr. Charles E. Tripp and his daughter Angie very much enjoyed one of Nason's White Mountains trips this week.

— Harry and Fred West and Ralph Burgess returned this week from Block Island where they have been passing the summer.

— Miss Annie Donayhey, 21 Water street Winchester, won the two lb box of chocolates at the Robbins Drug store last week.

— The family of Hon. George F. Bean are at home after spending the vacation months at Mr. Bean's former home in N. H.

— Crovo's peaches are the boss. The crop is fine and abundant this year, and Crovo buys and sells the cream of them.

— Grace Bryant, Bertha Tidd, Alice Whitcomb, and Helen McGown have been keeping house the past week in a cottage at Plymouth.

— Edith and Ethel Smith report Lebanon, Me., as a beautiful place in which to pass a vacation. They returned on Wednesday.

— Mrs. C. W. Ames of School street and Miss Annie E. Cook, receiving teller at the Savings Bank, are spending a two weeks' vacation at Franconia, N. H.

— Mr. John A. Brauer of this city is filling an engagement with the 1st Maine Inf. Band (Chandler's) at Manassas during the grand maneuvers which are the taking place there.

— Labor Day brings home the sojourners at seaside resorts, and the season of work and business has set in. Everybody has had a good time, "but all play and no work makes Jack a mere toy."

— Miss Emma F. Hovey returned Monday on steamer Devonian, Leyland line, landing at East Boston, from a trip through Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, England, Scotland.

— Mrs. Ella Putney of Putney, Georgia, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Abbie Dimmick, and sister, Mrs. F. J. Brown, on Arlington Road. She was formerly a resident of Woburn, and has many friends here.

— We hear that the Civic League are girding on their armor for the city election and a great winning fight this fall. They are workers from the drop of the hat, and victory over the hosts of sin they are determined on.

— Lawyer Franc P. Curran was in this city on Labor Day presumably to straighten out the local Democracy for the fall campaign, in which he still takes a deep interest, although a respected resident of Cambridge.

— At 2 o'clock last Sunday afternoon a handsome monument to the memory of the late Mrs. Harry Wagner was unveiled in a cemetery at Montvale, by the widower. There were many beautiful floral tributes and appropriate music.

— The picnic of Div. 3, A. O. H., at Pinehurst Park, Billerica, last Monday was a fine one. Cars on the L. & B. streetcar line were loaded with happy men, women and children, both ways, by whom a delightful afternoon was spent.

— Mr. D. Lewis Penn, Woburn Agent for the American Express Company, and wife celebrated the fifth anniversary of their wedding day last Sunday, Sept. 4, in a quiet and highly proper way at home. "Many returns of the same."

— Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lewis, of Highland street, are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. James Richey and daughter of Mansfield, Ohio. Mrs Richey is a granddaughter of the late Benjamin Bradley Brown, a long-time resident of Woburn.

— Please note the change in the professional card of Lawyer W. Fred Davis, Esq., in this paper. He and the Davis-Defriez families will soon leave Flagstaff for home, and then it is expected that Esquire Fred will pitch into work.

— Mrs. Lyford has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Julia A. Garland, this week.

— Mrs. Mary L. Graves will finish her vacation among the Green Mountains of Vermont.

—Take particular notice of this fact and profit by it: Gage & Co. are selling off all their fine lightweight goods for men's suits at immensely reduced prices, and will continue to do so for a couple of weeks, or so, longer. It affords a grand opportunity to buy cheap.—2

— Capt. John P. Crane of Academy Hill, a retired leather manufacturer with a plenty of the needful, has put in an appearance on the streets of this city, all the heartier, it is to be hoped, for a long and pleasant vacation away from home. The Captain is of the salt of the earth.

— Mrs. Mary Jennings's Employment Office is well known and liberally patronized by all the neighboring towns and cities as well as by Woburn people. This is the result of good judgment and honest dealing with would be employers and employed. She is reliable, and that tells the story.

— Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church, and family have reached home from the finest outing of their lives. The parson, when met by the JOURNAL reporter one hot day, could hardly give expression to the joy he experienced on his trip through the N. Y. Lake regions, and elsewhere.

— "Richard is himself again," we mean Richard, or "Dick," Carton, the old standby train Conductor of the B. & M., Southern Division, Railroad. "Dick" had been laid up in ordinary for a couple of weeks, or so, during which period he found out what it means to be sick. But he is OK now.

— Moore of the Woburn laundry says his trade is good. It ought to be, for he turns out better work than any other laundry in this section of country and his customers are always well satisfied with it. He has the best kind of an establishment, employs skilled labor, his prices are reasonable, and he flourishes.

— Those of our people who would enjoy the finest land and water excursion of the season should embrace the offer of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company for a trip to Lake Winnipesaukee from Boston tomorrow, the particulars of which may be learned by glancing at a notice of it in another column of this paper.

— Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder, a resident of Honolulu, Hawaii, will visit the States as a delegate to a National Missionary convention next month, and there is a rumor afloat that he will not return to the Pacific Islands. He is to pay Woburn, his former spiritual field, a visit.

— Mr. Patrick Curran, the venerable and honest milkman, has sold his cows and retired from business. With rare exceptions, regularly every morning for many years this reporter has met him, with his can of milk, headed for the home of some old customer, and by that person he and his hearty good morning will be missed.

— Rev. T. Berton Smith, the good Methodist brother, reached his home here from Old Orchard last Tuesday in better health, and looking better, than when he went down there a month ago. He appears to be abundantly able to preach a good many more sermons before shuffling off his mortal coil.

— Miss Mertena Louise Bancroft resumes pianoforte instruction in Woburn, Monday, October third at her residence 12 Franklin street. Miss Bancroft has enjoyed many years of successful teaching both in Woburn and in Boston, having been associated with Mr. B. J. Lang and other prominent Boston musicians.—4.

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

THE GUYER HAT

FALL 1904

FALL 1904

All the Newest and Swellest Shapes in Soft and Stiff

HATS

EVER GOTTEN UP.

$1.50 $2.00, $3.00, $4.00

Come in an l l t us show you.

Hammond & Son,

403 Main St., WOBURN.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
"The American Boy" Magazine FREE

We are pleased to state that we have made arrangements with the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY whereby we can give a subscription for 12 months to any boy purchasing goods in our Boys' Clothing Department to the amount of Five Dollars.

The magazine is issued each month, and is devoted to boys' interests. It is a clean, bright paper, and has impressed us so favorably that we are glad to help its circulation in this way.

Write to us for a sample copy, mentioning this paper, and if the magazine pleases you, then visit our Boys' Clothing Department, make your purchase of Five Dollars' worth of merchandise, and you will be given a card entitling you to twelve numbers free, delivery being made each month upon presentation of your card.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY
Manufacturers and Retailers of Clothing for Men and Boys
400 Washington Street, Boston

A Piano Scarf tastefully draped is a thing of beauty especially if VACATION SCENES printed on fine white cloth are the attracting feature.

Exo Photo Cloth

—AT—

Whitcher's

will enable you to do it. See the beautiful samples in the window. It is easy work that anyone can finish.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

LATEST STYLES, 1904

Spring and Summer Weights. Great Variety of Fabrics. For Gentlemens Wear.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

DRUGS and CHEMICALS.

Their purity is the most essential point. Our drugs are carefully selected by an expert who has had 25 years experience in sorting them. Our chemicals are thoroughly tested upon their arrival at the store.

Our prices are consistent with the goods used.

☞ For samples of the Drugs and Chemicals we actually carry in stock SEE OUR WINDOW THIS WEEK.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
The best of everything at the lowest prices.
Green Stamps. Public Telephone.
Free Messenger service.

— Invitations have been sent out by Relief Corps 161 for a "Barn Supper" on the fine estate of ex-Ald. James R. Wood on Salem street, to be served on Thursday, Sept. 15, to which the tickets are only 25 cents. The ladies are requested to donate such food as is usually furnished for a Harvest supper. A good supper and pleasant time are assured.

— The public schools of this city will open up for the educational year of 1904 5 next Monday refreshed, invigorated and full handed. Supt. Clapp, Principal Owen, other Principals, and teachers all up and down the line, are on hand waiting for the word to strike in, and here's hoping the schools will be better, if possible, this year than ever before in their lives.

— Organist D. N. Hood of First church had a fine visit out West. He remained 10 days at Rockford, Illinois, where he was, for 25 years, or more, head of the Music Department in Rockford Seminary, and met there many old friends and acquaintances. He also visited Milwaukee, and from there came to the White Mountains and finished his vacation, with Mrs Hood.

— An old-fashioned "Biled Dinner," baked beans swimming in fat and brown bread, vegetables galore, punkin pie, doughnuts, apple turnovers, pickles, cheese, etc, are what will be set before the guests at the W. R. C. 161, supper in Mr. J. R Wood's barn on Salem street from 6 30 to 7 30 Wednesday evening, Sept. 14. Don't it make your mouth water? The tickets are only 25 cents each, and children under 10 years old 10 cents.

— Miss M. J. Dannatt, the leading milliner of this city, has returned from New York where she devoted two weeks to the careful study of 1904 fall millinery, and is prepared to give the ladies of Woburn and vicinity all the latest and most fashionable styles in her line. She found the market overflowing with a greater variety of millinery goods than ever before, samples of which her numerous patrons are cordially invited to call at her rooms and examine.

— Mr. Sparrow Horton was at his business office bright and early last Monday morning, and will continue to appear there and do business indefinitely. Just now he is engaged in executing pension papers for his clients. Mr. C. E. Cooper had had calls from pensioners for his services and hearing that Mr. Horton was unable to attend to his office affairs, he caused the notice that appeared in the JOURNAL last week to be published. He intended no interference with Mr. Horton's business.

— The Shamrocks held a successful concert and dance last Friday evening at K. of C. Hall.

— Many people in this city read the war news from Manassas this week with much interest.

— The family of Mr. Edward Banwell who have been spending the summer with relatives in Nova Scotia arrived home this week.

— Mr. W. A. Prior and family have got through with their visit at Duxbury, the ancestral home of the Priors, and are on the home roost again.

— Miss Emma F. Fowle, Principal of the Lawrence School, who has been spending an extended vacation in Texas, arrived home Monday last.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond is on deck once more and is open for business propositions from the public. He intends to do things this fall on a high pressure scale.

— A party of Woburn boys, consisting of James West, John Halliday, Herbert E. Dickinson, M. Hall, and Mr. Bezanson, started on a fishing trip last Monday. They set sail at City Point on the yacht Winsome. No great luck was reported.

— Miss Dora A. Winn's professional card appears in the columns of the JOURNAL again this fall, and many pupils and prospective pupils will be glad to see it there. She is one of the best piano teachers in Woburn, conscientious, painstaking, and learned.

— A few days ago Mrs. Frank Williams of Somerville and her two daughters, Mrs. Bradley of Geneseo, and Miss Williams of Chicago, both in Illinois, visited their former friends and Western neighbors at No. 15 Church avenue, and were cordially welcomed. Present and ex-Prairie State people carry warm hearts under their jackets and shirtwaists for each other, and the visit of the Williamses (of the pure Tennessee Allen blood) was a pleasure to the host and hostess of No. 15.

— Mrs. A. M S. Lewis and son F Percyval Lewis have spent much of their summer vacation in the Northeastern Alps, their "Rundreise" including Bayreuth, Nuremberg, Munich, Garmisch, in the Bavarian Highlands, Innsbruck, Salzburg, the Danube, Vienna, Prague, and the Erzgebirge. Having decided to remain abroad another year, they return to Leipzig, where Mrs. Lewis has made arrangements to teach. A visit to Italy is contemplated, and some time will be spent in Berlin, Paris and London.

— Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

— There was a surprise party given at the home of Miss Catherine Nelson of Walnut Hill last Friday evening in honor of her friend, Miss Marion Doyle of Holyoke, who has been her guest of late and who was presented with a wrist bag, and Miss Nelson with a fan

— The Board of Directors of the M. E. Church Gymnasium held a meeting last evening to complete arrangements for the coming season. The outlook for the success of the gymnasium was never so bright as it is now. The usual high moral tone will be maintained this season and it is gratifying to the Board to see the confidence which people show in the work The fee for the remainder of this calendar year is: Juniors $1 25 and Seniors $1 75 This includes the use of shower baths. Special prices to special classes.

— Mr Lawrence Martin is here for a fortnight's visit from Oklahoma, his business headquarters for a few years past, and friends all around the lot are giving his hand cordial shakes Unlike last year, his visit at the present time has no political significance, for Mayor Feeney is not in the race for reelection Last fall "Larry" did a big stunt for Feeney and landed him all right; but he is out of Woburn politics and attending strictly to increasing his pile of earthly treasures. Mr Martin is looking firstrate and says he is reasonably happy.

— The Pine Tree Club of Everett accepted an invitation from Prof. and Mrs. Wm. H. Clark to spend Labor Day at "Clarigold" and over 100 of the members and their friends, together with friends from Woburn, spent a delightful day and evening there John J. Hern's orchestra furnished music in the afternoon for dancing, and there was an entertainment in the evening given by friends in the Club The hall and house were beautifully decorated for the occasion, and everything was done by the Clarks to make the day a long to be remembered one by all there.

— Frank Poole Johnson, son of Mr and Mrs. Charles H. Johnson of 580 Main street, this city, was ordained a minister of the Episcopalian denomination at New Orleans, La., about Aug. 14, last, with great ceremony. Right Reverand Davis Sessums, D. D., Bishop of the Louisiana Diocese, officiated, assisted by Rev. Charles Wells, D. D. The ceremonies took place in the Cathedral, which was splendidly decorated for the occasion, and were witnessed by a large gathering of people. Rev. Mr. Johnson was educated in the Woburn schools, Amherst College, Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., and the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge. He is a ripe scholar, and devout Christian.

— Postmaster Capt. E. F. Wyer left here last Saturday morning for Manassas, Virginia, the Bull Run battlefield, to witness the military maneuvers going on there this week, and to get another view of the grounds where the first fight of the Civil War took place in July, 1861, in which he had a hand. The Captain has long cherished a desire to revisit the old battlefield, go over it at leisure, and recall, as far as possible, the scenes in which he was an actor 43 years ago. Desiring, also, to witness the grand military display there this week, in which two of his sons are engaged—"chips of the old block" in military spirit—he chose the present time to gratifiy a longing that he has been nursing for several years, and gaily set forth for Manassas and Bull Run last Saturday morning. May his shadow never be less.

— St. John's Parochial School, 260 Main street, at the close of the long summer vacation, resumed its sessions last Tuesday morning under the most favorable auspices. The attendance on that first day of the term was large, and the number is likely to grow as the days advance. According to the latest official record Sister Louise of the Angels was the Superior; there were 13 teachers, Sisters of Notre Dame; and 305 girl pupils. All the branches of education are thoroughly taught, the dead and modern languages, music, drawing, needlework, and other polite arts, in all of which the scholars make commendable progress. The school was established quite a number of years ago, and we have heard that it is the design of Fr. Keegan, the Rector of St. Charles church, with which it is connected, to found a Parochial school for boys at no distant day.

— Company G went off in fine feather for the Bull Run battlefield of 43 years ago on the 8 21 a m. train last Saturday morning. The Company was full, not in the meaning that the word is sometimes employed to convey, but it contained the maximum number, 63 officers and privates, and a finer looking set of men it would be hard to scare up anywhere. Several hundred people assembled at the Station to see them safely embarked for their journey to Virginia, and good wishes followed them as the train drew out. A sprinkling of the 1861 5 "Boys in Blue" were among the crowd of spectators, who must have been sharply reminded of like scenes of home leaving in the days of the Civil War, only it was different then; that was real War; this was not. G left here in the best of spirits and with high expectations of a good time.

— Mr. James H. Callahan, the faithful and popular gateman at the Church Avenue crossing of the Boston & Maine Railroad, sailed from Boston for Ireland on June 9 last and returned to his home here on Sept. 2, instant, much improved in health, and 10 pounds heavier than when he went away. His headquarters were at Mallow, county Cork, Ireland, his native place, and from there he visited many localities familiar to him in his younger days and enjoyed every moment of his stay on the Old Sod He also spent some time at the famous Lakes of Killarney, but found the region rather less inviting than he had been led to suppose from the many pictorial descriptions of them which he had read. Mr. Callahan found but few changes on and around his old stamping grounds, and yet he was greatly interested in them and highly gratified with the privilege of going over them again. He was glad to meet a brother there whom he had not seen for many years; and rides in the jaunting car vividly reminded him of old times. He says Ireland is a fine country with a bad climate—too much rain and too little sunshine. But, Mr. Callahan says America is good enough for him.

WEDDING SILVER

Our line is extensive and includes many exclusive designs

Tea Sets, Pitchers, Bowls, Bread Trays, Spoons, Forks and Useful Table Ware

Singly or in chests; also many beautiful odd pieces

Substantial Weights
Reasonable Prices

SMITH PATTERSON CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
52 SUMMER ST.
BOSTON

Burdett BUSINESS and SHORTHAND Colleges

BOSTON	LYNN
REMOVED TO 18 Boylston, cor. Washington St. Continental Clothing Building.	Mt. Vernon Street, Opp. B. & M. Station
Most Elegantly Equipped School in New England.	Planned to accommodate 500 Students. Only Commercial School in N. E. owning building it occupies.
Pat. Actual Business. Shorthand, Typewriting, English and all Business Studies. Normal Course for Teachers.	Same Courses and Methods as at Burdett College, Boston, at Slightly Lower Rates.

Situations for Students.
Pupils may begin on and after Sept. 6.
Call or Write for Prospectus.
No Solicitors nor Canvassers.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUEE
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION
October 1, 1804,
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

— E Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

Local News.

— Mrs. Harry M. Call and daughter visited friends here yesterday.

— Mr. C. M. Strout takes a Nason excursion party to the Mountains today.

— Editor Grimes's daughter Mary was given a genuine surprise party last evening.

— Mr. Thomas W. Kenney has passed the danger point, is able to ride out, and getting on all right.

— If the weather on Sept. 14 is too bad for it the W. R. C. 161 barn supper at Wood's on Salem street will be postponed to the next evening, Sept. 15.

— A very interesting letter has just been received from Rev. Dr. Norton which will be read to the congregation of the First Congregational church next Sunday morning, Sept. 11.

First Baptist Church,

The First Baptist Church will be reopened for worship next Sunday after being thoroughly renovated. In the morning Rev. Dr. Williams will speak on "The Twentieth Century Church." Miss Maude Littlefiald will give violin solos both morning and evening, and there will be soloists. Mr. William Hicks will sing in the evening. The ordinance of baptism will be observed morning and evening.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M.

UNITARIAN.—Paeaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The New Idea of the Religious Man."
Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Matter."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "Attending School in God's Schoolhouse."
12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., "Mt. Carmel—A Message of Victory."
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Friday, 7.30 P. M., Reception to B. U. S. T. Students.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Daniel March D. D., followed by Communion Service.
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor.
7 P. M., preaching by Dr. March.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Midweek Service.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 3, by Rev. N. E. Richardson, Henry A. Field of Grennell, Iowa, and Mary W. Carlton of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 2, Sophia F. Nichols, aged 72 years.

In this city, Sept. 1, Maurice O'Connell, aged 68 years.

In this city, Sept. 3, Alpheus C. Nichols of Burlington, aged 72 years.

In this city, Sept. 4, Louis Parker, aged 38 years, 7 months, 28 days.

C. H. LEWIS,
MORTGAGES
Office 439 Main St. Woburn.
Smith's Real Estate Agency.

School Is About to Commence

and the Boys and Girls will require Stockings that can stand hard wear. We recommend the

BLACK CAT HOSIERY

for all sizes and ages.

They Wear Well
Feel Well
Look Well

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.

In a Diamond Ring

You find pleasure. Your friends admire it. Your enemies envy you its possession. You enjoy it yourself. If reverses come or if you desire to dispose of it you can do so without much loss. Thus it is a safe investment. We have a fine assortment.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

NEURALGIA
PNEUMONIA
MALARIA
COLDS
GRIPPE
DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

Ayer's Pills

Vegetable, liver pills. That is what they are. They cure constipation, biliousness, sick-headache. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

Teaches business as business is conducted in every day business life, and teaches it so thoroughly that its pupils are more competent than those of the ordinary business college. The demand for its graduates far exceeds the supply.

Any young man or woman of ordinary, general education who will follow its courses faithfully may be sure of a successful business career.

WE GUARANTEE IT.

Our rates are reasonable and it costs no more to attend this College than to study in less progressive institutions. Catalogue gives full information and is free upon application.

STUDENTS MAY ENTER ANY TIME.

Evening Classes commence Oct. 3d

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
30 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.

"Not the oldest; not the largest; just the best."

Our Bargain this week—

White and Green
Castaglia
Soap
in pound cakes.
Selling for 15c.
2 for 25c.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

HAY! HAY!

First-class English Hay in lots to suit and delivered in Woburn. For sale at 71 Wyman street.
E. C. COLMAN.

WANTED—Industrious man or woman as permanent representative of big manufacturing company, to look after its business in this county and adjoining territory. Business successful and established. Salary $20.00 weekly and expenses. Salary paid weekly from home office. Expense money advanced. Experience not essential. Enclose self-addressed envelope. General Manager, Como Block, Chicago.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

DALOBE FARM CREAM
18c. Jar

5 cts. allowed for empty jars.
This is the best and cheapest Cream on the market.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Michael Looney, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William C. Looney, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of September, A.D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirty-first day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

For Brown-Tail Poisoning Use

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Relieves pain, itching, smarting and irritation and reduces inflammation. Physicians and nurses recommend and use it extensively. Stimulates the circulation and assists nature in making rapid cures.

At all dealers, 10c., 25., 50c., $1.00.

Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

HON. JOHN J. WHIPPLE,
of Brockton, candidate for State Treasurer

Real Estate.

E. Prior has sold at auction dwelling-house and land No. 28 Arlington street to James T. Martin, who buys for improvement.

The final papers have passed this week on the late Seviah Thompson Estate, 82 Elm street, No Woburn, to Francis C. Healy, who buys for improvement. E. Prior Real Estate Agent made the sale.

The E. Prior Real Estate agency has sold to B. F. Kimball the Wilbur E. Cummings shop corner Main and Fowle streets. Mr. Kimball will remodel and occupy the shop.

Smith's Real Estate Agency has rented the Kenney Estate 128 Winn street to Charles E. Pepper of Everett. Also rented store in Allen's Block to T. L. Sueur of Gloucester. The Fowle house corner of Fowle and Mt. Pleasant street to E. T. Marrion. C. H. Lewis of Boston has purchased the Brooks estate No. 56 Mt. Pleasant street. He will improve the same. Same agency has sold the Parker estate Nos. 30, 32, 34 Kilby street consisting of 3 houses, stable and 2 acres of land to Cosmo Coccoluto, who will improve the same. Also sold the estate Nos. 11 and 13 Garfield Ave., consisting of double house and 8,000 feet of land for Charles Budden. The purchaser being George H. Prescott of Reading, who buys for investment.

Lake Winnipesaukee Excursion.

The ideal Saturday outing is a trip to Lake Winnipesaukee on the Boston & Maine Excursion. The sail of sixty miles over Winnipesaukee on the steamer Mt. Washington cannot be surpassed. On a clear day the peaks of the White Mountains are plainly visible, and the view of the numerous islands which dot the surface of the lake is grand. A good dinner can be procured on board the steamer.

On Saturday, September 10th, the Boston & Maine Railroad will run an excursion to Lake Winnipesaukee from Boston at a round trip rate of $2, including the sail on the steamer. Tickets are good going only on special train which will leave Boston at 8.20 A. M., connecting at Alton Bay with the steamer; returning leave Alton Bay on arrival of the steamer. Tickets are on Sale at City Ticket Office, 322 Washington street, up to 5.00 P. M., September 9th and at Union Station until departure of train September 10th.

The Secret of Success.

Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unfailing success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the two greatest enemies of health and happiness? Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders?—that it has proved itself the best of all liver regulators? August Flower has a matchless record of over thirty-five years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints—a success that is becoming wider in its scope every day, at home and abroad, as the fame of August Flower spreads. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by all druggists.

WINCHESTER.

I am informed on good authority that the Winchester Boat Club are to hold their annual float and parade on Saturday evening, Sept. 10. Prizes are to be awarded for the best decorated craft. Members are privileged to invite friends.

The new High Schoolhouse was thrown open for public inspection on Labor Day. It was visited by a large number of people who expressed gratification with everything they saw. A great number of works of art has been donated by our citizens for decorating the various rooms of the splendid building which give some of them the appearance of an Art Museum. The pictures and stationary are fine.

At the ordination of Mr. Frank Poole Johnson into the Episcopal priesthood at New Orleans, La., on August 14, 1904, he wore a surplice of rich texture and regulation design which the ladies of Epiphany church of Winchester made and presented to him, accompanied by a beautiful silk stole elegantly ornamented with ecclesiastical embroidery, which one of the ladies made. Mr. Johnson has done considerable preaching here in recent times and is popular.

That infernal Russell Brook in Woburn has polluted the pellucid waters of the classic Aberjona and, consequently, Mystic Lakes, about long enough, and our Board of Health have made a regular fuss and are going to see what can be done about abating the nuisance. They have heroically tackled the Woburn Board of Health, the Metropolitan Board, and what not, but it looks as though we would all have to wait and endure the stench until autumn frosts and winter snows put a period to it.

Coloniel Nat. A. Richardson is a veteran in years as well as in some other respects. He was 84 years old on August 29, 1904, but to look at him one would hardly think it, for he is still spry and robust. When Colonel Nat. dies, if he ever does, a whole lot of unpublished history will expire with him. He has, in years past, told a great deal about Woburn and Winchester people of ye olden times, and told it in a most entertaining way, but I suspect that what he knows and hasn't told would fill a large volume. By good rights he ought to devote a share of his spare time to writing sketches of men and things that he has known about in his long lifetime and leave them for posthumous publication, if too much of a task to give them to the public before he puts on angelic wings. The Colonel is a genial and courteous old gentleman, and has a heap of friends in Winchester.

Didn't Dispute It.

Mr. Staylate—After all, society is a deuced bore, don't you know. Miss Weary (yawning)—Yes, some people's society.—Exchange.

Don't tell all you know, keep a little for a nest egg.—Schoolmaster.

IMPRESSING THE INDIANS.

Simon Fraser's Methods With the Untutored Redskins.

Even as late as the year 1805 there were Indians on the North American continent who had never seen or heard a gun, had never seen tobacco smoke and were capable of worshiping the white men who controlled these wonders. The Rev. A. G. Morice tells of some of the adventures of Simon Fraser, who has stamped his name on Canada. Father Morice writes as follows: "On landing at Lake Stuart Fraser's men, to impress the natives with a proper idea of their wonderful resources, fired a volley with their guns, whereupon the whole crowd of Indians fell prostrate to the ground. To allay their fears and make friends tobacco was offered them, which, on being tasted, was found too bitter and thrown away. Then, to show its use, the crew lighted their pipes, and at the sight of smoke issuing from their mouths the people began to whisper that they must come from the land of ghosts, since they were still full of the fire wherewith they had been cremated. Pieces of soap were given to the women, who, taking them to be cakes of fat, set upon crunching them, causing foam and bubbles in the mouth, which puzzled both actors and bystanders. All these phenomena, however, were soon explained away, leaving profound admiration for the foreigners and their wares."

THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

How It Came to Be So Called by the Explorer Magellan.

Magellan, practically the first to circumnavigate the world, set out from Spain in 1519 to find a western route to the famous Moluccas, or Spice islands. Vague rumors of a pacific ocean were scattered through Europe. To test these Magellan, following the coast of South America, passed through the strait which now bears his name, formerly the strait of the Eleven Thousand Virgins, tossed all the time on a most tempestuous sea.

Emerging into the broad waters on the west, he sailed northwest for three months and twenty days on a placid, almost unruffled sea, which he christened then and there Mar Pacifico, or Pacific ocean, the name it will now forever bear. Notwithstanding its name typhoons in the west and elsewhere make this ocean as perilous a path as any other to those who tempt its vast expanse and comparative solitude.

Magellan himself fell in the Philippines, but the Victoria came home to tell the tale. Drake was the first Englishman to sail on its wide waters.—London Standard.

BOOKWORMS.

Not the Human Kind, but the Grubs That Tunnel Volumes.

Blades, in his interesting volume, "The Enemies of Books," has shown that several very real bookworms are undesirable tenants of old libraries, and he has studied closely several specimens sent him and described their ravages.

Two grubs in particular richly deserve this name, the anobium, pertinax or eruditus and the oecophora. The anobium, a small, light colored, brown headed grub, with a body like thin ivory or transparent wax, bears a close resemblance to the white maggots of a Stilton cheese. Working with a pair of strong jaws, like a steel bit, the grub begins at the wooden boards and if allowed will perforate the whole volume. The oecophora, similar to the anobium, except for the possession of six legs, is not unlike the so called deathwatch.

M. Peignot asserts that he found twenty-seven volumes in one row pierced from end to end by a single worm tunnel. Mr. Blades doubts this, but has himself seen two volumes so treated, with no fewer than 212 distinct holes on one cover.

Garrick and the Bishop.

In the "Realities of Irish Life," by W. S. French, is this anecdote: "I have heard a story that upon one occasion the bishop of London asked the celebrated actor, Garrick, if he could explain how it was that he and his clergy failed to arrest the attention of their audiences, although they preached every Sunday of the realities of the world to come, while he (Garrick) filled crowded houses with the most rapt attention, although they knew perfectly well that all he was saying was fiction. 'The reason is very plain, my lord,' replied Garrick. 'You deal with facts as if they were fiction; I deal with fiction as if they were facts.'"

Convincing.

The late Wilhelm Jordan used to be very much annoyed because of the constant tearing up of the streets in Frankfurt. One day he said to one of the men at work, "Why are you digging up the pavement again?" "Because a new water pipe is to be put in." "But the old one was still quite good." "So was the old Nibelung-Lied, yet you wrote a new one, Herr Doctor," retorted the laborer, with a laugh, in which Jordan joined.

Reason Enough.

"What! Marry my daughter?" snorted old Gotrox. "Why, you must be destitute of all reason"—

"Yes," interrupted young Poorley, with refreshing candor; "I admit I am destitute, but that very fact is my reason."—Philadelphia Press.

Judicial Prognostics.

"What kind of sentence did the judge give the weather man?"

"Fair, followed by clearing; hard labor, changing to variable; bread and water toward evening; Sunday, soup."—Buffalo Express.

His Pen Work.

"You say you earn more money by your pen than you did a year ago?"

"I do."

"How's that?"

"I stopped writing stories and began addressing envelopes."

The Sharper Vision.

"I believe there's something between our daughter and young Huggerly."

"I seen them in the parlor last night," volunteered young brother, "an' there wasn't nothing between them."—Houston Post.

Traced.

The Prima Donna—Why don't you give the part to my daughter? She sings beautifully. She has inherited my voice. Manager Conn—That so? I've often wondered what became of your voice.—Detroit Free Press.

Cast your bread upon the waters, and you will realize how many people are out for the dough.—Philadelphia Record.

Votes and Kisses.

In the letters of William Cowper, the poet, is an interesting description of some old fashioned political campaign tactics in England: "We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlor, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentlemen winding worsted, when to our unspeakable surprise a mob appeared before the window, a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys hallooed and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss—one of the tame hares—was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry and referred to the back door as the only possible way of approach. In a minute the yard, the kitchen and the parlor were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. When the conference ended, Mr. Grenville squeezed my hand again, kissed the ladies and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind hearted gentleman."

Likes a "Nosey" Clerk.

"That new salesman," remarked a floorwalker in a Broadway haberdasher's store to the proprietor, "seems to be an inquisitive sort of fellow. When business is slack he noses about, looking at everything on the shelves, examining tags and peeping into boxes that are not strictly in his department. I think I'll speak to him."

"You will please do nothing of the sort," answered the proprietor. "Clerks who 'nose' about, as you express it, instead of posing by the door, are the young men who know exactly what goods we have in stock and where to find them. They do not keep a customer waiting while they run to you or me and risk losing a sale. There is nothing about my stock that I don't want my clerks to know. I would rather they find out for themselves than go running to you for information."—New York Press.

A Courageous Soldier.

Admiral Wilson of the British navy won his Victoria cross at the battle of El Teb in 1884. There was a gap in the square, and five or six of the enemy made a vicious rush forward, attempting to get inside. Captain Wilson, who was present with the naval brigade, advanced to meet them alone, but his sword broke in the endeavor to cut one of the intruders down. Hereupon the officer, instead of beating a hasty retreat, stood his ground and began bowling over the enemy with his fists. Either from the nature of the ground or, as the record puts it, "the surprising nature of his attack," Captain Wilson escaped with a few wounds and was rescued by the square closing up round him. Sir Redvers Buller described the act as the most courageous he ever witnessed.

The Human Neptune.

It is doubtful if there ever was a sturdier human Neptune than Captain Webb, whose memorable exploit in crossing the English channel will always be remembered. It was mere ill luck—a fatal chance—which tossed him against a rock in the Whirlpool rapids of the Niagara river and ended his life. Lord Byron was a marvel in the water. He equaled the feat of Leander in propelling himself across the Hellespont without aid or relief from any quarter, and before him beamed no beckoning signals, glances and smiles from an incomparably beautiful Hero. But even Byron never swam across the English channel. As the champion of the silver streak of sea Webb was the wonder of the ages.

Wire Fire Extinguishers.

In factories where inflammable materials are made small fires are very apt to break out, and unless their progress is at once stopped the results may be serious. In varnish factories the fire extinguisher consists of a mesh of very fine wires. Should a jar of varnish become ignited, a workman seizes the net, which is always kept ready at hand, and pops it over the vessel containing the burning liquid. The wires conduct off the heat so quickly that the flames have no time to spread and soon die out.

Churches on Bridges.

The custom of building churches on bridges was common a hundred year and more ago. Several of these quaint old buildings are still left in Europe. The Chapel of Our Lady still stands on the bridge which spans the Don at Rotterdam. The little chapel was built in the fifteenth century and was restored about a hundred years ago. For several years, however, it has been used as a tobacco shop.

Described.

A parent was examining his young first grade hopeful in geography.

"What is land with water all around it called?"

"An island."

"Then what is water with land all around it?"

After a pause, "A puddle."

A Misfit.

A correspondent sends us an interesting natural history note. On opening his wardrobe the other day he found a moth in his dress coat. The effect, he declares, was ludicrous, as the coat was, of course, much too big for the moth.—Punch.

Agreed With Her.

"You ought to have more consideration," sobbed the unhappy American countess.

"True," exclaimed the representative of the effete aristocracy, "the beggarly ten millions your father passed over in exchange for my espousal of you were hardly sufficient consideration to make a valid contract."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Way of Working Up.

"Yes; he began there as an office boy."

"And, I suppose, mastered every detail of the business, so that he could take charge of the great establishment."

"No, he married the senior partner's daughter."—Chicago Record-Herald.

He Took the Hint.

Miss Caustique (12:10 a. m.)—What do you especially like for breakfast, Mr. Bore? Mr. Bore—Well, I—er—er—hardly know. Why? Miss Caustique—The cook will start to get breakfast in a little while, and I thought I'd tell her what you liked.—Chicago Journal.

At the Seaside.

She—Oh, George, what lovely waves! He—Very nice; but, poor things, they're just like me—we both arrive at the shore in splendid style—and go back broke.—Judy.

Coaches In France.

As regards the history of coaches in France, Henry IV. was assassinated in 1610. Soon after his death some engravings were published representing him being murdered in his carriage by Ravaillac. It is from these that we get a fair idea of the coaches.

They are simply square boxes, measuring by scale six feet in length by three and a half feet in width, on four wheels of the same diameter, without any springs or straps and seating six persons in all—namely, two with their backs to the horses, two facing them and two more, one on each side of the two "boots" at the side. Each vehicle had a roof, resting on light columns, and curtains to draw or to let down.

This agrees well with the received accounts of the incident, according to one version of which Henry rode in an open carriage, and according to another that as soon as the fatal blow was delivered by the assassin the king's attendant who rode with him in the carriage drew the curtains, and, hiding the king from public view, assured the enraged people that he was only wounded.—Notes and Queries.

Cuban Women.

The Cuban women—and the men as well—are intensely affectionate. They say much in words, often more than their hearts feel. But they are very warm hearted. Every letter that I get from girl friends of six months' acquaintance is a love letter, full of passionate expressions of endearment. The Cuban women mature quickly, and a girl of fourteen in Cuba is as mature as a girl of seventeen here. Early marriages are the rule. The Cuban women are dainty, pretty and very like the French women, with many of the French ways and ideals. They care little for forming themselves into clubs for literary culture, and woman suffrage doesn't agitate them. They are vastly more interested in being clever needlewomen, good musicians, good housekeepers, charming sweethearts, than in running the government.—Cor. Cincinnati Times-Star.

Farragut's Death.

Admiral Farragut's death was due to the selfishness of a woman. The admiral and his wife were coming from California, when a woman occupying a seat in front of them in the car opened a window. Admiral Farragut was ill, and the strong draft of wind which blew directly upon him chilled him. Mrs. Farragut asked the woman courteously if she would not kindly close the window, as it was annoying to her husband. The woman snapped out: "No, I won't close the window. I don't care if it does annoy him. I am not going to smother for him." Admiral Farragut thus caught a severe cold, which resulted in his death. A few days before the end came he said, "If I die, that woman will be held accountable."—Exchange.

Easy to Keep Afloat.

If every person knew that it is impossible to sink if one keeps his arms under water and moves his legs as if he were going upstairs, and that one may keep this motion up for hours before fatigue ends it, there would be few casualties. Such is the fact. Except where cramp renders motion impossible, the man who gets an unvoluntary ducking has small chance of drowning. He can generally keep afloat until rescuers appear. The people who drown are those who frantically wave their arms out of water and lose their self possession.—Chicago Journal.

The Castle In Chess.

The castle in chess owes its shape and name to a misunderstanding of its old Italian name, "rocco," as if it were "rocca" a castle or fortress. The words rocco, rook and roc (French) come from rohk, the old Persian name of the piece, which was in the shape of an elephant. Curiously enough, the elephant carried a little castle on his back, and the position of the piece on the board seemed suitable for a castle.

By Jupiter, Take This.

The letter "R" at the head of all prescriptions is derived from the Latin word recipe, the imperative meaning "take." The little dart over the tail of the "R" is the symbol of Jove, or the Latin god Jupiter, and invests the writer with his authority—by the power of Jupiter. Therefore the sign properly reads, "By Jupiter, take this."

Yourself.

Man's greatest enemy is himself. If every man in the world should be as careful of deserving an honest opinion of himself as he is of getting the good opinion of others there would be a vast difference in the standing of the majority of mankind.—Lynn News.

Off Duty.

"Hello!" cried the policeman. "Reading a paper, eh? I thought you were a blind man!"

"So I am during business hours," the blind man replied, "but I'm off duty now."—Philadelphia Press.

Might Be, but Not Wisely.

"Do you consider him a man who can be trusted?"

"Well," replied the Boston purist, "I suppose he can be trusted, but there would be considerable risk attached to the proceeding."

The Book That Held Him.

"Yes, I picked up this book last night, and I never budged out of my chair until 4 o'clock this morning."

"Goodness! Was it that interesting?"

"No; but I didn't wake up until that time."

Willing to Listen.

Tess—She was boasting that she is a very good listener. Jess—Yes. She's what you might call a fluent listener. She loves to hear herself talk.—Exchange.

Three Women Writers.

Among ladies distinguished for the beauty of their penmanship—or penwomanship—was Charlotte Bronte, who wrote a very small, very delicate and carefully finished hand. Mrs. Hemans wrote in a free, flowing style. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's manuscript was very neat and carefully punctuated, the writing being distinct and legible, though the letters were not well joined.

Money Saved.

Muggins—So you finally mustered up courage to propose to Miss Springer, eh? What was the result? Huggins—She dismissed me without ceremony. Muggins—Oh, well, don't you care. The absence of ceremony saved you the minister's fee.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

To please one must make up his mind to be taught many things which he already knows by people who do not know them.

National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius.—Tuckerman.

Caterpillars and Grubs.

It is altogether surprising what caterpillars and grubs can survive and appear to like it. Some mites live on strychnine, eating it with avidity. Professor Attfield tried the same fare on cheese mites, and up to 50 per cent of strychnine they lived and thrived as perhaps only mites can be expected to do. Over 50 per cent of poison they found to be an error of diet and promptly died. There is a sort of caterpillar which lives on magnesia; one wonders vaguely whether a perpetual course of magnesia is not found somewhat enervating. But, then, the caterpillar is a being wholly depraved, which nothing can kill. The grub of the fur moth particularly is an indiscriminate feeder, liking wool as readily as fur and a horse's hide as well as either, and will dine heartily on such poetic fare as butterflies' wings. And it is destruction personified, taking a wanton pleasure in cutting off a multitude of hairs more than it can possibly require, and nothing seemingly can kill it. Turpentine, sea salt, tobacco and sulphur fumes—these "remedies" only drive it away, that is all, as the passengers in Hans Andersen's coach used a sprig of myrtle to drive away the flies.—London Globe.

Odd Old Laws.

In an old set of laws of the Choctaw Nation there is a clause which relates to the killing of witches. For witchcraft the penalty was death, and for alleging oneself to be a witch or for saying that any other person was one was punishable by sixty lashes on the bare back.

Another declared that no doctor could take money or any of the belongings of a patient he treated if the patient died. If the patient were raised up from a sick bed the doctor could accept what was offered to him, and if nothing was offered, then he could take in goods what was his just compensation.

In 1834 the Choctaw council passed an act which made a person who bargained to sell any of the Choctaw land a traitor and punishable by death. Any white man who encouraged such action was deported. An Indian who sold or disposed of land either to individuals or to the United States in toto should be considered a traitor and shot on conviction. This was just preceding the beginning of the work of the Dawes commission.

Animal and Plant Allies.

An interesting instance of the manner in which insects sometimes assist the growth of plants is furnished by the history of a climbing plant which grows in the Philippines. At an early stage in its career the plant, which, like other plants, begins to grow from the ground, severs its connection with the soil and thenceforward lives with its roots attached to dead bamboo canes. It develops, in addition to other leaves, certain pitcher shaped leaves, into the cups of which it sends a second set of roots. A species of small black ant frequents the pitchers and incidentally carries into them minute fragments of decaying wood and leaf mold, from which the roots derive a constant supply of food for the support of the plant.

England's Milk Bill.

The laborer, it seems, is content with 5 gallons of milk, 9 pounds of cheese and 15 pounds of butter in the twelve months. Artisans and mechanics have 12 gallons of milk, 11 pounds of cheese and the same quantity of butter. Each member of the upper class, however, drinks on an average 31 gallons of milk in a year, eats 10½ pounds of cheese and 41 pounds of butter. A member of the upper class drinks rather more than six times as much milk as a laborer, eats just a little more cheese and uses three times as much butter.

Old Laws of Scotland.

On the statute book of Scotland is still an act passed in 1825 ordering that "na man play futeball," because it is "esteemed to be unprofitable sport for the common gude of the realme and defense thereof." There is also a statute against alien immigration, passed in 1426, and authorizing "all his majesty's subjects" to "take, apprehend, imprison and execute to death the said Egiptians (gypsies), either men or women."

Probably It Would.

In a Sunday school the class was under a question on the sacraments. The sacrament of matrimony was taken up, and a seven-year-old startled her teacher when replying to a question as to the necessity for this sacrament by answering: "No. Matrimony is not necessary to salvation, but should a favorable opportunity afford it would be sinful to neglect it."

Unfair.

"I s'pose it's all right," said Mr. Newrich. "But it doesn't seem fair."

"What doesn't seem fair?"

"For Matilda to scold because I want to eat dinner in my shirt sleeves. I don't make any fuss about her party dresses, an' they haven't any sleeves at all."

Forgiveness.

Little five-year-old Edith was taken to a dentist, who removed an aching tooth. That evening at prayers her mother was surprised to hear her say, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists."

Cynical.

"Why," said the sweet girl, "do they say that love is of the heart?"

"To show," said the old bachelor—"to show that the brains have nothing to do with it."

Every one has to clap his hands in applause when he doesn't mean it, but it is a pleasing sort of hypocrisy.—Atchison Globe.

Reluctant to Give Up.

"Lend me $10, old man. I'm a little short."

"That won't help you any. You'll be just as short after getting the money."

"Nonsense, old chap! How do you make that out?"

"Why, after giving you the $10 I don't expect to see you any longer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Probably Took the Hint.

Young Tutter—Miss Clara, suppose that tomorrow evening I should call again and, having nerved myself up to it, suddenly, while we were conversing, I should without a word throw my arms around your neck and deliberately kiss you, what would you do? Miss Pinkley—Oh, Mr. Tutter, don't ask me to look so far ahead.

A Maddening Position.

The hardest thing a girl does is to refrain from asking a man a question that she knows will make him mad when she is just boiling with curiosity to know the answer.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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AN ODD PHENOMENON.

Showers of Rain Can Come From a Cloudless Sky.

It appears that rain can fall from a cloudless sky. This is true of a thin drizzle which falls in France, known as "serein." As the atmosphere looks quite clear when it falls, the probability is all in favor of the moisture having been brought by the wind at a great elevation. In the island of Mauritius the phenomenon is by no means uncommon during the prevalence of southeast winds, slight showers falling in cloudless evenings when the stars are shining brightly. There the rain is thought to be due to invisible vapor in the upper reaches of the atmosphere, being condensed at once and falling in drops without passing through the intermediate stage of cloud. Ross said that in the south Atlantic it rained on one occasion for upward of an hour while the sky was altogether free from clouds. Says a Genoese naturalist, "The night was clear, the stars were shining with their accustomed brilliancy, when a shower of rain, consisting of large lukewarm drops, fell during six minutes upon the town." A similar view was once observed at Constantine, in Algeria, about noon, the sky being all the time a splendid blue. Some believe that these showers are the result of particles of ice formed in the higher regions melting and falling, while others attribute them to currents of warm and cold air traveling in opposite directions, with the result that the latter condenses some of the moisture in the former and causes it to fall.

OLD TIME MANNERS.

The Exaggerated Courtesy of the Eighteenth Century.

In Social England the following appears as indicating the exaggerated courtesy of fashionable people early in the eighteenth century: "Chesterfield teaches that it is boorish to congratulate a friend on his approaching marriage with merely 'I wish you joy,' when he should have said, 'Believe me, my dear sir, I have scarce words to express the joy I feel upon your happy alliance with such and such a family.' The 'compliment of condolence' on a bereavement should not be, 'I am sorry for your loss,' but 'I hope, sir, you will do me the justice to be persuaded that I am not insensible of your unhappiness, that I take part in your distress and shall ever be affected when you are so.' His child began his lessons in 'breeding' at nine years old, having till then learned Latin, Greek, French, history and geography. He is warned to beware of using proverbial sayings in his speech, such as 'One man's meat is another's poison,' or 'Every one to his taste, as the good man said when he kissed his cow.' He must attend to the graceful motion of his arms, the manner of putting on his hat and giving his hand. Horace Walpole's entrance into a room is described by an eyewitness as 'in the style of affected delicacy which fashion had made almost natural, chapeau bras between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm, and feet on tiptoes, as if afraid of a wet floor.'"

Origin of Texts.

The custom of taking a text as the basis of a sermon originated with Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites in a public congregation of men and women, ascended a pulpit, opened the book of the law and, after a prayer, "read in the book in the law of God distinctly and gave the sense and caused them to understand the reading."

Previous to the time of Ezra the patriarchs delivered in public assemblies either prophecies or moral instructions, and it was not until the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, during which they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as to read the Scriptures to them.

Elongated Palates.

It is not an uncommon thing to suffer for an elongated palate, which causes great discomfort in various ways. It is inflamed by cold and then aggravates a persistent cough. It brings a sense of oppression in one's breathing, and it is sure to make itself felt in long continued talking. Doctors are generally loath to touch it. Perhaps the most quickly efficacious treatment recommended by them is gargling with alum water just before brushing the teeth. This has been known to work a radical bettering of the distress.—Pearson's.

Jumping.

Long and high jumping alike give elasticity of movement to the person with sluggish, heavy gait. The high jump should be practiced over a piece of cotton fixed to two poles or other supports. This cannot possibly occasion a fall. A piece of white paper run on the cotton near the center will be easily distinguishable. The student unused to jumping should begin with a nominal height, say twelve inches, increasing this as advance is made in proficiency.

Left the Farm Perforce.

Gollifer—You used to make a good living in the country, but you don't seem to be making your salt in town. Why did you leave the farm? Gosch—Because I couldn't bring it with me. It was held down by a mortgage.—Chicago Tribune.

The King of Bardsey.

About a mile distant from the rocky promontory of Braich-y-Pwil, the extreme westerly point of north Wales, lies the island of Bardsey, the home of a singularly isolated community. The island is the property of Lord Newborough and was a favorite resort of the third baron, grandfather and predecessor in the title of the present peer. At that period the island was even more remote and out of the way than at present. Communication with Pwilheli was infrequent and uncertain. Consequently the Bardsey folk formed an entirely independent community, forced by circumstances to conduct their own affairs without special reference to the laws of the country. Lord Newborough instituted the office of "king." Selecting from the islanders one of superior parts and character, he invested him with the general authority which he himself possessed as landlord, bidding the rest to obey his ruling, abide by his decisions in case of dispute and in general respect his authority. Partly in jest, partly to strengthen his vicegerent's position, he conferred upon that worthy the title of "king of Bardsey" and bestowed upon him a crown, a treasure and an army. The "crown" was a gorgeous diadem of brass, wondrously embossed and wrought; the "treasure" a silver casket brought from Italy, and the "army" a wooden figure painted to represent a soldier.

A MODEL OF CAUTION.

Yet an Innocent Remark Was the Cause of His Death.

The father of Gueau de Reverseaux had been a distinguished lawyer, and through his influence he held important offices under the government. When the revolution began he gave up his office at La Rochelle and retired to Chartres.

From the time that the revolution began Gueau de Reverseaux devoted his attention exclusively to preserving his own safety. He wrote no letters. He would receive no letters. He saw no visitors and paid no visits. He spoke to no person and allowed no one to come near him. It would have been impossible to be more prudent than he was.

However, he wanted some sheds built on his farm near Chartres and ventured to consult a carpenter. The carpenter told him that he could not undertake the work immediately, as most of his workmen were drafted to join the army at once.

Gueau de Reverseaux replied: "The workmen need not go. They can send substitutes."

This remark was heard by the workmen, but only the first phrase made any impression on them. They reported everywhere that M. Gueau de Reverseaux, who must be good authority, had said that they need not go. The news went to headquarters that Gueau de Reverseaux declared that the drafted workmen need not obey the government. This was considered to be conspiracy, and he was condemned to death and executed.

A BID FOR SILENCE.

Five Million Dollars Was the Sum Offered and Rejected.

Immediately it became known to the Tweed ring that the proofs of its guilt were in possession of the Times an effort was made to buy them. A carefully verified report of this attempt was published in Harper's Weekly for Feb. 22, 1890:

"A tenant in the same building (the Times building) sent for Mr. Jones to come to his office, as he wished to see him on an important matter. Mr. Jones went to the lawyer's office and, being ushered into a private room, was confronted by Comptroller Connolly.

"'I don't want to see this man,' said Mr. Jones, and he turned to go.

"'For God's sake,' exclaimed Connolly, 'let me say one word to you!'

"At this appeal Mr. Jones stopped. Connolly then made him a proposition to forego the publication of the documents he had in his possession and offered him the enormous sum of $5,000,000 to do this. As Connolly waited for the answer, Mr. Jones said:

"'I don't think the devil will ever make a higher bid for me than that.'

"Connolly began to plead and drew a graphic picture of what one could do with $5,000,000. He ended by saying:

"'Why, with that sum you can go to Europe and live like a prince.'

"'Yes,' said Mr. Jones, 'but I should know that I was a rascal. I cannot consider your offer or any offer not to publish the facts in my possession.'" —From "Thomas Nast" in Pearson's.

The Frolicsome Scallop.

The scallop takes life less seriously and servilely than his cousins, the clams and oysters. The oyster can't move from his place; the clam can, but rarely does. The scallop is as free as a bird almost to the end of his days. Then, again, the scallop has temperament. He exhibits the frolicsomeness of childhood, as higher animals do. We see little scallops by tens and dozens darting swiftly here and there in the water by a quick opening and shutting of the two valves of their shells. They are as graceful as a flock of snowbirds and as vivacious. Capture one, lay it on the sand, and it snaps its valves, impatient of the interruption, if we interpret the signs aright. It is altogether happy if put back in the pool.—Country Life In America.

Her Case Exactly.

It is related of a clergyman who was the happy father of a charming and beautiful daughter that one day while preparing his Sunday discourse he was suddenly called from his desk on a mission of mercy. The sentence at which he left off was this: "I never see a young man of splendid physique and the promise of a glorious manhood almost realized but my heart is filled with rapture and delight."

His daughter, happening to enter the study, saw the sermon and read the words.

Sitting down, she wrote underneath, "Them's my sentiments, papa, exactly."

Dr. Fuller's Memory.

Among those who have performed great feats of memory may be mentioned Dr. Fuller, author of the "Worthies of England." He could repeat another man's sermon after hearing it once and could repeat 500 words in an unknown language after hearing them twice. He one day attempted to walk from Temple Bar to the farthest end of Cheapside and to repeat on his return every sign on either side of the way in the order of their occurrence, and he did it easily.—London Mail.

Open Your Eyes.

The habit of going through the world with the eyes shut is an inveterate one, common in all times. In old time the prophets and the great Teacher himself reproached their disciples with this failing. "Eyes have ye, and see not," said they. True, it was a failure to perceive spiritual truth in their case. All our faculties, bodily, mental, spiritual, are given to us for use, and we are held to be responsible for neglect of them, as was that servant in the parable who went and hid in the earth that talent that his lord had entrusted to him. Sufficient stress is not laid upon the use and abuse of our bodily faculties or the neglect of them. Do but consider how much pleasure we debar ourselves from when we shut up this the chief of Five Gateways of Knowledge. How beautiful is the world in the cool, clear, luminous air of early dawn, and yet how many, think you, have ever stopped to take in that beauty, if they by chance have been abroad at that hour?—Exchange.

British Military Bulls.

It has often been demonstrated that the schoolmaster is needed among the British officers. Some queer, quaint efforts at composition have been made in brigade orders. A certain major ordained not long ago this: "Reveille will be at 3:30 a. m. The brigade will parade at 4 a. m. The brigade will move at 4:15 a. m. The sun will rise at 5 a. m." It was during the guerrilla war of 1901-02, after the building of the blockhouses, that it became necessary to check the habit of the men of sleeping outside the blockhouses for the sake of coolness and comfort. A certain staff officer thereupon issued the following quaint order: "No one is permitted to sleep outside the blockhouses except the sentries." Though the intention of this order is clear, its phraseology is not, "Men on outpost duty are forbidden to strike matches on the sky line."

Gorgeous Gowns.

During the reign of King George I. Lord Hervey, a cultured man, gave this description of the fine dress of a distinguished woman: "The Duchess of Queensberry's clothes pleased me most. They were white satin embroidered, the bottom of the petticoat brown hills, covered with all sorts of weeds, and every breadth had an old stump of a tree that ran up almost to the top of the petticoat, broken and ragged and worked with brown chenille, round which twined nasturtiums, ivy, honeysuckles, periwinkles, convolvuluses and all sorts of twining vines, which spread and covered the petticoat. Many of the leaves were finished in gold, and part of the stumps of the trees looked like the gilding of the sun."

The First Iron Bridge.

The first iron bridge ever erected in the world and which is in constant use at the present time spans a little river in the county of Salop, on the railroad leading from Shrewsbury to Worcester, England. It was built in the year 1778 and is exactly ninety-six feet in length. The total amount of iron used in its construction was 378 tons. Stephenson, the great engineer, in writing concerning it, said, "When we consider the fact that the casting of iron was at that time in its infancy, we are convinced that unblushing audacity alone could conceive and carry into execution such an undertaking."

Grotesque African Customs.

Tattooing is almost universally practiced by both sexes of the natives of Africa. It is, however, very roughly done and is altogether inferior to the tattooing of the Maoris of New Zealand and other Pacific races. The method of operation is simply to make a slit in the skin and then rub in charcoal. Among the less pleasing feminine ornaments must be reckoned the nose buttons of the Wa Yao and the frightful pelele, or lip ring, of the Anyanja. The nose button is a circular disk of ivory or burnished lead let into one side of the nostril. Ugly as is the effect produced by this, it is yet a thousand times less hideous than the pelele, which consists of a round, flat piece of ivory or wood fixed in a slit in the upper lip. The slit is gradually increased by the insertion of successive plugs, each a little larger than the preceding one, until it can accommodate a full sized pelele, which sticks out an inch or more in front of the face, rendering the appearance of the wearer scarcely human.

The Game of Trinquet.

Popular among the Basque peasantry is an ancient game known as trinquet.

No one knows the origin of trinquet. Like all Basque customs, it can be traced back and back till its history is lost in the remote past. Nearly every court in the country bears the aspect of extreme age. The court at Bayonne is believed to be 400 years old, and the one at St. Jean de Luz looks older than the one at Bayonne. When Louis XIV., who was married in St. Jean de Luz church, went down to the little frontier town to meet his Spanish bride, he found the Basques of St. Jean de Luz energetically playing their ancient game, and he took the idea back with him to Paris, and from it, largely modified, comes the game of tennis.

Tennis and trinquet are very similar, save that instead of a racket a leather arrangement, known as a glove, is used for propelling the ball.—Country Life.

Duty, Then Pleasure.

Mr. Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam hammer, once said: "If I were to try to compress into one sentence the whole of the experience of an active and successful life and offer it to young men as a rule and certain recipe for success in any station, it would be comprised in this: 'Duty first; pleasure second.' From what I have seen of young men and their after progress I am satisfied that what is generally termed 'bad fortune,' 'ill luck' and 'misfortune' is in nine cases out of ten simply the result of inverting this simple maxim. My own experience convinces me that absence of success arises in the great majority of cases from want of self denial and want of common sense. The worst maxim of all maxims is, 'Pleasure first; work and duty second.'"

How He Viewed It.

There was a carriage accident in a town in Scotland. A brougham containing two ladies was run away with down a steep hill. The noise and clatter of the horses' hoofs on the flags with which the town was paved were terrific. A Scotch farmer who was walking on the footpath turned to watch the carriage disappearing in the distance and said to his companion, "For us who see it, it is indeed a fearsome sight, but for those who are inside it must be a rich spiritual experience!"—London Gentlewoman.

Human Inequality.

There is a notion, and a most pernicious one, that it is the highest realization of republican form of government that all the people should by some forcing process be made as much alike as possible. All human beings are born equal only in the single fact that they all come into the world by the same natural process. The same equality exists in the matter of death, since what we call life is extinguished for all under the selfsame conditions. But that is all the equality that is possible, for human beings are all unlike and unequal in bodily and mental characteristics, and to such an extent does this lack of equality go that it is seen in the peculiarities of every individual.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Whistler Adorer.

In his book on Whistler, Mortimer Menpes writes: "Once an interesting figure appeared on our horizon, a French painter. He was Whistler's find and was held up to us followers as an example. 'At last,' Whistler said, 'I have found a follower worthy of the master.' I noticed with secret joy that he did not call him pupil. This man went bareheaded always when in the presence of Whistler. Whether out of doors or in, no one could persuade him to wear a hat."

Infallible.

He—The trouble with you, dear, is that you never will admit it when you are in the wrong. She—That's no such thing. I'd admit it in a moment if I were wrong, but the fact of the matter is I never am wrong, and you know it, Harry Merrilton.

FARMERS' MONTH AT WORLD'S FAIR

Biggest Department of the Great Exposition Ready For the Inspection of the Army of Men Who Made Its Creation Possible.

Now that crops have been or are being laid by, the farmer prepares for his trip to the World's Fair, a treat that has long been promised him and for which he has patiently waited. No exposition has offered so many inducements for the farmer's presence as this one at St. Louis, nor has any previous exposition given the prominence and space to the subject of agriculture.

August and September are ostensibly the farmer's months at the Exposition, for it is at this season that the agriculture exhibits are the freshest and best. Products of the new crops are pouring into the booths from every state in the Union, and additions are constantly being made to the gorgeous display.

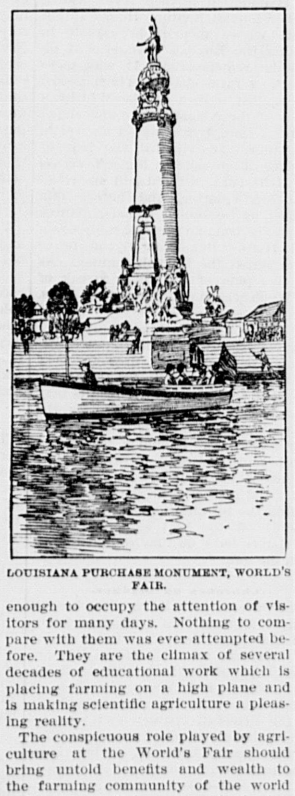
Headquarters for visiting farmers may be found in every state section of the great Agriculture Palace, but for their special convenience there has just been completed a Grange House, situated in the south end of the building. It is equipped with a reception room, ladies' retiring rooms and check rooms, where parcels may be left free of charge. Here will be kept a list of moderate priced rooms to aid visiting farmers and their families in procuring accommodations.

The largest building on the grounds is the Palace of Agriculture, covering twenty acres, while the Palace of Horticulture near by covers about a third as much space. These two immense structures are filled with exhibits of the farm, garden and orchard of the most extensive and elaborate character, every state in the Union and most of the principal countries of the world being represented.

Agriculture is given more prominence than any other department at the Exposition, the paramount importance of this great industry having been fully appreciated from the very beginning of the World's Fair movement.

About seventy acres of ground are covered by the agriculture and horticulture department at the Fair, large outdoor spaces being devoted to this industry. Outside there are growing crops, trees and flowers, an instructive six acre farm maintained by the United States Government Plant Industry, and gardens in all parts of the grounds.

There are more exhibits in the Agriculture building than in any other section of the Exposition. This building is considered by many people the most interesting part of the World's Fair. The exhibits in the palaces of Agriculture and Horticulture constitute a display vast enough and instructive enough to occupy the attention of visitors for many days. Nothing to compare with them was ever attempted before. They are the climax of several decades of educational work which is placing farming on a high plane and is making scientific agriculture a pleasing reality.



LOUISIANA PURCHASE MONUMENT, WORLD'S FAIR.

The conspicuous role played by agriculture at the World's Fair should bring untold benefits and wealth to the farming community of the world and impress all farmers with the importance and dignity of their calling.

Passing through these colossal buildings, studying the attractive exhibits and fascinated with the bewildering encyclopedia of rural life which is spread out before his eyes, the World's Fair visitor is impressed with the important part the farmer plays in the great world of industry, and every farmer who views these interesting exhibits is given a new pride in his vocation if filled with inspiration and impressed with new ideas in harmony with the progressive strides that farming has been making for the past few years. The visit will give an insight into up to date farming on the most approved plan and will bring new hopes and blessings to the farm.

How properly to rotate crops, how to get the best results from fertilizing and irrigation, how to protect crops and fruit from the ravages of insects—all these and many more things of vital interest to farmers and fruit growers are taught at the World's Fair.

A Curious Superstition.

The ancients believed that the marrow of the human backbone often transformed itself into a serpent. Pliny ("Natural History," volume 10, page 66) says that the marrow of a man's backbone will breed to a snake. The Chinese (Worde's "Eastern Travels") burned the backbone to "destroy serpents that might hatch therefrom."

Twinkling Stars Mean Bad Weather.

I have constantly observed at sea that steadily burning stars indicated calm, fair weather, and the more they twinkled the worse the weather was likely to be. The forecast given by this variation in scintillating was almost invariably correct in the high latitudes, though it failed sometimes in the tropics.—Nature.

Living Up to It.

Mrs. Gossipp—Do you think that young man who calls on Agatha three times a week has serious intentions? Mrs. Pinktea—He ought to have, judging from his occupation. He edits a column called "Something Doing."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 11.

Text of the Lesson, II Kings ii, 1-11. Memory Verses, 9-11—Golden Text, Gen. v, 24—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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The intervening story between our last lesson and this is full of interest, but we are asked to pass it all by and give our attention to this most interesting and profitable account of the translation of Elijah, our golden text associating it with the translation of Enoch, who walked with God and was not, for God took him, or, according to Heb. xi, 5, he was not found, for God had translated him. This should be of the utmost interest and importance to believers, for there is always a possibility that we, too, may be translated, caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air (I Thess. v, 17), for we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye (I Cor. xv, 51, 52). This will be the experience of all true believers who shall be alive on the earth when our Lord shall come again, and, inasmuch as His coming is always imminent, it might be the experience of those who are living today.

The time had come when the Lord would take up Elijah by a whirlwind into heaven, and our lesson records the journey of Elijah and Elisha from Gilgal to Bethel and Jericho and through Jordan, and the separation of Elijah and Elisha, Elisha becoming the successor of Elijah with a double portion of his spirit. Elisha's thrice repeated "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee" is one of the most interesting and suggestive words of our lesson (verses 2, 4, 6) and reminds us of the devotion of Ruth to Naomi and of Ittai to David (Ruth i, 16; II Sam. xv, 21), and this ought to be our devotion to Christ.

The places Gilgal, Bethel, Jericho and Jordan may suggest different experiences in the life of a believer, taking the suggestions from the meanings of the words or from incidents associated with the places—Gilgal, reproach rolled away; Bethel, house of God or vision of God; Jericho, city of palm trees, the waters healed; Jordan, river of judgment. Some believers may have only the assurance of salvation, all sins forgiven; others have some special manifestations of God; others have learned to let alone the waters that cannot satisfy and drink only of the living water that gives health; still others see that they are dead with Christ, buried with Christ, risen with Christ, like the twelve stones under Jordan and the twelve at Gilgal (Josh. iv, 8, 9), but to men like Elisha no experience satisfies, nothing but a living person, to whom the whole heart says "I will not leave thee"—not His gifts, not His riches of grace or glory, but Himself, apart from whom all is as nothing.

The bride eyes not her garments, but her dear bridegroom's face. I will not gaze at glory, but on my King of grace. The same thought is presented in the words of verses 7, 8, 9—"They two went on, they two stood, they two went over." This suggests "the Lord and Gideon" (Judg. vii, 18, 20), and Enoch's walk with God, and the essentials to a walk with God—"How can two walk together except they be agreed?" "Humble thyself to walk with God" (Amos iii, 3; Mic. vi, 8). The Lord hath spoken. We cannot walk with Him unless we meekly accept His word, and we cannot walk in fullest intimacy with Him unless we accept all His words, "believing all things that are written." To do this, all of self and self sufficiency and human wisdom must be renounced and the Lord and His word become our all sufficient oracle. The meek will He teach His way. If we allow anything to come into our lives that is not of God—companionship, occupation, recreation in which we cannot have fellowship with Him—our walk will be marred, our communion broken. He may have to say to us as He did to the two with whom He walked to Emmaus, "Oh, fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken" (Luke xxiv, 25). Let us not give Him occasion to say this, but let us be "most surely believers."

The last helpful word we shall have space to consider in this brief meditation will be Elijah's offer and Elisha's request, "Ask what I shall do for thee," "Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me" (verse 9). The condition on which the request would be granted was that Elisha should see him when he was taken. As they still went on and talked we may not know in what direction Elijah looked, possibly looking upward, but there can be no doubt as to where Elisha's eyes were, for if he looked away from Elijah for only one brief moment he might miss that which he desired. So we see him with his gaze intently and unwaveringly fixed upon his companion.

It is the same intense earnestness that is required of us if we would be filled with the Spirit. The word stands, "Ye shall seek Me and find Me when ye shall search for Me with all your heart" (Jer. xxix, 13). The eyes of the Lord are still looking over the earth for those whose hearts are whole toward Him (II Chron. xvi, 9). Elisha saw Him taken with the whirlwind and chariot and horses of fire, and it soon became very manifest to the sons of the prophets that the spirit of Elijah did indeed rest on Elisha. It is greatly needed that the spirit of Christ should be seen in His people (Rom. viii, 9; II Cor. iv, 11), that we might be living epistles known and read of all men, and it would be so if we had the same earnest desire for it that Elisha had for the spirit of Elijah (John xiv, 13, 14).

Old London Bridge.

Old London bridge was a monstrosity. It dated back to the year 1176 A. D., and at least three wooden bridges are known to have occupied the same site prior to that date.

The old bridge was slightly over 900 feet in length, and had eighteen solid stone piers, varying in thickness from twenty-five to thirty-four feet, thus confining the flow of the river to less than half its natural channel. The entire surface of the bridge was occupied by blocks of brick and stone buildings—erected on arches, with the roadway running tunnel-like beneath—some of them four stories high. All of these bridge buildings were densely packed with human beings—at one time estimated at 1,700—carrying on all the trades and other vocations of life. Spanning the two center piers was a huge church building, dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, but usually styled St. Peter's of the Bridge.

In very early time the arch opening from the bridge toward the city was called "Traitors' gate," and it was no unusual thing to see the heads of a dozen executed criminals hanging over it.

Christmas Feasting In Old Times.

There are certain dishes which are peculiarly dedicated by custom and tradition to the Christmas feast. The plum pudding is almost the sole survivor of a long list of equally savory ones. There was the boar's head, always the herald of the feast and always seasoned with mustard. Next in importance was the peacock. The skin was carefully stripped off, with the plumage adhering. The bird was then roasted. When it was done and had cooled it was served up again in its feathers and with gilded beak was sent to the table. Sometimes the whole body was covered with gold leaf and a piece of cotton saturated with spirits placed in its beak and lighted as it made its gorgeous entry. The noble bird was not served by common hands. That privilege was reserved for the ladies most distinguished by birth and beauty. Geese, capons, pheasants and pies of carps' tongues also helped to set out the Christmas table in days gone by.

Trial by Jury.

Trial by twelve compurgators, which was of canonical origin, existed in Anglo-Saxon times and only resembled what is known as trial by jury in the number of persons sworn. Under the name of wager of law it continued to be the law of England until abolished Aug. 14, 1833. Traces of trial by jury are found in the reigns of William I. and II., Henry I. and Stephen, but it was not fully established until the reign of Henry II. Trial by jury was first adopted in criminal cases in the reign of John, 1189-99, and was the established mode of dealing with them at the end of the thirteenth century. Witnesses were examined and evidence first laid before juries in the reign of Henry VI., 1422-61, but this change was not fully carried out till the time of Edward VI., 1547-53. The laws respecting juries in England were remodeled June 22, 1825.—London Globe.

The Camel as a Soldier.

The camel is a good soldier, says a London writer. It may be stupidity, and it may be bravery, but a camel is as steady under fire as a tower. The Persians mounted small cannon on the backs of their camels and called them zambwahs, or "little wasps." This fashion was adopted in India, and after the battle of Sobraon 2,000 of these artillery camels were captured. In the Indian mutiny the British had a camel corps of 150 beasts, and on the back of each camel sat a Scotch highlander in his kilt. In 1845 Sir Charles Napier had a camel corps in Sindh, and in one day he marched seventy-five miles, defeated a brigand chief and marched home again. In 1878 the British used camels against the Afghans, and the government paid for 50,000 camels that died in those campaigns. Many of these were driven to death by their owners in order that they might claim the government bounty.

Monster Beds.

Though the beds of the royal personages of England were elaborately carved and hung with rich curtains even so late as the Tudor period, it is recorded that King Henry VIII.'s bed contained only straw beneath all its finery. A curious order exists as to precautions to be taken against the possibility of intended mischief to the royal person in the making of the bed, for the usher was to search the straw through with a dagger, "that there be none untruth therein, and to tumble over on the down bed for the better search thereof." The bed of Henry VIII. was nearly eleven feet square, and of even more generous dimensions is the great bed to which Shakespeare refers in a well known passage in "Twelfth Night," which was twelve feet square. This "great bed of Ware" has been a marvel for centuries.

Dangers of the Sea.

The fourth day a perfect mountain of water, the biggest sea I have ever seen in all my life, came towering up and fell on the Roddam. I thought she was foundered, but she shook it off, and we saw that the after deck house and the hand steering gear had been carried away as clean as cutting off the top of a cake. A piece of the truck had got jammed in the wheel chains, and the next bash the rudder got broke the chains. In half a minute we were wallowing helplessly in the trough of the sea, and I knew that another big sea would end the chapter. Getting the men together, I made a try at getting the chain picked up and spliced. The steward, who was a brave lad, went over the side and got up the loose end. We had tied ourselves together for the work, and that was all that kept us from being washed overboard. In a few minutes we had connected up the chain with a strong strap and were ready to get back amidships when the wreck of the hand steering gear, which was swinging free, came clipping around and caught the steward's leg, taking it off like a butcher chops off a bone.—Metropolitan Magazine.

The American Honeymoon.

Faithful in few things, the American public yet remains true to an old honeymoon tradition which assigns those to whom Europe is an impossible expense to Niagara Falls and Washington, the national capital. In these two centers bridal parties have been since long before the civil war the pride and the prey of hotel men and cabmen. Modern maids may consider them a little old fashioned, but when the time comes to choose a wedding tour the west, the middle west and the rural east of the United States are still true to Niagara Falls and Washington. It is in the spring and summer, when of course the larger number of marriages take place, that these resorts are so popular. In the winter New York itself is the Mecca of the newly wed.—London Telegraph.

Early Horse Race Prizes.

Prizes for winners of horse races hundreds of years ago took curious forms. The earliest was the "briglia d'or," or golden bridle. After this the prize in England was a bell. This idea was taken from the custom among owners of pack horses of decorating the best horse, which led the cavalcade, with a bell, so that on dark nights and in dangerous places the whereabouts of the leader might be known and the others follow boldly. At Carlisle, silver bells were raced for by the moss troopers and dalesmen and specimens of these bells are still retained in the town hall.

Comforting.

It is very comforting to a man who is just recovering from a lingering illness and has managed to crawl out on a warm, sunshiny day to get air to have a neighbor come along and shout cheerily: "Hello! Been away, haven't you? Had a good time? You are looking well!"

Rather Free Mannered.

Maurice Hewlett writes of the people of Certaldo, the Italian town where Boccaccio was born and lived: "Their women are handsome, as they ought to be, with green eyes, dusky skins, fair, tangled hair. They carry themselves bolt upright, like all mountaineers, but with better reason than most, for their figures are remarkable. The men sing gay songs, are happy and free mannered, and if Boccaccio is not at the bottom of it the mischief is. I saw here what I have never seen elsewhere in all long Italy, a man stop and kiss a girl in open street. No offense, either. He was a baker who came—a floury amorino—saw and considered the bend of her industrious head and stooped and kissed her as she sat sewing at her door. Her lovers and acquaintances about her saw nothing amiss, nor was she at all put out. After so flagrant an achievement the madcap went a whole progress of gallantry down the street, none resenting his freedom. He danced with one good wife, chucked another's chin and lifted a third bodily into the air, singing all the while."

The Prescription Bath.

The bath house at each of the famous health resorts of Europe is the most imposing building in town, with stately facade and inviting entrance. Inside are long corridors, ladies to the right and gentlemen to the left, lined with dozens of little cell-like rooms, each containing a bathtub, a couch and a thermometer. At the door is a strong armed masseur. There is much conferring between the doctor and this attendant, repeated testing of temperatures and mixtures of water in the tub. After the patient gets into his tub the doctor waits outside the door, watch in hand, timing the immersion. Then the masseur gets to work with vigorous rubbing, still timed by the doctor. Finally the patient appears dressed and refreshed. The doctor talks diplomatically on favorite symptoms, sympathizes a little, flatters a little more and, with a sweeping bow, hands his victim into a carriage. — Everybody's Magazine.

The "Language of Music."

The best chamber music, like the finest symphonic music, is a sort of transcendental language, which affects the hearer somewhat in the same way as the study of astronomy or the higher mathematics their ardent devotees. It suggests the ineffable and the infinite perhaps more vividly than any other form of art. It also evokes many other images and thoughts of a definite nature, but in no two cases are these mental pictures identical. A passage suggesting a sunset to one hearer may call up a battle scene to another. But no reasonable person wishes to force his picture on his neighbor, especially as the same passage may visualize itself differently to the same hearer on different occasions.—From "Diversions of a Music Lover."

Tatar and Tartar.

"Tartar" is a word which gives an illustration of etymology gone astray. The name "Tatar" (as it is correctly spelled) is really derived from a Turanian root meaning "to stretch," and hence "to draw the bow" or "to pitch tents." But when the hordes of Tatars burst upon eastern Europe from the Asiatic steppes in the thirteenth century the minds of students turned to the ninth chapter of Revelation. The Tatar invasion was interpreted as a fulfillment of the prediction of the opening of the bottomless pit. A contemporary chronicler writes of "this detestable satanic people issuing forth like demons let loose from Tartarus, so that they are fitly named Tartari." Thus the misconception took root.

Albinos.

The human species offers frequent examples of individuals attacked by albinism. It is found oftenest among men of the black race. White albinos have skin of a peculiar paleness, blond hair, white or colorless beard, pink iris and red pupils. The negro albino has skin of variable aspect. In some cases it is white as milk, and in others it is like wax, or, rather, resembles the hue of a corpse.

Easy Timekeeping.

Captain Cuttle's famous watch, which would keep "correct" time only by various shakings and shiftings of the hands during the day, is matched by a Yorkshireman's clock. He resented the imputation that there was anything wrong with it. "It goes reet eneu for thim that knau how t' read it," he said. "When its hands are at 12, it strikes 2, and then Aw knaw it's half past 7."

Wise Counsel.

"Don't be too anxious to get a husband," said the wise matron. "Don't go around hunting for one."

"Think I should just sit down and wait for one, eh?" replied the maiden.

"Yes, for you'll sit up and wait for one often enough after you've got him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Corroborated.

Jones—It is just impossible for me to keep a lead pencil. People are always borrowing, you know, and they always forget to return. Brown—Why, I never have any trouble. See, I've got a whole vest pocketful of pencils. Jones—Doesn't that prove just what I said?—Boston Transcript.

Mutual Happiness.

"Can you forgive me and love me still?" said the newly made bride, "when I confess that my teeth are artificial?"

"Thank heaven!" cried the groom as he snatched off his wig. "Now I can cool my head."

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible.—Bovee.

Their Hatred of England.

Ferdinand de Lesseps used to tell how a Frenchman came to his aid when he was struggling against Palmerston's opposition to the Suez canal. The man, who was a total stranger, walked into his office one day and drew out of his pocket a wallet stuffed with bank notes.

"Monsieur," said he, "I beg the privilege of being allowed to subscribe toward the railway of the island of Sweden." "But, monsieur," said Lesseps, "it is not a railroad; it's a canal. It's not an island, but an isthmus. It is not in Sweden, but at Suez." "I don't care what it is or where it is," said the capitalist, "so long as it worries England. Put me down, I say."

But Lesseps had little reason to make fun of this episode if the picture his own son draws of him be true. Becoming incensed at some attack made on him in the British parliament and being inadequately provided with means to express his rage, his mind suddenly reverted to his linen collar, which was of English make. He tore it from his neck, dashed it upon the floor and danced on it, all for hatred of the island it came from.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the same by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 4½ Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
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Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
— AND —
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

Scrapbook Minds.

"Some men seem born with a scrapbook instead of a mind," says the London Spectator. "All their experiences, however gained, remain disconnected and are merely a selection of oddments, a selection which gets bigger as they get older, but out of which they can make nothing. While they are very young no one perhaps notices their mental misfortune. They display their scraps with pride and receive praise for their quantity and their quality. A good memory is a sufficient equipment for a starter in the race of life, and it is amazing how far it will take a man even when childhood is long past and he has his way to make in the world. Socially speaking, the scrapbook minded have almost always a superficial success. Perhaps the form of scrap exchange in which they excel most is of a personal nature. They forget nothing. They know what So-and-so does, and they know what he or she did and even very likely what his or her grandfather used to do, but as to what he and she actually are, though all the evidence is before them, they can form no estimate. Their store of knowledge does not help them to any moral conviction."

A Peculiar Animal.

Australia's nearest equivalent to the hedgehog is the echidna. It varies in length from twelve to eighteen inches. Its broad, depressed body is mounted on very short, strong legs, terminating in big, powerful claws suited to digging. The small head terminates in a slender snout. Although the mouth is toothless, the palate is studded with recurved spines. The slender, extensile, glutinous tongue is well adapted for the capture of ants and other insects. Stiff, hedgehog-like spines mixed with long, coarse hairs cover the back. It is stronger in proportion to its size than any other quadruped, and its peculiar build gives it wonderful power in digging. If when pursued it is unable to flee to its home burrow it digs a retreat for the occasion, and if unable to escape entirely underground so compresses itself into its excavation that all the surface presented to its pursuer is a bunch of spines, most unpleasant to attack.

A Grotesque Dresser.

The Rev. Robert Stephen Hawkes, the Cornish poet and antiquary, who died in 1875, wore crimson gloves and wading boots up to the hip and was sometimes seen riding on a mule in a poncho, a blanket with holes cut in it for his head and arms. He was asked by a woman about this garment and replied that it was the robe of an "Armenian archimandrite." His ordinary clerical attire consisted of a brown cassock with red buttons, girded with a cincture. This costume was criticised at a ruridecanal meeting, and he retorted hotly: "At all events, brethren, you will allow me to remark that I do not make myself look like a waiter out of place or an unemployed undertaker and that I do scrupulously abide by the injunction of the seventy-fourth canon of 1603."

How a Plant Has Traveled.

Something like 125 years ago the little plant known to the botanists as Lepachy's columnaris was only known to inhabit a small section of country in the very southern portion of Louisiana. Some time later it was reported as occurring sparingly along the Canadian river and later still on the Arkansas. Since that time it has slowly spread north, west and east, even to the very source of the Missouri, over into the British possessions and is now said to be creeping along the Saskatchewan toward Hudson bay. How a plant which originated in a warm climate could accustom itself to such changes is another of nature's mysteries.

Seeing Too Much of One Another.

"A long day spent in the society of the same people is nearly always trying," says a fashionable woman. "While we are all very effusive, we don't really, as a rule, like each other very much or for very long. We get on all right with those of our acquaintance whom we meet at tea parties or when we dine out, but the majority bore us intolerably when we find ourselves in their company for eight or ten hours at a time."—New York Tribune.

Cruel.

Miss Passay—Yes, and when he proposed I tried hard not to let him read any encouragement in my face, but he did. Miss Peppery—Ah! I suppose he could read between the lines.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 6, 1904.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.03, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.05, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.20, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 3.25, 5.29, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.58, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30, 8.20, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.13, 9.49, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.15, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.31, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

9.13 P. M. to Boston in effect June 27, 1804.

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

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NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after June 27, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.07, 6.22, every 15 minutes until 9.52 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.52 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 11.07 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 9.07 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 8.37; then every 15 minutes 9.37 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.07, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 10.07 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour until then 12.37 A. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street near Callahan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

TWO QUEENS

By KEITH GORDON

Copyright, 1904, by Keith Gordon

It was apparent that their visit to the art museum had nothing to do with art. It was equally plain that their feeling for each other could not be described as platonic. Bettina, to be sure, affected unconsciousness as she sauntered through the lofty rooms where the marble figures flashed coldly into view, exciting one to a new love of mere flesh and blood, but all the time she knew that to the man at her side she was queen of the world; also it was evident enough from the look of discontent on the man's face that her loyal subject was not altogether happy.

"Your place is right here on a pedestal along with the other statues," was what he was saying to her. "The trouble with you is, Betty, that you won't listen to your heart. I might as well plead with this marble figure!"

The queen, with well feigned reluctance, brought her glance back from the headless "Victory" that seemed forever on the point of flight to the youth at her side, who was glowering at her with an odd mixture of rebellion and adoration in his face.

"Really, Steve," she replied at last, "I'm ashamed of you. It's not my heart that's at fault; it's your purse. You know that perfectly well." And, with her chin at an angle beautifully eloquent of injured innocence, she pretended to study the sculptured figures about her. In reality she watched him—felt him straining at his chains—with an exultant sense of the charm of being queen.

Her words and glance made him savage. It was hard enough to bear her delay in putting their love affair on that practical basis which points like an index finger to matrimony, but so long as it had seemed to him an honest hesitation he had borne it with what grace he could summon.

His lips set in an inflexible line, and without a word his hand closed firmly upon her arm, and with more determination than gentleness he guided her to a bench near by.

"Well?" she questioned when she had settled herself in a corner of the seat and he had squared himself beside her. In truth, though she strove valiantly to conceal it, the queen was a trifle startled.

Her late obedient subject studied her for some moments in silence and with an expression rather too suggestive of flint to be entirely to the queen's taste. Then he spoke, and his words fell as crisply as icicles.

"It is about time that you understood me," he began at last. "You have played with me long enough. What I have to say now is just this: You may take me or leave me, precisely as you choose, but whichever you do must be done at once."

He paused a moment and then elaborated:

"I'm tired of playing the devoted subject, tired of being made to feel that my love is nothing and my lack of wealth everything. I have twelve hundred a year." He paused for a brief moment, conscious of a mad desire to make the matter as bad as possible, then added, "And there is no certainty that I'll ever have more."

Though he would have thrashed cheerfully any man who had dared to make such an assertion about him, to say it to her about himself at this particular moment afforded him a grim satisfaction.

"What I want—what I will have," he continued in a muffled voice without giving her a chance to speak, "is a definite, a final answer!" And then, before the queen had really caught her breath, he finished in a tone nothing short of command, "And I want it within five minutes!"

For one fleeting moment something like pale dismay showed in the girl's face. She had never counted on a moment like this. Then her eyes kindled royally, and a flush of anger overspread her face.

Almost unconsciously she rose, her companion following her example, and her eyes blazed their resentment into the cold determination of his for a full second before she addressed him.

"You may have your answer this moment!" she flung at him in a tone of dangerous clearness. "I only wonder that I could ever have hesitated! It is 'No'—a thousand times 'No!'"

She noticed with a cruel delight the sudden, still whiteness that overspread his face as, with an ironical bow, he turned and walked rapidly away. Then a new feeling suddenly clutched at her heart.

Had she not lately been a queen, with a loyal, faithful subject to whom she had turned an ear quite royally indifferent? Had not a revolution occurred in her small domain and a republic been proclaimed? Could she not understand now the sorrows of a Marie Antoinette or a Eugenie?

And so at last the latest of dethroned queens reached her own door trying to philosophize about the matter as, doubtless, her predecessors had before her. After all, it was for the best. She was poor, and Steve was poor—in possessions. But by some freakish operation of the law of compensation both were endowed with tastes of an unmistakable richness.

"Yes, it's all for the best," she said aloud as she closed the door of her room behind her. "It's all"—

The rest was lost in the pillow, for the ex-queen had thrown herself face downward on the bed and was indulging in the plebeian comfort of a good cry.

For days thereafter such interest as she felt in the dull, gray world was centered in the postman and such messenger boys as appeared from time to time in the street in which she lived.

Not that she repented that ringing "No" that she had given Steven on the day of their quarrel—by no means. Her heart, she told herself, was dead. She could not be poor. She would not! She would marry some good old soul to whom she could render the respect of a daughter—and the bills of a wife. That was all that a girl in her position could do. It was the fault of modern ideas.

It was after she heard about his attentions to the Folsom girl that she wept no more and became markedly indifferent to the coming of the postman. From this time, too, she conscientiously tried to tolerate old Mr. Fullerton and his flowers, the two ever arriving with an alternate regularity that was full of meaning.

She pictured herself as a queen again, and this time with all the outward semblance of one. But, perversely enough, she could not keep Steven Converse out of the scene. If she saw herself rolling down Fifth avenue in the Fullerton vehicle she as instantly evoked the image of Steve doffing his hat with cold politeness, while she nodded with the haughty nonchalance of a great lady.

And so the weeks lengthened into months, and the ex-queen assured herself that she was forgetting.

* * * * * * *

"Not going out, my dear?" protested her mother as she appeared in the hall one gloomy Sunday with mackintosh and umbrella.

"Yes, mother mine. It's a fine day for the art museum. No crowd, you know!"

She had never entered the place since that fateful afternoon, but now she was all a-tremble with eagerness to get there. Some inward barrier of pride had gone down, and she knew that she wanted to visit the scene once more just because there she could feel a little nearer to him.

The turnstile admitted her, with a click, not so much, it seemed to her, into the museum as into the atmosphere of that distant afternoon. Before the "Victory" she stopped for a mournful dedicatory moment. It was here that he had accused her of being no more than a statue herself, and then—then he had gripped her arm and made her sit down and listen.

With a little gulp, she turned away and wandered blindly onward. When the mist cleared from her vision she found herself in the Egyptian room. Great carved figures glared at her with stolid faces, and a ripple of interest stirred within her. With mournful eyes she read the inscriptions beside the mummy cases.

So this brown and moldering bundle had once been a queen! Through the raised lid of the case she could just catch a glimpse of the object now so dried and terrible, but once so splendidly human.

"Poor queen!" she murmured softly, as with her chin resting on her hand she gazed down at the gorgeously ornamented mummy case. "Poor queen!" And before she realized it a tear had splashed down on the glass.

Having been a queen, something of the sadness and futility of it all wrung her spirit. Somehow being rich or poor did not now seem to matter. Being happy seemed the greatest thing.

She was too absorbed in her thoughts to notice a young man who had been making his way nearer and nearer to her in a somewhat furtive manner. Suddenly, as if he could not longer resist the temptation, a few quick steps brought him to her side.

The ex-queen looked up in surprise and then put out both hands impulsively. But the proud, high look of mastery had not yet vanished from his face.

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"Did you really mean it?" he demanded.

For an answer she lifted her eyes to his for one brief, full moment. Even queens must learn their lesson. She had had hers.

Outside the steady drip, drip, drip, of the rain was only interrupted by the wailing of the wind, and the Egyptian room was very quiet and deserted.

As the newly enthroned queen turned to leave she looked down with a flushed, wistful face at the royal mummy. Then she murmured something softly.

"What's that?" asked her lover. But at her reply he looked slightly mystified.

"There's no use in telling you," she laughed. "Being only a man, you'll never understand, but I was saying goodby to the other queen."

The Mask of a Phrase.

The directness of the appeal in literary expression involves a complexity of revolt against old forms. The writer is more variously tempted than the speaker into indirections. The latter would never call the sun "the orb of day" or by the classic name of "Phoebus." Yet there was a period in English literature which lasted for a long time and is not even now wholly beyond the reach of our recollection when it seemed a breach of dignity for a writer to call anything by its right name. The concrete thing must be relieved of its vulgarity by the mask of a phrase. The horse was "the fleet courser," and all fruits were indiscriminately "Pomona's treasures." Qualities abstract enough in their common names were redeemed from the vice of particularity by personification. The processes of abstraction and generalization in the so called classic age of English literature uprooted all things and set them floating in the air; the mind was not simply a mirror reflecting things, but made composite photographs of the images themselves. Nature was seen as a bundle of these composites.—H. M. Alden in Harper's Magazine.

The Nimble Paragraph.

It is a most extraordinary thing that some of our most successful novelists cannot turn out a newspaper paragraph to save their lives. In most novels there is some page or other on a supposititious clipping from a newspaper bearing upon the events under narration, and in ninety cases out of a hundred the matter that makes up the "clipping" is most unreal. The truth of the matter is that all the training in the world will not enable a man to write in this manner unless he has been through the mill and had all the nonsense deleted by the remorseless subeditor. Our novelists do not have their manuscript hacked and chopped about by this skillful executioner, and their pseudo newspaper clippings are models of what the real thing is not.—Journalist.

The Turnpike Era.

Between the years 1790 and 1840 innumerable plans were made for the creation of turnpikes in the United States. There had been one great success, the Lancashire turnpike in Pennsylvania, and then came countless other projects. In 1811 New York had 137 chartered roads, with a total length of 4,500 miles, and the sum required to build them amounted to $7,500,000. An era of canal digging and then of railroad building followed this period, but the canal promoters and railroad men had great difficulty in advancing their schemes. They were considered insane when they insisted that the mountains and plains could be conquered by these means of transportation.

Nature's Beauties.

Character is fed largely through the eye and ear. The thousand voices in nature, of bird and insect and brook, the soughing of the wind through the trees, the scent of flower and meadow, the myriad tints in earth and sky, in ocean and forest, mountain and hill, are just as important for the development of a real man as the education he receives in the schools. If you take no beauty into your life through the eye or the ear your nature will be hard, juiceless, unattractive.—Success.

The Horsefly.

The horsefly is the most cruel and bloodthirsty of the entire fly family. He is armed with a most formidable weapon, which consists of four lancets so sharp and strong that they will penetrate leather. He makes his appearance in June. The female is armed with six lancets, with which she bleeds both cattle and horses and even human beings.—Colman's Rural World.

Procrastination.

"One of the greatest evils in life," said the elderly woman, "is procrastination."

"I think so, too," replied the young married woman. "I don't see the sense of putting off your golden wedding anniversary till you are sixty or seventy years old."

Her Postscript.

"Dear Mr. Hicks," she wrote, "I am sorry that what you ask I cannot grant. I cannot become your wife.—Yours sincerely, Ethel Burrows." Then she added: "P.S.—On second thought, dear George, I will marry you. Do come up tonight and see your own true Ethel."

When Phyllis Took Me Seriously

By Hubert McBean Johnston

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"Phyllis," I asked, "will you marry me?"

"Seven!" said Phyllis.

I looked at her in astonishment.

"Seven?" I questioned. "Seven what?"

"Why, the score, you silly," she responded demurely. "Some one has to keep track of it."

That's the trouble with Phyllis. If her sense of humor were not so highly developed, I'm quite sure I should have had her ages ago. She never will take me seriously.

"Bother the score!" I cried desperately. "Anyway we'll not count the other six times."

"But I would very much rather."

Phyllis was staring into the fire. I didn't know just what she meant. I never was much good at guessing.

"Well," I answered indifferently, "just as you please. Count them if you like. All I meant was that none of them mattered so much as this time."

"Positively your last chance, ladies and gentlemen!" she cried gayly.

I assented in my most dignified manner. Phyllis laughed. I do wish she would take me seriously once in awhile.

"Why do you keep on proposing to me like this?" she asked me.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"If you must have it," I replied flippantly, "I suppose it's my little form of diversion—my hobby, if you will. We all have our hobbies more or less, you know."

Phyllis frowned. I like that frown immensely. Then she looked at me quickly when I was not expecting it.

"You appear to be enjoying yourself," she complained.

"Me?" I queried in mock innocence. "Oh, I protest! Really I'm not!"

Phyllis frowned again.

"Well, then, you ought to be."

"I know," I agreed; "I ought to be. Seven times ought to be productive of more than it has shown so far. I wonder," I concluded dreamily to myself—"I wonder if eight will do it."

"You haven't been answered for seven yet," said Phyllis.

"No," said I, "nor for any of the other six either."

"Now, there was Darcy Graham," said Phyllis inconsequentially. "He asked me to marry him nineteen times and swore eternal devotion each time whether I would have him or no. There's a man for you!"

"And then went and married Kitty Macpherson," said I almost to myself.

"No," corrected Phyllis. "Kitty married him."

"Willie Atkinson came next," I ventured.

"He only ran up to thirteen," said Phyllis.

"Which accounts for his failure," I suggested.

"I think the little fellow from the bank whom I met in the summer came after that?" she murmured interrogatively.

"Surely you don't count him?" I questioned in surprise. "Why, you told me yourself that he only lasted till the second round."

"He would probably have stayed longer if you hadn't come down that Sunday," said Phyllis in a vexed way. "You always do turn up at the most inopportune moments."

"Had I only known you didn't want me"—I began.

"I can't remember who was next," said Phyllis quickly. "Do you know?"

"I think," said I reflectively, "I added about two to my own score that day. I always liked you in white, you know."

"One," said Phyllis, consulting her tablets.

"Hold your head that way again," I said. "What long eyelashes you have!"

Phyllis deliberately turned the other way.

"Hold it round," I commanded. "I want to look at it."

Phyllis held it round. Phyllis likes to be commanded at times, only a fellow's got to know when to do it.

"A rather pretty mouth, too," said I gravely, "and your color is also very fair yet. One would never guess you were getting up in years."

"I'm not," denied Phyllis, with a certain assumption of dignity. "I'm only twenty-three."

"You don't show it," I responded gallantly. "Were I asked to make a guess I should say 'sweet sixteen and'"—

"Quite so!" said Phyllis dryly.

"How awful it must be to be laid on the shelf!" I remarked sympathetically.

"I'm not!" asserted Phyllis indignantly.

"The very idea!" I murmured in a surprised sort of way. "I never even insinuated such a thing. But you know," I concluded dismally, "you haven't had a proposal in three weeks."

"I have," insisted Phyllis. "I had one just tonight."

"Oh, but that doesn't count!" said I. "You told me so yourself. These are only sort of trial heats to keep you in form, you know."

"Oh!" sniffed Phyllis.

"Besides," I added, "I need material for my stories."

"What a risk you are willing to run for the sake of material," said Phyllis.

"It is necessary that one make some sacrifices for the sake of art," I explained.

"Suppose, though, I were to accept you some time?" queried Phyllis in an awful tone.

"I would have a new climax for the next one," said I. I flatter myself I said it indifferently.

I had expected Phyllis to be affected. Instead she burst out laughing. That's the trouble with Phyllis. She never will take me seriously.

"You're a goose," she complimented me.

"Aw, thanks," I murmured. "So good of you."

Phyllis regarded me gravely. Now, it's an odd thing, but whenever Phyllis looks at a fellow just like that he feels sort of funny all over, you know. I don't just know what it is. I think it must be what they call personal magnetism.

"Jack," she said, "you have some gray hairs."

"It's not polite of you to remind me of it," I said.

"And your complexion isn't as good as it used to be," she continued. "Besides, there are a lot of little things, particularly about your clothes."

"Nothing serious, I trust?" I asked in alarm.

"No; nothing serious," said Phyllis. "But an awful lot of little things. I think you need some one to take care of you."

"Parks is an exceptional valet," said I in his defense.

"Now, a wife"—began Phyllis musingly.

I laughed.

"Yes," said Phyllis, taking no notice, "I think you need a wife. Why don't you propose to some nice girl, Jack?"

"I have," said I stoutly.

"Huh!" snorted Phyllis in disbelief. "How many proposals have you ever made?"

"Seven," said I.

I think Phyllis was pleased. Anyway she smiled a little.

"There was the Rawshaw girl," she said warningly.

"Nice girl," I assented warmly. "Nothing particularly queenlike about a girl's carriage, though, when she's only five feet three."

"And Bessie Fleming?"

Phyllis was getting back at me.

"A sweet creature," I agreed. "But I really prefer blonds."

"And then there's a whole host of others you might have if you wanted them. You're a catch, you know."

"I know," said I wearily. "You might have been nicer, though, and said that I was very popular. It all means the same, perhaps, but there are prettier ways of saying it."

"Oh, no," said Phyllis sweetly. "You're rather nice as well."

"Thanks," I replied. "But with a score of seven it does not seem to have benefited me greatly. Will it do me any good to make it eight?"

Phyllis toyed with the corner of the sofa cushion.

"You might do a great deal better," said she deprecatingly.

"Then I don't have to make it eight?" cried I, for once in my life comprehending.

"I did not say just that, sir," said Phyllis saucily.

I don't believe I ever saw Phyllis look so beautiful, and the odd part of it was I couldn't see her eyes either. She was staring full into the fire all the time. If it makes her look that way I wish she would look into the fire always.

"But I do make it eight, Phyllis," said I soberly.

I took hold of her arm and turned her round so that she was facing me, but she still held her head down and I could see only her eyelashes. Phyllis has long eyelashes.

"And you'll marry me, Phyllis!" I whispered. I don't know whether I raised my tone interrogatively or not. I hadn't the same control over my voice that I had the other seven times.

Phyllis looked at me, with a funny little smile. She never will take me seriously.

"I suppose this will make a new climax," said she.

But her looks belied her words, and for once I was bright enough to see.

"No," said I as distinctly as my throat would let me. "This is not a climax. This is a beginning."

Killing a Robin.

There are persons at the present day—and not all old women either—who believe that killing a robin will bring bad luck. According to ancient belief the stormcloud was a huge bird. The Arabians represented his wings as measuring 10,000 fathoms. This bird lived on worms, the latter being the streaks of lightning accompanying storms. The Germans remodeled the fiction by creating the god Thor, whose bird was the robin. Consequently to kill a robin first meant death by lightning, then bad luck.

An Enormous Sundial.

A curious phenomenon is reported in the columns of a geographical publication. It is a large promontory in the Aegean sea, known as Hayon Horoo, which extends 3,000 feet above the level of the water. As the sun swings around, the shadow of this mountain touches one by one a circle of islands separated by regular intervals, which act as hour marks. It is the largest sundial in the world.

Some Hope For Him.

Young Sorreltop—Then you utterly cast me off, Esmeralda? Miss Esmeralda (with great gentleness)—Why, no, Sylvester. But—but it would be so silly for a girl to say yes the first time. If—if you are of the same mind you might ask me again some day, you know.—Chicago Tribune.

Ayer's
Sometimes the hair is not properly nourished. It suffers for food, starves. Then it falls out, turns prematurely gray. Ayer's Hair Vigor is a
Hair Vigor
hair food. It feeds, nourishes. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears.
"My hair was coming out terribly. I was almost afraid to comb it. But Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly stopped the falling, and also restored the natural color."
MRS. E. G. K. WARD, Landing, N. J.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Poor Hair

AMERICAN NAMES.

Robert Louis Stevenson Was Impressed by Their Beauty.

Robert Louis Stevenson spoke in his own attractive way of the nomenclature of the states, towns and rivers of our land thus: "And when I asked the name of a river from the brakeman and heard it was called the Susquehanna the beauty of the name seemed to be part and parcel of the beauty of the land. As when Adam with divine fitness named the creatures, so the word Susquehanna was at once accepted by the fancy. That was the name, as no other could be, for that shining river and desirable valley.

"None can care for literature in itself who does not take a special pleasure in the sound of names, and there is no part of the world where nomenclature is so rich, poetic, humorous and picturesque as the United States of America. All times, races and languages have brought their contribution. Pekin is in the same state with Euclid, with Bellefontaine and Sandusky; Chelsea with its London association of red brick, Sloan square, and the King's Road is own suburb to stately and primeval Memphis.

"The names of the states and territories themselves form a chorus of sweet and most romantic vocables—Delaware, Ohio, Indiana, Florida, Iowa, Wyoming, Minnesota and the Carolinas; there are few poems with a nobler music for the ear; a songful, tuneful land, and if the new Homer shall arise from the western continent his verse will be enriched, his pages ring spontaneously, with the names of states and cities that would strike the fancy in a business circular."—Savannah News.

A GRAND OLD SAVAGE.

Pen Picture of Paul Kruger as President of the Boers.

Poultney Bigelow, writing before the Boer war, gave a very interesting impression of ex-President Kruger. "The president of the South African Republic," he wrote, "is indeed a grand old savage from one point of view and a noble statesman from another. He is theoretically the first citizen of the most democratic community, yet in practice he surrounds himself with a tawdry splendor that would shock many a crowned head of Europe. When I first had the honor of meeting this anachronistic phenomenon he was drinking coffee and throwing out a cloud of strong tobacco smoke, but a still stronger volume of violent language, emphasized by the thumping of his massive fist upon the table. The room in which he received was crowded with long haired, full bearded and stolid featured fellow burghers, who reminded me partly of Russian priests, partly of Californian miners and partly of certain alleged portraits of the apostles. I feared that I had unwittingly interrupted a cabinet meeting, but later it turned out that this was Mr. Kruger's usual 'at home.' When the president is not at his office he delights in nothing so much as entertaining his countrymen with coffee, tobacco and political proverbs. He harangues his visitors with the voice of a bull in distress, and they like it. He governs by personal contact and spoken parables, and it is his boast that he knows personally every citizen of his republic."

An Old Time Rip Van Winkle.

The learned John Stow, known as the "London Antiquary," records the following: "April 27, 1546, was Tuesday in Easter week, and on that day William Foxley, potmaker of the mint, fell asleep, and he continued sleeping, and he could not be wakened with pinching, cramping or burning whatsoever until the first day of term, which was fourteen days and fifteen nights after his sleep began. The causes of this extraordinary sleep could not be known, although the same were diligently searched for after by the king's physician and many other learned men. He lived for forty years after he recovered."

Not to Be Wasted.

Mr. Bascomb was as firm about politics as about everything else. He made a boast that nobody could change his views when once they were formed, and it was true.

"But, father, suppose they don't even suggest having Liph Godding for representative?" pleaded Mr. Bascomb's son after a painful half hour of argument. "I don't believe anybody but you has thought of him."

"If they don't have Liph Godding for representative," said Mr. Bascomb calmly, "I shall winter my vote, that's all."—Youth's Companion.

Domestic Economy.

Mr. Younghubbe—Don't you think, my dear, that you are cooking twice as much as we shall need? Mrs. Younghubbe (artlessly)—I am doing it on purpose, darling. Tomorrow I want to try some of those "Hints For Housekeepers—How to Make Dainty Dishes From What Was Left Over From Yesterday."

Then Chaos.

"Why, Mary," said her mistress, "I told you to make up my room an hour ago, and here it is in terrible disorder."

"Yis, mum, and I did," said Mary, "but the master came in to put on a clean collar, mum, and he lost the stud."

The Impossible.

"They say that laughter is good for indigestion."

"Maybe, but how in thunder is a fellow going to laugh when he has indigestion?"—Detroit Free Press.

The nearest thing to a vacuum is a letter written merely for the purpose of keeping up a correspondence.

Buried Treasure.

Medium—I can tell you about a buried treasure. Patron—Please don't! My husband is always tooting that in my ears. Medium—Does he know anything about a buried treasure? Patron—Yes; his first wife.

When a man dies, his widow begins to look for valuable papers. The only papers the average man has are receipted ice and coal bills.—Atchison Globe.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 16, 1904

FOR PRESIDENT,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE

The letter was given to the public early this week. It is a clincher! As a reader said to the JOURNAL on Monday: "it is all meat; there isn't a superfluous word in it; every sentence and line tells; it is a masterpiece."

Extracts from the letter fail to convey anything like its whole meaning—it must be read from the first word to the last to fully appreciate its force.

In words and thoughts as clear as sunbeams the creed of the Republican Party is given in extended paragraphs. What the Republican Party has done in the last seven years is set forth succinctly and in unmistakable language. Its principles are spread out for public inspection, and they don't have to be guessed at, as in the case of the Democratic Party, either.

President Roosevelt and the Republican Party propose to live up to the creed and carry out its principles in the next four years, as they have in the last seven.

The letter is honest, sincere, straight forward, just like its author. There is no hiding, or dodging of issues; no chicanery; everything is above board and open to the light; and it is remarkable, able, even coming from President Roosevelt, one of the strongest men, in every respect, that our country can boast of.

No person interested in the coming National election should fail to read Candidate Roosevelt's Letter of Acceptance from beginning to end and studiously.

THE COST OF CLEVELANDISM.

The contention of Vice Presidential Candidate Davis that the Administration of Theodore Roosevelt has been attended with extravagance in public expenditures, and the figures recently given out by Edward Atkinson on the same lines, have failed to convince the prosperous farmer and the busy mechanic that a return to the conditions under Democracy and Free Trade during the Administration of Cleveland is desirable.

We are told by our Democratic friends that the expenditures under Cleveland were $2 less per capita than under Roosevelt. But we had no war under Cleveland, or results of war. We had no Panama Canal undertaking. We had no Rural Free Delivery Service. We had no legislation looking to irrigation.

But it must be admitted that we had one thing under Cleveland which we have not had under McKinley or Roosevelt. We had deficits year after year and a consequent increase in debt. Nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars was the cost of Clevelandism to the Government alone, to say nothing of the cost of several billions to the people.

ANOTHER SPLENDID VICTORY.

Maine spoke last Monday with a loud voice. When the news reaches Judge Parker will he and his reluctant followers throw up the sponge?

Maine polled one of the heaviest votes in her history last Monday and gave Cobb and the rest of the Republican candidates 28,000 plurality, or 20,000 more than the most sanguine Republicans hoped for. The Democrats elected their candidate for Sheriff of Cumberland county on the rum question, and it was their only victory.

Maine stands firmly by Roosevelt and Republican principles. Her verdict last Monday was a splendid response to Roosevelt's magnificent Letter of Acceptance. It squelched the last lingering Democratic ray of hope.

It is safe to say that Roosevelt and Fairbanks will carry Maine next November by 40,000 plurality. There were local and factional fights at the polls last Monday, but the Pine Tree State made up her mind to see Vermont and go her one better, and did it in the highest style of the art.

Hurrah for the good State of Maine!

DOING AND DENOUNCING.

It must be remembered that the party which is to-day denouncing Roosevelt and the Republicans is the same party which denounced Lincoln and called the war a failure in 1864. It is the same party that denounced Grant in 1872. It denounced McKinley up to the very hour of his death. It is very easy to denounce. It is not so easy to do. Ever since 1860 the Republican party and its leaders have been doing while the Democratic party and its leaders have been denouncing. And yet the old flag still waves, the Constitution is still supreme.

Republican policies have carried the country to the forefront among the nations and our people have progressed and prospered except when checked by Democratic legislation and Democratic administration.

Under Roosevelt and Fairbanks the progress will be still onward and the flag and the Constitution will command the respect of the world.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

At a meeting held at noon on Sept. 14, by the Middlesex Republican County Committee it was decided to hold the Republican county convention in Institute Hall, Cambridge, at 10.30 a. m., Oct. 5, 1904.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

J. Foster Deland
WILL
Rent,
Care For
OR
Sell
Your Real Estate

SENATORIAL CONVENTION.

At a meeting held by the Middlesex-Essex Senatorial District Committee at Wakefield last Monday evening it was voted to hold the Senatorial convention at Stoneham on Saturday, Oct. 1.

☞ Last week Captain Edwin F. Wyer visited and went all over the Bull's Run Battlefield of 1861, witnessed the military maneuvers there, and reached here soon after Company G, of the 5th, arrived at their homes. His return to the scenes of the first battle in the Civil War, in which he was an active participant, after so many years of absence, and an examination of the historic grounds, was a great treat for him, indeed, he says, "it was the time of my life." The Captain was specially interested in the soldiering of the 25,000 officers and men, Regulars and State Militia, from North and South, which lasted five days, and came as near being warfare as possible, minus shooting to kill. He studied, too, with equal interest, the many inventions, improvements, and forward steps in the science of war that have been made since his days of duty on the field of real fighting; the means of transporting ammunition, food, and other supplies during an engagement; the more humane and expeditious ambulance service; and many other things, with all of which he was highly gratified, as well as with the fine style in which the Blues and Browns did their work. But what afforded him more satisfaction than anything else was his ramblings over the old battlefields. He found things there quite as they were when he left them 43 years ago, and experienced but little difficulty in recognizing roads, fields, streams, etc., which he marched and fought over and waded through during that first fight of the Civil War. There had been no perceptable change in the topography of the country, except in the wooded lands; the dwellings were as scarse and poor last week as in 1861, and the people about the same. His sons took turns in accompanying their father and were, of course, deeply interested in the sights presented to them in their journeyings, but more so in the story of the battle told by Capt. Wyer, which the objects and scenes met by them along their routes helped largely to illustrate. Coming away with the memories of the Battle of Bull's Run vividly revived; with the fading photographs on his mind of the scenes of conflict enacted on the grounds he had again passed over, restored, and recollections refreshed; and the pleasure derived from witnessing the maneuvers; Capt. Wyer's sojourn at Manassus and thereabouts last week was one of the pleasantest events of his life.

☞ The JOURNAL is in a position to give the public some "straight goods" respecting the inside workings and plans of the Woburn Democracy for the city campaign this fall. Mr. Lawrence Reade is to receive the nomination for Mayor without serious trouble. Mayor Feeney and the large element of the party which he controls will not oppose him in the caucuses, but quietly submit to their action, which will insure plain sailing for Mr. Reade so far as the nomination is concerned. It may, however, be different at the polls. The real fight will, many of the leaders say, take place at the ballotboxes. There Mr. Reade will have to reckon with the open and avowed hostility of the Lawrence Martin wing of the party, which, as everybody knows, has long been a controlling element in it. Martin and his followers are as bitter towards Reade as ever, but the feeling will not appear at the caucuses. This faction, and the young Democracy to a man, would be more than pleased to have the Republicans nominate Mr. Leonard B Buchanan for Mayor, because with him in the field it would be so much easier to defeat Reade. For Philip H. Doherty's place on the Board of Public Works there will be three candidates, viz., Doherty, to succeed himself; Maurice M. Carroll, and James H. Kelley, the present Street Commissioner. Kelley will be much the strongest candidate, the practical politicians of the party say, and he himself feels entirely confident that he can beat both Doherty and Carroll hands down. The belief is freely expressed by the leaders that neither Doherty or Carroll stands a ghost of a chance of filling a chair on the Board of Public Works next year.

☞ The Democratic gain of members of the next Maine Legislature at last Monday's election is easily accounted for. The resubmissionists, or anti-prohibitionists, strained every nerve to secure as many members of the House and Senate as possible in hopes of getting an order for resubmission of the prohibition section of the constitution to a popular vote a couple of years hence. There are a plenty of anti-prohibition Republicans in Maine and they turned in and supported the Democratic candidates for the Legislature. But they all voted for Cobb for Governor, and will do the same for Roosevelt next November.

☞ The American farmer will remember on the 8th of November that it was the Republican party which inaugurated and developed and perfected the present Rural Free Delivery System, after a Democratic administration had turned it down and refused even to test it. Every time that a Rural Free Delivery carrier puts a letter or a paper in a farmer's letter box he is a messenger of Republicanism and progressiveness.

TELEPHONE, 173-3 WOBURN.

Cheer Up

ROOM 5. FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, WOBURN

☞ The present term of Hon. Francis Bigelow of Natick as County Commissioner of Middlesex county expires this year, and his successor is to be elected on Nov. 8 next. He is a candidate for reelection, and will probably be chosen to succeed himself on the Board. There are one or two other aspirants for the office, but Mr. Bigelow has filled it to the satisfaction of the people, and a change is not likely to be made this fall.

☞ The history of the Democratic party has been one succession of failures. Whenever it has been given power with the opportunity to inaugurate and carry to completion some great National issue, such as a tariff law, a financial policy, or a lesser national issue, it has proved not only disastrous for the party and policy itself, but has carried with it disaster to the financial and commercial interests of the country.

☞ We are informed on the best of authority that Mr. Keane of Stoneham has withdrawn from the Senatorial contest in this District which leaves the field open to General Appleton, the present Senator, and Mr. Hill of Stoneham, who, his friends announce, is in the fight to stay. With Mr. Keane out of the way a full Stoneham delegation is assured for Hill, which, it is fair to presume, will give him the entire vote of the Middlesex end of the District.

☞ It is said that deep gloom pervaded the Democratic National Committee Headquarters in New York when the news of the Maine election arrived last Monday night Coming on the heels of the big Vermont Republican victory it was indeed a bitter pill for the Committee and Dave Hill's candidate to swallow.

☞ The action of the Middlesex-Essex Senatorial Committee at their Wakefield meeting the other night seems to have left Senator Appleton outside the breastworks. It practically assured Hill's nomination.

☞ The Nomination and election of Messrs. Riley and Nowell for the Legislature from this District in November is a foregone conclusion.

☞ It is not true, as reported in a Boston paper, that Arthur B. Chapin of Holyoke has withdrawn from the State Treasurer contest.

☞ The Whitney-Foss anti-Lodge movement has died completely out. Their scheme for Canadian Reciprocity is going the same way.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

C. E. Smith—To Let.
C. E. Smith—To Let.
City—Reg. of Voters.
Mrs. Phinney—Music.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
Royal B. P. Co.—R. B. P.
S. B. Goddard—Insurance.
F. C. Savings Bank—Notice.
E. T. Harrington & Co.—Real Estate.

— There was a fine rain here last Sunday night. It was needed.

— Read what the Boston Branch says in their ad. about vinegar.

— There were a whole lot of extra trains on the Woburn Loop last Sunday.

— The Sons of Veterans and S. V. Club are to have a supper and dance on Sept. 21.

— Mr. Frank T. Buchanan and wife have returned to their home, 10 Bennett street.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— The National Band Association are to hold their annual concert and dance this evening.

— The Davis family of Arlington Road have returned from their outing at Flagstaff, Maine.

— Miss Grace Heartz went back to her teaching in Wolfboro, N. H., Academy early this week.

— Regular meetings of the St. Charles C. T. A. Society were resumed at their rooms last evening.

— Miss Florence Wood, soprano, of Boston, will be the soloist at the Unitarian church Sunday, Sept. 18

— Whitcher's advertisement tells its own story, and further comments are unnecessary. Whitcher is a hustler.

— The National Band are to give a concert on the Common this evening. A dance follows later in the evening.

— Mr. George Buchanan will please accept our thanks for a basket of luscious Bartlett pears received from him last Monday.

— The Walnut Hills and North Woburns meet on the diamond tomorrow for the greatest ball clinch of the season.

— The W. R. C. 161 had rather a bad night for their barn supper at Mr. J. R. Wood's on Salem street last Wednesday.

— Mrs. S. H. Jones of 524 Main street advertises a nice houselot for sale cheap. The purchaser will find money in it. See ad.

— The first meeting of the Board of Registrars of Voters for the State election is to be held at 7 o'clock Saturday evening, Sept. 24.

— Mr. S. Franksford Trull and family have returned to their home on Main street at the close of a good summer vacation.

— The Republican Ward and City Committee have decorated their Head quarters with a fine Roosevelt and Fair banks transparency.

— The Reading-Wakefield Fair closes this evening. It has been a great success—the very best ever held by the Association.

— C. E Smith advertises the Dodge estate on Fowle, Conn and Cross streets for rent. It is to be put into the best of shape.

— Mrs. Mary Jennings isn't complaining very much of hard times She keeps a store that people like to patronize and enjoys a good trade.

— Barring length, the rainstorm last Wednesday night would readily have passed in a crowd for the Line Gale. It was a ripsnorter while it lasted.

— Linnell's Market talks! Great reduction in meats! That sounds like something; it means business. Please read the new Linnell ad. in this paper.

— The Woburn City Council has been asked to act for pure water. The "chasers" in that town are worse than the real stuff, it is claimed.—*Boston Herald*.

— Mrs. Bell, mother of Mrs. Walter Knapp returned to her home in Vermont last Monday. She had been spending the summer here with the Knapp family.

— Mr. C. M. Strout, who conducted an excursion party to the Mountains last week, returned on Tuesday evening. He said it was the jolliest flock of excursionists in New Hampshire.

— We thank Capt. John E. Tidd for a copy of the San Francisco (Cal.) *Chronicle* which contains a full account of the parade of the Knights Templars in that city last week. It was a big time.

— Mr. Fort Staples tells us that he hasn't had so much pleasure since he was knee-high to a toad as he did last week picking highbush whortleberries in the Burlington and Wilmington woods.

— Lawyer Edward H. Lounsbury has changed his office to the Penn Mutual Building 24 Milk street, Boston, where clients can find him, and as good a quality of law as can be found in Boston.

— Mr. Lawrence Reade was taken suddenly and so seriously ill in St. Charles church early last Sunday morning that he had to be carried home in a carriage. He was a good deal better at last accounts.

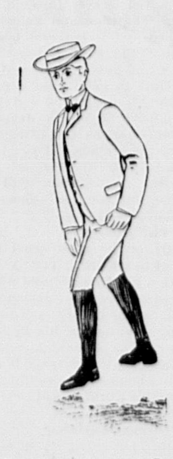
— There has been a remarkable dearth of flies and mosquetos here this summer, which means an unusually cold and extra warm winter next to come. For which the present is a good time to prepare.

— Mr. Cyrus Chase, the locomotive engineer who takes the first train from here into Boston every morning, was somewhat under the weather last week, but is again able to make way with his daily rations in good shape.

— The remains of Hubert Gray, who committed suicide at Hampton Falls last Sunday, were brought to this city for interment on Wednesday. The family live at Cambridge, but were formerly residents of Woburn.

— At a formal meeting of the stockholders of the Woburn First National Bank held last Monday it was voted not to apply for an extension of their present charter, which will expire on Jan. 18, 1905. A new National Bank will be organized with a capital of $100,000.

— The question of sewer assessments, proposed by the City Council, is arousing considerable interest among real estate owners and taxpayers. There is a good deal in it, and many clear headed men fail to see the justice of such assessments, made at this late day. And besides, they would involve complications that would baffle the skill of the proverbial Philadelphia Lawyer to unravel.



The Re-Opening of School

discloses the need of new clothing for your boy. New Fall Suits are here in great variety. Well made, dependable garments at moderate prices.

Don't forget too, we save you at least 10 per cent on high rent Boston prices.

Hammond & Son,
403 Main St., WOBURN.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
"The American Boy" Magazine FREE

We are pleased to state that we have made arrangements with the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY whereby we can give a subscription for 12 months to any boy purchasing goods in our Boys' Clothing Department to the amount of Five Dollars.

The magazine is issued each month, and is devoted to boys' interests. It is a clean, bright paper, and has impressed us so favorably that we are glad to help its circulation in this way.

Write to us for a sample copy, mentioning this paper, and if the magazine pleases you, then visit our Boys' Clothing Department, make your purchase of Five Dollars' worth of merchandise, and you will be given a card entitling you to twelve numbers free, delivery being made each month upon presentation of your card.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY
Manufacturers and Retailers of Clothing for Men and Boys
400 Washington Street, Boston

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
Prescription Department
is often called upon to furnish the
Mysterious Life-saving Serum
samples of which you may see in our window. Other products of
Fine Chemistry and Resarch
daily used by us may be seen tastefully labelled and protected from the dust by screw cap or glass stopper.
You are cordially invited to inspect the 288 botanical specimens, exhibited in the store, that are made use of in compounding the preparations employed in our constantly increasing
Prescription Work.

Autumn Styles, 1904.
Full line Fall Styles just received.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

DRUGS and CHEMICALS.

Their purity is the most essential point. Our drugs are carefully selected by an expert who has had 25 years experience in sorting them. Our chemicals are thoroughly tested upon their arrival at the store.

Our prices are consistent with the goods used.

☞ For samples of the Drugs and Chemicals we actually carry in stock SEE OUR WINDOW THIS WEEK.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
The best of everything at the lowest prices.
Green Stamps. Public Telephone.
Free Messenger service.

— Monday evening October 10, is the date set for a grand concert to be given in Lyceum Hall by Mrs. Ella C. Luce. She will be assisted by the usual high class talent, for which her concerts are noted. Further particulars will be given later.

— Vocal lessons will be continued this coming season of 1904-1905, by Mrs. Phinney at her home on Warren Avenue. Having been successful for many years before the public Mrs. Phinney is fully prepared to teach beginners or advanced pupils.

— Gage & Co. have a brandnew notice in this week's JOURNAL. Men who dress well and are particular about their costumes are regular patrons of Gage & Co., for there is just where they get the coats, waistcoats, trousers and overcoats that suit them.

— From this time on to Oct. 8 the Boston & Maine Railroad Company will sell tickets to all White Mountains points at greatly reduced prices. Everybody knows that, for genuine pleasure, nothing equals the B. & M. excursions to the Mountains.

— A large, handsome bouquet, consisting in part of sweet peas, dahlias, asters, geraniums, and double petunias, was presented to the Editor a few days ago by Mr. Theodore L. Pierce of Lexington street, for which we embrace this opportunity to return thanks. It was a beauty.

— Mr. William B. Jones, C. E., is plotting the homestead of the late Alfred A. Dow on Academy Hill for houselots, and the same is soon to come into the market for sale. Harrington of Boston has the property, which is right, in every respect, for residential purposes.

— Rev. Dr. Norton sails from Europe for home about Sept. 22, and will occupy the pulpit in First church on the first Sunday of October, as planned when he sailed away from these shores for foreign lands on June 30 last. The letter from him read in the church last Sunday morning was interesting and entertaining.

— Hon. E. E. Thompson and Capt. Abijah Thompson were at the Lyndeboro, N. H., Old Home Week celebration last week, and reported an excellent time. The Governor of the State and other eminent men made addresses; the town was handsomely decorated; and the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Lyndeboro Artillery was very fine and interesting.

— The funeral of Mrs. Marion Tolman and her 3-year old daughter was held last Saturday afternoon. Her and her child's death was a sad occurrance, the result of insanity on the part of the mother, who lived here with her grandmother, Mrs. Livina Cole, at 62 Prospect street, most of the year 1898, and had many friends among the young people. Her brother, Mr. Charles H. Haggett, resides with Mrs. Cole at the present time. Mrs. Tolman's tragic death, and that of her little child, was a severe blow to the young husband and her relatives and acquaintances. She was 24 years of age.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

— Miss Mertena Louise Bancroft resumes pianoforte instruction in Woburn, Monday, October third at her residence 12 Franklin street. Miss Bancroft has enjoyed many years of successful teaching both in Woburn and in Boston, having been associated with Mr. B. J. Lang and other prominent Boston musicians.—4.

— Mr. William T. Kendall, a deserving Veteran, has the agency of all the Massachusetts territory north of Boston, for the sale of an invention for preventing the contents of a kettle from burning while boiling over a fire. Every housewife and maid will appreciate such an invention, and can discover its utility at a glance. Water in the kettle will "boil away," but this article prevents the contents from burning, every time.

— The rumor that Rev. Dr. Scudder, former pastor of First church, who comes to Racine, Wisconsin, early in October as a delegate from Hawaii to the National Council of Congregationalists, will not return to Honolulu to continue his missionary work there, was without foundation. He has recently bought a residence in that city and will return to it at the end of his visit to the States.

— It was a pleasing sight to see the throngs of youngsters flocking and starting schoolward last Monday morning. Education is a great thing for people to get a good hold of in their young days, because it sticks and becomes handy to have later in life. This city has excellent schools, and it is encouraging to see them so generally taken advantage of. The Public School is the bulwark of American Liberty.

— Mr. B. H. Nichols and his daughter, Mrs. Dr. S. W. Kelley, left here last Tuesday for Hope, Maine, where Mr. Nichols owns a 54-acre farm, and has gone down to look after the harvesting of his crops. On account of the drouth in June and July he anticipates a light crop of potatoes, but a fair yield in other farm products. The estate is located on a fine lake which has been utilized to its fullest extent this summer by Nichols, Jr., for fishing and summering.

— Judging from the contents of the newspapers kindly sent us by Mr. Warren Teel of Davenport, and gratefully received, the grand State of Iowa is all ablaze for Roosevelt and Beveride, and will roll up the biggest kind of a majority for them next November. Iowa is a farming State and her farmers know just what they want and how to get it. Teel is greatly elated over the splendid Republican prospect out there on the prairies.

— Copeland & Bowser are in condition to meet and supply the demands of all the women and girls of Woburn and vicinity for every conceivable description of dry goods, dress goods, fancy wares, and everything used by them in their fashionable makeup, with neatness and despatch, and at prices that defy successful competition. This old and popular house keeps its reputation at high water mark as a leader in the dry good business, and is the one that ladies of genteel tastes always visit first, last and all the time for the goods sought. Copeland & Bowser prosper, and well they may, for they are sound corn, four pecks to the bushel, every time.

— Mr. C. A. Nichols has had on exhibition at the Reading-Wakefield Fair this week samples of several patterns of the rugs he manufactured at his factory in this city, and made a big hit with them. From old wornout carpets Mr. Nichols makes handsome and durable rugs which are equal in all respects to any bought at the stores, and regarded as first best by good housekeepers. He enjoys a large patronage, which is not confined to Woburn, but customers from neighboring cities and towns, and even from other States buy his fine rug productions.

— The Bowling season at the Towanda Club opened up Saturday night. The alleys have been put in first class condition and the season promises to be one of the best the Club has ever experienced. President DeLoriea has appointed the following to serve on the Annual Show Committee: Messrs. F. E. Wetherell, John C. Buck, Wm. W Crosby, Leonard B Buchanan, Wm G. Stretton and Frank H. Sawyer A special meeting of the Club will be held Monday evening next to elect a director to fill the unexpired term caused by the resignation of Mr. Jos. H. Parker, Jr.

— Mr. Thomas J. Begley, Master of the Almshouse, found, the other day, the portraits, in group, of the members of a Woburn Orchestra that were taken by Black, the famous Boston photographer, in 1865, and preserves it as an interesting relic of bygone days. The names of the members were Charles H. Taylor, Dr. Cyrus Lang, Oscar Johnson, Sam Rimm, Jacob Kendall, George Wright, Richard Briggs and Mr. Pease. The rooms of the Orchestra were near the present building of the Hook and Ladder Company. A duplicate of the picture, owned by Mr. C. H. Taylor, hangs in the rooms of the Woburn Brass Band.

— Company G of the 5th Massachusetts Regiment arrived at their homes here from Virginia about one o'clock last Monday morning in a somewhat fatigued condition, but bright and lively. They were under the command of Lieut. Axel T. Tornrose, Capt. McCarthy having stopped over at Washington. The Company acquitted themselves handsomely in the military maneuvers that had taken place the week before on the Bull's Run battlegrounds of 1861, and were accorded a generous meed of praise for their good work. It is presumed that the tournament at arms by the 25,000 officers and soldiers who took part in it was of great benefit to the service; but it is hoped that this question will never have to be tested by actual war.

— During the few moments we were absent from our Sanctum last Tuesday forenoon vainly trying to drum up a new subscriber or get an advertising customer, who should enter therein and take possession of the apology for an Editorial Table of ours but Mrs Walter A. Hanson, Mistress of Stonycroft, Burlington, and deposit thereon nigh on to a bushel of as delicious pears as any eye ever longingly rested on, or an appreciative palate ever enjoyed. The fruit were large, fair, juicy, and none finer has been seen by the Editor this fall. Mrs. Hanson will please accept our thanks for the same, and, also, for the great apples and big cucumbers that accompanied the pears. Last Monday was about as hot as they make 'em. Everybody had something to say about it.

— Mrs. Dr. James H. Conway and her daughter, Miss Katherine Marie Conway, arrived in this city from their home in Philadelphia last Friday, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James W. McDonald at 6 Broad street. Mrs. Conway is a sister of Mrs. McDonald, and it has been some time since they have met. The Conways were former residents of Woburn, and for many years before his decease Dr. Conway enjoyed a large practice and served a longer term as City Physician than any other incumbent of the office. Miss Marie is a recent graduate from a college near Philadelphia, to which she proposes to return for a post-graduate course. She and her mother will probably remain here until near the beginning of the next new year. A call from Marie last Monday was a pleasant incident to the Editor.

Local News.

— The number of pupils in the High School is 306, and more to come.

— Mrs. M. A. Burnes will sing a solo at the First Baptist church Sunday morning.

— The C. E. Smith Advertising Agency advertises a neat and desirable dwelling for rent. See ad.

— Miss Grace Keefe of the *Times* staff, after a two weeks vacation, has returned to her duties there.

— The Highland Orchestra of this city furnished music for the Berry-Blank wedding in Winchester Thursday night.

— The South End Social Club will have their annual Concert and Ball at Lyceum Hall, Nov. 4. A good time is always expected on this occasion.

— A few days ago the *Times* said that 5,000 "quarts" of cranberries would be raised at Wilmington; now it says that 6,000 bushels will be raised: a big difference.

— Every time a farmer receives a letter or paper from the Rural Free Delivery carrier he becomes more firmly convinced that the Republican Party is good enough for him.

— Elwyn G. Preston, Esq., is to address the Commercial Travelers convention in Boston on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 30, his subject to be "War and Peace and their relations to Commerce."

— Mrs. Abbie F. Hallihan arrived Wednesday at her daughter's in this city from Malden, from which place she had walked clothed in a wrapper and without shoes or stockings. She was greatly exhausted.

— Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, wife of Water Commissioner E. F. Hayward, and President of the Woman's Club, is visiting her old home and people at Milford, N. H. She expects to return to her Woburn hearthstone before Oct. 1.

— Mrs. M. L. Allen has left New Hampshire and settled at 17 Market street, Lynn, where she is employed by the same people who employed her before she went with the late Amos Cummings here. She has recovered her health.

— Interesting letters from Mrs. Rev. Dr. Scudder of Honolulu, Mrs. Rev. James Fowle of Turkey, and Mrs. Rev. James Roberts, wife of the foreign pastor, were read at the last Wednesday evening meeting of the Congregational church.

— Michael Collins's new horse became unmanageable and the wagon he was in struck a post in front of the Caulfield residence on Winn street throwing him from the seat. His injuries, although not serious, required the services of a physician.

SMITH PATTERSON COMPANY
DIAMONDS
RUBIES
EMERALDS
PEARLS
SAPPHIRES
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
52 SUMMER ST.
BOSTON

Burdett
BUSINESS and SHORTHAND
Colleges

BOSTON	LYNN
REMOVED TO 18 Boylston, cor. Washington St. Continental Clothing Building. Most Elegantly Equipped School in New England. Pat. Actual Business. Shorthand, Typewriting, English and all Business Studies. Normal Course for Teachers.	Mt. Vernon Street, Opp. B. & M. Station Planned to accommodate 500 Students. Only Commercial School in N. E. owning building it occupies. Same Courses and Methods as at Burdett College, Boston, at Slightly Lower Rates.

Situations for Students.
Pupils may begin on and after Sept. 6.
Call or Write for Prospectus.
No Solicitors nor Canvassers.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION
October 1, 1904,
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

— The water rose to the doorways of some of the stores at the corner of Montvale Avenue and Main street, Thursday morning, and somebody put a sign up which attracted much attention. It read, "$25 reward for the biggest fish caught here; Bathing Suits to Let."

— Mr. James M. Kimball and O. W. Stevens start tonight for the St. Louis Fair by the Fall River Line to N. Y., thence by the Lehigh Valley to Buffalo, then to Cleveland, Indianapolis and St. Louis by the Big 4; returning by way of Chicago, Toronto, and Montreal to Boston.

— This is peach canning time and Woburn women are busy at the business. They buy nearly all of their peaches at Angelo Crovo's popular fruit store, where they are sure to get the best in the market. By the way, Crovo has some fine old fashioned damsons, which are just the checker for preserving.

The Woburn Auditorium has been granted a Theatre License by the Chief of the District Police, under the law passed this year. This means that after careful inspection, the District Police are satisfied that the requirements of the law as to exits, security against fire, and all other modern means of protection for the audience have been fully complied with.

— Edward T. Harrington & Co., the leading and widely known Boston real estate dealers, have an advertisement in this paper which readers can't help noticing whether they want to or not. It treats of the cutting up of the homestead of the late Alfred A. Dow on Academy Hill into houselots, lawns and gardens, which is bound to prove a good thing for our city. The property is first-class in every respect; for residences the locality and lay of the land can't be beaten; it is in the fashionable quarter, and all right. W. B. Jones, C. E., is plotting the estate, and Harrington & Co. have got their lever under a big boom there.

— Mr. and Mrs. Austin Pike of Charlton, Mass., and Mrs. Krenning of Chicago, Ill., and Mrs. Maud Churchill of Moncton, N. B., have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hilton, 10 Auburn St., for the past two weeks.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The Church of the Free Spirit."
Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Reality."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "Salt, Light and Leaven."
12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., "Mt. Moriah—A Message of Faith and Glory."
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Daniel March D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
6 P. M., Christian Endeavor.
7 P. M., preaching by Dr. March.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Midweek Service.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 14, by Rev. N. E. Richardson, Henry Babcock and Ella Lorinda Hetherington, both of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 8, by Rev. Daniel March, William A. Wilt and Helena F. Speuce, both of Woburn.

In Haverhill, Sept. 5, by Rev. Robert W. Dunbar, Elmer H. Wentworth of Woburn and Emily F. Reed of Haverhill.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 12, Catherine Cummings, aged 78 years, 10 months, 21 days.

C. H. LEWIS,
MORTGAGES
Office 439 Main St, Woburn.
Smith's Real Estate Agency.

School Is About to Commence

and the Boys and Girls will require Stockings that can stand hard wear. We recommend the

BLACK CAT HOSIERY

for all sizes and ages.

They Wear Well
Feel Well
Look Well

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.

In a Diamond Ring

You find pleasure. Your friends admire it. Your enemies envy you its possession. You enjoy it yourself. If reverses come or if you desire to dispose of it you can do so without much loss. Thus it is a safe investment. We have a fine assortment.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

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PNEUMONIA
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GRIPPE
DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB

That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears. An elegant dressing. If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

Teaches business as business is conducted in every day business life, and teaches it so thoroughly that its pupils are more competent than those of the ordinary business college. The demand for its graduates far exceeds the supply.

Any young man or woman of ordinary, general education who will follow its courses faithfully may be sure of a successful business career.

WE GUARANTEE IT.

Our rates are reasonable and it costs no more to attend this College than to study in less progressive institutions. Catalogue gives full information and is free upon application.

STUDENTS MAY ENTER ANY TIME.

Evening Classes commence Oct. 3d

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
30 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.

"Not the oldest; not the largest; just the best."

Our Bargain this week—

White and Green

Castaglia Soap

in pound cakes.

Selling for 15c.
2 for 25c.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

HAY! HAY!

First-class English Hay in lots to suit and delivered in Woburn. For sale at 71 Wyman street.
E. C. COLMAN.

WANTED—Industrious man or woman as permanent representative of big manufacturing company, to look after its business in this county and adjoining territory. Business successful and established. Salary $20.00 weekly and expenses. Salary paid weekly from home office. Expense money advanced. Experience not essential. Enclose self-addressed envelope. General Manager, Como Block, Chicago.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

PURE White Wine

—AND—

Cider Vinegar

—ALSO—

Whole Mixed Spices for Pickling.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Michael Looney, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William C. Looney, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of September, A.D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirty-first day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.
W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

For Brown-Tail Poisoning Use

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Relieves pain, itching, smarting and irritation and reduces inflammation. Physicians and nurses recommend and use it extensively. Stimulates the circulation and assists nature in making rapid cures.

At all dealers, 10c., 25., 50c., $1 00.

Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

The Other Side.

EDITOR WOBURN JOURNAL: I have read with much interest the astute and subtle article on the subject of sewers, printed as an editorial in your last issue. No man can know as much as the writer of that production shows that he knows, without knowing much that he doesn't think fit to say in this connection. The purport of the writing is to make the people feel that if a sewer assessment were made at this time, it would be inequitable and, that certain properties would be twice taxed for the same purpose, without compensating benefits.

It is no new statement to say that no entirely satisfactory system of levying a sewer assessment has yet been devised. The same may be said of any form of taxation by which revenue is raised. It always works injustice and hardship in some instances. Is it just and fair that my unimproved real estate should be taxed the same price per front foot for street watering as my neighbor's residential property? To me, the watering is worthless, to him, it is almost a necessity. Is it just and fair that a man of modest income, who has put practically a life's savings into his own homestead, should be taxed on a valuation, sometimes exceeding the price for which he is willing to sell it, while some so-called shrewd fellow-citizen, possessed of large means, is enabled to so place his holdings that they cannot or are not reached by the Assessor?

These illustrations, drawn from the two most common sources of taxation here in Woburn, can be duplicated many, many times to the mind of any thoughtful man; but the fact that injustice is sometimes worked does not and should not stop us from raising revenue according to the best laws which we can frame.

Let us take up the illustration of your writer, who truly states that the first sewer loan of $5,000, in 1893, has been paid in full by general taxation. Let me ask, Who paid it? Not simply the abutter or the property which received the benefits, but also the farmer in Button-End, the resident of North Woburn and the garden truck man of the West Side, whose property in all likelihood will, within the next fifty years, never be within a mile of the sewer system. If this is not class legislation, I fail to understand the phrase, and it has astonished me that the general public of Woburn, who have been so long unjustly taxed for these specific and particular benefits, should be so quiescent.

We justly set up a howl at being taxed thousands for Metropolitan Park improvements, which we did not get, and yet are doing the same thing by a large part of our own people.

What is the solution? Is it not to make as just and equitable a sewer assessment as the local conditions necessitate, and as the money comes in, apply it to meet that portion of the unpaid sewer debt which is constantly maturing, and if the same should be in excess of this, devote it to some general need? In this way, the general taxation will not be further loaded with the large sums which have annually been in the budget to meet the maturing sewer debt, and the final settlement of this sewer bill will be placed where it belongs, that is, largely on the shoulders of those who receive the particular benefit. It is, of course, understood by all of your readers that general legislation does not permit the sole cost coming on abutters.

Is the writer of your article aware that in advising the City Council to lay no assessment, he is inciting to law-breaking, for the Statutes very clearly prescribe that they *shall* make an assessment. As to the most equitable fashion in which to do this, I may have something to say later.

Yours truly,
ESOPUS.

District Nurse Association.

The sum of $1,000 having been subscribed for the purpose, it was voted at a meeting held by the Woburn District Nurse Association this week, to begin active operations on Oct. 1. They now have sufficient money on hand to warrant this step, and already one experienced nurse has been engaged whose services may be obtained by application to any of our local physicians, who will arrange for prompt communication with her.

Mayor Feeney has kindly provided a room in the Courthouse for the use of the Supply Committee, of which Mrs. D. W. Bond is Chairman, in which to store such supplies as may be gathered for the use of the Association. Members of the Committee will be at this room from 2 to 5 o'clock on Monday and Wednesday afternoon to receive contributions which, it is hoped, our benevolent citizens will abundantly contribute to this excellent cause. The Committee hereby make a special appeal for such contributions, and trust it will be promply and generously responded to.

The work deserves the public's hearty support.

The articles most desired by the Committee are:

Sheets and pillowcases.
Night dresses.
" shirts.
Bed shoes.
Bath robes.
Wrappers.
Bedding for cribs.
Infants wear of all kinds.
Undervests.
Old cotton cloth, linen and flannel.

WHAT DID THE WOGGLE BUG SAY?

A New Romance.

On the 26th of this month the well known New York City publishing house, The Hobart Company, are to issue another story of love and romance from the versatile and prolific pen of the famous author General Charles King, whose "An Apache Princess," "A Daughter of the Sioux," and other tales of Western military life and adventures, have enjoyed such immensely wide circulation, under the title "Comrades in Arms: A Tale of Two Hemispheres," to be profusely and handsomely illustrated by those eminent artists, George Gibbs and E. W. Deming. Judged by advanced sheets it is entirely safe to say that this forthcoming volume will be the most entertaining of the numerous interesting literary productions of General King, who occupies an enviable place among the writers of fiction in this country. In this new story will be found a plot of the most intense and exciting interest. It begins with a strange complication at a frontier military post in the Black Hills of Dakota shortly before the beginning of the Spanish-American War. The leading characters are then transported to the Philippine, and the closing chapters bring them and the story to America. The publishers say: "the reader will renew acquaintance with some old friends, and will be highly entertained by the experiences of men and women in army life, which no one can better depict than this charming writer." The book is in three parts, to be printed on the best of paper, and handsomely bound. Any work of fiction from the storehouse of General King can always be implicitly relied on as of the best and most entertaining quality.

Literary Notices.

Sparkling and delightful is Ben Blow's sketch, The Ladies of the World's Fair, illustrated with portraits of nineteen of the twenty-two members of the board of lady managers, in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for September. Joe Mitchell Chapple fills forty pages with World's Fair gossip—of art, of industry, of amusement and of picturesque personalities, illustrating his letter with scores of odd and attractive pictures. In Affairs at Washington are full-page portraits of all the presidential nominees, of Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland and William J. Bryan, and of other celebrities. The special articles of the number range from Poultney Bigelow's highly significant appeal for a real National Militia of 770,000 men, to Julie Adams Powell's Woods and Fields in Late Summer. The leading character study is of Helen Keller, the famous blind, deaf and dumb girl. The fiction includes short stories of politics, of love, of childhood, of army life and a lively humorous sketch of rural life. The Home department contains a wealth of helpful suggestions given by twenty American housewives who have tested and proved their efficacy; it offers also several brief, bright, homey essays and poems.

$20 DOWN $5 MONTHLY TO THE CITIZENS of WOBURN

We wish to call your attention to the private sale of land at

Academy Hill Park

— FORMERLY THE —

A. A. DOW Estate,

Bounded by Warren Avenue Sturgis Street, Arlington and Dow Roads,

SATURDAY, October 1, 1904,

Commencing at One O'clock in the afternoon. Knowing that such an opportunity to purchase restricted land in the heart of the City of Woburn will never occur again. Every lot is plainly marked; the same price to everybody. Every foot is available for building purposes. There are no wet spots upon the whole tract. This is not a HOLE IN THE GROUND SMELLING OF KEROSENE or a MINE ON PAPER, but a LEGITIMATE ENTERPRISE and SAFE INVESTMENT. This property you all know and can form but one opinion of and that FAVORABLE. It costs you nothing to carry the property; the Savings Bank that owns the estate will do that for you. There are NO TAXES and NO INTEREST to be paid. The terms are $20 upon the selection of the lot and $5 a month until paid for. We ask you to make an early choice for we shall SELL 80 per cent of the lots before the sun goes down on the 1st day of October.

We shall offer the grand old HOMESTEAD, together with a good lot of land, for $3,000, $300 CASH and balance $25 MONTHLY to bear interest at the rate of five per cent. The house contains twelve rooms, bathroom and furnace heat.

THE SALE WILL BE CONDUCTED BY

Edward T. Harrington & Co.

293 Washington cor. School Sts., BOSTON.

NO INTEREST NO TAXES

ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
...BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...

-INSURANCE-

Savings Bank Block, Woburn
Telephone 131-3

Boston Office, 93 Water Street
Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

A Day With Pius X opens the September number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. In this article the writer gives a picture of an out-of-doors reception given by the Holy Father to The Society for the Preservation of the Faith. Seumas MacManus discusses Irish Industries and points out means of developing the resources of the country, thereby decreasing the number of emigrants who leave Ireland through lack of occupation. E. M. Lynch tells of a quaint foreign studio, and James Connolly has an interesting paper on Our Polar Possessions. Nora Tynan O'Mahony describes the opening and consecration of the Armagh Cathedral, and recalls legends associated with the history of the first St. Patrick's, now the Protestant cathedral. From Summer Days by Anna C. Minogue, is a delightful pen picture of familiar scenes; and A Bit of Irish Road, by Maud Regan, tells a tender little story of Irish life. James O'Neill is the subject of the monthly dramatic paper by John Talbot Smith, who carefully analyzes this actor's work, and shows wherein he has failed to make the most of his undoubted ability. Mary Agnes Tincker contributes a pretty Italian love story, Guido's Acre, and the serial runs through some chapters of absorbing interest. There are many other features to attract the reader, including a very large number of beautiful illustrations.

WINCHESTER.

Our Board of Health do not have very good luck dealing with the Woburn Board on the Russell brook matter.

The Republican Town Committee have issued a call for the holding of a caucus at 7.45 Wednesday evening, Sept. 28.

Patrick W. Reardon, whose death occurred last week, will be missed by a great many people here. He was a good citizen.

Our schools opened with full rooms, good teachers, and fine management. There are no better schools anywhere than in Winchester.

They do say that Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets are the best remedy and preventative of billious attacks that can be produced. They do the business every time.

My old and highly esteemed friend Mr. George H. Gilbert, has returned from a delightful seaside outing to his pleasant home at Sunnyside in this town. All of us are glad to see George come back.

This town is overwhelmed with browntails. The shade trees are being devastated by them, and what, on earth, to do is more than any of us know. But a war of extermination will be opened against them at the falling of the leaves, and there will be no letup until every mother's son of them lies low in death.

The Good Old Way.

A severe cold or attack of la grippe is like a fire, the sooner you combat it the better your chances are to overpower it. But few mothers in this age are willing to do the necessary work required to give a good old-fashioned reliable treatment such as would be administered by their grandmothers, backed by Boschee's German Syrup, which was always liberally used in connection with the home treatment of colds and is still in greater household favor than any known remedy. But even without the application of the old fashioned aids German Syrup will cure a severe cold in quick time. It will cure colds in children or grown people. It relieves the congested organs, allays the irritation, and effectively stops the cough. Any child will take it. It is invaluable in a household of children. Trial size bottle, 25; regular size, 75c. For sale by all druggists.

All the Poor Richards of New England are invited by The Boston *Herald* to get out their almanacs and enter its Proverb Contest just launched. Every evening an illustration is published which represents some old, well known proverb. The prizes for correct solutions range in value from a residence lot worth $2000 to a $5 check, and include autos, pianos and other valuable articles.

A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, John M. Harlow, the Trustee of the residue under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the second account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.
W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

BIELA'S COMET.

Its Sensational Career Before It Vanished From Our Sight.

All Europe was in pangs of terror when in 1832 it was announced that Biela's comet would cross the earth's path. People died of terror, and so serious did the scare become that a Parisian professor begged the Academy of Science to publicly refute the assertion.

The comet came, blazed awhile in the sky and vanished. Its period of revolution round the sun being just under seven years, it came again in 1839 and was due once more early in 1846. But in that year, instead of one comet, two appeared! The original comet had divided into two parts, each of which had a separate existence, though their paths were the same.

In 1852 the two comets again came flying into sight. Their path in 1859 was too close to the sun for telescopic scrutiny, but in 1866 it was expected that they would be plainly visible. But the double comet never turned up. Nor has it ever been seen since.

Comets are naturally somewhat unreliable. They are of very flimsy texture. One great astronomer indeed has said that you could pack the tail of the average comet in a portmanteau. So if they pass too near to Jupiter or any of the big planets they are very apt to get caught and so to disappear completely.

THROWING THE DICE.

The Ancient Germans Were Furious Gamblers at This Game.

The invention of dice has been of old ascribed to Palamedes, the son of Nauplius, king of Euboea, about 1244 B. C., and also to a Greek soldier named Alea, which is the Latin for a die, but Herodotus assigns both dice and chess to the Lydians.

The ancient Germans would gamble away at dice all that they were worth and then their liberty, submitting to slavery if they lost, and the Saxons, Danes and Normans were all addicted to the game. Fox Talbot is of opinion that the Latins invented, if not the game, at least the name for the single point, which they called unus. The Germanic races, adopting this practice from the Greeks, translated the Greek corruption of unus into ass, which has now become ace. The root of this word lies in the Latin as, the monetary unit.

John of Salisbury in the twelfth century mentions ten different uses of the dice. Stow mentions two entertainments given by the city of London at which dice were in evidence.—London Telegraph.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

It Is Produced by a Unique Voice Organ in the Syrinx.

Birds have no vocal chords in the larynx, but they possess a unique voice organ in the syrinx, which is provided with what are really vocal chords of a very effective and complicated kind. This syrinx lies in the lower part of the windpipe and the upper part of the branching bronchi, but varies much in its exact position and details of structure in different birds.

Briefly it consists of a varying number of muscles, as many as from five to seven being found in the best songsters, attached to folds of membrane and the bony half rings, which at this part of the throat form a sort of enlarged Adam's apple.

Distinctness of the several muscles and the mode of their insertion indicate a bird's musical capability. The syrinx of the skylark and nightingale, for instance, is a marvel of adjusted muscle and membrane, while, on the other hand, the ostrich and some vultures have no voice organ, the pigeon has but little to show, and the common fowl has no muscles to modulate its cry.

Old Roman Hairpins.

That deadly implement, the hatpin of modern times, is a descendant of an equally formidable toilet article used by Roman women. The Aspasias and Julias and Claudias who decked themselves a couple of thousand years or more ago, to the undoing of the particular Balbus or Marcus they desired to fascinate, wore bone hairpins of prodigious length. Yet, like the women of this present time, they seem to have experienced the same difficulty in keeping them in place. This fact came to light during excavations at Silchester, near Reading, England, a hundred or so of these bone hairpins being found in the Roman bath, collected maybe by the bath attendant, to prove all these centuries later that there is nothing new under the sun and that in all ages the same little foibles have been possessed by women.

The Dragon Fly's Eggs.

Any one who has watched a dragon fly flitting about the surface of small, reedy ponds or near the shores of large ones during the summer and early fall months has noticed its frequent dipping of the extremity of its long body in the water as it skims along. The dragon fly thus engaged is always the female, and every time she dips her body in the water she deposits an egg. The specific gravity of the egg is such that it sinks to the bottom among the weeds.

Her Purpose.

"Mother thinks you'll make me a good wife," said the girl's intended.

"Indeed?" replied the girl with the determined jaw. "You tell your mother I'll make you a good husband."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Entirely Useless.

Agent—Buy a burglar alarm?

Mr. Man—What the deuce do I want with a burglar alarm when my wife hears them every night without one?

Knew His Place.

"These cards is wore out," complained the old bos'n in Snug Harbor. "Why don't ye get a new deck? Ye kin buy a good one fur a quarter."

"We're only plain sailors," replied the gunner's mate, "so the quarter deck's too rich fur our blood."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Deceived.

Ethel—He acts this way: He gazes at me tenderly, is buoyant when I am near him, pines when I neglect him. Now, what does that signify? Her Mother—That he's a mighty good actor, Ethel.—Puck.

A Sly Dig.

Ethel—What foolish things a young man will do when he is in love! Edith (breathlessly)—Oh, Ethel, has Jack proposed?

An Old Russian Proverb.

The gates of Russia are wide to those who enter, but narrow to those who would go out.

Common salt injected into timber will preserve it from decay.

Ocean Cannibals.

Such fierce carnivorous fishes as exist in the depths of the ocean are unknown at the surface. There is a "black swallower" which devours other finny creatures ten times as big as itself, literally climbing over its victim, first with one jaw and then with the other. Another species is nearly all mouth, and having no power of locomotion it lies buried in the soft ooze at the bottom, its head alone protruding, ready to engulf any prey that may wander into its cavernous jaws. There is a ferocious kind of shark, resembling a huge eel. All of these monsters are black as ink. Some of them are perfectly blind, while others have enormous, goggling eyes. No ray of sunlight ever pierces the dark, unfathomed caves in which they dwell. Each species is gobbled by the species next bigger, for there is no vegetable life to feed on.—Spare Moments.

The Forests of the Amazon.

According to some astronomers the greenish patches on the planet Mars indicate woodland regions, and a scientist predicts that centuries after the rest of this earth has become as barren as the mountains of the moon Martian astronomers will still distinguish here bright green spots of considerable extent near the east coast of South America. The forests of the Amazon valley, he thinks, are practically extermination proof. An average of 1,000 rank trees, shrubs and creepers cover every acre of ground and a year's neglect . enough to obliterate all traces of the most thorough clearing. A film of spontaneous vegetation soon covers the deserted field, trees shoot up and the sylvan deities resume their ancient sway.

Hypnotic Influence.

An extraordinary story of the imposition of one will upon another was told before the psychological section of the British Medical association at Oxford. Dr. Eldridge-Green said that he was talking with a patient on the subject of hypnotism. The patient, a lady of more than average force of character, said she defied any man to send her to sleep and make her do as he wished. "I told her it was not necessary to send her to sleep," said the doctor, "and added, 'You will wake at 5 o'clock tomorrow morning and will send me a post card despite your own wishes to say no.' I got that post card. It was somewhat to this effect: 'I have been trying not to write to you, but I did wake at 5.'"

Good Bread For Dyspeptics.

Pulled bread is served at several of the best restaurants, and it is not only palatable, but much better for people inclined to be fat or dyspeptic than ordinary bread. When kneading the bread for baking do it in such a way that the grain will be lengthwise of the loaf. When baked and before it is cold remove the crust, pull the loaf into halves and again into quarters lengthwise of the loaf. Keep dividing it until the bread is of the desired shape; it is usually in long pieces about two inches in circumference. Place the pieces on a rack, put in a pan and dry out the moisture in a slow oven and color a light brown.

CITY OF WOBURN.

The Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common Street, on

Saturday Eve'ng, Sept. 24, 1904
At 7 O'clock,

to receive applications for registration from those who desire to act in the respective party caucuses, as required by Section 36, Chapter 11, of the Revised Laws.

☞ Parties must produce evidence of assessment. Naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
FRED. F. LOWELL,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.
Woburn, Sept. 14, 1904.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Ann M. Blodgett, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Addie M. Blodgett of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.
W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held in their Banking Rooms, Woburn, Mass.,

Friday, September 30, 1904,

at seven thirty (7.30) o'clock, in the evening, to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact any other business that may legally come before them.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., September 16th, 1904.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, October 1st, 1904, will draw interest from that date.
CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.

To Let.

Modern up-to-date House, corner of Eastern and Montvale Avenues, west tenement owned by James Skinner. House has hot and cold water, bath, furnace, laundry with set tubs; window shades, screens, &c. Possession Oct. 1. Apply to C. E. SMITH, 439 Main street, Woburn.

House Lot

On private street, five hundred feet from Beach street, near trolley line and within 15 minutes walk of Woburn Centre or Walnut Hill Station. 9,513 square feet. Price low.
S. H. JONES, 524 Main St.

TO LET.

NEW AGENT IMPROVEMENTS.

The Dodge property on Fowle, Conn and Cross Streets will be put in firstclass repair and rented to desirable tenants only.

Applications can be made at once at the Real Estate Office of C. E. SMITH, 439 Main street, Woburn.

PRATTS FOOD REGISTERED TRADE MARK

FOR HORSES.
Price per Package 75c.

The most particular people send all their order to us.

That means something, don't it.

W. J. Buckman

CENTRAL GROCERY,
No. 433 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 104-7.

Peach Ice Cream

FROM

New Fruit.

Crawford's,

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

ATTENTION

Great reduction prices of
FRESH BEEF
—AND—
CORNED BEEF
Also the Freshest Killed Poultry in town at

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6.

EDWARD E. PARKER,

Heating Engineer
—AND—
Contractor.
No. 8 Middle St. Woburn
Telephone 103—2.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England, especially recommended by physicians for rheumatism, kidney trouble, dyspepsia, and malaria.
C. H. CADWELL, Woburn.

HAVE YOUR
OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
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HIS LITTLE MASCOT

By BELLE MANIATES

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Bradley paused at the door of Miss Kane's studio, listened a moment to the sound of smoothly struck chords and then gave an apologetic knock. The music ceased and the door was opened by Miss Kane, teacher of vocal music.

"You know better," she said forbiddingly.

"Yes," he said with penitent air, "but I am not a visitor. I came on professional business, really," and walked on into the room."

"Do you want your voice tried?" she asked sarcastically.

"No, I don't want you to score another point against me, but I called to see you in regard to your pupil, the little girl Patti. I understand she is to make her debut at the charity concert tomorrow night. I want to write her up."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, interested, but still skeptical. "And since when did the city editor himself take to writing 'In a Minor Strain' column?"

"Miss Fleming is ill," he replied, "and we are all helping her out. I volunteered to take this part of her work. I thought, Miss Kane," he said earnestly, "that it would be to your advantage and to that of the child to get satisfactory press notices, and I will write whatever you wish."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Bradley," she replied, her little air of reserve melting for the once. "I shall be very glad if you will do so."

"Now, what kind of a voice has she?"

"High soprano. Her voice is perfectly placed. When I discovered her pure tones—I heard her first in a school—I had her come to the studio. I sounded low C on the piano and asked her to sing the note. She did, with perfect attack and pitch. Then she kept on with the successive tones and half tones until we came to B flat. I began to tremble, for there begins the middle register, the stumbling block of nearly all singers, but the right quality came into her voice—that imperceptible shading of the chest tones as they emerge into the smooth waters of the soprano's realm. The tones kept coming clearly, sweetly and with a silvery ring until I didn't dare take her any farther."

"I suppose it's all right," said Bradley, with a perplexed sigh, "but it's all Greek to me. If her voice was perfect by nature why are you giving her lessons?"

"I have made her voice stronger and more flexible; have taught her phrasing and enunciation."

"I think you had better write a little sketch of her personality and voice and I will publish it."

There came a light rap at the door, and a slender little wisp of a girl with big brown eyes and golden hair came into the studio.

"This, Mr. Bradley, is my little song bird, Louise Harvey."

Bradley was very fond of children. He shook hands with the little songstress and, turning to Miss Kane, said:

"Is it possible that this microscopic child can sing so gloriously as I have heard it intimated?"

The little girl drew herself up with a suspicion of hauteur.

"I am in my teens!" she protested.

"That does give one an old feeling," he said, with a laugh. "I haven't forgotten the first day I could say so proudly, 'I am in my teens.'"

"Have you been out of them long?" Miss Kane could not forbear asking.

The bright eyes of Louise sparkled with appreciative mirth.

"Miss Louise, you mustn't make fun of me. I have the power to make or mar public personages. I am going to put your picture in the paper tonight, and the day after tomorrow I shall tell how well you can sing."

"Thank you," said the little girl simply. "But I must go now. I came to return this music, Miss Kane."

"I will go with you," said Bradley. "We will stop at the florist's and order some flowers for you to carry at the concert."

Louise flushed with pleasure as she left the room in company with Bradley.

"I like Miss Kane. She is lovely to me," she confided when they were out on the street.

"I wish she would be lovely to me," he said ruefully.

"Is she mad at you?" asked Louise ingenuously.

"Yes, music mad. But unfortunately I can only appreciate music from a ragtime standpoint, so I can't creep into the circle of devotees Miss Kane draws around herself."

"Why don't you jump in?" asked Louise.

He stopped abruptly and looked reflectively at her.

"That's a very good idea, Miss Louise. Thank you."

When they reached the florist's and Louise had selected the roses he was to send to her on the morrow, Bradley said:

"Now I will make my first jump and send Miss Kane some roses too."

"Send her violets," replied the little girl earnestly. "They are her favorite flower."

"Thank you again, Miss Louise. You are certainly my mascot."

He ordered a huge bunch of violets to be sent to Miss Kane on the evening following and left his card to accompany them.

When Beryl Kane was dressing for the concert a box from the florist's was brought to her. A little thrill of pleasure went through her as she lifted the cover and saw the violets; another when she read the card.

"I thought," she mused, "that he held me in disdain as 'one of that musical crowd' who are so uninteresting to him. He addresses such curt, cynical remarks to me when we meet. I always begin to get a retort ready as soon as I see him approach. I wonder how he came to send me these! I suppose because he was giving Lou some."

She sighed as she finished her toilet. Her carriage stopped at the home of her little pupil, and Louise, radiant with excitement and pleasure, came out, carrying her roses.

"You got the violets Mr. Bradley sent you, didn't you?" asked the young girl as she took her seat beside Miss Kane. "I must tell you what he said about you. He said you were music mad and you didn't care for him because he wasn't musical and he could never get into your circle, and I told him to jump in."

Beryl listened to this voluble confidence with the feeling that she ought to check or reprove the little tale bearer, but she didn't. She felt still another little thrill and thought what a lovely night it was. If only Louise would do her best!

Louise did. She came out upon the stage clad in the white robes of a chorister, her fair childish face brilliant with excitement and expectancy. Her eager, searching eyes caught sight of Bradley in one of the boxes. She flushed happily while the dimples came and went. The prelude to her number ended, Bradley, the crowd, every one, vanished from her thoughts. She forgot herself in the grand music of the "Ave Maria," and she surpassed in its delivery the highest hopes of her teacher.

Then followed a wild ecstasy of applause from an enthusiastic audience, and she reappeared, this time attired in a pretty white frock. She sang "Home, Sweet Home," into the hearts of her hearers. Applause, calls, recalls and flowers followed.

When the excitement had subsided and the next number was on Bradley found his way behind the scenes.

"Miss Louise," he said, bowing low to the happy little girl, "when you are a great prima donna don't forget that I gave you your first flowers."

"May I thank you for my violets?" said a soft voice behind him.

He turned, and his face glowed with pleasure when he saw Miss Kane was carrying his flowers. He noted how happy she looked, but attributed the fact to the success her pupil had scored.

"Even I know that Miss Louise made a hit. Every one is wild over her singing, and they say she is the perfect exponent of your teaching."

"Then my ambition is satisfied musically," she replied. "I wanted to be recognized as a successful teacher."

"And have you any ambitions other than music?"

"Why, of course," she laughed. "Music is only a part of my life."

"Every one has an aim," said Louise precociously. "Mine is to be a prima donna, Miss Kane's to be a teacher. What is yours, Mr. Bradley?"

"To make a scoop," replied Beryl.

"That is only a 'part of my life,'" he quoted. "I have another, a great aim and hope."

"What is it?" asked Louise artlessly.

"I am going to tell Miss Kane some time if she will let me. Then I will tell you."

Some one called Louise away just then.

"May I come and see you soon—tomorrow night—Miss Kane?" he asked in vibrant voice.

"Yes," she replied softly, screening her face with the violets.

"I always thought you were bored by people who were not musical," he said.

"And I always thought," she retorted, "that you were bored by people who were musical."

"You were mistaken."

"So were you."

Louise ran to them.

"Our carriage is here, Miss Kane. Are we going home now?"

"Certainly not," replied Bradley quickly. "Prima donnas always have a supper after they sing. I am going to take you to one now, and Miss Kane will chaperon us."

"Oh, oh!" cried Lou ecstatically. "This is my loveliest night!"

"And mine," declared Bradley emphatically.

"And mine," echoed Beryl softly.

Sing While at Work.

"They say the man whose soul wakes not to music is dead indeed," said the man on the lookout for odd things, "and the average working negro in this great southland of ours seems to be a pretty fair example of those who have 'waked,' if his fondness for venting his feelings in music is to be taken as a criterion. Did you ever see a gang of street laborers at work that some one or more of them were not calling out to an original theme a story anent the things good to a darky's eyes? They seem to fit the very measure of motion, whether it be the swing of a hammer or pick or the heaving of some weighty object. I saw a gang at their labor the other day, and the ditty they enunciated held me interested until I had learned the very rhythm, if not the dialect, myself. These two fellows told their trouble and desire along this line:

"'Say, old man, augh!' (with a swing of the pick).

"'Have yer got a good dog?'

"'Can he catch any coons?'

"'Just take him and try him.'

"Repeating the grunt with every stroke. To the white man this might look like wasted energy, but somehow the negro seems to do more and do it better with a musical incentive."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Baltimore, Ireland.

Baltimore, in Maryland, gets its name from a small and unostentatious fishing village in Ireland. The word Baltimore signifies the "village that grew up about the big house," and the derivation is plain when one sees the ivy covered ruins of the very remarkable big house that was once the stronghold of the O'Driscolls. It is situated upon an imposing height, a sentinel over the numerous little dwellings that have sprung up and increased in the vicinity of its wrecked and deserted life. From the village of Baltimore enormous catches of mackerel are sent to America.—Exchange.

Read His Own Banns.

A distinguished English churchman tells this in M. A. P.: "The vicar of Swanscombe was a very eccentric man. I remember—indeed, who could ever forget it?—that he once read out his own banns of marriage with a lady who had not only not consented to marry him, but whom he had never asked to do so. He did this for two Sundays. On the third her father rose and formally objected to such a ridiculous proceeding."

Waiting His Turn.

"Well, Jack," said his chum after Jack had proposed to the most popular girl in the town, "is it all right?"

"Well," said Jack ruefully, "I can hope—that's all."

"What did she say?"

"She said she'd file my proposal with all the others and consider it when she got down to it."

His Lack of Tact.

Barnes—Howes is a pretty good sort of fellow. Shedd—Yes, but he hasn't got any tact. At the restaurant the other day he asked me if I was fond of cats, and I was eating rabbit stew at the time! The idea of asking such a question at such a time as that!—Boston Transcript.

Eminently Qualified.

Practical Aunt—Do you think you are qualified to become the wife of a poor man? The Confident Girl—Oh, yes; it's all settled. We are to live in a cottage, and I know how to make cottage pudding already.

TEAS THAT ARE WORTH FORTUNES

Twelve Hundred Kinds Are In China's Show at the World's Fair---The Most Populous Nation of the World For the First Time Makes an Exhibit Worthy of Her Greatness.

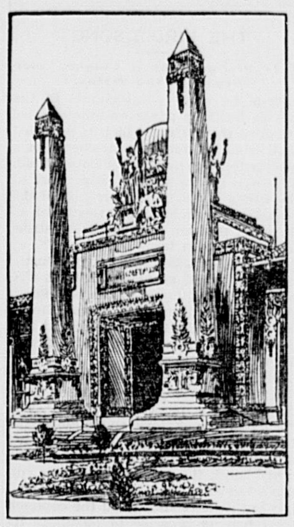
Many expositions of stupendous character make up the World's Fair of 1904. Each part is a vast and distinct show. Each building shelters many acres of wonderful things—wonderful because they are the choicest of their kind. Every nation on the globe is represented. Every state and territory is here with its best and making the most of its greatest opportunity.

The fact that China has not been a large exhibitor at world's fairs gives to her great exhibit here a prominence quite exceptional. It is a wonderland of ingenious productions. We know China best by reason of her extensive exports of teas, which have found a vast market in the United States for generations. Her commercial interests therefore prompted her to make a display of teas that we should not forget.

In sealed glass jars China displays in the Liberal Arts Palace some 1,200 kinds of tea. Young Hyson and Old Hyson have a string of tea relations longer than the genealogical chain of a Plymouth Rock. They are neatly selected "chops," in the language of the tea farmer, and these classes do not embrace medicinal teas, which are quite another lot in the rather modest number of 400.

The teas exhibited vary in price from a few cents a pound to some rare and exclusive kinds that are worth their weight in gold, the tea in the latter cases being placed on one side of the scales and pure gold on the other—that is to say, the tea of this expensive kind is worth about $20 gold an ounce. Only a very small quantity of this exclusive leaf is exhibited, and it is grown in carefully guarded tea plantations or gardens right under the shadows of the great wall of China. Its cultivation is prohibited for any use save for the imperial family of China and a few of the favored high officials.

Mention has been made of the word "chop" in connection with tea, and it may be interesting to the everyday reader to know what the word actually signifies. The tea leaf is grown in various districts of the Chinese empire on large areas of ground which are often mistaken for single plantations. This is hardly ever the case, as the large tracts are very often owned by hundreds of different men, whose individual plots of ground bearing the tea plants are carefully mapped out, so that each individual owner may cultivate and pick his own crop of tea. Each owner likewise markets his own tea and puts his own special mark, or "chop," on the packages. Hence the term "chop" signifies an individual growth or picking of tea by one owner. In an area of tea land of, say, a thousands acres, all apparently under one ownership, there may be some forty, fifty or more owners of the plantation and consequently a like number of "chops" of tea.


NORTH ENTRANCE PALACE OF MINES AND METALLURGY, WORLD'S FAIR.

It must not be imagined that all these different owners of the tea get the same price for their commodity—far from it, as each of these individual tea growers has his own secrets for improving the quality and flavor of tea. Take, for instance, the Amoy and Fuchau districts, whence most of the tea for the United States comes. The owners of "chops" of tea varying from 10 to 200 chests of 56 pounds each bring samples of their goods to the various foreign merchants for sale. These latter turn the Chinese tea growers over to the good offices of the foreign or American professional tea taster, who passes on the goods as to price. The tea taster has the samples infused, not boiled, in his presence and passes upon the quality, flavor, twang and manner of curing, fixing a price accordingly, from which there is never any variation and which the tea grower must accept or go elsewhere to dispose of his wares. In a single tract of tea land like the one cited above the price has ranged from 14 cents, the lowest, to 48½ cents, the highest, per pound among sixty-one different tea producers. A matter of great moment that also figures in the price of tea is that very often tea from the same district will have the various "chops" blended together in order to produce special flavors.

The Paradise of Umbrellas.

Surakarta is the paradise of umbrellas. They are carried proudly over the heads of every official and every nobleman, but invariably are shut at the approach of a person of higher rank, and inside the kraton no umbrella may be carried open except that of the emperor himself. The umbrella is the crown, the wand of office, the outward sign of rank and distinction. There are umbrellas of gold inside and out for the emperor, of gold outside only for the empress, with a stripe of yellow satin for the emperor's brothers, with a wider stripe of the same material for his illegitimate brothers, of white silk with a narrow gold stripe for the illegitimate sons of the legitimate brothers, and so on ad infinitum. Every official, every military officer, exhibits his rank in his umbrella, which is invariably held from behind by an attendant whenever he leaves his house in sunshine or cloudy weather. There is an official guide book to the umbrella labyrinth of Surakarta which contains not less than 300 various designs in all imaginable colors and ornamentation.—Century.

The Desertion of Daffodil Maid

By RUTH SANTELLE

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On the subject of how he had been inveigled into his present position Harrington was more inclined to beg enlightenment than to furnish it. Had it not been for the aggressive solemnity of the vestry walls and the engrossing task of getting successfully into his white gloves, an undertaking which habit had taught him was not to be regarded with levity or indifference, he might have fancied it all a hideous dream.

But here were Bob at his elbow, looking as self conscious as only bridegroom can, and the rector in ceremonial vestments fluttering his service book leaves. Realest of the real!

Confound it all! After thirty years of sanity how had he been drawn into this worst of transgressions? But when a fellow is the best friend you have in the world and is so beastly happy and so dead in earnest over the thing and comes at you with that tears in his eyes voice—in short, when he's Robert Montgomery Blake, what's to be done?

At any rate, it was done, and he who had carried himself unscathed through the campaigns of one season after another was the victimized best man at last. Harrington felt suddenly as ill at ease in his dress clothes as a college boy at his first "prom."

Even now the organ was pealing its preliminary riot of music. A moment more and the march would summon them forth to the altar rail to await the rest of the party. They had rehearsed the "business" last night with half a dozen candles and supply music. The bride would have her wedding march played by no other than a western school friend, who was to arrive late. Down the two aisles would come the lines of ushers and bridesmaids, the toddling ring bearers, the maid of honor in yellow, with hat of palest green and an armful of daffodils (Madeleine had confided to him all the sickening details), then the stately bride on her father's arm. If one must marry, Madeleine was the right sort, and Bob was getting about the best there was.

This daffodil maid of honor was another of his miseries, a second out of town friend of Madeleine's, a pale creature who would match her daffodils, bearing the impossible name of Clarissa. If Madeleine hadn't betrayed her overinterest in the pairing off and elaborated so upon his official duties to Miss Daffodil it—

"Heavens, Bob! There's our cue! Take a brace, old man. I'll stand by you!" Then internally, "Yes, with the heart in me like a fistful of liquefied air!"

Custom and good breeding save many a day. Everything moved delightfully, and the breath holding moment of the ceremony arrived. That was as far as Harrington ever got in his memory of the occasion. As they faced the altar his eyes were arrested by a vision. It was seated before the organ in a bower of palms, and the soft lights fell on a glorious crown of shining auburn hair. The side of the face was toward him, and there was a faint impression of a filmy green gown.

It was the violent beginning of a tempestuous end. The sight went through him like a physical shock. He saw only the lovely picture, heard only the soft music that fell from the slender fingers. The first usher prodded him into consciousness when the ring was demanded, the daffodil maid had to clutch an unproffered arm for the recessional.

Once outside Harrington came again into his self sufficiency. As the second carriage came up the yellow confection was hustled into it, the door slammed upon the astonished girl, a peremptory "drive on" issued, and a hatless young man dashed breathlessly around the corner to the organ entrance. Just in time! In another vehicle the auburn head was being extinguished.

"Why, Joe Harrington! What's wrong?" The bride's brother was a clear headed master of ceremonies. "You belong with Clarissa, you know."

"Yes, I know. Some mistake. Everybody excited, of course. Say, Dickie, I can go in here just as well. Don't worry, old man. I don't mind in the least."

"All serene! Here, Ethel, you can shelter this carriageless Joe." And Dickie flew off to see that such "carelessness as the best man's being stranded" was not repeated.

"Ethel," mused Harrington as the rubber wheels started, leaning forward and devouring her with his eyes, "Ethel, it suits so admirably I might almost have known. Madeleine only told me Miss Harman."

The red-brown eyes met his squarely. "Joe," she said meditatively. "Yes, I like it. She only told me Mr. Harrington."

"You came"—

"Only this afternoon."

"Why have you never come before?"

"I didn't know there was anything to come for."

As she spoke they flashed under an arc lamp, and, bending eagerly toward her, he caught the shine of her eyes. It was enough. His hands groped an instant, then gathered in her two warm, yielding ones.

"Oh, girl, girl," he whispered exultingly, "I knew the moment I saw you that you had come for my sake. But how, how have I lived all this while and never found you?"

"I cannot tell, dear, only that now is the right time," was the low response.

Holding both her hands in one of his own, he slipped to her side and tipped her head back against his shoulder. His eyes sought hers in the gloom of the carriage, glorying in the revelations brought by the passing lights.

"The right time of all the world, girl, of all the years that have been for you and for me—the right time for the seal of the promise for those that are to come for us," he said with quiet intensity, his lips closing on her unresisting ones.

After a moment she straightened herself with a happy little laugh.

"I think we must be nearly there."

"Yes. Wretchedly short drive. Oh, girlie, girlie, I am so proud of you, so glad! What will they think of us, to be sure? I wasn't having a bit of a good time, and now I'm ever so grateful that Bob insisted on making me best man."

"Why, but, dear!" It was a veritable gurgle of astonishment. "You're not dreaming of telling now? It would never, never do. We've not even been introduced! I'm to be here several weeks, you know, and it must come to pass very gradually."

"I suppose so, bless your proper little heart! But isn't it a wee bit more unconventional to have it happen thus than that it should merely be known of? Anyway I promise to be the most persistently lovelorn of any swain who ever aspired to fair lady's hand. Ah, here we are!"

Fortunately the avenue was well shaded just before the blaze of light at the steps was reached.

Dickie greeted them—how he had managed to pass them a certain team might have borne breathless testimony—in an agony of contrition, his very first blunder. He supposed, of course, they'd met. Clarissa had come alone. Madeleine had been investigating and wrenched from him the whole sad tale. Clarissa wouldn't say a word. They sweetly forgave him and were smilingly introduced.

During the ensuing hours of the reception Harrington, ingenuous to the point of bluntness, found use for all his skill as a dissembler. The auburn head was an irresistible magnet, and his telltale eyes followed where his feet were forbidden to tread. Again and again he dragged himself back to the daffodil maid and his proper duty, to find her always mysteriously smiling at him out of a quizzical face. It was hard that the first madly happy hours of one's life should be made to speed so slowly, but at last the bride and groom were off in a shower of rice, kisses and merry cries.

Then quoth the maid of the daffodils to Dickie, "Do look at Joe and Ethel!"

There they stood on the top step, hand in hand, placidly and absently waving after the disappearing carriage with their disengaged hands. The other two members were clasped.

* * * * * * * *

It was three interminable months before Harrington was permitted to announce a farewell dinner to his bachelor friends. When he reached the club on the memorable night a letter awaited him bearing the familiar foreign postmark of Mr. and Mrs. Blake's honeymooning nest. Over the signature of Madeleine Blake he read the following:

"Bless you, my children! Nothing could delight me more, especially when it's my own particular little pie. Joe the woman hater! Joe the celibate! Clarissa was already engaged, you know, so made a willing martyr on the altar of my schemes. And my Ethel had to play instead of standing by my side, where she belonged. If she had not—if you'd thought you belonged to her by custom, Joe, Joe—my beautiful girlie, instead of becoming the happy Mrs. Harrington shortly, would have shared the sad, sad fate of the daffodil maid."

"And thus," observed Harrington, with a charitable grin, "do some people flatter themselves."

Wanted It to Come Gradually.

One evening recently a well known writer received a check from a magazine which was a good deal larger than he had anticipated. The occurrence seemed worthy of a celebration; so, in company with a young artist, who had sometimes shared his dinner on a less prosperous occasion, he sought a restaurant noted for its expensive menu. With a luxurious shrug and with indifference to the cares of the world, he ordered an elaborate repast. His companion, being of the sex especially thrifty when dealing with household matters, begged him to be cautious. No, indeed, for that night he was Prince Bountiful.

At length it came time, as it always does with things both good and evil, for the reckoning.

"Waiter," drawled the host, "bring me my check. And, waiter, bring it v-e-r-y gradually."—New York Tribune.

The Death of Courtesy.

Courtesy lay dead.

On either side of her mangled form lay her sisters, Gallantry and Chivalry.

The fatal wounds in the breasts of each were so similar that there could be no doubt that they had all been made by the same weapon, wielded by the same ruthless hand.

Above them stood and wept their tottering parents, themselves ill unto death with the infirmities of old age, Respect and Veneration.

When Coroner Observation arose from a careful inspection of the three dead forms he brushed the soil from his knees and said to Policeman Shame, who stood close by:

"Make no delay in arresting the Modern Street Car on suspicion. It is my firm belief that he is guilty of all three of these cold blooded murders."—Baltimore American.

A One Word Speech.

Julius Caesar holds the record for brevity of convincing speech.

The story is told that while Caesar was in the midst of his struggle for the mastery of the Roman empire the soldiers of his favorite Tenth legion mutinied. He appeared before them, and, uttering the one word "Quirites," paused.

That word means, of course, "citizens," but to the veterans to whom it was addressed it meant a great deal more. It was the special term used in addressing Roman voters assembled in a purely civic capacity, not as soldiers, but as civilians.

To the mutinous soldiers it meant that the great commander, whom they had followed for ten long years from the Alps to the Thames and from the Rhine to the Pyrenees and across the Rubicon, disowned them as soldiers and dismissed them from his victorious service.

Realizing its meaning, the story goes, the mutineers were appalled. Battle scarred veterans burst into tears, implored their leader to pardon them and inflicted summary punishment upon the inciters of the mutiny as a proof of their repentance.

Calvary Clover.

Calvary clover, a flower strangely symbolic of the principles of Christianity, flourishes in Palestine. Calvary clover leaves, like those of other clovers, are trefoil, embodying the doctrine of the Trinity, the central truth of Christianity. Soon after the plant begins to appear above the ground a deep spot of redlike blood appears upon each division of the leaf, but this disappears after a few weeks.

During the day the tiny leaflets form themselves into the shape of a cross, and as the sun sinks to rest the leaves again fold together, it has been suggested, as if in prayer. In due time the blossom becomes a small yellow flower and then a spiral pod covered with thorns. In ripening the flowers interlace, and in their peculiar positions many persons think they can detect the outline of a crown. Tradition says that it is good fortune to plant the seed of the Calvary clover on Good Friday.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 18.

Text of the Lesson, Amos v, 4-15. Memory Verses, 14, 15—Golden Text, Amos v, 6—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Seek ye Me, and ye shall live; seek the Lord, and ye shall live; seek good and not evil that ye may live, and so the Lord, the God of hosts, shall be with you, for thus saith the Lord unto the house of Israel (verses 4, 6, 14). This seems to be the central thought of our lesson. It reminds us of Elijah's "If the Lord be God, follow Him" (I Kings xviii, 21), and of Joshua's farewell exhortation, "Choose you this day whom we will serve" (Josh. xxiv, 15), and of the words of Moses: "I have set before you life and death; therefore choose life. Love the Lord, thy God; obey His voice, cleave unto Him, for He is thy life" (Deut. xxx, 19, 20). Whether it be for Israel or the church or the individual, there is no life apart from Him who is life, who said, "I am the life" (John xi, 25; xiv, 6). Dead in trespasses and sins, without God and without hope, is the condition of all others (Eph. ii, 1, 12). In the days of Amos, as now, men would do anything rather than receive freely from God His gift of life. They would under pretense of worship transgress at Bethel and Gilgal and at Beersheba, and their sacrifices of thanksgiving were full of evil; therefore the Lord said, "Offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving with leaven, for this liketh you" (iv, 5), leaven being significant of evil everywhere in the Bible, even in Matt. xiii, 33, where our Lord in describing this present age, the mystery of the kingdom—that is, the condition of affairs while the kingdom is rejected and postponed—told us that the woman (the church) would thoroughly leaven or corrupt her food. Never was the food given to the church more corrupt than now, when nearly every fundamental truth is denied by many preachers and our Lord Jesus Himself is not counted a safe teacher, much less the Son of God; so we know that the age is drawing to a close and the time of Israel's restoration draweth near. The word of the Lord through Amos and every other prophet shall be fulfilled. "I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God" (Amos ix, 14, 15); Jer. xxxii, 41; Ezek. xxxvii, 21, 22).

They make a man an offender for a word and lay a snare for him that reproveth in the gate and turn aside the just for a thing of naught. They say, "Prophesy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things. Prophesy deceits, cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us" (Isa. xxix, 21; xxx, 10, 11). They know not the thoughts of the Lord; neither understand they His counsel (Mic. iv, 12). They are full of unrighteousness and oppression, yet the Lord loved them and pitied them and by His prophets urged them to turn to Him that He might have mercy upon them. He had compassion on His people and on His dwelling place and sent them His messengers, but they mocked the messengers of God and despised His words and misused His prophets until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people till there was no remedy (II Chron. xxxvi, 15, 16)—that is, there was no remedy or, as in the margin, "healing" in anything that they could do. Yet He cries, "Deliver from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom (Job xxxiii, 24).

After He had visited upon their iniquities (Amos iii, 2) and allowed them to return to their land from the captivity in Babylon He in due time sent them the Ransom, the Deliverer, the Lord, their Righteousness, the long promised Messiah, but what is the record? "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not" (John i, 10, 11). Now, is there still any hope for such a people, who because of such great sin and crying "His blood be upon us and upon our children" have been scattered a byword and a reproach among all nations? We could not believe it if He had not said it, but since He has said that for His own Name's sake He will fulfill His promise to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob (Mic. vii, 18-20; Ezek. xxxvi, 22) He will do it, and we must believe it. "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance. Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out!" (Rom. xi, 29, 33.)

But those who are meek enough to believe what He has said by the prophets shall know His ways and His purposes, which are sure to be performed, for "surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets" (Amos iii, 7). The Spirit through Peter says that prophecy is a light in a dark place unto which we do well to take heed in our hearts (II Pet. i, 19). But there are many teachers in our day who, though wise in their own estimation, are foolish in the Lord's estimation because they will not believe what the Lord has spoken by His servants the prophets (Luke xxiv, 25).

No matter what the wise of this world may think of us, let us by all means give earnest heed to the sure word of prophecy, for "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy" (Rev. xix, 10). By all means read often the book of Revelation, for it is the only one of all the books that has a very special blessing for the reader and hearer (Rev. i, 3).

Cut Off at Bargain Rates.

Percy—Young Rapidgait had hard luck. He was disinherited recently. Harold—Cut off without a dollar, eh? Percy—No. His mother did the disinheriting. He was cut off with 98 cents.—Pittsburg Post.

All the More Annoying.

"But his statement about you is a tissue of malicious lies, is it not?"

"No; it's a very substantial combination of malicious lies, with a tissue of malicious truth."—Philadelphia Ledger.

An acre of good fishing ground will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will in a year.

The Servant Problem.

"What has been the greatest difficulty with which you have had to contend, Mrs. Kinder, in your struggle with the servant girl problem?"

"Preventing the good ones getting married."

The poor people of Barbadoes subsist principally on sugar cane, sweet potatoes and flying fish.

HABITS OF THE ANT.

The Sleeping, the Waking and the Toilet Before Work.

During sleep the ant's body is quite still. Occasionally may be noted a regular lifting up and setting down of the fore feet, one leg after another, with almost rhythmic motion. The antennae also have a gentle, quivering, apparently involuntary movement, almost like breathing. The soundness of slumber was frequently proved by applying the feather end of a quill. The feather tip is lightly drawn along the back, stroking "with the fur." There is no motion. Again and again this action is repeated, the stroke being made gradually heavier. Still there is no change. The strokes are directed upon the head, with the same result. Then the feather is applied to the neck with a waving motion intended to tickle it. The ant remains motionless. Finally the sleeper is aroused by a sharp touch of the quill. She stretches out her head, then her legs, which she shakes also; steps nearer to the light, yawns and begins to comb her antennae and brush her head and mouth. Then she clambers over her sleeping comrades, dives into an open gangway and soon has said "Good morning" to another tour of duty. Be it well noted, however, that she has gone to work, as she and all her fellows always do, not only rested, but with her person perfectly clean!—H. C. McCook in Harper's Magazine.

AN ODD CHARACTER.

The Queer Freaks of an English Poet and Clergyman.

Robert Steven Hawker, poet and vicar of Norwenstow, England, was an eccentric person. In his younger days he used to daub the village physician's horse with stripes of paint until the animal looked like a zebra and then summon the physician hastily to an urgent case miles away in the country. Two elderly women whom he disliked he is said to have driven out of the town by sending all the undertakers in Plymouth to measure them for their coffins.

His marriage, too, was out of the ordinary. It happened while he was at Oxford. His father told him that he could not afford to keep him there any longer. Hawker at once set out to the home of his godmother, Miss Charlotte I'Ans, twenty-one years his senior and the possessor of an annuity of $1,000. He is said to have "run from Stratton to Bude, arriving hot and blown," and proposed to her. She accepted him. He returned to Oxford a married man and won a fellowship. The marriage was a happy one.

When his wife died Hawker wore at her funeral a pink hat without a brim. But this was in no disrespect to her memory. It so happened that it was his usual headgear at that time.

INDIA INK.

The Way the Kind Used In China and Japan Is Made.

India ink, much used in China and Japan for writing with small brushes on soft paper and made extensively in China since 250 B. C., consists of a mixture of carbon and gum, with the addition of a little musk or Borneo camphor to give it the characteristic odor. The preparation of this simple ink is by no means easy, for if the materials are not of the best quality and if the carbon is not as finely divided as possible an inferior ink will be the result. After the carbon and gum have been mixed the product has to be slowly and carefully dried. The high polish is said to be produced with tree wax.

Europeans have produced ink equal if not superior to the genuine Chinese article. The reason why the manufacture has remained chiefly in eastern hands is an interesting one. The business instinct of the European maker prompts him to seize any opportunity of substituting cheaper raw materials and so lowering the quality of his ink, while the tendency of the Chinaman is to work on in the same groove, and in this case his hidebound conservatism is profitable.—London Mail.

Mozart Relics.

The small and old fashioned Mozart house is in the middle of Salzburg. It is with a feeling of respect, a visitor to the spot says, that one climbs the three flights of stairs and enters the room where Mozart was born. All the ancient pictures, the two old pianos and many relics belonging to the composer take one back a hundred years. The only jarring note in this harmonious association of memories is that Mozart's skull is in a glass case in the center of the room, all that remains of him, since no one could ever distinguish his body in the mass of remains in the common paupers' grave wherein he was buried in Vienna.—London Globe.

Papa's Frankness.

"What would you think if your daughter were to elope?"

"I'd think," replied the discouraged old man, "that somebody had been stringin' the fellow concernin' the amount of money I'm worth."—Exchange.

The Early Bird.

Our English saying about the early bird's breakfast has its counterpart in twenty other languages. The Germans, for instance, have a rhymed proverb to the effect that early morning has gold in its mouth.—Hartford Courant.

Contradictory.

"He said he couldn't live without her."

"Did she accept him?"

"Oh, yes, after looking him up in the financial reports and finding that he could."—Puck.

Where there is much pretension much has been borrowed. Nature never pretends.—Lavater.

He Sent Another.

A few years ago a well known lawyer remitted in settlement of an account to the publisher of a paper a two dollar bill, which was returned with the brief statement:

"This note is counterfeit; please send another."

Two months passed before hearing from the lawyer again, when he apologized for the delay, saying:

"I have been unable until now to find another counterfeit two dollar bill, but hope the one now inclosed will suit, professing at the same time my inability to discover what the objection was to the other, which I thought as good a counterfeit as I ever saw."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Easy Remedy.

He—Here is your dressmaker's bill. She is becoming impatient for her money. She—Indeed. Then I must call tomorrow and order a new dress.

The Brute.

She—You married me for my money. He—Well, it's no use grieving over it now; it's all gone.—New Yorker.

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One of Sheridan's Dodges.

It is related of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist and statesman, that, always in debt, he had among his creditors the brothers Chalie, who were the partners in a wine firm in 1775. One day when he was giving a dinner party to some distinguished people Sheridan sent for one of the brothers, told him he was now able to settle his account and invited him to the dinner party, asking him to come before the hour for some private conversation. Chalie arrived early, and he was no sooner in the house than Sheridan sent off a servant with a note to the clerk desiring him, as Mr. Chalie was favoring him with his company, to send as soon as possible three dozen of burgundy, two dozen of claret and two dozen of port, with a dozen of old hock. The unsuspecting clerk sent the wine, with which the guests were so pleased that they asked where it came from. Sheridan, turning toward Chalie, said, "I am indebted to my friend here for all the wine you have tasted and am always proud to recommend him." It was not until the following morning that Chalie realized the double meaning in Sheridan's words. The debt was canceled.

The Lonely Library.

At the English universities the libraries are so little used that they have become famous as places of unbroken solitude. One yarn told to illustrate this is to the effect that an elderly fellow of Caius college, Cambridge, got tired of life and determined to put himself quietly and unostentatiously out of the way, so that the world in general and Caius college in particular should know him no more. Being a man with a great love for his university and a greater love still for his college, he made up his mind that no scandal should be caused by his sudden departure, so he debated in his mind the ways and means. His decision was an inspiration. He bought a decent length of rope and hanged himself in the college library. But his hopes were doomed to disappointment. He was discovered a year and a half later.

Long Cooking.

Of fresh foods the elephant's foot needs cooking the longest time, as it does not acquire its proper tenderness and succulence till it has been baked for about thirty-six hours. Next comes tripe, which requires from ten to fifteen hours of boiling before it becomes thoroughly digestible. Next come hams of good size, which require from six to seven hours. Of roast meats, a haunch of venison takes longer than any other joint—about three and a half hours. Of puddings, the Christmas pudding comes easily first, as it is boiled over and over again. Sometimes it is kept for months or years and undergoes several boilings. The average time is from six to eight hours. The vegetable which takes the longest time to cook is the onion.—London Mail.

Huxley on Darwin's Degree.

Huxley did not love degrees, but he had to have one. Anticipating the donning of the red gown he informed his friends that after the ceremony he would have to be treated as a person of respectability. "I have done my best to avoid that misfortune," said he, "but it's of no use." It was Oxford that paid him the compliment, as it had done to Darwin two years earlier. When Darwin was given the degree Huxley let him have no false idea as to the honor bestowed. "Canon Pusey," he declared, "has been making inquiry as to who are the blackest heretics on the list proposed. He was glad to assent in your case in order to keep out seven devils worse."

Near Side and Off Side.

When horses were first hitched to vehicles the driver never thought of riding himself, but walked by the side of the road as he held the lines. So as to have his right hand always ready he walked on the left side, and consequently the horse on the left side came to be known as the "near" horse, and the one on the right side was called the "off" horse. In that manner the terms "near horse" and "off horse" became general and still pertain to horses hitched as a team.

Past Mending.

Doctor (to servant girl)—Well, now, what is your particular affection? Servant Girl (bashfully)—Please, sir, he's a clarinet player in the Twenty-fourth of the line.—Journal Amusant.

Canada is an Indian word, meaning "collection of huts."

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 6, 1904.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY**-To Boston ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05, P.M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.05, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.20, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 3.25, 5.29, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.58, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.20, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.28 7.50, 8.13, 9.49, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.15, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.31, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

9.13 P. M. to Boston in effect June 27, 1904.

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.30 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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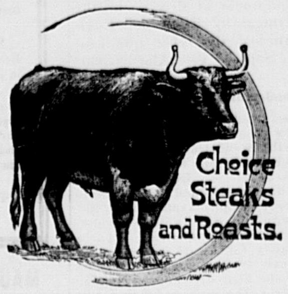

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after June 27, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.07, 6.22, every 15 minutes until 9.52 A. M then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.52 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 11.07 A. M then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 9.07 P. M and then every 30 minutes 12.37 A. M

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 8.37; then every 15 minutes 9.37 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.07, P. M Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 10 07 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour until then 12.37 A. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

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13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

LOVE of LORIS

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1904, by Martha McCulloch-Williams

No man is stronger than destiny. If Helstone could possibly have helped it he would never have fallen under Loris Gordon's spell.

There was no reason whatever for it and many very excellent reasons against it. The chief reason wore a cap and spectacles, was of sound mind and memory, with a pretty penny to dispose of and an undying hatred for all the Gordon name.

Helstone himself had next to nothing except loving memories of a spendthrift father. Miss Marcia Helstone, his father's sister, had welcomed the repentant prodigal with open arms, cherished and tended him all his life and after his death kept his memory green.

Indeed there lay the chief root of her hatred for the Gordons. If an elder Loris Gordon had not played him fast and loose he might never have gone wandering to and fro and roaming up and down. Though he had ended by marrying a wife much more to his sister's mind, she sorrowed savagely over his frustrated career. Miss Marcia, as ambitious as she was illogical, laid at the Gordon door his wasted opportunity.

Naturally she had guarded her nephew closely, doing many odd things to make sure he should not be brought in contact with the treacherous race. Socially that often made things awkward. The Gordons were easily leaders among the dozen first families of Marbury. The first families all lived in big, handsome old houses, set each in the midst of a considerable estate, and so fairly encircling the village. Between them and the mill folk, who were villagers proper, a great gulf was fixed—one crossed only at Christmas and Easter, when those who had bestirred themselves joyously in behalf of those who had not.

It was the "Christmasing" that had done it. They had met among the poor. How was poor Miss Marcia, who did not go "Christmasing," to know that Loris' smile was enchanting and set the most delightful dimples at play in her cheeks, or how should she guess at something stronger, more mysterious, something quite transcending beauty, that suddenly shone out of the girl's eyes, warming, irradiating John Helstone's heart?

John Helstone was brave and aboveboard. Before he spoke to Loris he had it out with his aunt. "I owe you everything—you have been father, mother and fairy godmother all in one," he said. "I would do anything you bade—except to try to live without Loris"—

"Suppose she won't have you? I hardly think you'll kill yourself," Miss Marcia interrupted sarcastically. Helstone laughed—with a hard breath under it—and answered: "If she says 'No' I shall keep asking and asking. I am not vain enough to think she cares much for me—yet, but if she will let me teach her"—

"How romantic we are!" Miss Marcia said, pursing her lips. Then she burst out: "Let you teach her! Lord, lord, when she has been setting her cap at you shamelessly ever since the Christmas eve party! If I had dreamed what was to come of it I'd have given them twice the money they made for their rubbishy tree to let it alone. But that is neither here nor there. Your mind is made up, I suppose."

"Quite!" John said, whitening a little. Miss Marcia glared at him.

"So is mine," she said. "The day I know you are to marry that Gordon girl that day I cut you out of my will—out of my heart."

"The will is your right, but I won't let you quit loving me," John said, standing up very straight. "Thank you for being so frank. Now I know just how little I can offer Loris"—

"You—you are going straight to her?" Miss Marcia asked, with stiff lips.

John looked at her fondly. "Unless you tell me to wait," he said. "Dearest Aunt Marcia, I would wait a long time if I had a hope of winning you over. I'm not hypocrite enough to affect scorn of your fortune. I should like to have it come to me, but that is nothing compared with your approval. Study Loris for a year and see if you can pick a serious flaw"—

"Will you wait three months if I promise to try liking the girl?" Miss Marcia asked, with a gulp.

Helstone gave her a hearty hug. "With all the good will in the world."

"I will honestly try to get over my prejudice if you will go away—at once. Go west. I want you to look after my mining lands. I'm sure the agent is a scoundrel. See that you bring him up roundly when you get there."

John left that very night. Loris Gordon turned a little pale when she heard the news, but said nothing, not even to her mother. Next week Maybury had the sensation of its history. Miss Marcia drove affably to Gray-Gordon, the home of her dearest enemies, and begged that Loris might come and stay with her while she was alone at Right Ways. Mrs. Gordon heard her in a daze, but after awhile agreed to let her daughter go. She had not been blind to the light in John Helstone's eyes and fancied she knew what was under the cards.

At that stage of the game it is a question if Miss Marcia herself knew. Some way, somehow, she would deliver John from the snare of this fowler. Loris had all the world wherefrom to choose her lovers, Miss Marcia this one living creature of her own blood.

Loris was proud and shy. John had gone away silent. So she kept well to herself for the most part, although she read to Miss Marcia and dutifully drove with her all the fine afternoons, to say nothing of playing the three games of chess required to put the elder lady in proper state for sleep. She also, as in duty bound, exclaimed over the Helstone diamonds when Miss Marcia exhibited them. But it took her aback to have Miss Marcia say abruptly after a month of all this: "If John marries to please me, his wife will be fortunate. If he does not, everything goes to charity. If it should go, I wonder would you be sorry for him."

"It would depend," Loris said, flushing faintly. "Very sorry—unless he got something he cared more about."

"H—m! I fancy you think he cares more for—you," Miss Marcia said pointedly. "He thinks so too. That is why you are here. I brought you to let you see that you don't fit in. You would only make him miserable—even more miserable than you would make me. I hope you are sensible enough to see what is best. I will give you $10,000 the day you marry—some other man than my nephew—Dr. Hickson, say. I'm sure he is wild about you. Marry him before John comes home."

"Thank you for nothing. I don't want either your money or your nephew," Loris said haughtily, her face scarlet. She turned to go, with a gesture of farewell.

Miss Marcia stopped her by saying fretfully: "You must not think of leaving. See how it storms outside. The worst March sleet I ever saw. And if you really don't want John there is no reason why we should not be good friends. Stay with me. I will make it worth your while."

"You cannot," Loris said, running up to her own room, there to rage and chafe until she went punctiliously down to dinner. There was no getting home until the weather changed. The walks were glair ice, the paths drifted. She was a prisoner until morning at least. As a prisoner it behooved her to show herself brave. Therefore instead of sulking through dinner she was gayer than she had ever been and after it sang of her own notion the old, old ballads Miss Marcia loved. The bravery appealed to Miss Marcia wonderfully.

But after her clear "Good night" Loris did not sleep. Instead she lay with her head locked in her hands, quivering in every fiber.

Had she liberty to come between John Helstone and this fine inheritance? She knew the old story—the feud begun in troth plight and troth breaking. She loved John—oh, how dearly—but could she really make up to him for what he would lose? Miss Marcia's case, too, appealed to her strangely; she was old and lonely. Then under this soft mood there crept a fiery one. John was her lover—hers. Miss Marcia had shamed and insulted her. It would be a darling vengeance to smile at her and say: "Let the money go to charity, Aunt Marcia. We can take care of ourselves."

Loris began suddenly to stifle. She sprang up and darted to a window, but could not open it. Gasping, she flew to the door, opened it and saw flame and smoke below. All the big hall was like a furnace, with the servants asleep in the south wing and Miss Marcia snoring and unconscious across the corridor.

In a minute Loris had her door open and shut and was dragging her from bed toward the east window. It gave on a piazza roof, whence escape might be possible. Loris saw instantly it was easily possible to her lithe strength, yet Miss Marcia moaned and prayed and hid her eyes. Like lightning Loris thought of what the elder woman meant to her own future. If she were out of the way? With sudden hatred of self and superhuman strength she clutched and tugged and strained and at last got Miss Marcia on the roof. Then Loris dropped down and called to men running wildly about: "A ladder! A ladder! Save Miss Helstone!" And then she sat down, suddenly faint, while strong and willing arms completed the work of rescue.

Miss Marcia never did things half way. As soon as she could sit up she caught Loris' hand, saying through tears: "Forgive me! Oh, do forgive me! I had insulted you, but you didn't leave me to burn alive! You—you are—the wife of John!"

"I have thought so all the time," Loris said, hiding her happy face in Miss Marcia's breast.

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An Unfortunate Choice.

Mrs. Black, with a family of eight, could keep a cook, but Mrs. Green, who paid the same wages and whose family numbered only two, experienced the greatest difficulty in persuading one to stay with her. Mrs. Green was troubled about it, and naturally sought suggestions wherever she could get them. One day the two women happened to meet at a news dealer's stand.

"I'm buying," explained Mrs. Black, "a Swedish newspaper for my cook. She likes to read, and I take one home to her occasionally."

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Green, "I wonder if that's the reason you're so successful in keeping a girl. I've always wanted to know the secret."

"Possibly it's one of the reasons," admitted Mrs. Black.

"I'm going to try it myself," announced Mrs. Green, promptly taking a copy of the same paper.

A week later the two women met again near the agency where Mrs. Green was looking for a new cook.

"Well," asked Mrs. Black, smiling, "how did the newspaper scheme work?"

"It didn't work at all," confessed Mrs. Green. "I bought a Swedish paper, and the girl was a Finn."

"Boots and Saddles."

The well known call of "boots and saddles" is really a corruption of the old French signal boute-selle—"put on your saddles"—from bouter, to put or place, and selle, saddle. The mediaeval saddles were of such a cumbrous and heavy make that they were taken off the horses whenever possible. In Mathew's "Powerful Favorite" of 1628 occurs the phrase "the trumpets sounded boute-selle."

In 1709 Steele wrote in the Tatler, "The sound was changed to 'boots and saddle,'" but it seems probable that the phrase ran in its present form before that date, possibly coming into use during the civil war among the Roundheads, to whom the old French boute-selle would seem pandering to the cavalier and French tendencies of the court.—London Times.

The Missionary's False Tooth.

A well known Church of England missionary among the aborigines of Queensland, Australia, gained great influence over a certain tribe in a very peculiar manner. This tribe had the queer custom of having the front tooth of the upper jaw knocked out. The missionary by accident had lost this same tooth and replaced it by a false one. When he got talking with the aborigines, he would pull it out, point to the hollow place and say, "Me, brother, belong to you!" In this way he gained the complete confidence of the tribe, converted every member of it to Christianity and introduced as much civilization as they were capable of assimilating.

Everything Here Short.

The late M. A. Lower, the antiquary, is responsible for this Lullington anecdote:

One Sunday morning the curate, a man of diminutive stature, preached from the shortest text in the Bible, "Jesus wept," to a congregation of a dozen people, and the offertory realized only 18 pence, whereupon a stranger remarked that it was the smallest church, the smallest congregation, the smallest parson, the shortest text and the smallest collection he had ever known.—Westminster Gazette.

Looking Down Into Four States.

From Mount Genevieve, a peak in Gilpin county, Colo., a person can see into four states and one territory. On a clear day the observer can discern the Uintah mountains of eastern Utah, the Medicine Bow range of Wyoming, the tips of the Rockies in New Mexico and the principal peaks of Colorado. The plains stretching to the east are plainly visible clear into Nebraska.

Art and Nature.

Overheard during the private theatricals: She—How well your wife plays Lady Geraldine, Mr. Jones! I think the way she puts on that awful affected tone is just splendid. How does she manage it? Mr. Jones (with embarrassment)—Er—she doesn't. That's her natural voice.

Oh, That Boy!

"I'd cheerfully lend you my whistle if I had one, Charlie," said the curate, "but I haven't such a thing."

"Well, papa says you have," replied Charlie, "and that you wet it a dozen times a day."—New York Times.

DECADENCE IN ART

By AUTA POWELL

Copyright, 1904, by Auta Powell

Polly Anne Greenway's family thought her decidedly gifted, and that young lady's singular esteem for her relatives' opinions forced her to come to the same conclusion.

Nevertheless, when she announced her intention of studying art, her father demurred. It was one thing to have talent, but quite a different matter to depart from the beaten track, and Polly's family had other views for her.

"Let her marry and settle down," said her father.

But Polly's lips came together in a very firm line. There were plenty of women in the world. Let those who felt inclined marry and be given in marriage; as for her, she had a mission in life and she meant to perform it.

And she went about wearing such a set apart expression that parental objections gave way and she was allowed one meager but soul inspiring year in New York.

After that began the long battle with publishers and advertising bureaus. Discouragement she met at first with the joy of resistance, but that sort of joy weakens with use, and surely Polly's ill luck was phenomenal.

At last her cover for the Christmas number of a magazine was accepted and hope once more lit its lamp in her breast. But when a villainous lithographer transformed her designs so that nothing remained that she could call her own, her stoicism gave way utterly, and she folded her wings for a season.

It was just at this juncture that the Y. M. O. D. C. made his appearance. This title he acquired later on, when she discovered that he was a Young Man of Diabolical Cunning.

Polly had met him at more than one function, and he swelled the list of a large and uninteresting bowing acquaintance from which individuals were once in a long while selected to fill up vacancies made by removals and occasional misunderstandings.

Why should he call upon her? She ran rapidly over her scant knowledge concerning him as she came down to meet him. Rather stiff and expressionless. Rumored well off and on the point of marriage to some stranger. Nothing very decided, nothing particularly attractive.

The Y. M. O. D. C. rose before she had time to smile any "glad to see you" fibs.

"Good morning, Miss Greenway. Perhaps I should apologize for troubling you, but the truth is I am in a dilemma and have come to you for advice."

Polly settled herself and became all attention. A man may be most uninteresting, but the moment he asks for advice he becomes in the eyes of the woman he is consulting a most discerning individual and decidedly worth cultivating.

"You probably are not aware that I have been building a house on Lincoln street."

She believed she had heard it mentioned in connection with the homecoming of the stranger bride.

"It is completed," he continued, "and is now ready for the decorators. Just here is where I want your advice. There are lots of professional decorators, but none of my friends' houses satisfies me. Some of them have been done by well known decorators. I choose to think they show a lack of individuality. Now, I beg of you to undertake the management of the whole scheme of decoration and furnishing. Oh, pray don't veto it," as Polly's eyebrows went up to her pompadour, "till you have heard me out. I want each room in my house to be part of one scheme and the keynote of the whole thing to be simplicity. If you will undertake it you shall have all the help you wish—anything, everything you need to carry it out. It is well planned and well finished. I don't want it to be ostentatious or handsome or have any of those unholstery things, but to be quiet, restful, artistic—a home in every sense of the word."

"But I don't believe I'm competent," said Polly, to whom the idea began to appeal strongly—"in fact, I am sure I'm not."

"Does that mean that you wouldn't care to undertake it?"

"Oh, dear, no! I think I should like it above all things. I wish I had taken up that sort of thing at the art school."

"Then let us go at once and look at the house, and you can form your plans."

In five minutes they were on a car. Polly was carried off her feet. The whole undertaking grew momentarily more attractive, and, as she was an inveterate castle builder, by the time the car stopped at Lincoln street she had become a successful middle aged decorator.

She found the house a perfect gem in its way, beautifully laid out and with all sorts of possibilities in the way of decoration. As she went from room to room her delight and enthusiasm were good to see.

So the work was undertaken, and upon the whole everything went well. She did not often see the Y. M. O. D C., but his appreciation and suggestions were always helpful, and a telephone message brought him immediately when he was needed to smooth out difficulties with stubborn or inefficient workmen.

It is hard to say just when Polly began to hate the bride elect, but the feeling reached its climax on that day when, everything being completed, the workmen gone and the owner out of town, she stole back for a last look before the key should have left her possession. She sat down on a high backed settle commanding a vista of three rooms. The sun threw stains and splashes of color on the inlaid floor, and outside a high wind whistled mournfully, the sort of wind that sings to sensitive ears of sorrow and desolation.

"I don't care how many houses I should decorate, there could never be another one just like this, and his wife will bring a whole lot of wedding presents and stuff and just ruin everything. I wish I had never seen the place. I wish I had never been born," she ended miserably. Then she wiped her eyes angrily. "No wonder I haven't been a success," she thought. "I am a weak minded simpleton anyway, and no doubt that fact is patent to every one but myself."

But notwithstanding her scorn of herself the tears continued to come from some inexhaustible source.

"Well, this is a success anyway," she mused a trifle more cheerfully, "and the color scheme and the plan are my own, and it cannot possibly turn into wretched, glaring pinks and blues or any old washed out things."

Then all at once the Y. M. O. D. C. stood before her horrified eyes, and she felt like a thief as she stood up weakly and tendered him the key.

"No; sit down. Let's talk about it," he said. "Great success, isn't it? I cannot flatter myself too much for my courage and wisdom in going to you."

He sat down beside her on the settle, looking so thoroughly contented and prosperous that she hated him from the bottom of her heart, or thought she did, which is just the same thing till we find out the difference.

"Everything is finished. When shall we move in?" he said. "It needs a woman in trailing robes handling delicate china and moving lightly from room to room to give the finishing touch and turn it into a home."

"It will need servants in the kitchen and provisions in the pantry and plenty of management," said Polly grimly, sick of the picture he drew and determined to cut short his rhapsody.

"Well," he said quizzically, "when shall we move in and begin the management?"

"I should think your fiancee would have some choice in the matter."

"Oh, I don't know," said he unconcernedly. "I think, perhaps, she will be satisfied."

"You take a good deal for granted," said Polly. "You must think a wife is a perfect nonentity."

"You will be a good deal together, I hope," he went on, ignoring her remarks. "I like the way you manage things."

"Do you, indeed?" thought Polly. Her lips quivered, and she made a mental resolution never again to cross the threshold.

There was a long silence while Polly looked at the rooms, and the Y. M. O. D. C. looked at her. Finally Polly stood up, but he took her hand and drew her down again.

"When are we going to be married, Polly?" he said.

"Who?" gasped Polly.

"We—you and I—Polly."

"We—and your fiancee—what do you mean?" she cried in distress.

"There isn't any one but you, Polly. I built the house just to get you to decorate it; then people had to provide a reason, and it really wasn't worth while contradicting them. I'm a dreadful sinner, Polly, but I couldn't interest you in any other way. Do forgive me and admit that you love the house—and me."

But Polly, wholly unprepared and too paralyzed for speech, sat back cold and pale. She shivered slightly.

A fire of driftwood had been laid in the quaint corner fireplace.

"Come, Polly," he said, taking her hand again; "we will light the fire and talk it over."

And they did.

Queer Fads of Smokers.

"Men who can afford to smoke really good cigars have more fads than other men you will meet in a day's walk," said a Broadway manufacturer who makes a good many cigars to order for his customers. "I know men who throw a cigar away the moment the ashes fall off. They believe the taste of it is ruined then. For such customers I make very close rolled cigars.

"Other customers like a cigar rolled so light that the ashes float off of their own accord. They like the red fire. Many men will never relight a cigar after it has gone out. Nothing could induce them to. Others relight a cigar five or six times before they discard it. Needless to say, they do not get the best of a good cigar.

"I have one customer who has a special brand of after dinner cigars made for him. They cost him $1 each net and are of medium size. It is his invariable habit to keep the cigar between his teeth half an hour before lighting it. His guests may light up with the coffee, but he never does. He likes to inhale the fragrance of the tobacco—to become permeated with it, so to speak—before he lights up. Then the cigar lasts him precisely one hour."—New York Times.

Repartee.

"Pa, what is repartee?"

"Oh, merely an insult with its dress suit on, my son."—Puck.

Ayer's

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stomach, then dyspepsia, biliousness, loss of appetite. Your doctor knows the remedy, used for 60 years.

"Returning from the Cuban war, I was a perfect wreck. My blood was bad, and my health was gone. But a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely cured me."
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Absolutely Pure
HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

SOUTH AMERICAN ANTS.

The Most Dangerous and Troublesome Enemies of the Hunter.

"What are the most dangerous and troublesome beasts you ever encountered?" a famous big game hunter was asked, after he had finished telling a string of yarns about his adventures in South America.

"Ants," he replied. "They are far worse than bears, jaguars, alligators or any other beasts about whom hair raising stories are told. They give the hunter in tropical and subtropical countries more trouble than anything else.

"Once I rested my gun against a tree to take aim at a deer. There was an ants' nest in that tree. As soon as I fired the ants tumbled out in swarms and fell all over my guide and myself.

"We were nearly stung to death and had to tear our clothes off and wallow up to our necks in the mud of a nearby swamp before we could get any relief.

"Another time I climbed a tree to wait for mountain lions. I did not notice that there was an ants' nest in the trunk, for the ants were all indoors when I climbed up.

I shot a mountain lion and started to climb down, but the ants had been disturbed by the firing and they swarmed all around that tree trunk by millions. I had to slide over them, and I didn't forget it for a week."

ACADEMY OF BRAN.

A Celebrated Italian Literary Institution and Its Aims.

The Academy of Bran was the most celebrated of Italian literary academies, and its title was borrowed from a previous literary society at Perugia, the Accademia degli Scossi, or the Academy of the Well Shaken. The device of the earlier society was a sieve, and its motto "Il piu bel fior ne coglie" (It collects the finest flour).

The principal object of the Bran society, the Accademia della Crusca, was the purification of the Italian language, in order to effect which, in the spirit of pedantry common to the age, it reintroduced many obsolete words which had been replaced by more effective derivative forms or foreign adaptations.

Its greatest work was the Vocabulario della Crusca, the Vocabulary of the Bran, published in 1613. The whole tone of this work was archaic. It affected to regard the fourteenth century as the Augustan age of Italian literature and endeavored to make the standard of that period a standard for all time. The Accademia della Crusca is now incorporated with two older societies, the Apatici, or Impartials, and the Florentine academy.

ANIMAL TAILS.

Some That Are Quite Useful as Well as Ornamental.

The tail, or, more strictly speaking, the caudal fin, of a fish is, says Professor Seeley, "the great organ of motion," and among the mammalia we find several useful tails.

The most remarkable is, perhaps, that common to most American monkeys, which is as good as a fifth hand, owing to its prehensile powers. The yellow tailed howler, if it is shot when hanging by the tail, will remain suspended for some hours, so tight is the grip. Humboldt noted in South America how spider monkeys form themselves into clusters by means of their limbs and tails, the whole group being suspended from a bough by the tail of the strongest.

The long, thick tail of the kangaroo, which serves as a balance against the heavy hind quarters, especially when the animal leans forward to browse, and also aids in supporting it when in its characteristic upright position, is also a most valuable appendage.

Senator Vest's Pledge.

Just before his first election to the United States senate the late Senator Vest went to a caucus of Missourians who were members of the general assembly. Following a competitor who had talked three mortal hours, Vest spoke for three minutes, concluding with these words: "As for myself, I have to say, with the full knowledge that the pledge I now make will influence your votes tomorrow, that if I am elected to the United States senate during my entire term I shall draw my pay regularly like a gentleman and spend it like a thoroughbred." He was elected and served the state for twenty-four years.—Kansas City Star.

Peaceful, but Dull.

An Englishwoman with a serviceable sense of humor was she who is mentioned in a recent English book as having aided her husband in fighting "a good fight." The two were found one day, in their old age, by a caller, sitting one on each side of the fire, and the old man said proudly:

"Well, t' missis and me, we've been married nigh on fifty year and we've never had one quarrel."

The old woman looked up at the visitor with a twinkle in her eye.

"It war varie conscientious," said she, "but varie dool."

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 23, 1904.

FOR PRESIDENT,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS

The Same Old Story.

Democratic Reciprocity is the old cry we had used against us in 1892 under another name—Free Raw Material.

It was specious and effective—it caught votes and brought disaster.

The Republican party was defeated and the Democrats passed the Wilson Tariff Bill. All existing Reciprocity treaties, and they were all the work of Republicans, were abrogated.

Results: General panic and disaster.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican State convention for the nomination of candidates for Governor and other State officers is to be held at Tremont Temple in Boston on October 7.

The only contest in sight, or likely to put in an appearance at the convention is that for State Treasurer, for which office there are, at least, four active and lively aspirants.

As a matter of course, Gov. Bates and Lieut. Gov. Curtis Guild, Jr., will be nominated by acclamation, same with Sec. Olin, and so on to the end of the ticket with the exception above named.

It is earnestly hoped and believed that the convention will set its seal of condemnation, good and strong, on the Whitney-Foss free trade band of reciprocity.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

At 7 45 P. M., Wednesday, Sept. 21, a car of the Boston & Northern Street Railway with nearly 40 passengers aboard, bound north, struck a 50-pound can of dynamite lying on the track in the Wyoming section of Melrose, which was instantly wrecked, 9 persons killed, and 17 more or less injured. The dynamite fell from an express wagon that had crossed the track unobserved by the driver. The explosion caused great damage to buildings in the vicinity, and was severely felt for a quarter of a mile around the scene of the terrible disaster.

It was the most horrible accident that has ever occurred on the Boston & Northern, or any other street railroad in this State.

DEMOCRACY AND BANKRUPTCY.

The statement in the Republican platform that "A Democratic tariff has always been followed by business adversity, and a Republican tariff by business prosperity" is true to the very letter. Not only has a Democratic tariff always brought business adversity but even tariff agitation with a doubt that protection might be followed by free trade has brought bankruptcy and hard times and a panic in every instance.

O'MEARA LIKELY TO WIN.

The real contest for the Republican Congressional nomination in the Eleventh Boston District lies between O'Meara, late Editor and proprietor of the Boston *Jounual*, and Eugene N. Foss, the champion of Canadian Reciprocity, or Free Trade.

Mr. Foss has made an unsuccessful bid for the nomination once before; and signs point to a similar unhappy experience this time.

FRIEND OF WORKINGMEN.

There never was a President in the White House who was a greater friend of the laboring man than Theodore Roosevelt. His record, from the time when he was an Assemblyman in the New York Legislature, to the present, has been a consistent one in this respect. President Roosevelt stands as the friend of the lawmaker and the enemy of the lawbreaker no matter what his politics or his calling.

☞ The current of Republican sentiment seems to be setting towards Mr. Frank M. Pushee as a candidate to succeed Philip H. Doherty whose term on the Board of Public Works expires on Jan. 1, 1905; indeed, his is about the only name we have heard mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for that office. Mr. Pushee has served the city in an official capacity in years gone by, and the record he made was without a blemish. He is a man of sound judgment, practical common sense, successful in business, and as square as a brick. He is not a politician, in the common acceptation of the term, but has seen enough of politics not to be run away with by Ward statesmen with graft instincts and practices. In short, Mr. Pushee would make a firstclass member of the Board of Public Works.

☞ The passing of Robert Treat Paine, Jr., of Boston, whose ancestor was a signer of the immortal Declaration of Independence, from the Democratic fold to the ranks of the Republicans early this week, was a socdollager for the Unterrified. In recent years he had been twice the Democratic candidate for Governor; always one of the upper seat members in the synagogue of the party; a pillar, so to speak; and his change of front is a stunning blow to the Democracy.

☞ The Democrats who are praising Judge Parker for urging an immediate promise of independence to the Filipinos would go into hysterics if President Roosevelt were to make such a promise, without action of the Congress, which has complete control of the subject.

J. Foster Deland
WILL
Rent,
Care For
OR
Sell
Your Real Estate

☞ There is great interest in the two coming Episcopal conventions of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew to be held in Philadelphia from September 29 to October 2, and the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, which begins at Boston October 4th and will last till near the end of that month. Interest in the General Convention is accented because the Primate of All England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, is to be present. But it is expected that he will also be present at part of the Philadelphia meeting, probably speaking at the Mass Meeting in the Baptist Temple, which is to be held under the auspices of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, Sunday afternoon, October 2.

☞ Democrats would like it better, if Tom Watson would make his campaign in the South instead of in States where the Bryan Democrats still believe they were right in 1896 and 1900 and refused to be turned over to the faction of the party which they oppose in those campaigns.

☞ As a result of the Republican financial and industrial policies we have today in the Treasury of this country more gold belonging to the United States than was ever held by any Government in the history of the world.

☞ Judge Parker should feel at liberty to say anything he pleases in his letter of acceptance as his chances are so poor that he can not do them any damage by any experimental views he may offer.

☞ At the organization of the Massachusetts Democratic League in Boston last week Mayor John P. Feeney of this city was elected a member of the Executive Committee thereof.

☞ A leading Democrat in this city offers to bet big money that Judge Parker won't carry a single Northern State on Nov. 8, next.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

A. M. Allen.—Wanted.
Miss Dannatt.—Opening.
Mrs. Vaughn.—Removed.
J. W. Johnson.—Citation.
A. W. Lawrence.—Citation.

— Heavy white frost last night Sept. 22.

— The M. E. church Gym. will open October 1.

— Crap shooting should be stopped here; there is too much of it.

— Baseball is a thing of the past; now at the High school it is all football

— The S. of V. are laying plans for a big ball to come early in November.

— Last Sunday was about as hot as they make them the middle of September.

— Mr. James Riley and James McCarthy have returned from Magnolia Beach.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

—Mrs. Annie Vaughn, the milliner, has moved from Court street to 6 Warren avenue.

— Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Holland are taking their vacation among the White Mountains.

— People having woodlots to sell will be interested in an ad "Wanted" in this paper.

— C. E. Smith has sold for C. H. Lewis the estate 56 Mt. Pleasant St., to Christian E. Miller.

— Mrs. Ella Putney will return to her home in Georgia about Sept. 28. Her visit North has been a flying one.

— Misses Ethel and Bertha Burbeck are enjoying autumn scenes and delights in the White Mountain regions.

— Several members of the Woburn W. C. T. U. attended a convention of that Order at Arlington last Tuesday.

— The Second grand concert by the Highland Orchestra of this city will be given Monday evening, November 14.

— C. E. Smith has rented the residence of the late Dr. Conway, 19 Winn St., to C. E. Rounds of South Boston.

— Mrs. Charles B. Platts and her sons Clifton and Herbert are rusticating among the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

— The season of football and ninepins has come at last, and its advent is considered a boom by High School and College boys.

— This is just the right time to call on Strout & Co. and have them put stoves and furnaces into proper shape for winter use.

— The person who lost the lock to a private letterbox the other day can recover the same by calling at the JOURNAL office.

— Grace Callahan, who has been engaged in a Ladies Orchestra at Quebec this summer, has arrived at her home in this city.

— The South End Club sent their quartette to Neponset last Sunday evening to take part in the wedding anniversary of a friend.

— Miss Carrie Sullivan of this city has returned from the Ocean Side Hotel, Magnolia, where she has been spending the summer.

— Tomorrow, Saturday, Sept. 24, comes off the Boston & Maine Railroad's grand Hoosac Tunnel excursion, one of the finest trips imaginable. The price is only $2.

TELEPHONE, 173-3 WOBURN.

Cheer Up

ROOM 5. FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, WOBURN

— D H. Richards is visiting at Littleton, N H

— Mr. John Jameson is entertaining his son Frank and family.

— Mr. J Berton Ferguson was married this week in Maryland. His mother and sisters went to the wedding.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

— There will probably be this season polo in Stoneham, Lynn, Lowell, Salem, Chelsea, and Saugus, but Woburn was not mentioned.

— The full moon of late supplies light for the football players of the South End; they line up every night after supper at Blakes field.

— John Marrinan has been elected manager of the baseball team, and Roger Eaton of the football team, of the High School Athletic Association.

— The J. Foster Deland Real Estate Agency is flourishing. In business the proprietor is up and dressed, and he enjoys the confidence of the public.

—The soloist at the Unitarian Church Sunday, Sept. 25 will be Miss Edith Munroe, contralto, a member of the quartette of Dr. E. E. Hale's church.

— Mr. Joseph Buck don't claim remarkable gifts as a sprinter, but he would'nt decline a sit-and-rest debate with any man of his age (84) in Woburn.

— Gateman James H. Callahan raises the finest kind of pears on his Jefferson Court estate. A test of their quality furnished convincing proof of this fact.

— Chairman Gould of the County Commissioners was near the car that was destroyed at Melrose last Wednesday evening, and had a narrow escape from death.

— Mr. Harry F. Parker left here Wednesday morning for Bethlehem, N. H., where he will spend his this year's vacation. It is just the time for White Mountain visits.

— Mrs. C. M. Strout's Burlington church choir, under her direction, are to give a cantata "The Village Blacksmith," in the Burlington church about Nov. 1, next. Prepare for it.

— The annual concert and ball of the National Band Association at Lyceum Hall last Thursday evening, after an open air concert, was attended by about 250 couples. It was a joyous affair.

— Our good Winchester neighbors have taken hold of the moth extermination question in the most vigorous manner. The first thing the browntails know they will hear something drop.

— John J. Hern's Orchestra will furnish music for a grand ball to be given in Bedford Town Hall next Monday evening, Sept. 26, in honor of the 175th anniversary of the incorporation of that town.

— Last Wednesday morning at 6 o'clock the temperature in this city as indicated by the most reliable thermometers, was 38 above zero, which was only 6 above freezing, and pretty close to stiff winter weather.

— Mr. Charles H. Lincoln who died in Bridgewater this week was a son of the late Allen Lincoln who formerly resided on Lexington street in this city. He was brought here for interment in Woodbrook Cemetery.

— Rev Henry C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church, conducted religious services at the funeral of Edward Reed in Burlington last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Reed was one of the old personal landmarks of that town.

— Tickets are out for the eleventh annual concert and ball to be given by the South End Social Club, Friday evening, Nov. 3, at Lyceum Hall. Concert from 8 to 9, dancing from 9 to 2. Calnan's orchestra will furnish music.

— Vocal lessons will be continued this coming season of 1904 1905, by Mrs, Phinney at her home on Warren Avenue. Having been successful for many years before the public Mrs. Phinney is fully prepared to teach beginners or advanced pupils.

— Rev. Dr. Scudder and wife will leave Honolulu for San Francisco on Sept. 24, the former to attend the Congregational National Council at Des Moines, Iowa (not Racine, Wis.), and the wife to visit relatives and friends in Wisconsin and elsewhere.

— Miss Dannatt's fall opening of millinery goods is announced for Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, as will be seen by her ad in this paper. Signs and promises indicate that it will be the event of the season. Miss Dannatt's stock is incomparable in extent, variety and beauty.

— Miss Minnie M. Jameson has been Director of Music in the Woburn public schools 13 years, and in the schools of Plymouth 6 years. She is an accomplished teacher and conductor, and her long service here is a high endorsement of her ability and popularity.

— A sharp frost last Wednesday night gave flowers, plants and tender vegetation a sorry look Thursday morning. Yesterday at 6 a. m. it was only 34 degrees, or two above freezing. Katydid missed a figure this time, and garden truck and posies suffered accordingly.

— At a meeting of the Towanda Club held Monday Evening last, Capt. Edwin F. Wyer was elected a director of the club to fill the unexpired term caused by the resignation of Mr. J. H. Parker, Jr. At the close of the meeting an entertainment was furnished by the Steinart Male Quartet of Boston.

— Mr. Charles Fitz of the Boston Branch has returned from a delightful trip to Pacific Coast and St. Louis Fair

— Fire Thursday, Sept. 22, at 2 o'clock, p m , fire on roof of dwelling No. 23 Pleasant street, occupied by John H. Parks.

— Mr. and Mrs Charles Richardson of Arlington Road returned from their outing at Belgrade, Me., on Monday. Miss Mary Richardson remains another week.

— Miss Cary Barrows, daughter of a former pastor at the First Baptist Church in Woburn, has just established herself as a teacher at the Williams school in Augusta, Me.

— No error was made in the record of the Babcock-Hetherington marriage last week. The pretty autumn wedding took place at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Harvey Palmer, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 14, and was witnessed by several friends of the nuptial parties.

— The Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* the other day announced the following late arrivals at Poland Springs, the famous inland watering place of the Pine Tree State: Mrs. A. A. Dow, Mrs. Maria R. Bickford, Mrs. I. W. Clewley, Miss M. A. Frost, Miss Bertha Frost, Mrs. Emma H. Wright, all of Woburn

— Mrs. Martha A. Tidd, widow of John D. Tidd who died in 1879, died suddenly at her home 7 Plympton St., just before noon last Monday, Sept. 19 1904, aged 83 years. She was a native of Lexington, daughter of John Viles. She was for many years a working member of the First Baptist church of Woburn.

— Mr. Philip M. Brown, son of Ex-Ald. Brown of Ward 7, who is Secretary of U. S. Legation in one of the South American States, has arrived at the home of his parents here on a furlough of a month or two. He was at Salt Lake City on Sept. 13, and went from there to the St. Louis Fair, from whence he journeyed to Woburn, Mass.

— Miss Mertena Louise Bancroft resumes pianoforte instruction in Woburn, Monday, October third at her residence 12 Franklin street. Miss Bancroft has enjoyed many years of successful teaching both in Woburn and in Boston, having been associated with Mr. B. J. Lang and other prominent Boston musicians.—4.

— At 4 o'clock last Monday afternoon Misses Abbie and Mary E. McSweeney, daughters of Mr. Bryan McSweeney of Monroe street, left Boston with an excursion party to visit Niagara Falls, Toronto, Canada, through the Thousand Islands of St. Lawrence River, Montreal, etc. They are scheduled to reach Boston, on their return, tomorrow evening.

— Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward has returned from New Hampshire to her home at 4 Fairmount street, and is prepared to receiv and instruct piano pupils, a considerable class of which she has been teaching the last year with marked success. She is thoroughly qualified for the profession, and scholars and parents speak highly of her attainments and success as a teacher.

— Last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Ellis had their home 161 Salem street raided by a large number of friends who assembled there by preconcerted arrangement to celebrate the Silver Wedding of that estimable couple. They brought congratulations, silver gifts, voices tuned for wedding music, and appetites keen for the good viands set before them. A happy evening was spent.

— On Oct. 1, ult. Mr. Willis J. Buckman is to abandon his present store on Main street and open a first-class grocery on Glenwood street in the Highlands, to which fact he invites the attention of his patrons, and asks for a continuance of their custom. His teams will run for orders and to deliver goods just the same as ever, and he believes the change of location will be beneficial to the public and himself.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

The Re-Opening of School

disclose the need of new clothing for your boy. New Fall Suits are here in great variety. Well made, dependable garments at moderate prices.

Don't forget too, we save you at least 10 per cent on high rent Boston prices.

Hammond & Son,

403 Main St., WOBURN.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

"The American Boy" Magazine FREE

We are pleased to state that we have made arrangements with the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY whereby we can give a subscription for 12 months to any boy purchasing goods in our Boys' Clothing Department to the amount of Five Dollars.

The magazine is issued each month, and is devoted to boys' interests. It is a clean, bright paper, and has impressed us so favorably that we are glad to help its circulation in this way.

Write to us for a sample copy, mentioning this paper, and if the magazine pleases you, then visit our Boys' Clothing Department, make your purchase of Five Dollars' worth of merchandise, and you will be given a card entitling you to twelve numbers free, delivery being made each month upon presentation of your card.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

Manufacturers and Retailers of Clothing for Men and Boys

400 Washington Street, Boston

Whitcher's

PILL BOX

Carries the most complete line of pharmaceuticals in Woburn. See the window exhibit of

Serums and Virus.

The 288 botanical specimens on exhibition are creating much interest. You are cordially invited to examine them.

Take Your Prescription

To the Old and Reliable Drugstore at Main Streets Busiest Bend.

☞Lady Clerk to attend lady customers.

District Nurse Orders Taken

Autumn Styles, 1904.

Full line Fall Styles just received.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

The Football Season

Has opened, and every football player should have an EMERGENCY KIT of antiseptic sterlized plasters, bandages and gauze.

We carry the largest assortment of plasters, gauzes, bandages and dressings in Woburn. The best goods at the lowest prices.

A pound of Sterlized Cotton for 27c.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Free Messenger service. Public Telephone.

— The well known and "Old Reliable" Insurance Agency of Squire B. Goddard, and for the last several years, Goddard & Son, has been doing a large and prosperous business in Woburn for 20 years, and today it is doing more than at any previous period in its history. The watchword of the Goddards are: honest deal, fair play, treat all alike, promptness, and "quick sales and small profits." These constitute a potent drawing card business leverage, a fact which these gentlemen have learned by profitable experience. The Goddards do a large share of local and a good deal of outside insurance.

— The big stock of new fall and winter goods in the store of Hammond & Son, Leading Clothiers, met with an expensive mishap last Friday night. A waterpipe in one of the anterooms of Lyceum Hall burst in the night causing a large amount of water to flood the store and basement, and injuring stocks in both to the extent of $500. The goods had just been received and opened for sale, which was a bad time for such an accident to occur. On Tuesday morning Mr. Winthrop Hammond opened a "Water Damage" sale with goods marked at greatly reduced prices, which has been remarkably successful.

— At the concert by Mrs. Ella C. Luce to be given in Lyceum Hall, on Monday Evening, October 10, the following will assist: Miss Grace E. Sanborn, Reader; Miss Alice Williams, Violinist; Miss Allie Mae Hoitt, Contralto, and the Weber Male Quartet of Boston. Tickets are now on sale at 35 cents for admission, and 50 cents for reserved seats, by the following patronesses: Mrs. Wm. W. Hill, Mrs. J. F. Ramsdell, Mrs. Winthrop Hammond, Mrs. Ella F. Porter, Mrs. F. B. Richardson, Mrs. Eustis Smith, Mrs. Chas. M. Strout, Mrs. J. F. Deloriea of Woburn, and Miss E. M. Elliott of Winchester; also of Mrs. Luce, 426 Main street.

— As a matter of historic interest the tomb of the Baldwin family in the old burying-ground on Park street was opened by surviving representatives within the past week, and a body removed for interment in Woodbrook Cemetery. The old tomb had not been opened for a period of fifty years. Fourteen coffins, at least, were found in a more or less perfect condition; one of a person who died in 1841, being remarkably so. This tomb dates from 1810, when the town granted liberty to the heirs of Colonel Loammi Baldwin to build a tomb here. In connection with the reopening, the remains of Dea. Benjamin Coolidge and his wife Mrs. Mary Manning Coolidge, persons formerl well known in Woburn, were removed from Lawrence to Woburn, and interred in Woodbrook also.—C.

—Rev. W. E. Griffis is to preach at the First Congregational church in this city next Sunday, Sept. 25, morning and evening. In the evening his theme is to be "Japanese: Pioneers of Western Civilization in the Far East," one of especial interest at the present time, and in which an intelligent audience cannot but be deeply concerned. Rev. Mr Griffis is thoroughly familiar with the subject, having been one of the first teachers to go to Japon under call of that government for Western instructors, and for some time a resident of that country. He is also the author of books on the subject, so that the people who hear him next Sunday evening may depend on being entertained, as well as instructed in matters pertaining to Japan, and the Japanese as pioneers of Eastern civilization.

— The new Burdett Business College at Lynn was opened a fortnight ago under auspices favorable and pleasing to the proprietors, Messrs. Charles A. and Fred H. Burdett, of this city. They have recently erected one of the finest business buildings in Lynn, which is the first of a series to be built in Eastern Massachusetts for their commercial schools. The Boston Burdett College is the largest in New England, and the rapid increase of its patronage has induced the proprietors to open others in cities from whence a considerable share of their business comes. The Lynn College is thoroughly equipped and furnished with every facility enjoyed by the Boston establishment, and carried on by a perfectly competent faculty. The Burdetts will, without any doubt, build up a large and prosperous business school in Lynn.

Mrs. John L. Parker.

Last Wednesday, Sept. 21, 1904, two hours after making a call on one of her neighbors, Mrs. AMELIA JANE PARKER, wife of Capt. John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Item*, dropped dead at her home, 37 Phillips Ave., Lynn. She had been in fair health and her sudden death was a severe shock to the family and community.

The deceased was born in Woburn Dec. 31, 1836, her parents being Timothy and Lydia Andrews. She was united in marriage to John L. Parker of Woburn in 1861. Since 1880 the family have been residents of Lynn.

She graduated with the first class of of the Woburn High School in 1855, and subsequently, and until her marriage, taught in the public schools here.

Besides a sorely bereaved husband, Mrs. Parker left three children, Horace R , Selwyn B., and Mrs. Florence W. Drown, to mourn the loss of a kind and loving mother. She was a sister of Alderman Henry L. Andrews, formerly of the JOURNAL, and later of the *News*, of this city, and aunt of John C. Andrews, also a resident of Woburn.

Mrs. Parker had many warm friends here where her girlhood and young womanhood was passed, who keenly feel her loss, and extend heartfelt sympathy to the husband, children and other relatives in their deep sorrow.

The funeral will be held Saturday at 2 p m., from Central Cong'l. church, Broad street, Lynn.

Burlington.

About Nov. 1 the church choir of this village will give a cantata called the "Village Blacksmith," an entirely new musical production, under the direction of Mrs. C. M. Strout, the accomplished leader of the choir for the last three years. The concert is to be given in aid of the church finances An orchestra will take part, an organ, anvil, etc. will also figure in it, and the choir will be reinforced by the best of outside talent. Full particulars will be given later on.

Boston Theatres.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

After having had a run of over a year in London and of nine months in New York City Charles Frohman and George Edwards have presented at the Hollis Street Theatre, in Boston, the English farcical comedy with music, "The Girl from Kay's." The piece has made the most emphatic kind of a hit, the critics and reviewers pronouncing it the best work of its kind that the stage has ever had. The praise of the work has been most lavish and it is destined to repeat in Boston the enormous success it scored in London and New York. Unlike most comedies of its class, "The Girl from Kay's" contains an interesting and diverting story. A young bride's jealousy is aroused by a kiss bestowed by a flirtatious young milliner upon her newly made husband. She goes off on her honeymoon heart broken. There is another pair of lovers in the milliner and a rich but very vulgar man-about-town who believes his shortcomings should be overlooked on account of his riches. The complications all arise from the troubles of these contrasted couples. The star of the very big company is Mr. Sam Bernard, who as "Piggie" Hoggenheimer is said to be excrutiatingly funny. Mr. Bernard's work in the comedy is described as capital. Heading the women's list is Miss Hattie Williams who as the young milliner has scored a most decided and emphatic hit. As to the merits of the comedy, its music, of which there are fourteen song hits, its gorgeous mounting and its big cast there was not one dissenting voice among the critics. The comedy is to remain in Boston for a limited season during which there will be the usual matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

City Council.

A meeting of the Board of Aldermen was held last Monday evening

A petition was received and referred to the Committee on Ordinances from E. N. Foss et als, praying for the acceptance as highways of Playstead avenue and Mt. Pleasant extension in Highland Park.

The sum of $360 was appropriated for the purpose of continuing the sewer on Franklin street.

An order was introduced for a revision of Sec. 4, Chap. XI of the City Ordinances and referred to the Committee on Fire. The order provided for the appointment of drivers in the Fire Department by the Chief Engineer, determined the other qualifications; also, Supt. of Fire Alarms, etc

Wonderful Cleanliness.

There is an article on the market which certainly is without a peer as a cleaner We refer to that wonderful purifier, Cabot's Sulpho-Napthol. What a blessing to be rid of all the cheap inferior deodorants; what a saving of time, money and annoyance to have a cleaner, (Sulpho-Napthol) with disinfecting, germ killing, as well as deodorizing, odor destroying properties What a feeling of safety, for the old articles let the work of disease-producing organisms go on unnoticed under their strong odors. Sulpho-Napthol destroys the germs and their deadly productions.

TOWANDA CLUB.

The entertainment at the first fall meeting of the Towanda Club on Monday evening last was provided by the Stienert Quartet of Boston composed of Messrs Cawlishaw, Robertson, Hicks and Parker, the two latter being well-known in the musical circles of city.

The Quartet did its work very acceptably; the parts were well balanced and the selections good musically.

Mr. Cawleshaw is a "whole team" in monologue and recitation; whether in "yarns" or in intense numbers, he holds his audience.

Messrs Cutler, Parker and Norris did their songs from the "Pirates of Panama," the crowd joining in the choruses.

Fined for Transfer Frauds.

New Haven, Conn , Sept. 15, 1904. Five prominent merchants, Louis C. Loomis, Frank Murray, John Gilbert, David A. Burrows and Henry A. Smith, paid fines ranging from $14 85 to $34 85 today for trying to defraud the local trolley company by "passing along" transfers. All pleaded guilty.

Hon. James Pierce.

At a meeting of the Middlesex Republican County Committee held on Sept. 12, after reciting his many virtues, the following resolution in memory of Hon. James Pierce, who recently died at his home in Malden, and who was Chairman of the Committee at the time of his death, the following resolution was adopted. Mr. Pierce spent his boyhood and early manhood days at North Woburn, and many of his old friends here deeply regret his passing away:

His associates on the Middlesex County Republican Committee are, therefore, highly

Resolved, that his memory shall ever abide with them as an inspiration of a good politician, a good friend, a good counselor, and a good man.

If it is given those who have joined the great non-political majority to have an interest in mundane affairs, and to be emotionally affected by what their associates are here doing, let us contribute to the pleasure of our late Chairman by rising, and, with glasses aloft, wish that his joys may be limitless in ecstasy, infinite in amount, and eternal in endurance.

If you only knew what the Woggle Bug said it might be lots easier to guess some of the illustrated proverbs running in the evening edition of The Boston *Herald*. The correct solutions to these entertaining puzzles are to be rewarded by 94 prizes of great variety and valued at over $6000.

WHAT DID THE WOGGLE BUG SAY?

Paragraphs.

Tom Watson needn't bother to ask Judge Parker questions. He won't talk!

This has been "free-pass" week in New York City for the country editors of Democratic faith.

The ripened grain fields of the country constitute the real "yellow peril" of the Democrats.

The best the Democrats can say of their tariff policy is that it is as near like the Republican policy as they could get without infringement.

The American voters have long since lost patience with parties and candidates that parley, falter and flinch in the discussion of live issues.

There's a lot of noise around the Democratic national headquarters. The echoes don't travel far—not even to disturb the sweet "Esopian" calm.

The Democratic county editors have been entertained in New York at big expense. A pro rata division of the "subsidy" might have been more welcome.

It might hurt his dignity but it would better his standing if Judge Parker would promise that in case of his election he would not exchange John Hay for Dave Hill.

Judge Parker declares that the Democrats, if successful in November, could not change the tariff, on account of a Republican Senate. It is a practical admission that they would if they could.

The standing army is 6.1 per cent. smaller per 10,000 of the population than it was under Jefferson. It is difficult for the Democrats to make much headway with their alleged fear of "militarism."

The Secret of Success.

Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unfailing success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the two greatest enemies of health and happiness? Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders?—that it has proved itself the best of all liver regulators? August Flower has a matchless record of over thirty-five years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints—a success that is becoming wider in its scope every day, at home and abroad, as the fame of August Flower spreads. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by all druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Liberal Religion and Sinners."
Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.— 17th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Unreality"
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "St. Paul and the Open Door."
12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., "Mt. Calvary—A Message of Salvation"
Monday, 7.30 p. m., Woburn Choral Union.
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Wm. E. Griffis of Ithaca, N. Y.
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor.
7 P. M., preaching by Dr. Griffis on "The Japanese as the Pioneers of Christian Civilization in the Far East."
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Midweek Service.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Bridgwater, Sept. 20, Charles H. Lincoln, formerly of Woburn, aged 49 years, 11 months, 14 days

In this city, Sept. 16, Sarah A. Bancroft, aged 82 years, 2 months, 11 days.

In this city, Sept. 19, Martha A. Tidd, aged 83 years, 4 months, 9 days.

In this city, Sept. 19, Michael Nalty, aged 54 years

In Lynn, Sept. 21, Mrs. Amelia J. Parker, wife of Mr. John L. Parker, formerly of Woburn, aged 67 years, 9 months, 21 days.

Married.

In Merrimac, Mass., Sept. 14, by Rev. James J. Flagg, Mr. Fred Waaren Fowle of Woburn, and Miss Jennie Estelle Perry of Merrimac.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held in their Banking Rooms, Woburn, Mass.,

Friday, September 30, 1904,

at seven thirty (7.30) o'clock, in the evening, to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact any other business that may legally come before them.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., September 16th, 1904.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, October 1st, 1904, will draw interest from that date.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.

IMPORTED AND AMERICAN CLOCKS

$1. to $500.

ALL FULLY GUARANTEED

SMITH PATTERSON COMPANY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

52 SUMMER ST. BOSTON

Burdett

BUSINESS and SHORTHAND

Colleges

BOSTON	LYNN
REMOVED TO 18 Boylston, cor. Washington St. Continental Clothing Building.	Mt. Vernon Street, Opp. B. & M. Station
Most Elegantly Equipped School in New England.	Planned to accommodate 500 Students. Only Commercial School in N. E. owning building it occupies.
Pat. Actual Business. Shorthand, Typewriting, English and all Business Studies. Normal Course for Teachers.	Same Courses and Methods as at Burdett College, Boston, at Slightly Lower Rates.

Situations for Students.

Pupils may begin on and after Sept. 6.

Call or Write for Prospectus.

No Solicitors nor Canvassers.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,

Violin Instruction,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS DORA A. WINN,

WILL RESUME

PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION

October 1, 1904,

6 Highland Street, Woburn.

C. H. LEWIS,

MORTGAGES

Office 439 Main St. Woburn.

Smith's Real Estate Agency.

School Is About to Commence

and the Boys and Girls will require Stockings that can stand hard wear. We recommend the

BLACK CAT HOSIERY

for all sizes and ages.

They Wear Well
Feel Well
Look Well

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.

In a Diamond Ring

You find pleasure. Your friends admire it. Your enemies envy you its possession. You enjoy it yourself. If reverses come or if you desire to dispose of it you can do so without much loss. Thus it is a safe investment. We have a fine assortment.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

NEURALGIA
PNEUMONIA
MALARIA
COLDS
GRIPPE
DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB

That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

Ayer's Pills

Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. Keep saying this over and over again. The best laxative. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**
FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

Teaches business as business is conducted in every day business life, and teaches it so thoroughly that its pupils are more competent than those of the ordinary business college. The demand for its graduates far exceeds the supply.

Any young man or woman of ordinary, general education who will follow its courses faithfully may be sure of a successful business career.

WE GUARANTEE IT.

Our rates are reasonable and it costs no more to attend this College than to study in less progressive institutions. Catalogue gives full information and is free upon application.

STUDENTS MAY ENTER ANY TIME.

Evening Classes commence Oct. 3d

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
30 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.

"Not the oldest; not the largest; just the best."

We call attention
To our large and
Varied assortment
Of Up-to-date

BOX STATIONERY

All Prices.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

TO LET.

NEW AGENT IMPROVEMENTS.

The Dodge property on Fowle, Conn and Cross Streets will be put in firstclass repair and rented to desirable tenants only.

Applications can be made at once at the Real Estate Office of C. E. SMITH, 439 Main street, Woburn.

WANTED—Industrious man or woman as permanent representative of big manufacturing company, to look after its business in this county and adjoining territory. Business successful and established. Salary $20.00 weekly and expenses. Salary paid weekly from home office. Expense money advanced. Experience not essential. Enclose self-addressed envelope. General Manager, Como Block, Chicago.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

PURE White Wine

—AND—

Cider Vinegar

—ALSO—

Whole Mixed Spices for Pickling.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, John M. Harlow, the Trustee of the residue under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the second account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

PURITY HEALTH

— AND —

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Are synonymous. By its strong germ killing properties as a cleaner it makes everything absolutely clean and pure, hence healthy homes result. Peculiarly adapted to CLEANING. Have you tried it. Look for above Trade-Mark. It protects your purchase.

At all dealers, 10c., 25., 50c., $1.00.

REMOVAL!

Mrs. ANNIE VAUGHN has Removed to No. 6 Warren Ave.

"HONEST, RIGHT, TRUE"

President Roosevelt So Described In Connecticut Convention of Republicans.

United States Senator O. H. Platt Rouses Great Enthusiasm In Happy Speech.

[Associated Press dispatch from Hartford, Conn., Sept. 13.]

In a vigorous defense of the Republican administration United States Senator Orville H. Platt, as temporary chairman, awakened much enthusiasm at the opening of the Republican state convention in the Auditorium tonight, the delegates and spectators cheering repeatedly the name of Theodore Roosevelt.

Senator Platt said:

"Theodore Roosevelt was not nominated as the standard bearer of the Republican party either by the efforts of designing and managing politicians or to please capitalistic Wall street. He was nominated in obedience to the express will of the people—nominated with the acclaim of the people. No man can ever be nominated for president of the United States by acclamation in whom the people do not heartily, thoroughly and enthusiastically believe. It only waits for November to show the overwhelming extent of this confidence. Sneers will not belittle him; denunciations will not frighten him; personal attack will not weaken him, for he has already won his place in a safe and sure stronghold—the hearts and homes of the American people.

"He came to the discharge of presidential duties under most fearful and trying circumstances. He has trod where the wisest and bravest might have feared to tread—in the footsteps of the illustrious and beloved McKinley. He has gone forward along the pathway of duty without hesitation, without flinching, strong in rectitude, honest in purpose, with lofty courage and unimpeachable wisdom. If the Democratic party chooses to make Roosevelt, the man, the issue to this campaign we welcome that issue without fear. Every citizen of the United States from the professional politician to the schoolboy in his teens knows that in the heart of Theodore Roosevelt, the president, there is one overshadowing purpose, and that is to do what Roosevelt, the man, believes to be honest, right and true. What has he done that was not honest and right and true? In the interest of all that makes for American honor let us have a president who has but one guiding principle, and that to do what he believes to be right for the honor of his country, for the upbuilding of its people, for the glory of its name. Would they have the people think him unsafe? No man is unsafe whose life is clean and pure and noble and who walks in one path only, the path where duty seems to him to point. In all that represents American manhood, American character, American progress, American welfare, Theodore Roosevelt stands forth today our most conspicuous example. It was because the Republicans of the United States recognized this that they demanded with one voice that he should be called to further duty and further service in that most exalted of all places, in that most responsible and wearing of all positions, the presidency of the United States.

"Unsafe? Who have been his advisers? Who stand as his supporters and admirers? Let me name three of them—three whom all men honor, all men trust—Elihu Root, John Hay, William H. Taft. Is the man unsafe who selects such advisers? It matters little that the man who has figured as chief adviser of the Democratic candidate has advertised that he is now playing a farewell engagement. Even Democrats would be glad to know that their candidate if elected would find as worthy and capable advisers."

A STRONG DOCUMENT.

Even His Opponents Say It Is Masterly.

[From the New York World, Dem.]

President Roosevelt's letter of acceptance gives further and stronger proof of his ability, astuteness and capacity for party leadership. It justifies the words used in the World's first open letter, which even some of his supporters thought were exaggerated. It reveals Mr. Roosevelt far more than did his colorless speech of acceptance as a "strong, able, ambitious, resourceful, militant, passionate personality."

The president shows equal acumen and cleverness in emphasizing the strong points in the Republican position and the weak points in the Democratic record. Putting aside the question of sincerity and of strict accuracy and making allowance for the heat and exigency of partisan combat, the letter is extremely clever and likely to prove effective unless corrected and exposed.

Comment upon other portions of Mr. Roosevelt's letter is reserved for other occasions. It should be said at once, however, that he is entitled to credit for frankly giving the voters due notice that in case of his election "we intend in the future to carry on the government in the same way that we have carried it on in the past."

Democracy and Its Discords.

[From the Pittsburg Dispatch.]

What the Democracy needs is a piano tuner. The sharps and flats of its keyboard are sadly discordant.

Writing In the Sand.

It may be news to many persons that the use of sand for teaching children to write and form their letters is still practiced in some of the small schools in the rural districts of the north of England. Thousands of our forefathers learned to write and to make figures with a sharp pointed stick manipulated upon a smooth stretch of sand in an age when copy books were unattainable and steel pens undreamed of.

A Kind Request.

Among a number of notes received by a teacher in excuse for the absence of children was the following:

"Dear Teacher—Kindly excuse Minnie for having been absent yesterday, as she fell in the mud on her way to school. By doing the same you will oblige the mother."

Renewing Hostilities.

Mrs. Caller—I'm surprised that you recognized me. It has been more than five years since we met. Mrs. Naggeby—I had almost forgotten your face, but I remembered that dress you have on.—Stray Stories.

$20 DOWN $5 MONTHLY

TO THE

CITIZENS of WOBURN

We wish to call your attention to the private sale of land at

Academy Hill Park

— FORMERLY THE —

A. A. DOW Estate,

Bounded by Warren Avenue Sturgis Street, Arlington and Dow Roads,

SATURDAY, October 1, 1904,

Commencing at One O'clock in the afternoon. Knowing that such an opportunity to purchase restricted land in the heart of the City of Woburn will never occur again. Every lot is plainly marked; the same price to everybody. Every foot is available for building purposes. There are no wet spots upon the whole tract. This is not a HOLE IN THE GROUND SMELLING OF KEROSENE or a MINE ON PAPER, but a LEGITIMATE ENTERPRISE and SAFE INVESTMENT. This property you all know and can form but one opinion of and that FAVORABLE. It costs you nothing to carry the property; the Savings Bank that owns the estate will do that for you. There are NO TAXES and NO INTEREST to be paid. The terms are $20 upon the selection of the lot and $5 a month until paid for. We ask you to make an early choice for we shall SELL 80 per cent of the lots before the sun goes down on the 1st day of October.

We shall offer the grand old HOMESTEAD, together with a good lot of land, for $3,000, $300 CASH and balance $25 MONTHLY to bear interest at the rate of five per cent. The house contains twelve rooms, bathroom and furnace heat.

THE SALE WILL BE CONDUCTED BY

Edward T. Harrington & Co.
293 Washington cor. School Sts., BOSTON.

NO INTEREST NO TAXES

ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
...BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...

-INSURANCE-

Savings Bank Block, Woburn
Telephone 131-2

Boston Office, 93 Water Street
Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

FALL OPENING MILLINERY

Thur., Fri., Sat., Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1.

A General Line of Millinery. Also, Imported Novelties, Ready to Wear Hats, etc., etc.

Miss DANNATT, 411 Main St., Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

The Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common Street, on

Saturday Eve'ng, Sept. 24, 1904

At 7 O'clock,

to receive applications for registration from those who desire to act in the respective party caucuses, as required by Section 36, Chapter 11, of the Revised Laws.

☞ Parties must produce evidence of assessment. Naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
FRED. F. LOWELL,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 14, 1904.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Ann M. Blodgett, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Addie M. Blodgett of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

House Lot

On private street, five hundred feet from Beach street, near trolley line and within 15 minutes walk of Woburn Centre or Walnut Hill Station. 9,513 square feet. Price low.

S. H. JONES, 524 Main St.

REMOVAL!

About Oct. 1, I shall remove my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage.

My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

To Let.

Modern up-to-date House, corner of Eastern and Montvale Avenues, west tenement owned by James Skinner. House has hot and cold water, bath, furnace, laundry with set tubs; window shades, screens, &c. Possession Oct. 1. Apply to C. E. SMITH, 439 Main street, Woburn.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

WANTED!

Wood Lot three to five acres, more or less, not more than ten miles from Medford square.

Address, A. M. A.,
P.O. Drawer 2, Boston, Mass.

WHY?

Some Questions That Answer Themselves.

[Written by Walter J. Ballard.]

Why does Democracy rage and its people imagine a vain thing (Parker's election)?

Why do the Democrats hope to accomplish any good for the country while their congressmen and senators are not committed to cling to the gilded plank which their presidential candidate threw out as a life preserver as soon as he discovered the unseaworthiness of the Democratic ship?

Why do the Democrats complain that our export business is not increasing fast enough and at the same time object to our building a navy sufficient to protect the foreign trade we already have?

Why do the Democrats seek, as their platform states, to so reduce our brave army that it would be hard to suddenly turn out a trained "corporal's guard" in time of need?

Why do the Democrats find fault with the Republican policy of caring, to the fullest possible extent, for the men and those dependent on them who fought for the honor of their country's flag?

Why do the Democrats always fight among themselves when any grave issue is before the country, as now?

Why do the Democrats imagine they could handle the national finances better than do the Republicans when the ledger of the country shows that their last four years' try at that big job resulted in adding $262,000,000 to our bonded debt simply to pay ordinary running expenses?

Why do the Democrats fail to see that the want of business confidence which would follow the election of their untried candidate would result in a worse paralyzation of American industries than that which followed the election of their tried candidate in 1892?

Why do the Democrats in their platform set themselves up as economizers of the national finances when in their last four years of control they had in a time of peace to go in debt $262,000,000 to square their cash account?

Why do the Democrats prate in their platform about the "Jeffersonian simplicity of living" when it is a well known fact that Mr. Jefferson was an aristocrat and lived as well and as expensively as did any prominent man of his day?

Why do the Democrats insist in their latest platform for "liberty of personal contract" when the silver plank, still in force, of their two preceding presidential platforms sought in effect to destroy the "liberty of personal contract" by making it illegal for a personal contract to be made payable in gold?

Why do the Democrats in their latest platform demand the "sacred fulfillment of public and private obligations" when by reason of the absence of a gold money plank in that platform their representatives in congress, bound by the free silver plank of the two preceding platforms, could justly, from a party standpoint, seek the enactment of a law covering that plank, and that law, if passed, would destroy the "sacred fulfillment" business by enabling a debtor to pay in dollars worth 50 cents or less a contract for which he had received full value in 100 cent gold dollars?

Why do the Democrats falsely denounce the Republican party as playing into the hands of the so called trusts and they put forward a presidential candidate backed by Wall street and a vice presidential candidate who has become enormously wealthy through the profits of so called trusts?

Why do the Democrats say in their platform (so called) that "protection is a robbery" and in the same paragraph carefully refrain from proposing its abolition or even any drastic changes in the tariff?

Why do the Democrats shout aloud that Roosevelt was "imperialistic" in acquiring what the people wanted—the rights and property of the Panama canal—in face of the fact that the Democratic senators who tried to block the way were by many southern mass meetings called off from further opposition?

Why do the Democrats expect the intelligent voters to cast their ballots for a party whose platform is a series of negations and contradictions from the first word to the last?

Why do the Democrats indulge in such a pipe dream as the thought that the people of the United States want to put that party out of power whose policy enabled the country to export $578,000,000 worth of goods more in 1904 fiscal year than in even the very best Democratic year?

Why do the Democrats fondly indulge in the illusory fancy that with a candidate of no political record and of no positive opinions they can come within a million votes of defeating that American American, Theodore Roosevelt?

Radical Disaffection.

[From the New York Times.]

The returns from Arkansas show a falling off of the Democratic vote in that state which is hardly to be accounted for wholly by local disaffection. It is probable that the so called "radicals" who were disappointed at the national convention and whom Mr. Bryan claimed to represent have expressed their disappointment and resentment by staying at home. That would be likely to lead in November to their voting the Populist ticket.

The Democratic Vaudeville.

[From the Caledonia Advertiser.]

"Our policy is continuous," said President Roosevelt in his speech of acceptance. The Democrats follow the plan of the vaudeville managers and present a new policy at each appearance.

The Charm of Victoria Falls.

How the Victoria falls impress a visitor is recorded in Miss C. W. Mackintosh's journal of a tour in South Africa. Miss Mackintosh says: "We perceived no hint of the falls, only seeing before us a screen of rocky based, bright green forest, apparently closing in the river, like a lake. Ten minutes' walk brought us to the camp, on a cliff which literally overhung the gorge, and we saw the cataract thundering down into the boiling pot at our feet. The walls of the chasm, 400 feet high, were spanned by a rainbow. The charm of these falls lies not in the one overwhelming crash as at Niagara, but in the cumulative effect of various glimpses, the matchless beauty of the surroundings and the strangeness of the whole setting, but chiefly in the columns of spray, called the "thundering smoke" and in the ever changing rainbows. The mile wide river suddenly drops into a yawning crack in the ground, stretching right across the stream at right angles to the banks, a foaming trough, quite narrow, of which the walls rose 400 feet above the surface of the water."

A Story of Senator Vest.

On a certain occasion Mr. Vest had returned to the senate after one of his brief absences. Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, four years his senior, met him in the lobby and chided him good naturedly for not attending strictly to business when vital measures were being debated. "You're a fine young man," said Mr. Hoar, "to absent yourself at such a time and leave us old fellows, Cockrell and me and the rest, to handle these matters."

"You'll never be as old as I," said Vest, "if you live fifty years longer."

"Bless you, I was born in 1826 and was preparing for college before you came into the world," said the Massachusetts man.

"If you were born in 1726 you wouldn't be as old as I," said the Missourian. "You and Cockrell will see years, but you will never see age. You haven't lived as lively as I have, and I am wishing sometimes that I hadn't," he said, with a weary smile.—Kansas City Star.

Life In Virginia In 1648.

In the old days in this country farming and manufacturing were carried on together to a very large extent. A letter written from Virginia in 1648 gives the following picture of life on the plantation of a certain Captain Matthews, a leading citizen of the colony: "He hath a fine house and all things answerable to it. He sows yearly store of hemp and flax and causes it to be spun. He keeps weavers and hath a tan house, causes leather to be dressed, hath eight shoemakers employed in their trade, hath forty negro servants and brings them up to trades in his house. He yearly sows abundance of wheat, barley, etc. The wheat he selleth at 4 shillings the bushel. He kills store of beeves and sells them to victual the ships when they come thither. He hath abundance of kine, a brave dairy, swine great store and poultry."

Snake Venom.

The action of snake venom on cold blooded animals has been tested by Dr. Noguchi in a long series of experiments. Three venoms were employed—viz, those of the cobra, water moccasin and rattlesnake. Snakes and frogs succumb easily to cobra venom, but are relatively insusceptible to the other venoms. Turtles are more susceptible to all venoms than the foregoing, and fish are still more so. The grasshopper and some crabs are almost insusceptible, while the lobster is only moderately resistant. Excepting the earthworm, all the worms showed a low degree of susceptibility. The venoms have little effect on the echinodermata; sea urchins succumbed, however, but starfish and sea cucumbers were not perceptibly affected.—London Nature.

Canada and the Canoe.

Abolish the canoe and Canada might have a war every five years and then lose fewer young men than the great number that must go down to death in ten years of summer holidays. It is pitiful the mothers who weep, the fathers who mourn and the homes that are darkened simply because young people will take chances that they have no business to take. Death may part the young man from his canoe. Good advice cannot. "Ephraim is joined to his idols," and the victims of the canoe habit will neither keep out of canoes nor be careful while they are in canoes.—Toronto Telegram.

Russian Woman Proverbs.

If Russian sayings and proverbs are a true index the position of women within the czar's domains is not to be envied. Here are some adages: "The head of a woman is as empty as the purse of a Tartar." "A woman without fear is bolder than a goat." "If you beat your wife in the morning don't forget to do it again in the afternoon." "Hit your wife with the handle of your ax; she is no pitcher to break at the first blow." "If you beat a fur it becomes warmer, and if you beat your wife she will be more true to you."

Feminine Financier.

Mrs. Kidder—Charles, can't you give me another check? I see you have a whole book full. Mr. Kidder—That doesn't signify, dear. I have used up my balance at the bank. Mrs. Kidder—Then why didn't you give up your check book? Now, it's no use for you to tell stories, Joseph Kidder. If you mean to say I shan't have any money, why don't you say so right out, like a man?—Boston Transcript.

Three Well Placed Rubles.

The method of introducing forbidden documents into the czar's country is described by Carl Joubert, author of "Russia as It Really Is." The purveyor of undesirable literature, having arrived on the frontier, at a point some distance from the railway, approaches the rittmaister and arranges matters with him. The rittmaister sees him and his cart load of books safely across the border and directs him to some small town near the frontier. Then the rittmaister raises the alarm and calls his men to horse, and they start off in pursuit of an imaginary smuggler in another direction, firing into the air to show their zeal in the discharge of their duties. "A ruble on either eye and ruble across the mouth," says Mr. Joubert, "will effectually prevent the Russian official from seeing or speaking."

How They Say Goodby.

"When I left Manila," said a sailor, "a Filipino lady saw me off. Do you know how she said goodby? Why, she rubbed my face with her hand.

"In Fiji they say goodby by crossing two red feathers under your nose.

"The Burmese crouch down and shout 'Hib nib!'

"The south sea islanders wear farewell necklaces when goodbys are to be said. These necklaces are made of whales' teeth. To say goodby each islander rattles with his fingers the teeth of the other's necklace.

"The Sioux Indian digs his spear in the ground as a sign of farewell.

"In Otaheite they twist an end of your garment and then shake their own hands three times."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Tobacco For Funeral Costs.

Among the family archives on an old Virginia plantation was found the following bill for a funeral in the days when tobacco was the only currency in the tidewater country and when funerals were made the occasion for general feasting:

	Tobacco. Pounds.
Funeral sermon	200
For a briefe	400
For 2 turkeys	80
For coffin	150
2 geese	80
1 hog	100
2 bushels flour	80
Dunghill fowle	100
20 lbs butter	100
Sugar and spice	[illegible]
Dressing the dinner	[illegible]
6 gallons sider	[illegible]
6 gallons rum	240

Peach Ice Cream

FROM

New Fruit.

Crawford's,
No. 412 Main St. WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

ATTENTION

Great reduction prices of
FRESH BEEF
— AND —
CORNED BEEF
Also the Freshest Killed Poultry in town at

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
—AND—
Contractor.
No. 8 Middle St. Woburn
Telephone 103—2.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England, especially recommended by physicians for rheumatism, kidney trouble, dyspepsia, and malaria.

C. H. CADWELL, Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary E. Conn, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Horace N. Conn of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eleventh day of October, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishidg this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Almira J. Carley, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Ella J. Smith of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eleventh day of October, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 151-5.

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Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.
The Virgil Clavier System { A well trained mind. A hand able to do its bidding.
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AUCTIONEER.
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Out of town moving a specialty. Storage for furniture. All mail orders promptly attended to.
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WOBURN

MIND OF MAID

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1904, by Martha McCulloch-Williams

"My, but she is ugly!" Mrs. Evans said, her accent distinctly one of relief. Bronson smiled covertly as he answered: "Don't be too sure of that. She has eyes."

"Eyes! Bah!" The ejaculation was almost a snort. Estelle heard it, although there was the breadth of the room between her and the irate matron. She looked plaintively across at Bronson, who answered her look with the faintest humorous nod. Then he strolled over to her and said in her ear: "It's too easy—quite too easy, Miss Mischief. I simply had to give that good soul a hint of warning."

"Traitor!" Estelle retorted, pretending to hiss the word high tragedy fashion, yet ending with a dimpling laugh. The laugh went far to redeem her face—so far that it set more than one beholder speculating that old Major Gilbert's stranger granddaughter would not really be so bad looking if she knew how to wear her clothes and do her heavy hair, this despite her wretched complexion, for she had a beautiful straight nose and good teeth, to say nothing of her handsome eyes. Her neck must be bad, else why was she swathed up to the ears? Her sleeves also quite swallowed her gloved hands, but her feet were as much in evidence as they well could be, incased in boots at least three sizes large.

With everybody else in party bibs and tuckers, such garmenting made her conspicuous, all the more that the gown she wore was grass green, with a bright pink stock and much dead white braiding. Spangles and beads also lurked amid the braid, so many that there was a color of reason for Estelle's whisper as she looked down at herself.

"Do you know, I feel like the court of King Solomon at the puppet show."

This made Bronson frown. "You'll give yourself away," he said severely. "For heaven's sake don't spoil sport just when it's getting so much better than a play."

"I won't," said Estelle contritely; then in a nervous aside: "When does Adonis come in? Do hurry him along! I shan't be easy until he comes. Suppose, after all, he should be color blind—able to see only gold and greenbacks and old yellow title deeds?"

"Suppose nothing so tragic. I told you in the beginning he was artistic or nothing," Bronson retorted. "Art is, indeed, his weak suit. Otherwise would he be in bonds to Miss Adela Evans?"

"She is so pretty," Estelle said fervently.

Bronson growled: "Yes; regular china baby beauty—blue eyes, pink and white complexion and hair always in the latest mode. Out in the lobby now, lying in wait for—Adonis. They'll be coming in together, the prettiest pair of puppets you ever saw."

"I hope he isn't too good looking," Estelle murmured reflectively.

Bronson scowled.

"You'll find him disgustingly so. Indeed, I've been half afraid all along that when you saw him you'd be sorry"—

"Indeed I shan't," Estelle interrupted eagerly. "How can I be sorry for anything that sets me free from that odious bond?"

Bronson did not answer. A stir about the door drew all eyes. Adonis, otherwise George Gilbert, Estelle's cousin, coheir and fiance, entered with Adela Evans clinging ostentatiously to his arm. She had such a habit of clinging there that the sports of Grasshope had been ready to give odds this last half year that she would ere this have written herself Mrs. George Gilbert but for Grandfather Gilbert's absurd will. This instrument decreed flatly whichever of his two descendants refused to marry the other thereby forfeited all claim to the big Gilbert fortune.

The boy and girl had been brought up half a continent apart. Estelle had come to Grasshope for the first time less than a week before. But tales of her had been rife there the last three years, how willful she was, also how sharp of speech and of temper. As to her looks there had been several opinions. Reed Bronson might have spoken authoritatively, but he chose to be silent. He had met Estelle two summers running at the seashore, and with each meeting he became more indifferent to Grasshope belles and their charms. He had known, first of all, that Estelle was coming to visit her mother's cousins, the Warrens. Mrs. Evans thought her bold for it. She did not need to marry George before she was twenty-two and might therefore well have left it to him to do the seeking.

What George thought about it nobody knew. He smiled down at Adela as they crossed to Estelle. When he got a good look at her his smile became for a breath's space quizzical, but it was kind and wholly cordial as he took both her hands, saying, "I know you all right, young lady—if you would never let me have your picture."

"Somebody's been telling," Estelle said solemnly, although her eyes danced. They had never rested upon a finer fellow than George. He had all the Gilbert look she so worshiped in her father's portrait. Covertly she glanced from him to Bronson. Bronson was big and honest looking and had withal an air of breeding, but still was not to be named beside her unwelcome betrothed. No doubt he had more brains, although as time passed she was forced to admit George carried things on very well indeed. And after supper, when the dancing began, Bronson, the luckless, went into complete eclipse. He hated dancing, as well he might, seeing that he danced so badly. George Gilbert, contrariwise, might have been wing footed, so lightly did he move in such perfect time and tune. Music, indeed, was in the Gilbert blood. Estelle danced, if anything, better. When they waltzed together other couples stopped to see. Indeed they kept on and on and on until they had the whole crowd staring as alone they whirled and wheeled over the waxed floor of the hall.

"Stop, Estelle!" Bronson implored in a loud whisper as the couple whirled past him. George smiled broadly. Estelle, dismayed, put a hand up to her face. As she took it away two pimples and half a dozen freckles came with it. George saw them and quickly guided her out of the light.

"Go wash your face!" he commanded imperatively. "And the next time you want to go masquerading let me help you make up. I know heaps of better disfigurement. Besides grease paint is fearfully unreliable when one loves dancing as we do."

"I forgot—I ought not to have danced," Estelle said contritely; then with a swift change of mood, "But you wouldn't have known if I had been a little wiser."

"Indeed I would. I went 500 miles last summer just to see you," George half whispered. "So I understood the minute I looked at you tonight. You wanted to disgust me, to make me lose a wife and a fortune. I don't blame you. Women have to fight injustice with their own weapons. Still I wish you hadn't done it. You can say 'No' to me this minute if you like and get back more than all the money you lose by saying it tomorrow"—

"I see. You want to invest in Dresden china," Estelle interrupted audaciously. "So of course I don't want to say it—not now, at least."

"That must be quite as you please," George said, smiling over her head. "You will have to go straight home," he added masterfully. "Changing lovers would be nothing beside the scandal of changing countenances this way in the face of everybody."

"I know it," Estelle said sorrowfully. "Fate is playing me tricks—putting all the trumps in Adela's hands"—

"Not quite. You forget I shall make your excuses and take you and Mrs. Warren home," George said. "Don't keep me waiting either. I'm all impatience to see your real self."

* * * * * * *

Grasshope had no end of sensations through the next six weeks. The first came when George Gilbert broke the prearranged engagement, the next when it was seen that he was disputing with Reed Bronson for first place in his cousin's regard, and the third and greatest was to find the strange Gilbert girl truly a beauty, with no end of fine feathers and a most enchanting way of wearing them. Adela Evans looked faded and insignificant beside her, although away from her she was easily the prettiest girl in town. But Adela was spiritless these days. She no longer had hopes of catching George. He was eagerly, desperately, in earnest about Estelle, although she had given him back, as in duty bound, rather more than half the money. Reed Bronson was no less earnest, so between them they kept public interest at fever heat.

Estelle was nobly impartial. At first she had thought herself really in love with Bronson. That was what had impelled her to the masquerading. But somehow George's grave, hurt face had made her very much ashamed, although she would have died rather than admit love at first sight. Then his freeing her and settling down to court her anew appealed to something in her of like fiber. Altogether she was hard put to it to decide.

The strain of it all bore hardest on Bronson. His temper, never sweet, became abrupt and uncertain. He was barely civil to other women. George, contrariwise, continued to be a butterfly among the social flowers.

Upon one of those spring days that seem made for love the three rode together through blossomy lanes. Bronson rode but clumsily, so when presently his mount bolted it was all he could do to keep his seat. George, a horseman born, was after the runaway in a minute, caught him and checked him so sharply that the mad creature reared, kicked savagely and at last fell backward, taking the other horse with it in a struggling, plunging heap. That anybody came out of it alive was little short of a miracle. But there was nothing worse for either than a broken arm. As Bronson stood ruefully nursing it he said, looking straight in Estelle's eyes: "You needn't take the trouble to tell me anything. I saw your face as we were going down. You found out whom you loved just then—George."

"Yes, George," Estelle said, flushing like a rose.

A Peculiar Fish.

"There is a species of fish in the Indian ocean which have a very remarkable peculiarity," said a naturalist. "This fish is provided with a short snout, which it uses very much as a sportsman uses a gun. Swimming close beneath the surface of the water, it watches the flies flitting about directly overhead, and having selected one to its fancy suddenly thrusts its head out of the water and with unerring marksmanship discharges several drops of water at its victim. Confused, and with its wings drenched and rendered temporarily useless by the watery projectiles, the insect drops to the surface of the water, where it is immediately gobbled up by its voracious enemy. These fish are said to be able to bring down a fly in this manner from the height of two or three feet."

The Sunflower.

It has always been said, how truly we do not positively know, that the sunflower turns its face ever toward the sun; that it bows a genial welcome to the king of day when that monarch first lifts the curtain of night and peeps over the horizon upon an awakening world, and that it follows the imperial visitor in his majestic march across the heavens and nods a good night to him as he passes with his retinue of golden beams and silvery shadows behind the western slopes. This may be an exaggeration of the sunflower's conduct, but we believe it is at least partially true, and that the Kansas flower does respond in some degree to the attractions of the great luminary. Anyhow, the thought of this handsome product of the prairies turning its frank, open face ever toward the light and responding to the ardent wooing of the sun with reciprocal affection is inspiring, isn't it? It is a symbol of the ideal soul—the soul that loves the light, that glows in the presence of things that are lovely, the receptive soul, the soul that is responsive to truth and beauty—in a word, the sunflower's soul.—Marion (Kan.) Record.

Old Time Extravagances.

We hear a great deal about the luxury and extravagance of the age; but, when you think of it, a great many of our most reckless fashions date from past centuries. In the fifteenth century, for instance, the feminine wardrobe was magnificent, with its garments weighed down with laces and embroideries in guipure, points coupes, Milanese and Venetian, not forgetting the gold embroideries worked with precious stones, etc.

For several centuries women wore white shoes in kid and ordinary leather as well as dainty chaussure in embroidered satin for dancing the pavane and minuet in.

In the time of Louis XIV. the women wore most sumptuous lingerie and dessous made chiefly of what used to be called les dentelles d'ete, a kind of silk blond lace with a cord in it, which used to be mounted over colors for the petticoats and was also worn for the hanging sleeves which used to show the arms so prettily.—Paris Fashions.

A DEMOCRATIC HERITAGE.

Terse Review of Some Things the Party "Fathers" Left Us.

[From the Honesdale (Pa.) Citizen.]

Mayor McClellan of New York city in his speech at the Democratic harmony banquet early in the year said:

"The people will trust the Democracy today if it but proves that it has kept unsullied the heritage of the fathers."

There is no difficulty in proving that on various important points this heritage has been faithfully kept.

When the Democratic party retired from power in 1841, after having controlled the government for twelve years under the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren, it left the country a heritage of industrial prostration, due to the practical free trade arising from the sliding scale reductions of the tariff of 1833 and of financial wreck, coupled with wildcat banking, resulting from the panic of 1837.

Under the Whig tariff of 1842 industry revived, but the Democracy, regaining power in 1844, restored the heritage of free trade by the Walker tariff of 1846. Disaster followed, and in 1848 the party was again shorn of power.

In 1852 and again in 1856 the Democratic party was successful. Following the latter victory its heritage of free trade was enlarged by the tariff act of 1857, with its horizontal reductions of 20 per cent. Nine months later the result of this was set forth by the Democratic secretary of the treasury and president. Said Secretary Cobb in his first annual report Dec. 8, 1857:

"Simultaneously with this act going into operation the country is subjected to a disastrous revulsion."

Said President Buchanan in his first annual message to congress Dec. 8, 1857:

"Our country, in its monetary interests, is at the present moment in a deplorable condition. We find our manufactures suspended, our public works retarded, our private enterprises of different kinds abandoned and thousands of useful laborers thrown out of employment and reduced to want."

Thus was the heritage of distress created by the Democracy in 1837 restored twenty years later. In our large cities only the charity soup kitchen stood between the poor man and starvation.

Debt was soon added to distress, and the Democratic heritage of the Mexican war debt, then standing at more than $25,000,000, was rapidly enlarged. Loan followed loan until the public debt rose from $25,165,154.51 to $90,580,873.72. In the meantime the industrial and financial interests of the country continued and suffered from the depression that began in 1857.

In 1893 the Democracy again acquired control of the government, and once more the Democratic heritage of distress and debt was restored to the people. The heritage of distress opened with the wreck of financial interests throughout the country, followed, under the sugar trust tariff, by general industrial prostration. Again the charity soup kitchen had its innings among the workingmen of our cities. At the same time the heritage of debt underwent an expansion far beyond that under Buchanan's administration. Loan again followed loan until $262,315,400 was added to the public debt. This was the heritage left to the country when the last Democratic president retired from office in 1897.

So much, at least, of the heritage of the Democratic fathers has been faithfully kept, and today the people can trust the Democracy, if it regains power, to restore the heritage of financial collapse, industrial prostration, the charity soup kitchen, failing revenues and increase of the public debt for current expenses in time of peace, which have been conspicuous products of Democratic rule.

OUR BIG CROPS.

The Harvests Here Are the Foundation of Our Prosperity.

[From the Wall Street Journal.]

In this country we raise one-fifth of the world's wheat, four-fifths of the world's corn, one-fourth of the world's oats and four-fifths of the world's cotton. This harvest is at the foundation of our prosperity. True it is that our manufacturing industries have grown more rapidly in recent years than the agricultural, but agriculture this year will produce commodities to the value of $4,000,000,000, and foreign customers will pay us not far from $900,000,000 for our agricultural products shipped to them over sea.

The west, with its billion dollar corn crops and its half billion dollar wheat crops and its quarter billion dollar oat crops, has been the country's bulwark in the storms of inflated finance. To form an adequate conception of the magnitude of the crops one must turn to the figures. The total volume in bushels of the six cereal crops—corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye and buckwheat—in the past three years has been: 1901, 3,160,000,000; 1902, 4,261,000,000; 1903, 3,839,000,000. The farm value of these cereals has been: 1901, $1,745,500,000; 1902, $1,828,600,000; 1903, $1,746,600,000. Adding the values of the cotton and hay crops, we have these remarkable results: 1901, $2,720,000,000; 1902, $2,784,000,000; 1903, $2,755,000,000.

Roosevelt and the Poets.

[From the Greenfield (Md.) Tribune.]

The campaign poets have a great deal of trouble in making rhymes with Roosevelt. Occasionally, however, a real gem appears from the most unexpected source. From an enthusiastic rural disciple comes the following:

American, German, Italian, Celt,
Norwegians and the banana belt,
All the westerners, you bet your pelt,
Are going red hot for Roosevelt.

More Stoical Than Red Indians.

No red Indians were ever more callous to pain than the aborigines of Australia. In their tribal fights, which still occur frequently, the severest wounds are treated with indifference. Old Australian settlers are fond of telling a famous story of a tribal chief who walked sixty miles with a spear sticking clear through his body before he could get help to pull it out. They insist that the story is true.

Their Fatal Mistake.

Returned Traveler—What has become of Catchem & Cheatem, the rich lawyers? Retired, I presume? Resident—Yes, retired. They are both in the poorhouse.

"Phew! What happened?"

"They had a quarrel and sued each other."—New York Weekly.

Reassuring a Visitor.

"I don't see why you didn't want me to say anything about Miss Mixley's age, mamma," said Tommy, looking at the guest. "She doesn't look nearly so old as grandfa—ouch! Who's that a-pinchin' me on the laig?"

WILD ANIMALS.

Different Methods by Which They Are Captured.

The different methods by which various wild animals are captured in their native state are interesting. Lions are generally caught by being tempted to thrust their heads through nooses of strong cords composed of twisted hides. Pieces of meat are used for bait, but frequently the hunters have many days of hard chasing before the lion can be persuaded to try the noose. When he does, the cords are pulled quickly around his throat, stifling him, and other stout cords are bound around his legs. Tigers are more savage than lions and can rarely be captured when full grown. Recruiting is accordingly carried on among the cubs, the parent tigers being killed and the young, left without protectors, being easily caught. The cubs readily accustom themselves to captivity. Perhaps the most difficult of all wild animals to capture is the giraffe. In addition to being very rare giraffes are exceedingly timid and swift footed. There is no special way to capture a giraffe. Many different ways have been tried, and all have been equally unsuccessful. The method which has occasionally resulted in a capture is that of using a long cord, at each end of which is a round weight. This cord is thrown by the hunter in such a manner as to wind around the animal's legs, either bringing it to the ground or rendering it incapable of escaping before it is made a prisoner. Most of the giraffes in captivity have been caught by chance when young.

BROKEN MIRRORS.

Varying Phases of the Superstition That Clings to Them.

A young man with a hall bedroom atmosphere about him got off an elevated train at Rector street. He omitted to take a paper bag that a passenger who got aboard with him at Fifty-ninth street saw him carrying.

"Hi!" shouted his fellow passenger. "You've forgotten your luncheon."

The young man hurried off without appearing to hear. The train hand peeped into the bag. "Broken shaving mirror this trip," he said to the passenger. "We run across broken mirrors in bags or wrapped in neat newspaper parcels every few days. For my part, I put the pieces under the seat for the cleaners to take away. If one is superstitious at all it is just as unlucky to dispose of the pieces of a broken mirror as it is to break the glass. I don't want any secondhand bad luck handed out to me.

"Somebody has got to break shaving mirrors or there wouldn't be any sale for new ones, but young chaps who live in boarding houses don't like to leave the pieces around when they break one for fear of the landlady. There is no more superstitious person on earth, not barring the sailor, than the New York boarding house keeper. I have heard of cases where a man has been asked to give up his room because he happened to break a mirror."—New York Press.

Where Stanley Worked as a Boy.

He sometimes, but not often, spoke to me of his life as a boy. I remember in 1890, when we were staying in Cincinnati together, his asking me one afternoon to go for a walk with him. He took me through obscure back streets and down dirty alleys until we reached a wharf on the banks of the Ohio river. He stopped at the bottom of a street which ran steeply down to the river and pointed out a lad who was rolling a large cask of tallow from a cellar down to the wharf. He said: "I have brought you here because I wanted to show you this place. I was doing exactly the same work as that lad, and, if I mistake not, that is the same cellar in which I worked."—"Reminiscences of Sir Henry Stanley" in Scribner's.

This Topsy Turvy World.

This is a topsy turvy world. One man is struggling for justice, and another is fleeing from it. One man is saving to build a house, and another is trying to sell his "for less than it cost." One man is spending all the money he can make in taking a girl to an entertainment and sending her flowers in the hope eventually of making her his wife, while his neighbor is spending the gold he has got to get a divorce. One man escapes all the diseases man is heir to and gets killed on the railway. Another goes everywhere without being hurt and dies with whooping cough. Such is life!—Exchange.

He Spoke Too Hastily.

"Binkersnap told me a falsehood this morning."

"I don't believe it. Binkersnap is a truthful and honest fellow. I don't believe he ever told a lie in his life You're prejudiced. I'd take Binkersnap's word for anything. What did he say?"

"He said that you were crazy and ought to be locked up in an asylum."

"What-h-h * * ! !"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How to Manage Hens.

Mrs. Suburb—I don't see what's the matter with our hens. They don't lay at all. Farmer Meadow—You don't feed 'em right, mum. Just you give 'em about $2 worth of corn every week and they'll lay you a dollar's worth of eggs every seven days.—New York Weekly.

A Question of Color.

Jiggs—What's the difference between a hectic flush and a bobtail flush? Jaggs—A hectic flush makes some one red and a bobtail flush makes some one blue.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

When a man worries over his debts his creditors know he is all right.—Atchison Globe.

Lived Too Fast.

"Poor fellow, he is quite broken down, and the doctor says that his condition is due to fast living."

"Fast living?"

"Yes; you see he is a traveling man, and he was obliged to eat so many dining car meals and lose so much sleep in sleepers that his constitution gave way."—Cleveland Leader.

The Sermon.

"I certainly did enjoy your sermon," said the hard case, who seldom attended church.

"Indeed!" replied Rev. Mr. Tawker. "And which part did you enjoy the most?"

"I guess it was the part where I dreamed I had a million dollars."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Uses of the Orange.

Says a philosopher: "In the economy of nature nothing is lost. The inside of an orange may refresh one man, while the outside of the same fruit may serve as a medium for breaking another man's leg."

CHEEK, PUSH AND CASH.

Three Essentials, Says a Cynic, to Success In Life.

Fighting for cards to entertainments, pushing up by hook and by crook, giving dinners and dances (typewritten descriptions of which are given to any journalists who wish for them)—these things are essentially opposed to "that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

These influences are very widespread. To "get on" is the great object of every one, and to get on one must drop as many refinements as possible. They "do not pay." This may seem cynical, but it is unfortunately true. Cheek, push and cash are the three essentials to success, and if the last be lacking the two former are necessary for its getting.

This is all false, unworthy. It is only the veneer of a butterfly class. The aristocracy is one with the upper middle classes in its rejection of these influences. Refinement is not dead among us, but it is overshadowed. Sane and serious people are sickened by the frothy life that goes on about them. If it really brought enjoyment to its devotee it would be justified, but that it does not is amply evidenced by the discontented, artificial faces under the horribly pretty hats above the vulgarly elaborate dresses. Better things will come, better things exist now beneath this false surface, but the man who beats the drum can drown the strains of the violin. Just now the drum is very loud. Let us lower our voices and wait.—London Outlook.

QUEER ENGLISH BELIEFS.

Superstitions That Still Abide With the Country Folk.

There is a well known weed with dark blotches on it, not unlike blood stains. I have been twice assured with the utmost seriousness by an old woman that "where you find them there a-growing there's been a battle long ago."

The same dame once seemed rather in a hurry when buying a setting of eggs from me about tea time, and I found the reason was that she believed you had no luck with eggs if you did not set them before sundown. This is curious, for, though the modern poultry keeper might make the nest and place the eggs in it during the daytime, he would probably defer putting the "broody" on them till dusk that she might have the best chance of settling down quietly.

The other day in a neighboring cottage I was admiring a fine baby and ventured to suggest that if its nails were left so long it might scratch its face. The mother said she would cut them, but the grandmother burst in with: "You'll do nothing of the sort, my dear, asking your pardon, sir. You don't seem to know, sir, that to cut a child's nails before it's twelve months old makes it light fingered." And I am perfectly certain the nails will not be cut. It will be of interest to add that the cottagers I speak of live near enough to London to see its lights in the sky.—London Chronicle.

Talked Too Much.

Speaking one day of club sociability, Hy Mayer, the cartoonist, told of a club to which he was invited while in Berlin. The club was composed of elderly Germans, who met in a back room to drink beer and smoke. At intervals one of the clubmen would remove his pipe from his mouth, nod his head sagely and remark, "Yah." After a little pause another of the smokers would say, "Yah." That was the extent of their conversation. "One night," said Mr. Mayer, "one of the members brought his son to the club. After several of the older ones had spoken as usual the youngster spoke. He said, 'Yah, yah.' They expelled him at once," concluded Mr. Mayer, "for talking too much."

An Effective Whistle.

A popular English author was wholly incapacitated from work by a lady who lived next door and strummed through Handel's "Messiah." His idea of the inviolability of an Englishman's house did not allow him to send in any message, and he was at his wits' end till he saw in a daily paper that steam whistles could be bought to fit on to kettle spouts. He provided himself with one and put the kettle on the fire in the room nearest the singer. As soon as the whistle began he went out. Of course the bottom came off the kettle, but it cost little to solder it on again, and after two or three solderings the lady took the hint.

Good Luck For Turtles at Least.

The Chinese have a peculiar custom with regard to turtles, which they consider as very good joss. Almost any day one can see these creatures, some of them of huge size, being carried on board the river steamers, not to be taken to Canton for culinary purposes, but to be dumped into the sea and restored to liberty and freedom. Good luck is thought to follow.—Hongkong Press.

Useless.

"No, sir; I never borrow trouble."

"Neither do I, so why should I sit here listening to your argument about the wickedness of docking horses? I don't own a horse, and I never expect to."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Conscious Virtue.

Senator Plowen (proudly)—No, sir; no one has ever attempted to bribe me. Senator Ketchem—Never mind. Some day, when it's a close vote, you'll get your chance.—Chicago Journal.

Getting Even.

Barber—Does that razor pull, sir? Customer—Yes, but go ahead. I've been pretty hard pushed lately, and this'll even up things a little.—New Yorker.

Wanted No Reminders of His Past.

"In my plans for your new home," says the architect, "I have provided for a large, ornate frieze in the hall."

"Don't want it," asserts Mr. Conjeeled.

"What?"

"Not a bit of it. Can't take any chances on having any one being reminded that I used to drive an ice wagon."—Judge.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.—Ballou.

Eccentric.

Grimes—My wife's the queerest woman that ever lived. Gorman—Yes; that's what people thought when she married you.—Boston Transcript.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance at its lowest estate.—Sidney.

To some the past gives only regret, the present sorrow, the future fear.—Lambert.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 25.

Text of the Lesson, A Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Psalms ciii, 8—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Lesson I.—The kingdom divided (I Kings xii, 12-20). Golden Text, Prov. xvi, 18, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." How often one is led to think of the word, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee, the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain" (Ps. lxxvi, 10). Because of Solomon's sin God said He would take the kingdom from him, leaving him, however, a small portion of it for David's sake. This lesson tells how that was brought about, Rehoboam seemingly acting his own pleasure, but God overruling for His purposes.

Lesson II.—Jeroboam's idolatry (I Kings xii, 25-33). Golden Text, I John v, 21, "Keep yourselves from idols." Jeroboam knew that God had given him the kingdom, but he could not trust God to keep that which He had given him, so he wrought out a little plan of his own that the kingdom might not get away from him, and this plan was in open defiance of and disobedience to God.

Lesson III.—Asa's good reign (II Chron. xiv, 1-12). Golden Text, II Chron. xiv, 11, "Help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on Thee." It is refreshing to turn from such as Rehoboam and Jeroboam to one who, however imperfectly, had faith in God. The manner of his life was to do good and right in the eyes of the Lord, and that is everything. Note the words following the golden text, "In Thy name we go."

Lesson IV.—Jehoshaphat's reform (II Chron. xix, 1-11). Golden Text, II Chron. xix, 11, "Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good." Verse 9 might have been a better golden text, "Thus shall ye do in the fear of the Lord, faithfully and with a perfect heart." Jehoshaphat's heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord (xvii, 6), and he had a great and wonderful victory over His enemies (chapter 20), but in this lesson he is rebuked for helping the ungodly.

Lesson V.—Omri and Ahab (I Kings xvi, 23-33). Golden Text, Prov. xiv, 34. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." In contrast with the two previous lessons we have in this lesson two men who did more evil than all that were before them. Omri was very wicked, but Ahab was worse.

Lesson VI.—God taking care of Elijah (I Kings xvii, 1-16). Golden Text. I Pet. v, 7, "He careth for you." We might not think that bread and flesh brought by ravens and water from the brook was very good fare; neither might we be in love with constant rations of meal and oil. We might not like lonely tent life by the brook nor even the widow's humble home, but to such as Elijah or John the Baptist or Daniel, even, the item of food was a minor matter.

Lesson VII.—Obadiah and Elijah (I Kings xviii, 1-16). Golden Text, I Kings xviii, 12, "I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth." Elijah in his lonely places and Obadiah in the house of ungodly Ahab both feared and served the Lord according to ability and opportunity, as far as we know. The Christian who truly desires to serve the Lord may fully trust Him to manage all the details of his life.

Lesson VIII.—Elijah on Mount Carmel (I Kings xviii, 30-46). Golden Text, I Kings xviii, 21, "If the Lord be God, follow Him." In Elijah see a man filled with a desire that God may be glorified and that people may know Him as the living and true God. David had the same desire when he went forth against Goliath, and Daniel and his friends when they went to the furnace and the lion's den.

Lesson IX.—Elijah discouraged (I Kings xix, 1-8). Golden Text, Ps. cxx, 1, "In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me." The only way of peace and victory is a mind stayed upon Jehovah, seeing no one but Jesus only. However strong we may be in the Lord, we are utterly weak and helpless in ourselves, and the moment we allow ourselves to dwell upon people or circumstances we sink like Peter when he took his eyes off the Lord.

Lesson X.—Elijah encouraged (I Kings xix, 9-18). Golden Text, Isa. xli, 10, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee." It must not have looked quite so hopeless to Elijah when he learned from God Himself that there were 7,000 yet in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal and that he was not the only witness on whom the Lord could rely.

Lesson XI.—Elijah taken up into heaven (II Kings ii, 1-11). Golden Text, Gen. v, 24, "He was not, for God took him." It is not wise nor brave to covet death, even though death be a gain. It is better to leave all to God and be strong in Him. We may never die (I Cor. xv, 51, 52; I Thess. iv, 16-18), and until we leave this mortal body or get a glorified one we shall never have more to bear than He will give us grace for.

Lesson XII.—Israel reproved (Amos v, 4-15). Golden Text, Amos v, 6, "Seek the Lord, and ye shall live." Jehovah had done everything for Israel. He was their Redeemer from the bondage of Egypt, their Lawgiver, their Judge, their King. He only asked of them a willing obedience that He might bless them and make them a blessing, but they turned away from and worshiped idols. If we are in any way turned from Him, He is earnestly calling, Come unto me and I will give you rest.

Unprepared.

Hostess (pairing off her guests)—Mr. Justyn, will you take Miss Smith out to dinner? Mr. Justyn (his first experience)—Er—Mrs. Jones, let me whisper something to you. I left my money in my other clothes. I've only got 15 cents about me. Please let some other man take her out.—Chicago Tribune.

Noble Enough.

Miss—Of course you know, baron, that my father is not in the remotest degree a nobleman. He—Say no more, beautiful one. A man who will give his daughter a dowry of a million is noble enough for me.

Early English.

Bachelor—I confess I can't understand what your baby's saying. Benedick—It is a queer language, isn't it? Bachelor—Yes; sort of early English.—Answers.

Interested.

"Do you believe in marrying for money, Mr. Hansom?"

"I dunno. How much you got?"—Fort Worth Record.

Charlie's Parents.

While waiting one evening at my friend's house for him I was pleasantly entertained in the drawing room by his wife. Our conversation drifted to the use and abuse of tobacco, when Mrs. A. said:

"I am sorry to say that Charles smokes, and cigarettes too. I can smell it on his clothes. I wouldn't have his father know it for anything. He hates tobacco in all its forms."

Shortly after, Charles and his father having come in to dinner, I noticed Mrs. A. get up and carefully remove her son's coat to a peg on the hall rack quite distant from his father's. After dinner Mr. A. and I went to keep an engagement with a third friend. On our way home who should we pass but Charles smoking a cigarette.

My friend said: "I am so afraid that boy's mother will 'get on to' the fact that he smokes. She dislikes tobacco so, especially cigarettes. I know it would break her heart. Don't mention it, for goodness' sake."

Like a wise diplomat, I concluded not to interfere.—Albany Journal.

Honesty as a Policy.

A judge and a party of lawyers were discussing various maxims when one of the lawyers said:

"Well, judge, do you really believe honesty is the best policy?"

"I'll answer that question by a story," replied the judge. "When I was practicing law one day in the interests of a client I said to a man:

"'Do you own a large black dog with white spots?'

"He looked at me quizzically and then said:

"'Oh, no. That dog is merely a stray canine that occasionally strolls into my yard. You're the tax assessor, aren't you?'

"'No. I'm only a lawyer. I came to tell you that a client of mine had accidentally shot and killed the big dog and authorized me to pay the owner $25 damages. But as the animal has no owner, why, of course there's nothing to pay. Good morning.'"—Cleveland Leader.

John Bull and the Letter "H."

John Bull and the trouble he experiences with the letter "h" have been the occasion of many a witticism. There is the story of one Londoner who scolded another for pronouncing "hour," "heir" and "honor" correctly. "Why don't you haspirate your haitches, you hignorant hass?" asked the critic. Among the traditions of the London bar is the story of one Sergeant Channell. He was arguing a case in which a vessel named the Helen was concerned. Every time the name cropped up Channell called her the Ellen. "Stop, stop!" said the judge at last. "How many vessels were there? I've got two in my notes, the Ellen and the Helen." At this point the attorney for the other side interrupted, giving Channell no chance. "There was only one vessel, m' lud," said he. "She was christened the Helen, but she lost her 'h' in the chops of the Channell."

Coddle Themselves Too Much.

Old people often make the mistake of coddling themselves too much, says a physician in What to Eat. Thus they cause a weakening of the vital forces before the advance of age has done so. Nature never intended that a man should be put into a hothouse at sixty and kept there as a delicate plant. Too much solicitude about the health of such a person may be the actual cause of death. The vitality of the person may be somewhat lessened at sixty, but the man or woman whose health has received a fair amount of attention is not by any means ready to be shelved at that age. All that is required is a little lessening of the burden of life and a little more care of the health.

Facts About Bath Brick.

Few would connect the common bath brick of our kitchens with a caprice of nature or would credit that there is but one spot on the entire globe where these scouring blocks can be manufactured. Yet so it is, for all bath bricks are made at Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, and there only, because the river Parret deposits for a distance of a few hundred yards only the peculiar compound of sand and slime of which they are composed. Nowhere else in the world is a similar compound to be found.—London Mail.

A Telepathic Clock.

Here is a strange yet absolutely true story, in which a clock plays a mysterious part: It was a small American timepiece which stood on a mantelpiece in a sitting room in a Liverpool builder's house. At 11:30 one morning the timepiece fell from the mantelpiece to the floor. When picked up it was found to be quite uninjured and still going, as if nothing unusual had happened. There seemed to be absolutely no reason why it should have fallen, but an hour later when the builder came home to his midday meal he remarked that at 11:30 he fell from the top of a building, but happily without sustaining any injury. His wife then described how the clock had fallen at the same time, and the couple ponder in vain over the curious and utterly inexplicable coincidence. — Liverpool Post.

Gilbert of Colchester.

Gilbert of Colchester, who flourished three centuries ago, has been called the founder of the science of electricity. Gilbert discovered the augmentation of the power of a loadstone by arming or capping it with soft iron cheeks, the screening effect of a sheet of iron, the method of magnetizing iron by hammering it while it lies north and south, the destruction of magnetism by heat and the existence around the magnet of a magnetic field. Generalizing from small to large, he advanced the entirely novel idea that the globe of the earth is itself a magnet.

The Toad.

The wonderful insect killing capacity of the toad is known in a general way to the enlightened few, says Country Life In America. An imported colony of toads may be the salvation of a flower garden. Many gardeners give their children a cent apiece for every cutworm destroyed. From May 1 to Aug. 1 a toad may destroy 2,160 cutworms, which it would cost $21.60 to destroy by hand. English gardeners are said to pay as much as $25 a hundred for toads for colonizing purposes.

Thrifty Switzerland.

"The people of Switzerland are very grasping in their treatment of visitors," says a man who has made a tour of that country. "If the hotel keeper doesn't get all his money the guide takes what is left, and if there should happen to be a dollar or so left after they get through the little boys fix up an artificial waterfall by putting a board across a stream and when tourists happen along pull it away with a string and expect the dollar in payment."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Business Cards.

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England's Underfed Children.

In every big town the children of the slums habitually go to school improperly fed. Many of them are not only improperly fed, but the food they do get is far too little in quantity. In the hard winter season, when the building trades are idle, many again go to school either with no food at all or having only stayed their hunger in the morning with a crust of dry bread. In sharp, frosty weather it is a common experience for teachers in the elementary schools of the poorer parts of our great towns—I have often seen it—to find children suddenly seized with vomiting. This is not so much caused by the fact that the stomach is upset as that it has revolted against the effect of the cold upon its empty condition. And not only is this state of things true of the poorer parts of the big towns. It is also true of many of the agricultural villages. Let a visitor to a village elementary school look closely at the children. They are in many cases flabby and pale. They need more nourishing food. A breakfast of "teakettle broth," a bit of bread and treacle and some abominably poor tea—these form the three meals daily.—Dr. T. J. McNamara, M. P., in Nineteenth Century.

Athletes and Consumption.

There must be no exercise as exercise for the consumptive patient. If you are able and feel like it, amuse yourself, but don't take exercise to build your system up. I know. I, too, have heard those stories about men given up to die who began work in a gymnasium and by violent exercise entirely recovered their health. When the lung tissue is attacked by tuberculosis it heals, if it heals at all, by fibrous scar material filling in the cavity. No new lung tissue is formed to replace what has been lost, and this scar material is useless for breathing. Suppose you had a deep cut in your hand and you kept working that hand violently, how long do you think it would take the cut to heal? When exercise is taken or you "expand the lungs" you have to work the lung tissue just as you work your hand, and if it is wounded there will be a much larger proportion of scar material useless for breathing when it does get well.—Everybody's Magazine.

The French Archives.

The archives so magnificently housed in the Hotel de Rohan form one of the most interesting sights of Paris. Here, bound in white calf, thousands of folios contain the history of France, dating from the Capet and Valois kings, all documents being classified under four heads—administrative, historic, legislative and judiciary. Among minor objects of interest not shown to visitors without special permission is the table on which Robespierre, wounded, was placed in the Hotel de Ville on the eve of Thermidor and the inventory of Marie Antoinette's wardrobe, with patterns of her dresses, and also of Mme. Elizabeth's. Insignificant indeed would the collection appear beside that of a fashionable lady of today. In these historic premises, busy as bees, indefatigable searchers are continually at work.—Westminster Gazette.

The Dainty Ant.

Ants have no set time for brushing up, but certain conditions plainly incite thereto, as when they feel particularly comfortable, as after eating or after awakening from or before going to sleep. The keen sense of discomfort aroused by the presence of dirt incites to cleansing. Often one may see an ant suddenly pause in the midst of the duties of field or formicary and begin to comb herself. Here is a mountain mound maker driven by the passion of nest building to the utmost fervor of activity. Suddenly she drops out of the gang of yellow workers and, mounting a nearby clod, poses upon her hind legs and plies teeth, tongue and comb. For a few moments the aim of being is centered upon that act. Around her coign of vantage sweeps to and fro the bustling host of builders with all their energies bent upon reconstructing their ruined city. She combs on unconcernedly. From top of head to tip of hind legs she goes, smoothing out ruffled hairs and removing atoms of soil invisible to human eyes. Her toilet is ended at last.—H. C. McCook in Harper's Magazine.

In a Quandary.

Bessie—Oh, Mabel, I am in an awful dilemma! I've quarreled with Harry, and he wants me to send his ring back. Mabel—That is too bad. Bessie—That isn't the worst of it. I've forgotten which is his ring.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 6, 1904.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.41, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05, P.M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.05, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.20, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 3.25, 5.29, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.58, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.20, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.02, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 4.02, 5.45, 6.05, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.13, 9.49, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.15, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.31, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

9.13 P. M. to Boston in effect June 27, 1904.

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, .15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 . p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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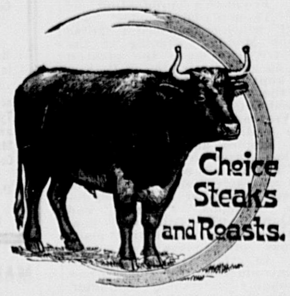

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WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after June 27, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.07, 6.22, every 15 minutes until 9.52 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.52 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 11.07 A. M then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 9.07 P. M and then every 30 minutes 12.37 A. M

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6 52 A. M. and every half hour until 8.37; then every 15 minutes 9 37 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.07, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 10 07 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour until then 12.37 A. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

The Price of A Threat

By ALEC BRUCE

Copyright, 1904, by Alec Bruce

"Marie! You are in trouble, ma'amselle? Your face, it is so white!" whispered Pierrot, stepping noiselessly toward her on the little sawdust circle before the performers' entrance.

"Oui, oui! I—I—am in trouble—grave trouble, Pierrot," she answered brokenly.

"Ah, ma'amselle, and you know not what to do. That is it?" he questioned quickly and inviting confidence with his earnest, searching little eyes. "But, Marie, ma'amselle," he muttered, stepping closer to her, so close that she felt the warmth of his breath on her cheek, "maybe—maybe Pierrot might know—if—if you would tell him, hey?"

"Ah, Pierrot, non!" she faltered, covering her face with her hands. "You—you could not, non, you—you"— No other words would come. Her lips quivered. Her eyes filled.

"Marie, Marie," he urged, "maybe I—I—ah, you think not, hey?" And his broad breast swelled with a smothered love, a love that had known no utterance, for he was "Pierrot, the fool," a groom! And she? She was "Ma'amselle Mirabeau, premier equestrienne," in Barkalow's big circus ring.

Suddenly ting-ting, ting-ting-ting!

"Ma'amselle, ma'amselle," whispered warningly, "the first bell! You hear? Thirty minutes and you go on. Just thirty, Marie!"

But still she did not answer.

"Ah, I am only Pierrot, Pierrot, the fool," he murmured, "and you—you will not tell a fool, ma'amselle. No, no. Why should you?"

"Pierrot!" From her tear dimmed eyes she dropped two small, pink starfish hands and faced him. "Pierrot 'a fool?' You said a fool!" she quavered. "Ah, to ma'amselle you must not say so once again. I know you. A fool? Non, non! You say I will not tell you, I will not trust you, mon ami. Leesten, leesten! That Hercules, the dead weight lifter, bah!" and she shuddered violently. "Again, today, he say, 'Ma'amselle, you will marry me, oui?' Already six times he haf said so. Oh, Lala, how persistent! Ah, Pierrot, you do not know. And for answer I say: 'M'sieur, no—no. No—no—no!' Six times I say so, and of heem I think no more. But today, today, it is different. I am afraid. He look so black, so terrible when he say: 'Ma'amselle, you will marry me. No? Ah, no more trifling, I say, none at all. Gif me your answer. You haf till 7 o'clock tonight; that is all!' And Pierrot, number eight on the programme, oui, number eight, tonight's! Look at it, and—and you will understand!"

"Number eight, ma'amselle, number eight on the programme, tonight's? I have one somewhere," he mumbled, searching doubtfully among the frilled yards of red, white and blue at his pockets. "Ah!" At last with trembling fingers he unfolded the crushed crimson sheet. "Hercules, Hercules, Hercules! The dead weight lifter! Tonight, tonight, tonight!" it read. "Head downward from a swinging trapeze twenty feet above the circus ring this worldwide champion will dangle in his teeth 100 pounds of solid steel. Is that all? No! We tell you no! But see for yourselves the most marvelous sight ever seen. From a ring beneath the suspended weight he will hold fast the added burden of our premier equestrienne, and backward and forward in midair she will swing and hang until at length she drops, dancing and pirouetting on her galloping steed below."

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" muttered Pierrot when he had read the bill. "I understand, I understand, ma'amselle. Tonight you must answer 'Oui,' or he will drop the dead weight from his teeth when you hang below!"

"Pierrot, Pierrot," she cried, "I cannot, I will not perform tonight! See—see—I tremble; I could not stand; I could not ride Comanche Bill. I must beg off. I am sick. I—I will tell the manager!"

"Ma'amselle! No, no, ma'amselle; one moment, one moment!" cautioned Pierrot, detaining her and pressing his hand against the crimson diamond on his forehead.

"But, Pierrot, Pierrot," she insisted, "I must, I must, I"—

"Non, non, ma'amselle, you must not!" he whispered. "I have it; Pierrot has it!" And again he glanced intently at the programme. "Bien, bien, I have it! In number seven you ride Comanche Bill. Ride him, ma'amselle. Pirouette! Jump! Jump through the drum. I hold it, ma'amselle. Look, number seven, 'Mirabeau on Comanche.' Bah, beg off? Non, non; trust Pierrot. Have no fear. You will not swing from Hercules' weight!"

"But, Pierrot, how? How? You must tell me!"

Ting-ting, tin-ting-ting!

"Second bell, ma'amselle," he interrupted, "second bell!" and, grasping the curtains, he peeped through the faded fringe. "Ah, the tiers; they are black with people—black, ma'amselle! There is no time, no time to tell. Trust Pierrot, trust, trust!" And in a moment he was gone.

* * *

Fifteen minutes later, with an angry scowl, Hercules, the dead weight lifter, raised the flap of the manager's tent and entered. "Sir," he announced, "my weight—m-my weight! It is stolen. Some prowlers, curse them! T-the last moment too!"

"Stolen, stolen!" repeated the manager in his highest key. "By heavens, man, and we have 3,000 unbelievers in that tent all waiting to see your act. We've posted 1,000 bills; we've advertised it for a month. We've—we've—Hercules, what is to be done?"

"Well, sir," growled the champion darkly, "it ain't my fault. No, sir! But there's one way out of it; one way, I think."

"What way?" snapped the manager.

"It's—it's the papier mache weight, sir; light as a feather. I—I used to practice with it," stammered Hercules. "But they—they wouldn't know it from the real thing, sir; not on your life. Git two of the grooms, Dan'l and Pete, sir; I know 'em well enough. They'll perspire an' purtend a bit when they bring it on. Savez the idee, hey? I reckon you do, sir—ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the manager heartily. "Splendid, Hercules, splendid. "I'll write to Barkalow. You get a bonus for this—ha, ha! And we can stave off challenges for one night, eh? Tomorrow we'll invite inspection. Very good, sir, v-very good, indeed!"

And so it was arranged.

Came 8 o'clock dinging and dying amid railway siding sounds, and six items, like snow in a tropical sun, had melted from Barkalow's big wonder list. Comanche Bill, pink nosed and piebald, with Mirabeau, was prancing around the mammoth ring. Whoop, whoop, whoop, whooplah! Crack! Through ribbon ring after ribbon ring the ma'amselle jumped, landing always fair and dancing on her plush platform saddle. Suddenly whoop, whoop, swish! A tissue drum went into shreds, and Pierrot stepped down from his pedestal and looked proudly at the lady. "Hurrah, hurrah!" The audience cheered and clapped their hands. "Well done, well done!"

But now it was number eight on the programme, and all eyes were focused on the performers' entrance.

"Hercules, Hercules!" The excited whisper gathered force and chased along and up and down the tiers. Jauntily the manager advanced and made a brief announcement. Two blue coated, quick action grooms spread out a brilliant carpet star, and two others, red faced and with straining arms and shoulders doubled over, brought on the plaything of the giant.

"Ha!" In a moment he was there before them, smiling and bowing, a spangled vision in scarlet and gold, a miracle of physical strength and bigness. He stretched out his long right arm, his left, too, and the muscles of them rose up like plaited whipcords. Then he breathed, and every man breathed with him. He broke a poker across his thigh, and the cheers rang wild and deafening. He looked at the weight, at the trapeze above, at ma'amselle with critical eye, and again the audience cheered. If before they had doubted the claims in number eight, it was evident now that they believed.

Mirabeau? White as chalk beneath her mask, she held her breath and glared from her steed at Pierrot. And Pierrot? Eyes bulging outward, he transfixed the little trapdoor in the belting below the orchestra stand.

Suddenly the giant stepped before the weight and faced the high priced seats. Above his head he raised his hands. "Once, twice, thrice!" On the third call he would swing and grasp and juggle with the dead weight as with a toy.

Click! Click!

Pierrot, and only Pierrot, heard it. The violins and the flutes were murdering sound, and the clown's heart thumped his chest like a drumstick beating the time.

Click! Click!

Up went the trapdoor, and a boy, a very little boy, hatless, but with a sun crisped thatch of curly hair, struggled through the ring. For a moment he hesitated, blinking his big blue eyes in the glare of light; then quick as a flash he was over on the big carpet star.

"Pierrot, Pierrot," breathed ma'amselle, squeezing the cold fingers resting on her saddle.

"Once, twice—once, twice—whooplah!" shouted Hercules, bending swiftly and throwing his mighty arms between his legs.

But the boy was first. In his tiny hand he grasped the weight and, hoisting it to his slender shoulder, sped with it like a startled hare across the ring and out through the quivering curtain.

"Ah, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" It was one brief trickle of laughter accentuating the intense silence that followed, for in the thrill of a flute it all happened, and no one had attempted to stop him.

Rat-tat-tat!

"Now, all together!" commanded the leader of the orchestra, coming gallantly to the rescue, and a bunch of mandolins and violins ripped the air. But music had no charms for the outraged audience, and at last the storm broke. Loud, long and deep voiced it raged—ribald laughter, shrill jeers, dark threats and hisses like the angry exhaust of steam.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!"

In vain did the manager attempt to stem the avalanche, but like a sick man's whisper against a battery cannonade his explanations and apologies melted on soundless lips.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, one minute, and I will explain, I"—

"Ye's can't do it! Ye's can't do it!" piped a thin, querulous voice.

"Tricksters! Swindlers! Money back! Money back! Boo for Barkalow!" chorused the galleries.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, I must tell you—I must tell you"—

"Tell nuthin', nuthin' at all!" volleyed the leaders. "Square the deal at number eight an' screw out yer lights!"

"Gentlemen, order, order!"

"Hiss, hiss, hiss-s-s-s! Square the deal at number eight!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen"—

"Hiss, hiss, hiss-s-s"—

And in the ticket office a few minutes later, though he knew it not, the manager was paying back the fabulous price of a threat.

The Omnivorous Korean.

The Korean is omnivorous. Birds of the air, beasts of the field and fish from the sea—nothing comes amiss to his palate. Dog meat is in great request at certain seasons. Pork and beef with the blood undrained from the carcass, fowls and game—birds cooked with the lights, head and claws intact—fish sun dried and highly malodorous—all are acceptable to him. Cooking is not always necessary. A species of small fish is preferred raw, dipped into some piquant sauce. Other dainties are dried seaweed, shrimps, vermicelli, pine seeds, lily buds and all vegetables and cereals. The excesses make the Korean martyrs of indigestion.

A Mean Husband.

"I think old Kreezus has the queerest way of teasing his wife I ever heard of."

"I thought he was fond of her."

"He is, but he likes to get a joke on her. You know she is sensitive about her age. Well, he has let everybody know that when they were married he gave her a magnificent necklace of diamonds, each diamond representing a year of her age, and he adds one to the string every time she has a birthday. Imagine how the poor woman is torn between her desire to display the necklace and the fear that when she wears it everybody will be counting the diamonds."

Touchiness.

There is a disease called "touchiness," a disease which, in spite of its innocent name, is one of the gravest sources of restlessness in the world. Touchiness, when it becomes chronic, is a morbid condition of the inward disposition. It is self love inflamed to the acute point. The cure is to shift the yoke to some other place; to let men and things touch us through some new and perhaps as yet unused part of our nature; to become meek and lowly in heart while the old nature is becoming numb from want of use.—Exchange.

The Eternal Womanly.

"I must have a new gown and coat at once."

"Great thunderation, woman, how can you ask for a gown and coat when you have to testify in my bankruptcy hearing next week?"

"I simply have to have them. Do you think I can face the people in the courtroom when I am wearing my old clothes?"—Indianapolis Sun.

The Charm of His Hamlet.

Concerning Hamlet as played by the late Wilson Barrett a little story is told in the greenrooms where the actor was known. One of the ancients was talking of the Hamlets he had seen on the stage. "Well," he said, "I've seen dozens of 'em, but of all the hactors wot played Hamlet give me Barrett. He was always done ten minutes afore any of the others."

Rapt In His Art.

Musician—I tell you, ladies, we artists cannot succeed unless we give up our very souls to our art. Why, last week I was so rapt in a composition that I was playing that a thief stole the violin from under my chin, and I never noticed it.

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THE STONE BREAKER.

An Example of Content In Honest but Monotonous Toil.

In my country of Alsace, on the solitary route whose interminable ribbon stretches on and on under the forests of the Vosges, there is a stone breaker whom I have seen at his work for thirty years. The first time I came upon him I was a young student setting out with swelling heart for the great city. The sight of this man did me good, for he was humming a song as he broke his stones. We exchanged a few words, and he said at the end, "Well, goodby, my boy, good courage and good luck!" Since then I have passed and repassed along the same route under circumstances the most diverse, painful and joyful. The student has finished his course; the breaker of stones remains what he was. He has taken a few more precautions against the seasons' storms—a rush mat protects his back, and his felt hat is drawn further down to shield his face. But the forest is always sending back the echo of his valiant hammer. How many sudden tempests have broken over his bent back, how much adverse fate has fallen on his head, on his house, on his country! He continues to break his stones, and coming and going I find him by the roadside smiling in spite of his age and his wrinkles, benevolent, speaking—above all in dark days—those simple words of brave men which have so much effect when they are scanned to the breaking of stones.—From "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.

A SHREWD OLD LADY.

How She Got Her Will Drafted and Fooled Her Lawyer.

A certain lawyer, famed for high charges, had incurred the enmity of an old lady on account of the same. Wishing to get even with him, she consulted him about drafting her will. As she was a very wealthy old lady, without near relatives, she had many charitable associations to benefit, and the accurate draft of the will required much patience, skill and time. Among the provisions she made a generous bequest to this lawyer and nominated him executor. After the execution of the will she called for her bill, whereupon the lawyer, with the vision of ample fees in the prospective settlement of the estate and the memory of the generous bequest, told the old lady that under the circumstances he should charge nothing, but finally, to satisfy her business scruples, made out a receipt in full to date for $1, whereas the smallest sum he could have properly charged would have been $100.

The old lady marched home with her will, set herself to work, copied it out carefully word for word, leaving out the bequest to the lawyer and nominating a new executor.

In the course of time she died, and the disgust of the lawyer at the contents of the will was so great that he inadvertently let out the secret, to the huge delight of his brother lawyers.—Leslie's Monthly.

The Sacred Twelve.

The "patriarchal and apostolical number of twelve" as the proper and only admissible number for a jury trying cases according to the common law has come down to us from remote antiquity. Yet this number was not always universal. In 1652 a Cornish custom to have juries of six was declared to be bad, but evidence was given that such juries had been widely used in the county, and by a special statute of Henry VIII. juries of six were allowed in Wales. But the jury of the grand assize consisted of sixteen men, which still finds a parallel in the jury of presentments of the Liberty of the Savoy. The modern grand jury, the coroner's jury and the jury at lunacy and ecclesiastical inquisitions number anything between twelve and twenty-three, whereof twelve at least must agree on a verdict.—London Law Journal.

Gordon's Sudan Throne.

Gordon's Sudan throne is a folding chair he always sat in at Khartum and carried with him on his camel journeys. It was a little straight backed chair, having a skeleton frame of round iron, a carpet back and seat, gilt knobs for ornament, and small pads on the arms for comfort. The carpet had grown dim in the African sun, which deprived it of all royal pretensions, so that when Gordon returned from his governorship of the Sudan and suddenly asked, "Where is my throne? Has it been brought in?" they were all surprised. His throne! Nobody had seen a throne. But at length the camp stool was found where it had been stowed away.—Chambers' Journal.

Dumas' Bottled Joke.

Not every one has so successful a method with the autograph fiend as Alexander Dumas had. Prince Metternich once requested an autograph of him. Dumas wrote in his best round hand, "Received from Prince Metternich twenty-five bottles of his oldest Johannisberg." Metternich sent the wine with a good grace.

Rule For Cyclists.

One of the rules of a bicycle club reads, "A horse should never be passed on both sides at once." We suspect that when a cyclist attempts to pass on both sides of a horse "at once" he is expelled from the club. He would certainly be dismissed from a temperance organization.—London Tit-Bits.

A Real Genius.

Jigsmith—That fellow Piker is certainly a clever, ingenious chap, isn't he? Browning—Why, I never heard of his doing anything remarkable. Jigsmith—That's just it. He manages in some way to get along without doing anything.—Exchange.

Proved.

Professor—Which is the most delicate of the senses? Pupil—The touch. Professor—Prove it. Pupil—When you sit on a pin, you can't see it, you can't hear it, you can't taste it, but it's there.

Spiteful.

Miss Joyce—Yes, Jack and I are to become partners for life. Miss Means—And you will be the senior partner. How nice!

INDIAN INVENTIVENESS.

Birch Bark Canoes and Snowshoes Its Best Productions.

That the North American Indian never rose to a high level of civilization may be attributed to his lack of inventiveness as well as to his indolence and improvidence. He reared no enduring structures and constructed no instruments for the manufacture on anything but the smallest scale of articles of use, and exchange. This seems at first glance like a satisfactory explanation of the undeveloped state of his civilization.

It is nevertheless not true that the Indian lacked inventiveness. He has left at least two worthy monuments of his capacity for invention, although our own civilization has converted them from articles of necessity into what are practically playthings.

These two evidences of the Indian genius are the birch bark canoe and the snowshoe. For beauty and utility in the uses for which it was designed no product of the white man's art working with the same materials could have surpassed the Indian canoe. The snowshoe, as the Indian designed and made it, moreover, is a distinct work of art and, like the violin of the older masters, seems incapable of improvement.

It may be argued that these are articles of the simplest kind, but the genius that inspired their invention and construction is none the less worthy to rank with that which manifests itself in our own civilization in works of an ampler but not more beautiful design—Boston Globe.

SECRET INK.

Writing Which May Be Made Invisible or Visible at Will.

There are several ways in which two persons can correspond with each other unknown to even the people before whose eyes the very letter is held. Ovid taught young women when writing to their lovers they should use new milk as ink. This when dried is invisible, but by scattering coal dust or soot upon the paper the writing becomes legible. Ausonius adopted this method when writing to Paulinus.

Diluted sulphuric acid, lemon juice, solutions of nitrate and chloride of cobalt or of chloride of copper write colorless, but on being heated the characters written with the first two become black or brown and the latter green. When the paper becomes cool the writing disappears and leaves the paper blank again. Saltpeter dissolved in water and equal parts of sulphate of copper and sal ammoniac dissolved in water are two good invisible inks.

There are also some inks which are invisible when dry, but visible when moistened with another liquid. Thus a solution of muriate of antimony washed with tincture of galls becomes yellow, green vitriol ink washed with the same solution turns black, nitrate of cobalt washed with oxalic acid turns blue, arseniate of potash with nitrate of copper green, solution of gold with muriate of tin purple.

Gambetta's Table.

There is a curious story told of the table at which Gambetta wrote. A previous owner, General Lahitte, minister for foreign affairs in 1849, dismissed his confidential servant because he believed he had stolen a large sum of money in 1,000 franc bank notes. Years afterward, when the table had to be repaired, the joiner employed for the work found the missing bundle of bank notes between the mahogany board of the table and the drawers below. They had lain there unnoticed for fourteen years. Unfortunately the story does not go on to say that the poor servant and his mistaken master were alive at the time of the discovery and that the one's character was cleared and the other's confidence restored.

Kaiser's Snub of the Bismarcks.

The marriage of Count Herbert Bismarck and the Countess Hoyos took place at Vienna, and it was on this occasion that the kaiser took a step which was one of the falsest steps of his life, a step equivalent to the malevolent boycotting of the Bismarcks. By order of his majesty Count Caprivi, the new chancellor, wrote to Prince Reuss, German ambassador at Vienna: "Should the prince (ex-chancellor) or his family make any approach to you pray confine yourself to conventional forms of courtesy. This order is also to be observed by the staff of the embassy. I may add that his majesty will take no notice of the wedding."—London Chronicle.

The Talismanic Moonstone.

The remarkable peculiarity of the moonstone is that, while in all other gems internal seams are called flaws and detract from their value, in the moonstone they are called "magic mirrors, because those favored mortals who are gifted with the illumination of the astral light can by its aid read on those surfaces of milky white the reflections of the past and the promises of the future."

Ayer's
For coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, weak throats, weak lungs, consumption, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
Cherry Pectoral
Always keep a bottle of it in the house. We have been saying this for 60 years, and so have the doctors.
"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for 40 years. It is the best medicine in the world, I know, for all throat and lung troubles."
MRS. J. K. NORCROSS, Waltham, Mass.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
The Lungs
Daily action of the bowels is necessary. Aid nature with Ayer's Pills.

A MATTER OF HEALTH
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

THE RIVER THAMES.

Its Prettiest Point Is From Marlow to Hurley Lock.

For the ordinary Londoner the Thames only begins at Richmond, but from there on to Oxford every reach is a delight. Magnificent as is the Hudson, it has the disadvantage of being too big for a rowboat. One might just as well be on the Atlantic. Anything smaller than an Albany day boat seems lost on its majestic breadth. But the Thames is made for the single and double sculler, the punt, the Canadian canoe and the small electric launch.

And to my mind the best of all starting points is Marlow. It is about an hour and a half's run from town and therefore well beyond the range of 'Arry and 'Arriet, who are the pests of an English as mosquitoes are of an American holiday. Marlow in itself is a delightfully typical village, with its broad main street, its old inns and manor house and its sweet smelling cottages ablaze with country flowers. And the two mile row upstream to Hurley Lock focuses the Thames at its best. It is one of the beauties of this river that it has a perfect setting. It winds in and out among wooded hills, past fields and flower laden meadows and between banks that the cleverest gardeners in the world have done all they can to beautify.—Sydney Brooks in Harper's Weekly.

AN ERRATIC VOLCANO.

Rose From the Sea, Formed an Island and Sank Again.

On June 16, 1810, the Sabrina, a British sloop of war, observed smoke arising from the sea near St. Michael's, off the Azores, and made for it, believing that a naval engagement was in progress. Her crew found, however, that great tongues of flame were issuing along with the smoke and that they had cleared for action to fight a volcano.

Forty-eight hours later an island made its appearance, having risen from a depth of forty fathoms in that period, and in another day it was fifty-one feet above the surface, with a length of about three-quarters of a mile. By July 4 the Sabrina's people were able to land on this new shore, which was then 300 feet high, with a circumference of fully a mile, with a stream six yards wide running from the center to the sea.

They took formal possession of it for his Britannic majesty, hoisting the union jack on its most conspicuous point, but by degrees the island sank until about the middle of October it vanished below the surface, with the union jack still on it, like a battleship sinking with colors flying after a fatal engagement.—London Standard.

INSECT CONVERSATION.

Antennal Language Among Ants Is a Demonstrated Fact.

Every observer of insect life seems convinced that in one way or another insects do converse. How this is done is not so easily determined. Sometimes it may be by sound, as in the case of bees with their busy hum; sometimes by touching one another on the head or abdomen, as ants do, but far more frequently by the antennae, so that Huber calls this tactile communication "antennal language."

His own experiment demonstrates the fact. Having placed a colony of ants in a closed and darkened chamber, he found them at first all scattered in disorder, but he soon saw one who had discovered an outlet return to the rest. Of these he touched a few, and speedily the whole community marched out in regular lines, evidently with the one thought of liberty.

Ants have been known to post sentinels, to send out spies and to return to their nest by signal for re-enforcements. The very aphides, the ants' milk kine, appear to understand antennal language, as do wasps also, according to Banks and Knight, for if their sentinels give no warning a nest may easily be taken.

A Fish Peculiarity.

There are some indications that fishes possess a sixth sense, the organs of which are the pores of the head and of the lateral band. This band is a row of little canals connected with the external world by holes through the scales. In these cavities, under which runs a large nerve, are found nerve heads or terminations like those of other sense organs. The use of this apparatus is unknown.

Not In Silence.

"You're forever trying to give the impression that you're a martyr," snapped Mrs. Henpeck. "I suppose you want everybody to think that you suffer in silence?"

"No," replied Mr. Henpeck; "I suffer in the perpetual absence of silence. A little silence would be a positive pleasure to me."

The Real Thing.

"Are the members of your dramatic club very enthusiastic?"

"Are they! Why, when we presented 'Hamlet' in the next village last week half the company walked all the way home on the railroad track just to give it a professional flavor."—Puck.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 30, 1904.

FOR PRESIDENT,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS

The Same Old Story.

Democratic Reciprocity is the old cry we had used against us in 1892 under another name—Free Raw Material.

It was specious and effective—it caught votes and brought disaster.

The Republican party was defeated and the Democrats passed the Wilson Tariff Bill. All existing Reciprocity treaties, and they were all the work of Republicans, were abrogated.

Results: General panic and disaster.

SENATOR LODGE ON RECIPROCITY.

In a speech delivered before the Newton Club last Monday evening Senator Lodge discussed the question of Reciprocity in a manner that should have left no doubt on the mind of the listener as to the true meaning of the term. We consider it by far the ablest utterance, the clearest and soundest, that has yet been made on the subject. There was no getting around the Senator's facts and the arguments and conclusions drawn from them, and the Whitney-Foss combine of Free Traders will seek in vain for a loophole in either.

Everybody of common sense believes in Reciprocity. All the affairs of life are based on the principle, and it works all right when honestly adhered to. Trade arrangements and concessions by two contracting parties for the benefit of both was Blaine's and McKinley's, and is Lodge's and the Republican, idea of Reciprocity.

But this is not the Whitney-Foss idea; theirs is Free Trade, pure and simple. The staple products of Canada-lumber, coal, agricultural, and manufacturing—are the same as those of this country; how, then, is it possible to apply the principle of reciprocal trade to the interchange of commodities common to both? As a business proposition it won't work.

Senator Lodge turned a strong light on the subject and explained it so clearly that even the Democratic wayfarer ought to be able to understand it.

And, yet, there is talk that the Committee on Resolutions contemplate injecting a Whitney-ized Reciprocity plank into the Republican platform at the State convention next Friday, Oct. 7!

WORDS THAT RING TRUE.

A few days ago General William F. Draper of Hopedale, this State, late U. S. Ambassador to Italy, gave the Boston *Journal* an interview on the subjects of Foss and Foss Reciprocity, from which we take the following emphatic sentences for the benefit of the Republican Softshells of this city.

General Draper is one of the most prominent business men in Massachusetts, and his views on this subject are entitled to the highest respect. His words have the genuine Republican ring to them. In every paragraph of the interview the Foss scheme of Reciprocity, or Free Trade, is denounced by the General, and he didn't mince his words the least little bit. He is an honest friend of the farmers of New England and the Nation, and knows that Free Trade with Canada, such as the Boston *Herald* advocates, would ruin them in no time.

It would be a good thing for the Republican Party of Massachusetts if there were more General Drapers in it.

This is what the General thinks of Foss and Foss-ism:

"Reciprocity in competitive products in Free Trade, as far as it goes, is only an entering wedge for the destruction of the whole Protective System. * * *

"Those people who are making this attempt [to inject a Reciprocity plank into the Republican platform at the convention next Friday] are NOT REPUBLICANS; they are Free Trade * * *

"Foss, to my mind, is not a Republican, and I wish he'd join the Democratic party;" and more of the same kind.

What will the Republican State convention do about it?

HIS LETTER.

Judge Parker's letter of acceptance was let out from Esopus a few days ago. It meets the expectations of the people who looked for nothing in particular, and got it. It was merely an elaboration of his speech in reply to the Committee's notification of his nomination, with a few definitions thrown in, and a positive statement that he would abolish the age pension order of President Roosevelt, in establishing which he followed the action of Presidents Cleveland and McKinley, except at what age to become effective, that of Cleveland having been 75 years old; McKinley's, 65; Roosevelt's, 62.

The letter is woefully lacking in life and vim.

FOSS HAS GOT THERE.

In a speech made by him in Boston last week Hon. Eugene N. Foss, who imagines he is running for Congress in the 11th District, announced himself a Free Trader to all intents and purposes —just where everybody knew he would land in the end.

Foss now marches, hand in hand, with Whitney, the Democratic Boss and Eminent Free Trader of Boston.

SENATORIAL CONVENTION.

The Middlesex-Essex Senatorial convention is to be held at Stoneham on Saturday, Oct. 8, and not on Oct. 1, as previously announced.

☞ Senator George F. Hoar died at his home at 1.30 this morning, Sept. 30

J. Foster Deland
WILL
Rent,
Care For
OR
Sell
Your Real Estate

WILL VOTE FOR WORK.

From the elections which have already taken place in Oregon, Arkansas, Vermont and Maine the Democratic campaign managers find but little consolation. It is evident that not only the farmers of the country but the laboring classes as well are going to vote pretty solidly for Roosevelt and Fairbanks. These men are considering their bank accounts and their earnings, which they prefer to have continued on the present basis rather than take any chances of returning to the conditions which prevailed from 1894 to 1897.

☞Speaking of extravagance, Judge Parker failed to tell his audience of Democratic editors that President Cleveland increased the national debt in his administration, in a time of profound peace, more than President McKinley did in the Spanish-Philippine wars.

☞ Eugene N. Foss captured the Republican nomination for Congress in the 11th Boston District last Tuesday night. O'Meara made a handsome run. But it is a Democratic District and Foss is about as near the Halls of Congress as he will ever get.

☞Senator Teller declares that "the Democratic party is a progressive party." The Senator has discovered that the Democratic party is moving along forward and has about reached the point where the Republican party was when he left it eight years ago.

☞ But slight interest was taken in the Democratic caucuses held in this city last Tuesday evening. In some of the Wards none were held. Mayor John P. Feeney was elected a delegate to the State convention from Ward 3.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Crawfords—Candy.
Miss Reed—Citation.

— And still the crap shooting goes on.

— There was a bountiful rain yesterday afternoon.

— Harry A. T. Dow is moving this week to Needham.

— Several football teams are being formed in this city.

— George C. Conn is expected to visit Woburn next week.

— The local Democrats are donning their armor for the campaign.

— Dea. G. H. Damon of First Church is confined to his bed with grip.

— The Civic League are getting things shipshape for the city election.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols rides in his own auto now days. He has "rocks."

— Mrs. Webster Woodman of Lowell is visiting relatives and friends in this city.

— Arthur and William DeLoriea are taking their vacation in the White Mountains.

— It is expected that work on the Thompson Memorial Library will soon commence.

— Dr. Arthur Chase of Plainfield, Conn., visited his mother and brother here this week.

— Mr. A. D. Gott sailed this week as mate on a vessel from Bangor to the W. I. Islands.

— Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E Blodgett are on a hunting trip in the woods of northern Maine.

— Rev. Dr. Williams has moved this week from Montvale avenue to Cleveland avenue.

— Capt. John E. Tidd told a JOURNAL reporter that the Pacific Coast excursion was great.

— Mr. Henry Taylor, tenor, of Boston will be the soloist at the Unitarian church Sunday, Oct. 2nd.

— Miss Maude Leathe entertained a company of young friends Monday evening at her home on Franklin street.

— Captain Brown of the High School football team says it is in fine condition, and will give a good account of itself.

— The North Woburns and Walnut Hills will close the baseball season at City Park tomorrow. It bids fair to be a lively game.

— The Ladies' Industrial Society of the First Baptist Church will hold a Harvest Supper in the vestry of the church October 13.

— Mr. Lawrence Martin left here this week for his home in Indian Territory, where, it is said, he is piling up wealth by the cartload.

— Helen Winn, the 'cellist with the Fadette Orchestra, will assist the Highland Orchestra at their concert, Nov. 14, at Lyceum Hall.

— The weather last Sunday was such as to make one really glad to live on earth. No reasonable person could have asked for a balmier day.

— The harvest moon is on the wane. Delightful weather has prevailed during its reign. The next, or October, will be the hunter's moon.

— John J. Hern's Orchestra furnished the music last Monday at Bedford's 175th anniversary. The Town Hall had a new floor and electric lights.

— Wallace Penney returned to his home on Eastern avenue last week after being gone 3 years or more in the Navy. Sailing nearly the world over.

TELEPHONE, 173-3 WOBURN.

Cheer Up

ROOM 5. FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, WOBURN

— Capt. J. M. Ellis, the contractor, has been down in Maine this week.

— Strout & Co will put furnaces and stoves in firstrate shape for winter use.

— Lawrence Reade's residence was insured in the Goddard & Son Agency, this city.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— The Republicans appeared to be lukewarm towards the caucuses last Wednesday night.

— There will be no opposition to the reelection of City Clerk Finn on Jan. 1, 1905. He is all right.

— W. R. C. 161, will hold a whist on the evening of Oct. 5 from 8 to 10. Extra souvenirs given. Admission 15 cents.

— Thomas W. Kenney went to a Boston hospital yesterday afternoon to have a surgical operation performed on his stomach.

— The alarm from box 54 last Saturday at 3.20 p. m. was for a fire in the chimney of a house occupied by Frank Reil on Richardson street.

— The Sons of Veteran's Ball will be the banner event of the season. There will be ten pieces in the Orchestra and Tom Kelley will preside at the piano.

— The great sale of the A. A. Dow homestead on Academy Hill by Harrington, the well known Boston real estate dealer, comes off tomorrow, Oct. 1.

— Nothing much was done at the meeting of the School Board at their meeting last Tuesday evening. About the usual amount of bickering was indulged in.

— Rev. Dr. March attended two funerals and performed a marriage ceremony, besides taking charge of the evening meeting of the First church last Wednesday.

— John Devlin while riding to work at the Rifle Range at Button End was thrown from his wheel and received injuries about the face, the forks of the wheel having been broken.

— The entertainment following the Harvest Supper at the First Baptist Church, Oct. 13, will be of a high order of excellence. Soloists of several prominent churches will sing.

— The Woburn Brass Band played for the Boston Fusileers on their visit to the Amoskeag Veterans Association at Manchester, N. H., last Tuesday. They were gone a couple of days.

— Mr. Bernard Fletcher, commander of Burbank Post 33, G. A. R, and a most estimable gentleman, is about to visit the Southern States for a somewhat extended sojourn there.

— Mrs. Clinton Thurber who with her two children has been spending the summer with her aunt, Miss Susie Russell of Greenwood avenue, returned to her Virginia home last Tuesday.

— Prof. Binney Gunnison of The School of Expression, Boston, will meet prospective pupils in elocution work at Mr. Barnes's Studio, next Tuesday evening from 7.45 to 9 o'clock.

— Miss Dora A. Winn has been engaged to occupy the position of Musical Instructor in the schools of Burlington for the current year. She is everyway competent and will fill the bill to perfection.

— There was a collision in front of the Parochial school last Thursday morning between teams belonging to the Woburn Machine Co. and Dearborn the painter, the former ran into the latter but did no great damage.

— Last Tuesday morning Timothy O'Connor of Lake avenue, this city, an employee of Swift's Leather Company at Peabody, was severely injured by being struck by a locomotive in that town, which necessitated his removal to a Salem hospital.

— Mr. John S. Brackett formerly Superintendent of the Woburn Division of the B. N. Street Railroad, and for some years, Super of the Nashua, N. H, Div., a good one, made the JOURNAL office a call yesterday morning, which the JOURNAL man enjoyed.

— It is announced that the St. Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society are to celebrate the 34th anniversary of their organization on the evening of Oct. 31. There will be a parade, banquet, speech and music. Committees have been appointed to lay out and execute a fine programme.

— The grand annual Berkshire Hills, Hoosac Tunnell, and Hudson River excursion of the Boston & Maine Railroad, only $5 for the round trip, is to come off on Oct. 6. No excursion could possibly be planned on which so much sightseeing pleasure is furnished for so small an amount of cash as this one.

— Just think of it—candy drops at 10 cents a pound! That's what Crawford is doing for the candy loving people of Woburn and neighboring towns. Did you ever hear the like of it! It beats the band—10 cents a pound! There is no purer candy made in America than that made by Crawford

— It is reporte that Mr. J. Howardd Nason was defeated for renomination for Representative in the Everett Republican caucuses last Tuesday night. If the report turns out to have been true, the result was attributable to a shortage of ballots at the polling places, and not to any fault found with Mr. Nason. The fight was an intensely hot one, the principal storm centres being on the contest for delegates to the Congressional and Representative conventions.

— A report is current that the Lowel & Boston street cars are to cease running on and after Sunday, Oct. 2.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

— Miss Mertena Louise Bancroft resumes pianoforte instruction in Woburn, Monday, October third at her residence 12 Franklin street. Miss Bancroft has enjoyed many years of successful teaching both in Woburn and in Boston, having been associated with Mr. B. J. Lang and other prominent Boston musicians.—4.

— The First Congregational church is happy over the expected arrival today, Friday, of their pastor, Dr. S. A. Norton, from his trip abroad, and the expectation of hearing him preach next Sunday. The evening service on that day is to be one of welcome to Dr. Norton, and will consist of addresses by members of the congregation, music by their fine quartet, and an opportunity for all to meet the pastor.

— It's funny the way they sometimes do business in the City Council E. g.: The Board asked City Solicitor Norris for a legal opinion on the sewer assessment question. He replied, and put in a bill for extra work in copying the opinion. On receipt of the documents the Council passed a vote asking the City Solicitor for an opinion as to the legality of his own charge for that extra work, in other words, whether, or not, the city was legally bound to pay him for it! That beat the Dutch, and made more work for the Circumlocution Office.

— As a State for permanent abode Mr. L. Waldo Thompson, who was one of the Knights Templars excursionists to the National Conclave at San Francisco lately, does not hanker greatly for California. He saw a good deal of it and, while he has no disposition to "run it down," he says "give me New England all the time." He met residents on the Coast from Massachusetts and other Eastern States, the most of them there for reasons of health, who felt and spoke the same way. The trip, however, was, on the whole an enjoyable one.

— A serious fire occurred at the residence of Mr. Lawrence Reade 241 Main street last Friday evening. It caught from an open grate that had not been properly set and spread rapidly to the upper rooms, inflicting great damage to the dwelling and furniture. The house was one of the finest on the street, comparatively new, and was substantially and handsomely furnished. Mr. Reade had been quite ill for several weeks and was only just able to be about when the fire occurred. The firemen worked well, and in a couple of hours the danger was passed and the recall sounded. Mr. Reade and his family have the best wishes of the people in their loss of property and inconvenience from the fire.

— Mr. Barnes announces that he will receive pupils in pianoforte study after October first, and will be at his studio from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. daily. He will make a special feature of the Virgil Clavier Method, believing it to be the most scientific and direct. Studio recitals will be held during the winter months, and the annual recital as usual at the close of the season. Binney Gunnison, B. A., and Miss Carlome A. Hardwick of the School of Expression, Boston, will occupy the studio Tuesday evenings and Saturday mornings. Those desiring instruction in Elocution and public speaking may pursue their work here, under the best instructors at a nominal cost. Mr. Gunnison will teach adults, and Miss Hardwick the children, class or private.

— The prospect for work in the leather factories of this city grows poorer and more remote, rather than better. The factory of the late E. C. Cottle has just closed with no signs of immediate opening, if ever. The American Hide & Leather Company, which owns a large share of the establishments here, show no disposition to enlarge their operations, but, on the other hand, to curtail them, seemingly with a design for their early abandonment. Many working men here have been idle all summer and the number increases every week. It is reported that a great many of these are to leave soon and seek employment in other leather making localities. The condition of the business, with no prospect of improvement, compels scores of laborers to abandon their homes and try for better conditions in more favored sections of the country. Truly, the men, with no work in sight, and winter near at hand, are facing a hard proposition.

— Last Monday the JOURNAL people were honored with a call from Mr. George F. Godfrey of Rock Island, Illinois, and enjoyed it highly. His and the Editor's families were neighbors in the Sucker State 20 years, and as this was the first time we had seen Mr. Godfrey in the last 27 years the meeting must needs have been a pleasant one. So it was, indeed. He left Amherst, this State, his native place, in 1854, and arrived at Geneseo, Illinois, just 50 years ago last May, where he lived a useful and contented life until 1900, when he took up his residence on the banks of the Mississippi River at Rock Island. He came on to visit relatives and old acquaintances at Amherst and the neighborhood and in and around Boston, a few of whom are still left, and was having a pleasant time of it.

— The Excursion Party to the White Mountains, of which Mr. Chas M. Strout had charge, a fortnight ago, notified him that, in two weeks, they would come to his home on Montvale avenue, Woburn, and spend the evening. Pursuant thereto all but four of the company put in an appearance last Monday night. Preparing for their visit Mr. Strout had invited some 25 neighbors and friends to meet them and assist in having a good time. A merrier party had never before gathered under the hospitable roof of the Strouts. The Alpine Quartet and young people furnished fine music, and the best of refreshments figured largely in the entertainment. An album filled with photographic reproductions of many bits of the beautiful scenery enjoyed by the excursionists, and an elegantly hand-painted plaque, were presented, with due formalities by givers and receiver, to Mr. Strout. The guests were from Hyde Park, Whitman, Peabody, Cambridge, Somerville, Roxbury, Dorchester, South Boston and Woburn.

— That was a wonderfully interesting lecture which Rev. William Elliott Griffis gave on Japan and the Japanese at the First Congregational church last Sunday evening. He talked by the book, for he had been a resident of Japan 38 years and knows all about its people. He was the first foreigner called to that country under the "Charter Oath," in 1868, to assist in relaying the foundations of the Empire after the abolition of the Shogunate; he was the only white man living in the castle city of a Shogun to see the workings of the feudal system; the unspeakable horrors of disease, pestilence, famine, nakedness, immorality and inhumanity, which were a part of the old order of things. Later he witnessed the establishment of a more liberal government, schools, Army and Navy, hospitals, dispensaries and Asylums. He has a high opinion of and strong faith in the Japanese and regards them as pioneers in introducing and establishing Western civilization in the Far East. A large congregation listened with profound interest to Dr. Griffis's admirable lecture.

— Week before last, or to be more exact, on Sept. 16, the JOURNAL announced, in extenso, the working programme of the Visiting Nurse Association, at the request of one of its prominent officers. The request was repeated a few days ago, and we hasten to remark that active operations will be inaugurated by the committees of the organization tomorrow, Oct. 1, of which fact all persons interested will please take due notice and act accordingly. What the Association now need are hospital supplies and money, especially money. There is a room in the Court House for the receipt and storage of supplies, and women there on Monday and Wednesday afternoons to take care of the things donated. If our people get to fully appreciate the benefits of the District Nurse enterprise and thrust their hands deep down into their pockets for the needful to run it with, it will be a success; otherwise otherwise. Bear in mind always that applications for nurses must be made to our local physicians. The headquarters of the Nurse who goes on duty tomorrow are at the corner of Church avenue and Bennett street.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

Republican Caucuses.

The Republicans of this city held caucuses last Wednesday evening to choose delegates to the various conventions. The attendance was disgustingly small in every Ward, the reason for it being the fact that there were no contests on hand. Generally they hardly reached the dignity of caucuses. The following delegates were chosen:

Ward 1—State, Elmer E. Silver; Congressional, Elwyn G. Preston; County, Edward H. Lounsbury; Councillor, Alva S. Wood; Senatorial, Henry C. Hall; Representative, W. Frederick Davis, Jr., Rufus C. Hayward, Edwin K. Porter.

Ward 2—State, Luke W. Fowle, Ambrose Bancroft; Congressional, George E. Fowle, William H. Lewis; County, Edward F. Johnson, John C. Andrews; Councillor, Charles E. Tripp, Fred Stanley; Senatorial, C. Willard Smith, Herbert S. Riley; Representative, Henry L. Andrews, Charles M. Strout, Daniel H. Richards, Charles R. Rosenquist.

Ward 3—State, Winthrop Hammond; County, Francis A. Buckman, P. Elverton Bancroft; Councillor, Fred E. Leathe, W. A. Prior; Congressional, John C. Nichols, Marcus H. Cotton; Senatorial, Frank E. Wetherell, William J. Hammond; Representative, Charles H. Johnson, Alfred H. Holland, George E. Waters, Fort Staples.

Ward 4—State, John R. Carter, Everett P. Fox; Congressional, Wallace G. Perkins, George F. Bean; Councillor, Charles A. Burdett, Elisha F. Hayward; County, Joseph H. Buck, Edward E. Thompson; Senatorial, John M. Wallace, Clarence M. Crowell; Representative, J. Fred Leslie, Chas J. Rinquist, Caleb H. Jaquith, C. Bertrand Strout.

Ward 5—State, John Black; County, Fred W. Shattuck; Councillor, Charles A. White; Congressional, George F. Hosmer; Representative, Elbridge N. Pike; Senatorial, Nathan J. Shattuck.

Ward 6—State, William W. Hill, James A. West; County, William H. Curtis, Austin W. Parker; Councillor, Loammi F. Baldwin, Samuel A. Thompson; Congressional, B. Frank Kimball, William Haber; Senatorial, Henry M. Eames, Parker T. Poole; Representative, Arthur H. Linscott, Arthur U. Dickson, Leander W. Hall, Judson C. Dickerman.'

Ward 7—State, Francis M. Pushee; County, Myron B. Lovering; Councillor, John C. N. Parker; Congressional, James Given; Senatorial, George H. Foster; Representative, George W. Copp.

Between the Magic Words on the Broken Tablet that must be discovered before poor Princess Lauralee can be freed from The Black Castle of Tor and the wonderful words of the Woggle Bug the heads of New England's boys and girls are in danger of being turned. By the score, hundred and thousand they are trying to find the fragments of the Broken Tablet while wondering what the Woggle Bug did say, and, if so, who? The answer can be found in The Boston *Sunday Herald* only.

The Re-Opening of School

disclose the need of new clothing for your boy. New Fall Suits are here in great variety. Well made, dependable garments at moderate prices.

Don't forget too, we save you at least 10 per cent on high rent Boston prices.

Hammond & Son,

403 Main St., WOBURN.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

"The American Boy" Magazine FREE

We are pleased to state that we have made arrangements with the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY whereby we can give a subscription for 12 months to any boy purchasing goods in our Boys' Clothing Department to the amount of Five Dollars.

The magazine is issued each month, and is devoted to boys' interests. It is a clean, bright paper, and it has impressed us so favorably that we are glad to help its circulation in this way.

Write to us for a sample copy, mentioning this paper, and if the magazine pleases you, then visit our Boys' Clothing Department, make your purchase of Five Dollars' worth of merchandise, and you will be given a card entitling you to twelve numbers free, delivery being made each month upon presentation of your card.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

Manufacturers and Retailers of Clothing for Men and Boys

400 Washington Street, Boston

Infant Requisites

Whitcher's PILL BOX

can supply your wants from the full line of bottles, nipples, food, and everything needed by the little one.

The Anti-Collapser

a new device will save the nipples and costs but 5 cents. See our window display. Lady clerk to attend lady customers.

Autumn Styles, 1904.

Full line Fall Styles just received.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

The Football Season

Has opened, and every football player should have an EMERGENCY KIT of antiseptic sterlized plasters, bandages and gauze.

We carry the largest assortment of plasters, gauzes, bandages and dressings in Woburn. The best goods at the lowest prices.

A pound of Sterlized Cotton for 27c.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Free Messenger service. Public Telephone.

W. C. T. U.

A large delegation of ladies from the Union of this city, attended the Annual Convention of the Middlesex County W. C. T. U., held in the First Baptist church, Arlington, Mass., Tuesday, Sept. 20.

Mrs. Rolfe, the President of this county, presided over the meeting.

Rev. Chas. H. Watson, pastor of the First Baptist church, Arlington, welcomed all to his church.

Reports were read by the heads of different departments, which showed the good work the W. C. T. U. is accomplishing.

Mrs. Rolfe made an able address. She spoke very highly of the system of School Savings Banks and told what a large amount of money had been saved by the children, in this way.

Rev. James Yeames spoke of Loyal Temperance Legion work. He said the way to make right votes is to make good men and women. The way to begin, is with the children.

In the afternoon Rev. William J. Batt, Chaplain Concord Reformatory, made a very interesting address.

Mrs. Marion McBride of Arlington Heights was present and spoke a few words.

Rev. Harry Fay Fister of Arlington, pronounced the closing words and benediction.

During both sessions Miss Tucker sang solos, and hymns were sung by the Convention.

The silent influence of the W. C. T. U. is spreading over the land, and we wish many more would join our ranks, and help to increase this influence, so that it may be felt more and more every year.

The W. C. T. U. held its first regular meeting for the season in the parlor of the Congregational church Monday afternoon, Sept. 26, 1904, at 3 o'clock.

There was a good attendance and four new members were welcomed to the Union.

A number of the ladies read accounts of their summer outing and Mrs. Blodgett gave a report of the Convention, held in Arlington Sept. 20.

Mrs. Millett and Mrs. Preston were chosen as delegates to the State Convention to take place in Leominster.

The members of the Union are much pleased that the ladies are taking an interest in the work and joining their ranks, for there is need of many workers in this field.

C. M. WARREN.

Boston Theatres.

THE PARK.

Charles Frohman's production of Augustus Thomas latest play "The Other Girl" which commenced a limited engagement Monday evening at the Park Theatre, has made the greatest laughing successes ever seen in Boston. The play kept New York theatregoers in a roar the entire season last year, and proved such a big success that Charles Frohman continued its run at his three leading theatres there, the Criterion, Empire and Lyceum. The comedy has proven to be the best play Augustus Thomas has ever written and his list of successes is already large, for theatregoers remember with much delight, his "Alabama," "Arizona," and "On the Quiet." "The Other Girl" contains all the elements of wit that made Mr. Thomas' other plays so successful in Boston. In "The Other Girl," Mr. Thomas introduces to the stage, a new and thoroughly refreshing character, that of a physical culturist, whose use of the slang that goes with the pugilistic profession equals any of the efforts of George Ade. This unique character is introduced into select society of New York's Fifth Avenue, and the manner in which he upsets the upper strata by his unconventional manner of speech and actions, lead to the entanglements and the merriment. One of the most interesting features of the performance is the appearance of Lionel Barrymore in the role of the pugilist. Merry from end to end, keeping the audience in a continual laughter from start to finish, this latest girl on the stage promises to endear herself to New England theatregoers as has no other, and unquestionably the Park Theatre will be crowded during the run of this piece as it deserves to be.

Literary Notices.

MCCLURE'S for October is timely in the best sense. It reads vigorouly and intelligently some of the important lessons of the hour. In its serious articles MCCLURE'S does not deal with the cursory and the superficial, but with the vital, fundamental thing, and interprets its real meaning and application. It is impressing itself tremendously on the life and thought of the day by its weighty and authoritative way of doing things. In the dramatic story of Governor LaFollette and the fierce political war which is rending the State of Wisconsin, Lincoln Steffens has found material, not only for a stirring story, but for the presentation of facts and principles of the gravest significance to the Republic. The climax of Ida M. Tarbell's monumental "History of the Standard Oil Company" is reached in a chapter of "Conclusions." John La Farge discusses five great works of Rubens in this selection of "One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting," under the classification of Triumphs. There are several stories in the fiction of this number which will make a distinct impression and merit comment. The number includes several bits of excellent verse; also the concluding chapter of George Madden Martin's successful serial, "The House of Fulfilment."

A Square Deal for Every Man—twenty pages of epigrams culled from President Roosevelt's state papers and public addresses—is the unique feature of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for October. Acquired at the last moment, too late for inclusion in the body of the magazine, it was tucked away in the advertising section, with a full-page portrait of Robert J. Thompson, the compiler, and another of the president and his four sons. Nowhere else has Rooseveltism been so boiled down to its essences. The result is truly, what Mr. Thompson calls it, a self-delineation of his character and ideals. The number opens with a frontispiece showing Messrs. Parker and Davis looking pleasant for the NATIONAL's photographer, Mr. G. V. Buck—a very jolly and attractive picture of the democratic nominees. Frank Putnam discusses the national campaign and the problem of negro disfranchisement. Senator Hoar at Home is a delightful, timely timely account of a visit by Mary Caroline Crawford to the Grand Old Man of the United States Senate, among his beloved books, pictures and historic relics at Worcester, Massachusetts. The special articles range from Berlin's Unique Printing Telegraph to Mr. Lane's discussion of the Bible in the light of scientific inquiry, and from Departing Guests, an out-of door paper, to Beauties of the American Stage,—three portraits with pithy biographic sketches. Behind the Veil in Russia gives glimpses of the Russian capital in war time, and Loyalty in Love and in War, a Japanese story, discloses the springs of Japanese power in the vast conflict now raging in Manchuria. Mr. Chapple discourses of the World's Fair, of politics, of the Grand Army encampment in Boston, and other public matters—his letter being lavishly illustrated with new and taking photographs —portraits and snapshots—to be found nowhere but in the NATIONAL. The fiction and poetry of the number are genuine and distinctly readable. Taken all in all, a warm and genial humanity alternates with a gay and sprightly humor in the pages of the NATIONAL for October—a magazine not wholly unworthy the distinction which Mr. Blumenthal claims for it in his novel cover design—The Voice of the Nation.

STERLING SILVER
TEA-SETS, PITCHERS,
BOWLS, TABLE-WARE
LOVING-CUPS, ETC.
Not the Ordinary
but Beautiful Pieces
Unique Shapes and
Exclusive Patterns
SUBSTANTIAL WEIGHTS
MODERATE PRICES
SMITH PATTERSON CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
52 SUMMER ST.
BOSTON

Burdett
BUSINESS and SHORTHAND
Colleges

BOSTON
REMOVED TO 18 Boylston, cor. Washington St.
Continental Clothing Building.
Most Elegantly Equipped School in New England.
Pst. Actual Business. Shorthand, Typewriting, English and Civil Service Studies. Normal Course for Teachers.

LYNN
Mt. Vernon Street, Opp. B. & M. Station
Adapted to accommodate 500 Students. Only Commercial School in N. E. owning building it occupies.
Same Courses and Methods as at Boston, at Slightly Lower Rates.

Situations for Students.
Pupils may begin at any time after Sept. 6.
Call or Write for Prospectus.
No Solicitors nor Canvassers.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION
October 1, 1904,
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

The Good Old Way.

A severe cold or attack of la grippe is like a fire, the sooner you combat it the better your chances are to overpower it. But few mothers in this age are willing to do the necessary work required to give a good old-fashioned reliable treatment such as would be administered by their grandmothers, backed by Boschee's German Syrup, which was always liberally used in connection with the home treatment of colds and is still in greater household favor than any known remedy. But even without the application of the old fashioned aids German Syrup will cure a severe cold in quick time. It will cure colds in children or grown people. It relieves the congested organs, allays the irritation, and effectively stops the cough. Any child will take it. It is invaluable in a household of children. Trial size bottle, 25; regular size, 75c. For sale by all druggists.

WHAT DID THE WOGGLE BUG SAY?

Burlington.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Prouty have been visiting their son at Brockton this week. It was their first vacation.

The School Committee have engaged Miss Dora A. Winn of Woburn as Music Instructor in our schools. She is called an accomplished teacher.

The late heavy frosts wrought great damage to the crops in this town.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Things that Make for Peace." Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—18th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor.
7 P. M., Service of welcome to the pastor after his absence abroad.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Midweek Service.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Are Sin, Disease, and Death Real?"
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "The People Called Christian."
12 M. Sunday School.
3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., "Mt. Olivet—A Message of Tender Memories."
Monday, 6.30 P. M., Harvest Supper. 8 P. M., Lecture on Japan.
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 28, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Terrence J. McManus and Nellie G. Driscoll, both of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 28, by Rev. Daniel March, Roland H. Warren of Haverhill, and Anna May McMahon of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 25, Arthur Young Munroe, aged 14 years, 10 months.

In this city, Sept. 26, James Mathews, aged 33 years, 1 month, 2 days.

In this city, Sept. 26, Frank Graham, aged 55 years, 3 months, 4 days.

C. H. LEWIS,
MORTGAGES
Office 439 Main St. Woburn.
Smith's Real Estate Agency.

School Is About to Commence

and the Boys and Girls will require Stockings that can stand hard wear. We recommend the

BLACK CAT HOSIERY

for all sizes and ages.

They Wear Well
Feel Well
Look Well

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.

In a Diamond Ring

You find pleasure. Your friends admire it. Your enemies envy you its possession. You enjoy it yourself. If reverses come or if you desire to dispose of it you can do so without much loss. Thus it is a safe investment. We have a fine assortment.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.
☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

NEURALGIA
PNEUMONIA
MALARIA
COLDS
GRIPPE
DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

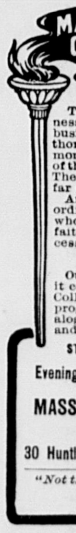
Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

A high-class preparation for the hair. Keeps the hair soft and glossy and prevents splitting at the ends. Cures dandruff and always restores color to gray hair.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.



MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

Teaches business as business is conducted in every day business life, and teaches it so thoroughly that its pupils are more competent than those of the ordinary business college. The demand for its graduates far exceeds the supply.

Any young man or woman of ordinary, general education who will follow its courses faithfully may be sure of a successful business career.

WE GUARANTEE IT.

Our rates are reasonable and it costs no more to attend this College than to study in less progressive institutions. Catalogue gives full information and is free upon application.

STUDENTS MAY ENTER ANY TIME.

Evening Classes commence Oct. 3d

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
30 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.

"Not the oldest; not the largest; just the best."

We call attention
To our large and
Varied assortment
Of Up-to-date

BOX STATIONERY

All Prices.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

AUCTION SALE
— OF —
Furniture

At Store 502 Main street opp. Times office.
WEDNESDAY, Oct. 5, 1904, at 1 P. M.
For particulars see C. E. Smith.

WANTED—Industrious man or woman as permanent representative of big manufacturing company, to look after its business in this county and adjoining territory. Business successful and established. Salary $20.00 weekly and expenses. Salary paid weekly from home office. Expense money advanced. Experience not essential. Enclose self-addressed envelope. General Manager, Como Block, Chicago.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

PURE
White Wine
—AND—
Cider Vinegar
—ALSO—
Whole Mixed Spices for Pickling.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, John M. Harlow, the Trustee of the residue under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the second account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

PURITY HEALTH
— AND —
CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Are synonymous. By its strong germ killing properties as a cleaner it makes everything absolutely clean and pure, hence healthy homes result. Peculiarly adapted to CLEANING. Have you tried it. Look for above Trade-Mark. It protects your purchase.

At all dealers, 10c., 25., 50c., $1.00.

REMOVAL!

Mrs. ANNIE VAUGHN has Removed to No. 6 Warren Ave.

BIG DEMOCRAT BOLTS

Robert Treat Paine, Jr., of Boston, Twice His Party's Nominee For Governor.

Will Vote For President Roosevelt Because of His Consistency and Fairness.

Robert Treat Paine, Jr., who has twice been the Democratic nominee for governor of Massachusetts, has announced his intention to bolt the Democratic party. The only ground which he announces for his bolt at present is the negro question, although he says that he may have something further to say later on. In a signed statement Mr. Paine says:

"I am going to vote for Roosevelt. I am democrat enough still to feel that I want the president of this country to be democrat enough to meet any man whose character deserves it at any function. I have myself dined with Booker Washington and would consider it a privilege again to do so.

"Does not this dilemma face Mr. Parker: If elected president, and if there were in Washington a gathering of the most eminent educators in this country, among whom Booker Washington would be inevitably classed, and the president wished naturally enough to show due recognition and honor to this gathering and invited them to the White House, would he bar Booker Washington? Would he discriminate against him because of race or color? Would he have a Jim Crow pantry behind the house to which Booker Washington might be shunted off?

"On the other hand, if Parker as president should ask Booker Washington to the White House would not the whole south again raise the cry that they had been bunkoed in their candidate? This is only one of my reasons for desiring to vote for President Roosevelt; but, coming of abolition stock and being born and bred Republican, this aspect of the case does have much weight with me, I confess."

THE PROMOTER OF PEACE.

President Entitled to Thanks of All Europe.

[From the South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.]

Here is a gentleman who knows what he is talking about, and he is outspoken and emphatic in his laudation of President Roosevelt as a promoter of international peace. Baron d'Estournelles of France was foremost in the movement which led to the Anglo-French treaty, thus assuring a permanent good understanding between two powers that had been for generations more or less at odds. The baron expected to attend the international peace congress in Boston next month, but now finds himself unable to do so, owing to the approaching elections in France. In writing to explain his inability to be present and expressing regret at his detention the baron says:

"I had hoped at Boston to recognize publicly the grand and decisive services rendered to the cause of international arbitration by the United States, and particularly by President Roosevelt. Better than any one I know that the court of The Hague stood deserted, abandoned and ridiculed until the day when he had the courage, generosity and foresight to save it. This act alone has entitled him to the thanks for his pacific and liberal spirit of all Europe."

This statement is rather confusing to the Democrats, who are picturing the president as breathing threatenings and slaughter and inviting trouble in every direction. And, what is more, it is the truth, while the Democratic attacks are mere partisan misrepresentation.

"Shoes, Shirts and Self Government."

[From the New York Sun.]

The Hon. George F. Parker, chief of literary department, is issuing the Democratic campaign text book on the installment plan. The installment "released" today contains various matter about the Philippines. For example:

"The wants of the average native are few. He consumes no malt or distilled liquors, eats but little meat, his diet consisting chiefly of rice and fish. His clothing, while sufficient for decency, is scant, consisting of pantaloons, an undershirt and a combination of shirt and coat worn outside of the pantaloons and a hat made of native grass. The ordinary Filipino goes barefooted."

There must be some "battle cry" here, but we can't hear it. Is it "Beer and independence for the Philippines!" or "Shoes, shirts and self government for the Philippines?" Is "a combination of shirt and coat" forbidden by the Sherman antitrust law?

Some mysterious "campaign material" lies in the apparently harmless assertion that since 1641 "there has been an average of at least one destructive earthquake every twenty years." Mr. Parker ought to prove that imperialism has increased the number of earthquakes.

Page 212 teaches us that "as the American army was withdrawn the sale of malt liquors decreased." Is this an attack on the army or the Filipinos or beer?

Mr. Parker might have "released" this installment earlier. It is not violent.

A Good Enemy.

[From the New York Mail.]

If Bourke Cockran is busy cooking up some more of the broth that he fed to Vermonters, more power to his elbow!

Swans For Food.

In this country swans are but little seen, except in public parks, but they are coming into increasing favor on private estates, as they give the finishing touch to an ornamental sheet of water. In England swans have been raised ever since the time of Richard the Lion Hearted for eating purposes. The largest swannery was maintained by Lord Ilchester in Dorset, where from seven to twelve hundred birds were kept. In the early days all swans were raised at one place and brands issued to members of the nobility.—Country Life In America.

Good Taste.

"What a homely shirt!"

"Yes. My wife picked it out."

"Why, man, haven't you any taste yourself?"

"Not for a quarrel with my wife."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Exception.

She—True happiness is found in pursuing something, not in catching it.

He—If you had ever pursued the last car at night, you wouldn't say that.—Chicago Journal.

SHOUT FOR ROOSEVELT

Public Meeting of Locomotive Firemen Goes Wild With Enthusiasm For the President.

Brotherhood Resents the Canard That the Executive Is Not a True Friend.

[From the Buffalo Express, Sept. 13.]

The big public meeting held last night in Convention hall by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of America, now in convention in this city, wound up in a most remarkable demonstration for President Roosevelt. It was the big feature of the monster meeting not on the programme, and by reason of the accident of it and its consequent spontaneity it proved beyond the faintest shadow of a doubt that at least one powerful organization that has been an honor and credit to American labor for more than a quarter of a century is heart and soul for Roosevelt.

The Roosevelt demonstration was most sensational. Convention hall was packed from the stage to the entrance. Fully 5,000 men and women were there, the attendance taxing the seating capacity to such an extent that many extra benches had to be placed close up to the stage.

Edward A. Manly, secretary of the interstate commerce commission, in the course of his speech had called attention to the fact that a New York newspaper had criticised the president because he had accepted an honorary membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

"Let me say," said Grand Master Hannahan, "that if the president of the United States or any other of its citizens does nothing worse than accept membership in this organization he will neither merit the ill will nor deserve the censure of any of his fellow men. [Cheers.]

"If the rest of the public, and particularly those who are intrusted with the direction of our government and the management of the nation's greatest enterprises, would do as the president and meet us upon a common level, there would be fewer strikes and less strife and more of peace and good will in the industrial world."

"What has the president done for you?" shouted an intoxicated man who stood near the stage door on the right.

"What has the president done?" repeated Grand Master Hannahan. "The president has proved to the organized workingmen of this country that he has an interest in their welfare by accepting an honorary membership in an organization of men whose faces are begrimed by smoke and dust and who daily and hourly face the gravest dangers."

The monster audience burst into deafening cheers. The tumult rolled from wall to wall and back again. Men stood up on the benches, wildly waving their hats and cheering for the president. The demonstration was spontaneous and was general all over the hall. Finally it died down and some one in the audience shouted:

"Hurrah for Theodore Roosevelt!"

And again the crowd burst into cheers, and when the second demonstration died out the intoxicated man was nowhere to be seen.

During the demonstration the men on the stage sat silent and made no effort either to check or urge on the remarkable ovation which the president had received, and when it was over Grand Master Hannahan went on with his speech without reference to the subject.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has a membership of 55,000 men, nearly all of whom live in the United States. It has been said before that the railroad men of the country thoroughly believed in and supported Roosevelt, and if any proof of that assertion was needed it was amply furnished last night.

Open Letter to Prohibitionists and Temperance Democrats.

[By Rev. Dr. J. F. Seaman of New York.]

Problem: My Respected Prohibition Brother—Your party having been at work in this state over thirty years, "voting as you pray," not electing a man to office, how long will it take you to carry the state? Your ex-Chairman Hopkins boasts having helped the Democrats defeat one of the greatest statesmen then on earth (Senator Blaine, 1884). Ringleaders and Democrat-Prohibitionists may count that good work, but certainly former sensible Republicans do not estimate such co-labor with Democrats as being prayerful voting. That was just shyster politics. Wasn't it?

There are lots of noble men in your association, too fine to be imposed upon, but some of your manipulators descend to the rottenest kind of party tricks and will do so this year "if there's anything in it." I have caught them at it.

Former Republicans and other true citizens, permit us to kindly suggest that you work and vote this year with an administration which towers high among the best past administrations in this country.

How Is This For a Record?

[From the Concord Monitor.]

By 1892 the Republican party had reduced the interest on the public debt to $23,000,000 a year. The Democratic party under Cleveland increased it in time of peace to $38,000,000. The Republican party in spite of the Spanish war has reduced it since to $28,000,000.

It Came Pretty Slow.

A young man once took a sack of corn to an old fashioned mill to have it ground into meal. The mill was fearfully slow, only a tiny stream of meal trickling out. At last the young man became impatient and complained to the miller. "Do you know," he said, "I could eat that meal faster than your old mill can grind it." "Yes," replied the miller, "but how long could you keep on eating it?" "Until I starved," was the conclusive answer of the young man.

Curious.

"There's one curious thing about discovering places," said Johnny. "Take Bermuda, for instance. It was discovered by a man named Bermudez. How he happened to stumble on a place with a name just like his beats me."

The Realization.

"Hear you've been speculating, old man. What did you realize?"

"I realized that I was a blamed fool," replied the other man sorely.—Cincinnati Tribune.

A SPEECH UNFIT TO BE MADE

Bourke Cockran's Remarks Condemned by Democratic Party Organ.

[From the Brooklyn Eagle, Sept. 19.]

The Eagle published Bourke Cockran's speech in full on Sunday. That much was due to news. The Eagle gave to the speech not only full publication, but prominent placement. That was due to the magnitude of the meeting. The Eagle made no comment upon the speech when it published it, but cannot withhold candid comment from it today with justice to its readers or to itself.

As much of the speech as condemned the conduct of the governor of Colorado against mobs which claimed to act as labor organizations should not have been delivered and should be pointedly condemned by every law abiding newspaper. The mobs were made up of murderers, maimers, terrorizers and outlaws. As many as twenty-one murders and twice as many maimings were scored against them. Arson and terrorism further decorated the conduct of these "organized" outlaws. They threw down law. They sacrificed life. They wounded whom they could not kill, and they followed such performances, congenial to them, with dynamite and the torch. What they did was infamous. The condition which they brought about was intolerable. They made war, with its worst atrocities, on government, on order, on property and on life.

What was done against them by the state government of Colorado, either in its judicial or in its military capacity, was rightly done, bravely done, laudably done, sternly done, admirably well done. We hope that the doing of it will be approved by the people of Colorado. It will be approved by them if they love liberty, respect human and natural rights and deserve to enjoy those rights. It will be approved if the punishment of murderers is to be preferred to murder as an industry and if the vindication of law is to be preferred to the coronation of systematized crime.

It should be incredible that even Bourke Cockran should attack the action and misrepresent the record of the governor and government of Colorado in this matter. But, being not incredible, because he did so his condemnation of it should itself be condemned, and the injury which without rebuke of him would ensue to those whom he professed to advocate should be repaired as far as it can be, as explicitly, as earnestly and as soon as possible.

From much that Bourke Cockran said about free trade and a glorification of boycotts, from much that he said on collateral subjects, the Eagle differs, but those are matters of mere opinion, however unwise, premature or overdogmatic Bourke Cockran's opinions on them may be. They can be let pass. The things which we have detailed and denounced were immoral, incendiary and scandalous. We can imagine nothing more hurtful than those things to the cause which Bourke Cockran would or would affect to favor. As that cause is sincerely supported by the Eagle, this paper feels bound to note and to denounce the injury to that cause which Bourke Cockran, wittingly or unwittingly, has sought to inflict upon it. His was a speech, in the respects set forth, unfit to be made.

"He Ain't No Dude!"

[Julius Chambers in Brooklyn Eagle.]

New stories about President Roosevelt are reaching me by every mail. Edmund Seymour, a banker, told me one today that I believe to be new. It is wholly nonpolitical. Mr. Seymour is a Vermont man and lived out in Wyoming many years for his health. His ranch was less than a hundred miles from that of Mr. Roosevelt, and that fact led to the story.

"Did you ever meet the young ranchman?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Seymour. "I met him once, but I never saw him."

"Now, don't get funny about the matter," I suggested.

"Well, I slept with him one night, and yet I assure you I did not see him."

"How did that happen?"

"I rode in from my ranch to the railroad station," replied Seymour. "When I applied at the hotel, about 10 o'clock at night, the proprietor told me every bed was filled except one. I could have half of that or sleep on the floor. When I demurred to waking the man who had already gone to bed he said: 'That's all right. He understands that if another man comes he is to share his bed.' That altered the case, of course. I was shown up to the room. Hardly had I begun to undress when a voice asked, 'Who's that?' I explained the situation and was told that I was welcome. I turned in, and after my long two days' ride was so tired I went to sleep in a moment. When I awakened in the morning my bedfellow was gone.

"I went downstairs and was asked how I had passed the night. I said I had slept unusually well and was sorry I hadn't been awake when my roommate got up, as I would have wished to thank him for his courtesy.

"'He's no tenderfoot!' retorted the landlord.

"'Who is he?' I asked.

"'I don't know much about him, but his name is Theodore Roosevelt—and he ain't no dude!'"

Parker Colorless to Date.

[From the Kansas City Star.]

When Tilden was the party's nominee his achievements in fighting the thieves in New York constituted a direct appeal to the voters. Mr. Cleveland's record as a reform governor was what secured him the presidency, but Judge Parker has had no executive career to arouse enthusiasm. So far as the country can determine the judge is as colorless as his speech.

Diet For Consumptives.

You have to eat at a sanitarium for consumptives, hungry or not. There are no big gorges to overwork the stomach, but there are six meals a day of moderate size. Some patients can eat full meals and then swallow thirty-six raw eggs a day. The aim of the treatment in these sanitaria is to get the sick man to drink three quarts of milk and eat a dozen raw eggs a day in addition to his regular meals of simple food.

And you must eat meat and plenty of it. Don't cut the fat off. The cow got most of the good out of the lean in her lifetime. The fat is what will do you good. All that there is to cod liver oil that makes it worth while is that it is a fat easy to assimilate. Bacon fat is nearly as easy to digest and about 500 times as easy to take.

Fruits and salads you may eat merely to amuse yourself and pass the time. But you are wasting stomach room on them. Milk, eggs, meat and hard breads for you if you are to get well. Not a great deal at a time, but often.—Everybody's Magazine.

ESTABLISHED 1884

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Scene from THE OTHER GIRL, now playing at the Park Theatre, Boston

St. Andrew Undershaft.

In Leadenhall street, London, there is a church bearing the strange name of St. Andrew Undershaft, a name that would not be intelligible to any one without a knowledge of the history of the locality. It seems that some 400 years ago every May day a high shaft or pole was set up opposite the south door of St. Andrew's and adorned with flowers. So tall was the pole it was actually higher than the church steeple, which was therefore literally under the shaft. Now, there being several churches dedicated to St. Andrew, this one was further described as Undershaft to prevent it from being mistaken for any of the others. The old May pole having been denounced as an idol by an overzealous curate in the reign of the boy king, the inhabitants of the district sawed it in pieces for firewood. Thus is it that in the name of a still existing church is preserved an interesting bit of bygone history which otherwise would probably have passed away forever.

Napoleon's Height.

How tall was Napoleon? Bourrienne, who, according to a writer, had ample opportunities for observation, says that he was five feet two inches. Captain Maitland, who measured him on the Bellerophon, found his distinguished passenger to be five feet seven inches. Constant says that Napoleon was five feet one and a half inches. Bunbury insists that he was not less than five feet six inches. Napoleon chose short men invariably for difficult enterprises. He was convinced that Caesar and Alexander were men of diminutive stature. Speaking of the achievements of his generals, Napoleon said that Kleber had "all the qualities and defects of a tall man."

Gibraltar.

Gibraltar, the strongest fortress in the world, has the record for the longest investment in modern times, the English holding it against the armies of France and Spain from July 16, 1779, until Feb. 5, 1783. Military experts say now that no one can carry Gibraltar, and those who have seen the English guns on the rocky hills and the English battleships in the quiet harbor will agree with the experts. The only way in which Gibraltar can be taken is by starvation, and England has the fortress provisioned for several years now.

Workhouse Museums.

Several of the great London workhouses have remarkable museums attached to them. In a south London union museum can be found a clergyman's letters of ordination (the owner died in the house) and a peculiar belt made of human teeth and brought from the west coast of Africa. But perhaps the most significant of all the things shown is a small pocket dice box. Upon the box is neatly cut, "This box and other wagering cost me £30,000 and brought me to the workhouse."—London Telegraph.

Be Cheerful.

Tribulation is a habit. Be brave and utter a cheerful word in place of the complaining one. Keeping silent in an atmosphere of discord attracts to you peace and serenity instead of pain and sorrow. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." No greater truth was ever uttered. As soon as a person stops thinking trouble and goes to thinking joy, then joy mill materialize.—Detroit Free Press.

A Soft Answer.

Actress (angrily)—Did you write that criticism which said my impersonation of "The Abandoned Wife" was a miserable failure? Critic—Ye-y-e-s. You see, you looked so irresistibly beautiful that it was impossible to fancy that any man could abandon you.

Unusual.

She (reading)—She folded her arms and looked the picture of scorn. He—How unusual! She—Why, pray? He—Scorn is always represented as pointing her finger at something or somebody.—Columbus Dispatch.

True Enough.

"Now, then, children," said the teacher, "what is it we want most in this world to make us perfectly happy?"

"De things we ain't got," shouted the bright boy in the back seat.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Lucky.

"Well, Pat, I heard your brother was sent to prison for life."

"Yis, but he's so delicate he'll never live to complete the sintince."—Chicago Journal.

Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.

WINCHESTER.

The new Episcopal church is under way. Mr. James J. Fitzgerald is the contractor.

The Y. M. C. A. gave a big and brilliant opening reception last evening, Sept. 29.

Basketball will have the call in this town during the present fall and coming winter. It is a merry game, but will not supersede tenpins. Hardly!

— Mr. John H. Carter will probably be the Democratic candidate for the Legislature. If elected, a good deal of "reform" legislation might be looked for.

Why don't our people follow the fashion of Mrs. McBride of Arlington Heights and hold dances to get money with which to exterminate the moths! It would be nice, wouldn't it?

Considerable complaint is heard concerning the robbery of orchards in these parts. It is about as wicked and mean as stealing sheep, the meanest in the category of crime, according to old times notions.

Several of our people are known to have made up their minds to enjoy the Boston & Maine Western Massachusetts, Hudson River, and New York City excursion on Oct. 5. The round trip costs only $5.

Candy! Candy!

A nice assortment of Drops made here at

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Edward Reed, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Emily N. Reed, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of October, A.D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Ann M. Blodgett, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Addie M. Blodgett of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

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On private street, five hundred feet from Beach street, near trolley line and within 15 minutes walk of Woburn Centre or Walnut Hill Station. 9,513 square feet. Price low.
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Apply at the Bank.

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About Oct. 1, I shall remove my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage.

My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

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C. H. CADWELL, Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary E. Conn, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Horace N. Conn of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eleventh day of October, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishidg this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Almira J. Carley, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Ella J. Smith of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eleventh day of October, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine huddred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

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Apply at the Bank.

THE POSSIBLE MAN

By KEITH GORDON

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Miss Van Orden halted and regarded the display in the windows of Berg & Co. with kindling eyes. There really was no excuse for her to linger at that particular window, for Berg & Co., as everybody knows, are haberdashers, and Miss Van Orden was fatherless, brotherless and unmarried.

"Talk about women's clothes," ran her thoughts as she reluctantly prepared to move onward. "Why, there isn't a window in town that compares with this for charm. Dresses—ugh! Ruffles, tucks, plaits, French knots and fussiness! But this—it's a poem! Just imagine some big creature in that pink bathrobe or"—

With a silent laugh, she caught her lip between her teeth and moved down the street toward the dry goods shops. But the windows appeared cheap, overloaded and tawdry. Berg's store, with its display of masculine attire whose severity sometimes verged just near enough to softness and beauty to be fascinating, kept rising before her eyes, and almost automatically she retraced her steps in that direction.

By the time she again reached Berg & Co.'s she had an idea that made her giggle, though her eyes were bright and her cheeks went pink. Some girls, she reflected, hoarded china and silver, others linen and still others old mahogany against the day when "time and chance" should bring the man whom they all confidently expected. She would depart from such main traveled ways and do something equally practical, though more unusual.

She entered the store rather timidly, but the sight of a portly dowager at one of the counters reassured her, and she was soon examining bathrobes with an ease and assurance that might have been acquired by years of shopping for masculine relatives.

"What size?" asked the clerk when, after much hesitation between a pink and a blue one, she had finally decided on the former.

At the question she stared at him in blank amazement. "That is, how tall is he?" he went on, judging from her look that she failed to understand. Then she recovered herself.

"Six feet," she answered, with a nonchalant, you-should-have-taken-that-for-granted air. And then, remembering her preference in the matter, she added, "And broad—very broad shouldered, you know," in a manner so deliberate and composed that without further question the clerk made out the check for "Mrs." E. Van Orden and solicitously begged her to look at their spring shirtings and the newest cravats.

"I don't think he needs anything in that line just now," she remarked, with well assumed doubtfulness, as she languidly viewed the stock.

"Do they—would my husband have to be measured for these shirts?" she demanded. The clerk nodded.

"But we'll send a man up any time," he explained, with a polite desire to be accommodating. The lady shook her head.

"You see, that wouldn't do. He isn't here—yet! But couldn't I give you his collar measure and couldn't you just make them proportionately?"

The clerk thought they might, though they couldn't guarantee the fit under those circumstances, and when his customer announced airily that that wouldn't make any difference he looked a trifle mystified.

Eloise meanwhile emerged into the street aglow with the eagerness of a rather bored young woman who has found a new and interesting occupation. Her grandmother Castle's carved chest would be the very place to keep the things, and fortunately it stood in her room and had a good strong lock.

No one but the man, whoever and wherever he was, should ever know about this escapade of hers. She wondered, after all, if men really wore bathrobes like that—pink, all softest wool, lined with thin silk and shockingly expensive. Then she absolutely chuckled aloud. What if the man should happen to have red hair? In this world you never know who carries the key to your heart until he arrives on the scene some fine day and—

Her meditations were cut short by the salutation of a man who was passing and whose glance carried something that arrested her attention. It was something indescribable, elusive—a quick, keen lighting up of his face at the sight of her, as instantly vanishing in the calm, passive glance of a well bred acquaintance. But she had seen it—that strange, telltale look—and her heart beat more quickly because of it.

She had met him but twice—once at a dinner at Mrs. Lorimer's and afterward at the Bancker cotillon—but he was the cousin of her dearest friend, and she had heard more or less about "Philip" for years.

When at last the little flutter of the meeting had subsided she remarked to herself demurely a certain coincidence—namely, that Philip Hamilton was six feet tall, very broad shouldered, and that black hair and gray eyes go well with pale pink.

Before her departure from town for the summer Eloise's carved chest contained many treasures of masculine wearing apparel. Among other things six shirts—it had taken her a forenoon to select them, and it had almost been her undoing—had joined the pink bathrobe.

It was really the "swagger" monogram on the sleeve that had convinced her that she could not be happy until she added them to his trousseau, as she called it. She had decided every detail—that on the pale gray one the monogram should be in dark red, on the tan in dark brown, etc.—when the clerk, who had learned to know her and whom she guiltily permitted to address her as "Mrs. Van Orden," paused, pencil suspended above his order book, as if waiting for some further instructions. She regarded him in surprise.

"That's all," she said at last.

"But Mr. Van Orden's initials—for the monogram, you know," he prompted smilingly.

Eloise gasped. Never once had it occurred to her that in order to have that fascinating monogram on the left sleeve some initials would be required.

The floor showed no disposition to open and swallow her up, and the clerk sat watching her as if he might tap his forehead significantly to his fellow clerks once her back was turned and shake his head sadly. What should she say? The possible man—

"Oh, T. P. M.," she flung out with hysterical relief as a thought occurred to her.

"T. P. M.," the clerk repeated, eying her [illegible]

"Right—er—they're not for Mr. Van Orden," she observed firmly, giving him look for look.

Neckties and scarfpins were added to her collection without difficulty, but when it came to the purchase of a waistcoat that lured her with its dash and style the question of size again cropped up. By this time, however, the clerk had learned to think of her as the "eccentric Mrs. Van Orden" and was prepared for the vagueness of her orders. Not even when she dreamily selected a pair of gray socks with dark red clocks, to match the gray shirt, and demanded them of a size to match a No. 16 collar did he make any demur.

The time for leaving town had arrived, and the contents of the carved chest were carefully arranged for the last time and then locked up with the sweet scented bags of lavender.

Eloise sighed at the thought of leaving the things, for they had come to have a sort of personality of their own. They were beautiful in themselves, and, besides, the one who was to wear them, should they ever be worn, would be for her the king of the world.

She sometimes tried to picture him, but his face eluded her. Yet the face of her dream often bore a startling resemblance to Philip Hamilton, and that gentleman himself was becoming a more and more prominent fact in her life.

More than once she had surprised a strange, tense question in his eyes—a speculative look that made her happy, yet afraid. She half wished that he was not going to his cousin's for the summer, since that would place them in the same little colony for the next three months.

But in the weeks that followed, when riding, golf and moonlit evenings on the broad piazzas brought them constantly together, her feelings underwent a change, and she was appalled at the desolation she felt when he ran up to town for a few days, as he did now and then.

It was on one of these occasions that she found herself alone on the porch one evening, when a brisk step sounded on the gravel.

She rose as Philip Hamilton sprang up the steps and came toward her in the soft moonlight, the tumultuous joy that she supposed hidden in her heart shining in her eyes and dancing on her lips.

He looked down at her for one moment with eyes before whose mastery her own wavered and fell. Then, with a low, contented laugh, he drew her to him, whispering, "There are some things, my darling, that one does not need to ask."

* * * * * * *

It was one rainy evening soon after the return from their wedding trip that Eloise told her husband the story of the trousseau it had amused her to provide—a tale that he listened to with a gust of laughter.

"Oh, my; oh, my!" he groaned as she held up the articles one after another. "You certainly have good taste, though, little girl," he added approvingly, "and I hope they'll fit!"

Then his face sobered, and he stared at the monogram on a shirt sleeve fixedly for a second and then looked up at her with puzzled eyes, while she watched him furtively, wishing that she could get that ridiculous, effeminate bathrobe out of sight without his catching a glimpse of it.

"T. P. M.," he said slowly. The words sounded like water dropping on a hot stove and eyes took on a steely light.

"I am waiting for you to explain," he said coldly.

Eloise made a little rush at him and hid her face on his shoulder. "Don't you see?" she murmured. "Why, you silly boy, 'T. P. M.' stands for 'The Possible Man,' and so, you see, it's your monogram!"

A great light broke over Philip's face, and as a penalty for the momentary clouding of his faith he wore the silk lined bathrobe like a martyr.

A Timely Prompt.

A Baltimore man tells of a dinner he attended upon one occasion when a clerical guest was requested to ask a blessing.

The reverend gentleman complied, but once started on his flow of invocation there seemed no indication that he ever intended to stop. On and on swept the stream of eloquence while the soup turned stone cold and the hostess looked appealingly at her husband.

Suddenly the host broke into the blessing with a fervent and final "Amen!"

The clergyman stopped and, with beaming eyes, ejaculated: "Oh, thank you, thank you. I could not think of the word 'amen' to save my life."—Baltimore Sun.

Odd Australian Animals.

Australia produces those lowest of the quadrupeds, the duck billed water mole and the echidna, or Australian porcupine ant eater. They, along with the kangaroos, may be described as the groundlings of the mammalian family, for in respect of their structure they are of a much lower grade than, say, a dog or a cat. This inferiority is seen not only in the brain, but in many other details of their bodily anatomy.

In zoological circles the prevalent opinion is that this mole is a link between birds on the one hand and mammals on the other. These "lowest" quadrupeds lay eggs like birds, the young being subsequently hatched from the eggs, whereas in the kangaroos and all higher mammals the young are born alive and nourished by means of milk.

Spencer's Love Affair.

Herbert Spencer never married. When he was twenty years old he had something like a tender affair, and he tells about it in his autobiography. The young lady's affections had already been placed elsewhere, and she was only playing with the budding philosopher. One day her "young man" called, and they all went out for a walk. Spencer says: "She, taking his arm, looked over her shoulder smilingly and rather mischievously to see what effect was produced on me, there being an evident suspicion that I should not be pleased. The revelation was not agreeable to me, but still it did not give me a shock of a serious kind."

Member of Don't Worry Club.

"Oh, I wish I was like Richley, don't you?"

"Why?"

"Because he doesn't have to worry about his bank account running low."

"Well, neither do I. I haven't got any."—Philadelphia Press.

A Broad Hint.

Hostess—You appear to be in deep thought, Tommy. Tommy—Yes'm. Mamma told me if you asked me to have some cake I was to say something, an' I've been here so long now I forgot what it was.

TOM TAGGART OF GILGAL.

The Mystery Reminds One of Banquo's Ghost.

One of the most amusing "finds" of the campaign is the reproduction of Secretary Hay's "Pike County Ballad," published in 1871, entitled "The Mystery of Gilgal," with its reference to "Taggart hall" and Tom Taggart standing behind his bar. It is certainly a curious coincidence that Pike county should have had a barkeeping Tom Taggart back in the early seventies.

Here is the poem in full:

TOM TAGGART OF PIKE COUNTY; OR, THE MYSTERY OF GILGAL.

The darkest, strangest mystery
I ever read or heern or see
Is 'long of a drink at Taggart's hall—
Tom Taggart's of Gilgal.

I've heern the tale a thousand ways,
But never could git through the maze
That hangs around that queer day's doin's.
But I'll tell the yarn to youans.

Tom Taggart stood behind his bar;
The time was fall, the skies were far;
The neighbors round the counter drawed
And ca'mly drinked and jawed.

At last come Colonel Blood of Pike
And old Jedge Phinn, permiscus-like,
And each, as he meandered in,
Remarked, "A whisky skin."

Tom mixed the beverage full and far
And slammed it, smoking, on the bar.
Some says three fingers, some says two—
I'll leave the choice to you.

Phinn to the drink put forth his hand;
Blood drawed his knife, with accent bland:
"I ax yer parding, Mister Phinn—
Jest drap that whisky skin!"

No man high toneder could be found
Than old Jedge Phinn the country round.
Says he, "Young man, the tribe of Phinns
Knows their own whisky skins!"

He went for his 'leven inch bowie knife—
"I tries to foller a Christian life,
But I'll drap a slice of liver or two,
My bloomin' shrub, with you!"

They carved in a way that all admired
Tell Blood drawed iron at last and fired.
It took Seth Bludso 'twixt the eyes,
Which caused him great surprise.

Then coats went off, and all went in;
Shots and bad language swelled the din;
The short, sharp bark of derringers,
Like bull pups, cheered the furse.

They piled the stiffs outside the door;
They made, I reckon, a cord or more;
Girls went that winter, as a rule,
Alone to spellin' school.

I've searched in vain, from Dan to Beer-Sheeba, to make this mystery clear,
But I end with hit as I did begin—
"Who got the whisky skin?"

PROGRESS IN PHILIPPINES.

American Policy Is Not Commercial Exploitation.

The welfare of the Filipinos, with commercial profit as an incident, is the American policy. Commercial exploitation for the benefit of the United Kingdom, with the incidental welfare of her subject alien races, is the British policy. With such fundamental differences in dealing with the "white man's burden," it is not surprising that A. R. Colquhoun in his recent book on "Greater America" should have been blind to what has actually been done by the United States and disparagingly critical of its efforts to govern the Philippines in harmony with its own ideals. Their acquisition was not a sequel to the enterprise of trading companies, the avarice of adventurers or the necessity of an outlet for surplus population, so often the case in the growth of the British empire and in the colonial experiments of other nations. It was, on the contrary, a responsibility inherited through war, accepted with reluctance and misgiving, and a duty to civilization undertaken with a full realization of its difficulties and of the sacrifies it entailed. If as a result the American republic profits commercially and is strengthened as a nation, so much the better. But the notion should be dismissed that a lust for territory or commercial ambition was the controlling motive in judging what has been done and in understanding what is planned. It was imperative that a nation founded on the idea of freedom and liberty, whose government is of the people, if true to itself should have regard for its own ideals and should endeavor to inculcate them in the minds of its wards. Theoretically, perhaps, an autocratic rule, with an ill concealed contempt for the Filipinos, would have been more successful, but the United States is not an empire, and William McKinley, who formulated the American Philippine policy, had no desire to violate our traditions, but he hoped to elevate the islanders in the solution of this problem of government.

ALBERT HALSTEAD.

LABOR MEN FOR ROOSEVELT

Leader of the Car Mechanics Says the Workingmen Favor Republicans.

Charles W. Stanglen of Baltimore, supreme chief of the Car Inspectors, Car Builders and Railway Mechanics of America and chairman of the conference committee of the railway employees of Maryland, whose duties carry him from one end of the country to the other, says:

"From the standpoint of the laboring class there is no doubt of the election of Roosevelt and Fairbanks with the majorities that characterized the last two campaigns. The working people are almost unanimously for the Republican nominees. I have traveled considerably in West Virginia lately, and it is my honest belief that the Republican majority in the Panhandle State will be larger than ever. Davis will never be able to carry his own state."

Parker Was Wise.

[From the Gloversville Leader.]

The more Judge Parker writes and speaks the more evident he makes it that he was wise in keeping still before he got the nomination.

A Black Eye.

In the treatment of contusions where there is extensive discoloration of the skin if olive oil be freely applied without rubbing the discoloration will quickly disappear. Absorbent cotton may be soaked in the oil and applied. If the skin is broken a little boric acid should be applied over the abrasion. A black eye thus treated can be made normal in a few hours, especially if the oil be applied warm.

She Had Cause For Fear.

"Mamma," said the cannibal beauty to her maternal ancestor, "I am really alarmed at Mr. Kinkey's intense passion for me."

"Why, my dear?"

"Only last night he declared I was sweet enough to eat."—Buffalo Times.

Answered.

A physician finding a lady reading "Twelfth Night" said, "When Shakespeare wrote about Patience on a monument, did he mean doctors' patients?"

"No," she answered. "You don't find them on monuments, but under them."

TRIED IN EVERY POST

Strong, True, Unswerving and Conservative Is President Roosevelt.

Has Been Before the Public More Than Twenty-five Years—People Love Him.

[From J. Sloat Fassett's speech in the New York state convention.]

But after the chief issue in the present canvass the chief figure looming up foremost in the picture, the central mark for the most persistent and aggressive assaults of the opposition, is the commanding figure of our own candidate for the presidency. For many months, in many ways, by direct assault and indirect intimation, it has been the continuous and aggressive purpose of the Democratic campaign managers to convince the American people that Theodore Roosevelt was an unsafe man; that he was impetuous and headstrong; that he was willful and perverse; that he was strenuous and iconoclastic. From his vigorous and altogether wholesome writings they have assembled garbled extracts and separate paragraphs to enforce their argument. Men who have themselves openly and defiantly shattered two amendments to the constitution intimate that the constitution is unsafe in the hands of our president. Unable to shake the faith of the people in the results of Republican policies, the attempt is making to shake the confidence of the people in the reliability of the Republican leader. We can accept this disposition on the part of the Democracy to get away from principles and resort to personalities with perfect equanimity and complete confidence. Theodore Roosevelt is not a new man. He is not an unknown factor. For more than twenty-five years he has lived in the bright glare of the limelight of publicity. We have known him as boy and youth and man.

Tried In Every Post.

We have known him as legislator, as administrator, as governor, as executive officer, as soldier, as vice president and as president. In all his many doings and all his many sayings he has been constantly a progressive and aggressive American patriot, desiring the best interests of his country, struggling for the best welfare of the society in which he lived, sacrificing his time and imperiling his life if so be that by any means greater security could come to our constitution and our institutions and greater glory attach to the flag. Never at any time under his hands or by his acts has any good law been imperiled, has any established institution of excellence been in danger, has he been any menace to any men or any measures except bad men and bad measures.

He is strong, true, unswerving and conservative. The president is young, he is positive, he is aggressive, he is abrupt, but he is honest, he is loyal, he is high minded.

His intense Americanism, his devotion to lofty ideals, his blameless personal life, his high notions of national obligations and honor, his passionate belief in the future career of this country and his rough and ready scorn of all that imperils or seems to threaten that career have deeply endeared him to the people, the plain people, the everyday you and I sort of people of the United States. He may be impulsive, he may be abrupt, but no president ever was in all essential things more conservative. The people love him, for his heart is pure. They admire him, for his courage is high. They trust him, for his open life corresponds to his open creeds. President Roosevelt typifies vigorous, ideal American manhood. He is no cringer, he is no time server, he is no coward, for such a one would never have dared to defy the coal barons on the one hand or the labor unions on the other, nor would he ever have voted for Bryan had he believed in the gold standard.

Theodore Roosevelt fortunately does not have to be judged by what his enemies say of him. He will be judged, as he has a right to demand to be judged, by what he has done through all the years of his public life, by what he has accomplished in the public service. President Roosevelt is renominated. President Roosevelt will be re-elected. To think anything else will be to impeach the intelligence of the American people.

A Tinker's Campaign.

[From the Evening Mail.]

Tom Watson did not cover the whole case when he said, "Stealing the platform of the People's party in 1896, stealing that of the Republican party in 1904, how can Democratic leaders now pretend to lead a party based upon convictions?" A fresh programme of borrowing is announced by Bryan. He calls it "engrafting new doctrines on the party creed." Meanwhile the party, as Wendell Phillips would say, is prepared to "borrow from all quarters, high and low, north and south, friend and foe." It is not a party at all; it is a thing of shreds and patches. It will put on and take off. It will purloin without apology and discard without ceremony. It is prepared to resurrect an issue today and reinter it tomorrow, funeral ceremonies omitted. It wears nothing of its own except the issues of "anti-imperialism" and "antimilitarism," and they are not garments at all. They are the cerements of sham phantoms.

The Only Cure.

Binks—I wish they would cut out these ballad singers at the vaudeville. They make me tired. Jinks—Well, you might get somebody to remove their noses. Then they wouldn't have anything to sing through.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Stingy.

"Now I know," sobbed the six months' bride to her husband, growling over her extravagance, "why you used to call me a flower. You thought I was an orchid and that I could live on air."—New Orleans Picayune.

It is from books that wise men derive consolation in the troubles of life.—Victor Hugo.

The Joy of Escape.

Pessimist—You haven't had all that you wanted in life, have you? Optimist—No; but I haven't had all that I didn't want either.—Brooklyn Life.

Rashness is the faithful but unhappy parent of misfortune.—Fuller.

THE SAND WASP.

Ingenious Manner In Which This Insect Uses a Hammer.

The deliberate use of a tool by a little sand wasp might well be supposed to indicate reasoning power, says an exchange. A well known naturalist, Dr. Peckham, watched a wasp dig a hole in the earth and deposit therein an egg, together with a spider which she had stung into paralysis to feed the grub which should be hatched in due course. Then she filled up the hole with sand or earth and jammed it down with her head.

When at last the filling was level with the ground she brought a quantity of fine grains of dirt to the spot, picked up a small pebble in her mandibles and used it as a hammer in pounding them down with rapid strokes, thus making this spot as hard and firm as the surrounding surface. Before we could recover from our astonishment at this performance she had dropped her stone and was bringing more earth. In a moment we saw her pick up the pebble and again pound the earth into place with it. Once more the whole process was repeated, and then the little creatures flew away.

"The whole of this performance," writes Sir Herbert Maxwell in "Memories of the Months," "is so unexpected that even Dr. Peckham's high reputation as a scrupulous observer might fail to convince skeptics that he had not been deceived, but similar behavior on the part of a wasp of the same species has been recorded independently by Dr. Williston of Kansas university."

BARBAROUS ENGINES.

Man Traps and Spring Guns Once In Use In England.

We were reminded the other day of some of the incidents of country life of former years by the offering for sale at a London auction mart of a couple of man traps. These engines were once upon a time part of the chattels of well nigh every considerable landowner and every energetic gamekeeper. Another implement was the spring gun, which turned on a swivel and discharged itself as soon as one of the connecting wires was stumbled against, the muzzle of the gun turning in the direction of the trespasser as indicated by the wire, the guilty party generally receiving a coating of pitch if of nothing worse. The man traps sold the other day were probably the first some of the attendants at the sale ever saw and were of the old formidable pattern—that is to say, they resembled a glorified gin. They measured seventy-four inches long and were just about three feet in height, so that they would catch a poacher well above the knee, and once nipped there he would remain till his cries or the ordinary round of the keepers led at once to his release and capture. The spring gun gave its alarm, and watchers were speedily in attendance. There was something very barbarous about the use of these engines, which were not so very long ago quite common. In fact, people need not be very old to have seen boards bearing the legend, "Beware of man traps and spring guns."—London Field.

Her Opinion of Boys.

A little girl wrote the following essay on boys: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be ladies by and by. When God looked at Adam he said to himself, 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again,' and he made Eve. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. Man was made, and on the seventh day he rested. Woman was then made, and he has never rested since."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Romance of a Statue.

The statue of Charles I. which now stands in London was sold to a brazier during the commonwealth with the understanding that it should be broken up. The buyer, however, saw a chance to make money and buried it instead. To cover his action he made a large number of bronze knives and forks, which were eagerly bought by both royalists and Puritans as souvenirs. When the monarchy was restored to power the statue was dug up again and bought by the government to be placed in its present position, where it has remained since 1674.

Striped Suit; Lively Walk.

Once in my callow days I accepted a wager that I could wear a prison suit and walk from Buffalo to Cleveland without serious molestation. It took me over four days to get thirty miles. I was arrested nine times, and at Dunkirk I came near being mobbed by a Sunday school picnic and was compelled to discard my uniform for citizen's clothes. Yet I was a free man and innocent of crime, and there was no law defining what I should wear so long as it was male attire.—Elbert Hubbard in Philistine.

Rusty.

A little three-year-old miss, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in a peculiar noise and asked what it was.

"A cricket, dear," replied the mother.

"Well," remarked the little lady, "he ought to get himself oiled."—Young People's Paper.

Nothing to Show.

Young Kallow—You guaranteed that elixir you sold me to raise a beard and mustache in six weeks' time. Druggist—Yes? Young Kallow—Yes, and I want to say it's a barefaced lie.—Exchange.

Let us believe we can and hope for the rest.—De Finod.

Possibly.

Jack—I don't quite comprehend Miss Smith. Tom—In what respect? Jack—Well, we were children together, and here now I'm thirty-two, and she's only twenty-two. Tom—You've lived faster than she has. Jack—Thanks, old fellow. I guess that explains it.

Gentle Pity.

Mildred—He came to you with his broken heart after Gussie had rejected him, and you let him console himself by making love to you? Millicent—Why not? I considered that I was acting as first aid to the injured.—Chicago Tribune.

Lawyers and Newspapers.

It has been the joke of ages, and is the joke today, that lawyers and the newspaper men of the day are doing as much, at least, as people in other professions or trades in searching for facts and in making them public, and in so doing they are doing their part toward uprooting error and toward purifying the moral atmosphere.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 2.

Text of the Lesson, II Kings ii, 12-22. Memory Verses, 12-14—Golden Text, II Kings ii, 9—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Elijah said that it was a hard thing that Elisha asked when he asked for a double portion of His Spirit, and it means a great deal to be filled with the Spirit of God. It means so much that many who think they want to be filled and are not filled would not wonder at it if they could only see themselves as God sees them and see their real unwillingness or unreadiness to be filled. It may mean thousands of souls, as through Peter at Pentecost, or it may mean stoned to death like Stephen, or killed with the sword like James or John the Baptist; it may mean a revival in Samaria or it may mean sent off on a lonely journey to meet one man, as in the case of Philip. It certainly means that self shall be wholly renounced, and to all God's will and way we shall heartily say, Yes, Lord! Spirit controlled cannot in any way mean self controlled.

This double portion Elisha honestly desired, as is manifest in his persistent "I will not leave thee" and in his unwavering intentness when he was told the condition on which he would receive the double portion. He saw Elijah taken, then he saw him no more, but he rent his own clothes, took up the mantle of Elijah and went back to Jordan. When he was first called he was plowing in the field, and he slew his oxen, and with the instruments (probably the yoke and plow) boiled their flesh and gave it to the people and followed Elijah. He was an intense, whole hearted man. He must have plowed a very straight furrow, and as a prophet he followed fully like Caleb and Joshua. As he went back to Jordan with the mantle of Elijah and smote the waters, he cried, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" The waters divided before him as they had done for Elijah and himself, and he crossed over, the sons of the prophets witnessing and bearing testimony that the spirit of Elijah rested on Elisha.

So they came to meet him and bowed before him, but whether whole heartedly or not the Lord knew. However, they acknowledged him as their leader in the stead of Elijah. Many complain that they are so much alone in the Lord's service; no fellowship, no sympathy, no one to help or encourage, therefore they can accomplish nothing. Let all such be encouraged by Elisha. See God doing for one lone man what He had done for two and for the millions of Israel.

It is evident that the sons of the prophet were not as fully acquainted with God as they might have been, for fifty of them begged of Elisha that they might go and look for Elijah, lest perchance the Spirit might have dropped him on some mountain or in some valley. He said, "Ye shall not send," but when they urged him till he was ashamed he let them go, and he tarried at Jericho till their return. After three days they returned, but had to report "Not found," as Elisha said it would be. Enoch also was searched for when he was translated, for it is written, "and was not found" (Heb. xi, 5), which implies that they sought him, but found him not. What a great search for missing ones there will be when the church has been caught up to meet the Lord in the air! A dear brother in Christ, who is now with Christ, having heard these truths for the first time while I was pastor of a church in Scranton, Pa., from 1886 to 1892, became so filled with the truth of the Lord's return as he searched the Scriptures to see if these things were so that he wrote a number of most helpful tracts, which can be obtained from L. & K., box 216, Harrisburg, Pa.

The last section of our lesson is the story of the healing of the waters at Jericho. The situation of the city was pleasant, but the waters brought death and barrenness. Elisha, with salt from a new cruse, healed the waters in the name of the Lord, saying, "Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters." The prophet did not say that he healed them, but as the representative of the Lord he declared that the Lord had healed them. It was at the spring of the waters that he cast in the salt. All healing must be done at the source of the evil.

Healing for the nations must be from Jerusalem, for it is the heart of the earth and shall yet be the throne of the Lord (Jer. iii, 17), therefore we are told to pray (Isa. lxii, 6, 7). Individual healing cannot be by any outward reform, for it is the heart of man that is corrupt, deceitful, desperately wicked; hence, man's healing must be from within, by a new heart, a new birth (Jer. xvii, 9; Ezek. xxxvi, 26; John iii, 3, 5, 7). Water suggests the word of God and God Himself (Eph. v, 26; Jer. ii, 13), and until we learn to drink of the living water from the throne of God we cannot have health or peace (John iv, 13, 14; Rev. xxii, 1).

As to salt, our Lord said to His disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth" (Matt. v, 13), but it can only be as we are part of Himself, just as He is the light of the world, and He calls us the light of the world. When we are as one with Him, as Elisha was, He will bless others through us (Gen. xii, 1, 2; Phil. ii, 13).

The closing incident of the chapter is a solemn warning to all, old or young, who mock at the truth of the church being caught up to meet the Lord. The mockers in this case were doubtless young men like the fast young men of our own day who know so much.

Malay Superstitions.

You can scarcely ever get your money from a Malay on Friday because Malays believe that if they pay their creditors on a Friday they will be overtaken by penury. Malays never shave or cut their nails on Saturday or Tuesday because these are unlucky days, and if they do part with their hair or nails on these days they believe that they will be always in trouble or will die quickly.

Absentmindedness No Crime.

Judge—Not guilty! Why, the policeman says he actually caught you with your hand in this man's pocket.

"Mebbe so, your honor. But once I had a coat of the same pattern, an' I'm a little absentminded at times. Fact, your honor."—New York Times.

Deceived.

Ethel—You say Algy has been deceived by a young woman. Did she lead him on to think that she loved him? May—Oh, no! She let him believe she didn't care a rap for him, and then when he carelessly proposed she accepted.

Indians and Cowards.

John Bradbury, who explored part of the Missouri river country in the early decades of the last century, tells of a unique Indian method of dealing with cowardice. The story is retold in the Early Western Travels Series, edited by R. G. Thwaites. Bradbury says: "In our walk we observed what on the first view appeared to be two squaws. I remarked that one of them had more the appearance of a man than a woman. I was then informed that it was a man and that there were several others in the village who, like the one we saw, were condemned for life to associate with the squaws, to wear the same dress and do the same drudgery. I now learned that when the Osages go to war they keep a watchful eye over the young men who are taking their first essay in arms, and such as appear to possess the necessary qualifications are admitted to the rank of warriors. But if any exhibit proofs of cowardice, on the return of the party they are compelled to assume the dress and character of women, and their doom is fixed for life and no opportunity afforded them to retrieve their character."

Mixed.

During a church convention in one of our large cities a lady well known as one of the prominent hostesses of the land was entertaining at her home a number of ministers, delegates to the convention. The second evening, being very tired, she proposed having two hours to herself while her guests were attending the religious meeting announced. One delegate, however, insisted on keeping her company. They sat for a time before the library fire, the minister talking on in a gentle stream, the lady growing more and more sleepy. A cricket was singing on the hearth, and presently a hymn from the neighboring church reached their ears. The clergyman, slowly rocking, slowly fitting the tips of his fingers to one another, commented:

How sweet the songs of Zion sound upon
the evening air!

His hostess, almost asleep, was still responsive. She fancied he was referring to the cricket. "Yes," she replied; "I'm told they do it with their hind legs."—Harper's Weekly.

Aqueous Precipitation.

The general law of aqueous precipitation may be briefly stated. Whatever lowers the temperature of the air at any place below the dew point is a cause of rain. Various causes may conspire to effect this object, but it is chiefly brought about by the ascent of the air into the higher regions of the atmosphere, by which, being subjected to less pressure, it expands and in doing so lowers its temperature. These ascending currents are caused by the heating of the earth's surface by the sun's rays or, in fact, by anything which raises the temperature of the superincumbent air, and it is very obvious that the continual discharge of large pieces of ordnance will have a considerable effect in raising the temperature of the air lying on the earth's surface, which will ascend, expand and discharge in aqueous particles in the form of rain for the foregoing reasons.

Artemus Ward's Sarcasm.

Artemus Ward was traveling on a slow going southern road soon after the war. When the conductor was punching his ticket Artemus inquired, "Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so. "Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from in front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train, for, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow. But what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

Eating One's Boots.

"Rawhide or even leather if boiled for hours will make nutritious soup," says a writer in Country Life In America on the subject of what a man lost in the woods may find to eat. "Many a man has bridged the awful gap by boiling his boots, whence the phrase to express the final extreme, 'I'll eat my boots first.' Mark Twain was once put to this final resort and recorded afterward that 'the holes tasted the best.'"

A Sensitive Tenor.

Roger, the celebrated French tenor, was exceedingly proud of his profession and was apt to take offense at the least slight, whether intended or not. On one occasion he was engaged for the sum of £60 to sing at the house of a rich financier who thought it the correct thing to have the principal singers of the day at his house parties.

Roger sang his first song magnificently, but not the slightest attention was paid him, the guests talking their loudest. Presently the host thought that it was about time for another song and sent for Roger, but he could not be found and was seen no more. On the following day Mr. Plutus was surprised to receive from Roger notes to the amount of £80, with the following words:

"I have the honor to return the £60 which I received for singing at your party, and I beg to add £20 more to make up for having so greatly disturbed the conversation of your guests."—London Tit-Bits.

Wisdom That Comes With Age.

I well remember one case before a justice in which I acted as respondent's counsel in a criminal action and in which an older and well known attorney was my opponent. As I thought then and as I know now, the law and evidence were well in favor of my client, and at the close of the arguments I looked with great confidence for a prompt acquittal. Judge of my astonishment when my unfortunate client was found guilty and sentenced to thirty days in jail. I promptly entered an appeal and furnished sureties to prosecute the same. Before I left the courtroom the justice took occasion to take me aside and say, "Young man, I kinder thought ye were right, but I knowed Judge W. (naming my opponent) is a sight older'n you be and a sight better lawyer'n you be, and so of course I gin him judgment."—Judge Shute in Leslie's Monthly.

The Bird of Paradise.

Probably no famous bird has a smaller habitat than the bird of paradise, whose beautiful feathers are so highly prized in the millinery trade. No one knows why the varieties of this beautiful bird are confined to the island of New Guinea and the neighboring coasts of Australia. There are many other islands not far away where the conditions would seem to be equally favorable to their existence, but they are not found among them, and if we should ever see a hunter of the bird of paradise we would know that he was a native of New Guinea or the neighboring mainland of Australia or had visited those regions.

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Sarah Bernhardt's Tact.

An illustration of Sarah Bernhardt's wonderful tact is shown in the following incident: During a performance of "Andromache" the hoots and hisses of many of the roughest men in the gallery led to their being ejected by the soldiers on guard. But, deaf to the objections of manager and secretary, Mme. Bernhardt insisted on the men being sent for between the acts. So, freed from the hands of the police, the disturbers, to their surprise, found themselves in the beautiful, electric lighted, cream and gold rooms, redolent of the perfume of flowers, and faced by the lady they had insulted, looking beautiful in the glittering gorgeous dress of the eastern princess. "Messieurs," said Mme. Sarah, with gracious dignity, "I have sent for you to say that the police are not to molest you. You are to go back to your places, and you are permitted to hiss as much as you like." The rough and motley crowd left the room in amazement, and storms of applause burst from the gallery when the curtain fell after the next act.

Kerosene Oil.

A common kerosene lamp, with its chimney of glass, its varied forms of beauty, its shades modified to every grade of vision and of taste, suggests the relation of man to light. The oil, natural, cheap, brilliant and volatile, was long known to civilized humanity as a crude outflow from the earth. It was not until about 1845 that the iridescent scum seen floating on the surface of a stream near Pittsburg suggested to thoughtful men to dig for a greater supply. Indians came from a distance and soaked it from the water with their blankets, which they wrung out into vessels in order to secure a quantity for some secret purpose. It was not until 1860 that it passed into common use. Since that time it has driven every form of wax, grease, fluid, camphene and whale oil lamp from the common use of mankind.

Great Guns of Old.

We are accustomed to think of large cannon as a very recent invention. Yet as long ago as 1543 a certain Ralph Hogge of Buckstead, in Sussex, cast large guns, and a pupil of his, Thomas Johnson, in 1595 made for the Earl of Cumberland "forty-two cast pieces of great ordnance of iron." These weighed 6,000 pounds—three tons—apiece, and, we are told, showed very fine, smooth workmanship. All the smelting was done with charcoal, of which it took three tons to smelt each ton of iron. Also all the ore was carried from the mine on pack horses, which took a load of about 300 pounds each. The immense amount of labor and consequent expense may be imagined.

The Horseshoe as a Mascot.

The superstition that associates the horseshoe with good luck is very old. It is said to prevail not only among English speaking people, but in all races of Europe and Asia. Antiquaries are undecided whether its origin has to do with the material from which the horseshoe is made or with its shape. Some writers on this subject have surmised that the lucky qualities attributed to the horseshoe were derived from its fancied resemblance to the halo pictured about the heads of saints, but this connection is highly improbable, as it is known that the superstition certainly antedates Christianity.

How Baraboo Got Its Name.

Indians gave Baraboo its name, but the word is not Indian. Baribeau or Baribault was the name of an old Canadian French trader who at the age of seventeen sought the then wilderness of Wisconsin to secure pelts for the Hudson Bay company and later for the American Fur company. He established a post where the town of Baraboo now stands. Being the first white man in those parts, the Indians named the place after him, but as they had not had the advantages of a French education could not get the pronunciation of the name nearer than Baraboo, and Baraboo it remains to this day.

Lone Star States.

In the course of conversation at a club the other evening a man referred to "the Lone Star State."

"What state do you mean?" he was asked.

"Why, Texas, of course."

"Well," he was told, "do you know that there are no fewer than five independent sovereign states which use a lone star on their national flags today? They are Turkey, Chile, Cuba, Liberia and the Kongo Free State."